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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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VOLUME XXIII.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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EXTRACTS FROM CLARKSON'S "PORTRAITURE OF QUAKERISM."

(Continued from page 818, vol. 22.)

As no person, in the opinion of the Quakers, can be a true minister of the gospel, unless he feel himself called or appointed by the spirit of God, so there can be no true or effectual worship, except it come through the aid of the same spirit.

The public worship of God is usually made to consist of prayer and preaching.

Prayer is a solemn address of the soul to God. It is a solemn confession of some weakness, or thanksgiving for some benefit, or petition for some favor. But the Quakers consider such an address as deprived of its life and power, except it be spiritually conceived. "For the spirit helpeth our infirmities. For we know not what we should pray for as we ought. But the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." (Rom. 8: 26.)

Preaching, on the other hand, is an address of man to men, that their attention may be turned towards God, and there minds be prepared for the secret and heavenly touches of his spirit. But this preaching, again, cannot be effectually performed, except the spirit of God accompany it. Thus St Paul, in speaking of himself, says, "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and with power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." (1 Cor. 2 : 4.) So the Quakers believe that no words, however excellent, which men may deliver now, will avail, or will produce that faith which is to stand, except they be accompanied by that power which shall demonstrate them to be of God.

From hence it appears to be the opinion of the Quakers, that the whole worship of God, whether it consist of prayer or of preaching, must be spiritual. Jesus Christ has also, they say, left this declaration upon record, that "God is a spirit, and that they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John 4: 24.) By worshipping him in truth, they mean, that men are to worship him only when they feel a right disposition to do it, and in such a manner as they judge, from their own internal feelings, to be the manner which the spirit of God then signifies.

For these reasons, when the Quakers enter into their meetings, they use no liturgy or form of prayer. Such a form would be made up of the words of man's wisdom. Neither do they deliver any sermons that have been previously conceived or written down. Neither do they begin their service immediately after they are seated. But when they sit down, they wait in silence, (Mat. 10. 19. Acts 1. 4.) as the Apostles were commanded to do. They endeavor to be calm and composed. They take no thought as to what they shall say. They avoid, on the other hand, all activity of the

imagination, and every thing that arises from the will of man. The creature is thus brought to be passive, and the spiritual faculty to be disencumbered, so that it can receive and attend to the spiritual language of the Creator. If, during this vacation from all mental activity, no impressions should be given to them, they say nothing. If impressions should be afforded to them, but no impulse to oral delivery, they remain equally silent. But if, on the other hand, impressions are given them, with an impulse to utterance, they deliver to the congregation as faithfully as they can, the copies of the several images, which they conceive to be painted upon their minds.

This utterance, when it manifests itself, is resolvable into prayer or preaching. If the minister engages in prayer, the whole company rise up, and the men with the minister take off their hats, that is, uncover their heads. (1 Cor. ch. 11.) If he preaches only, they do not rise, but remain upon their seats as before, with their heads covered. The preacher, however, uncovers his own head upon this occasion.

The Quakers certainly believe that the spirit of God furnishes them with impressions on these occasions, but that the description of these is left to themselves. Hence a faithful watch must be kept, that these may be delivered to their hearers conformably to what is delivered to them. But if so, it may perhaps be necessary to be more watchful at the outset, in order to ascertain the dimensions as it were of these impressions, and of their several tendencies and bearings, than afterwards, when such a knowledge of them has been obtained. Or it may be that ministers, who go wholly unprepared to preach, have but a small view of the subject at first. Hence they speak slowly. But as their views are enlarged, their speech becomes quickened, and their feelings become interested with it.

Against the preaching of the Quakers, an objection is usually made by the world, namely, that their ministers generally deliver their doctrines with an unpleasant tone. But it may be observed that this, which is considered to be a defect, is by no means confined to the Quakers. Persons of other religious denominations, who exert themselves in the ministry, are liable to the same charge. It may be observed also, that the difference between the accent of the Quakers, and that of the speakers of the world, may arise in the difference between art and nature. The person who prepares his lecture for the lecture-room, or his sermon for the pulpit, studies the formation of his sentences, which are to be accompanied by a modulation of the voice. This modulation is artificial, for it is usually taught. The Quakers, on the other hand, neither prepare their discourses, nor vary their voices purposely, according to the rules of art. The tone which comes out, and which appears disagreeable to those who are not used to it, is nevertheless not unnatural. It is rather the mode of speaking which nature imposes, in any violent exertion of the voice, to save the lungs. Hence persons who have their wares to cry, and this almost every other minute, in the streets, are obliged to adopt a tone. Hence persons with disordered lungs, can sing words with more ease to themselves than they can utter them, with a similar pitch of the voice. Hence Quaker women, when they preach, have generally more of this tone than the Quaker men, for the lungs of the female are generally weaker than those of the other sex.

Against the sermons of the Quakers two objections are usually made; the first of which is, that they contain but little variety of subject. Among dissenters it is said, but more particularly in the establishment, that you may hear fifty sermons following each other, where the subject of each is different. Hence a man, ignorant of letters, may collect all his moral and religious duties from the pulpit in the course of the year. But this variety, it is contended, is it not to be found in the Quaker church.

That there is less variety in the Quaker sermons than in those of others, there can be no doubt. But such variety is not so necessary to Quakers, on account of their peculiar tenets, and the universality of their education, as to others. For it is believed, as I have explained before, that the spirit of God, if duly attended to, is a spiritual guide to man, and that it leads him into all truth; that it redeems him; and that it qualifies him therefore for happiness in a future state. Thus an injunction to attend to the teachings of the spirit, supersedes, in some measure, the necessity of detailing the moral and religious obligations of individuals. And this necessity is still farther superseded by the consideration, that, as all the members of the Quaker society can read, they can collect their Christian duty from the scriptures, independently of their own ministers; or that they can collect those duties for themselves, which others, who are illiterate, are obliged to collect from the church.

(To be continued.)

Acceptable prayer may be offered whenever the soul feels its wants and its imperfections with words vocally expressed or by silent breathings that cannot be uttered; in the busy throngs of men, or alone in the forest depths; in the assemblies of the people met for Divine worship, or on the lonely pillow in the silent watches of the night; amid the domestic cares of the household, and when the fond mother folds the loved one to her bosom, and asks for

Divine help to train its steps in the paths of virtue. Here is no form or attitude, no interruption, yet these silent prayers are registered in Heaven as much as though on the bended knee or standing position with uncovered head, and the answer and the object as fully obtained.

CHRIST AS A SEED.

BY I. PENNINGTON.

Ques.—What is Christ?

Ans.—He is the word of eternal life, who is appointed of the Father to give life, and who giveth life to them that receive him and obey his Gospel. He is the Son of God, the wisdom of God, the power of God, the righteousness of God, the Saviour and salvation of God. The peace, the rest, the joy, the life of the soul. The King, the Priest, the Prophet, the Shepherd of the sheep. The way, the truth, the door, the vine, the olive tree, into which the living are gathered and engrafted. And he is also a hammer, an axe, a sword, a fire to the corrupt tree and fruit.

Q.—How is Christ known, received, and obeyed?

A.—As a seed; as the seed of life, as the seed of the kingdom, as leaven, as salt; as a little, small thing, rising up in the heart against all that is great and mighty. As a branch out of a dry ground; as a little child to lead, which all the wisdom of man and flesh cannot but despise; and, therefore, that must first be brought down in some measure in the heart before Christ can be owned in the heart and subjected to.

Q.—How is the seed received?

A.—By feeling its virtues, manifestations and operations in the heart, and subjecting thereto.

Q.—What are its virtues, manifestations and operations?

A.—They are all living, and have all living and powerful effects upon the heart as they are let in. They are all against darkness, sin and death; tending to discover it, to turn the mind from it, to lead out of the captivity, power and reach of it; and they are also all for God, tending to prepare the heart for him, and to bring it into union and covenant with him.

Q.—What is the first operation of the seed to the soul, wherein it is to be waited for and closed with, that the soul may come into the further sense and feeling of it?

A.—It is according to the state of the soul; which being in darkness, sin and death, it appears as a light to discover the sin and darkness and death, and to lead out of it, to the redeeming power. And then to them that thus receive it and wait upon it in the fear and humility which it gives and begets, it appears as life, quickening the soul, and as power, enabling it in some measure to live to God, and to walk with Him in the way to the kingdom.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WE MAY "LOOK THROUGH NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD."

As I was walking in the garden one morning last summer, my attention was attracted by the buzzing of a humming-bird that was busy sipping the sweets of the nasturtion flowers, and I thought, truly we may be instructed by the fowls of the air. As I watched the little creature drawing its nourishment from the flowers of the garden, my mind was led to consider the wonderful instinct by which it knew where good was to be found, and the knowledge how to derive its nourishment from the sweets thereof. It appeared to me to show far greater wisdom than many possess who are blest with the inspiration of the Almighty to give them understanding; for indeed every day gives added proof that man, poor forgetful man, made but little lower than the angels, and designed to be the nobler part of God's creation, comes far short of fulfilling the end for which he was designed, and instead of drawing sweet consolation from the precious privileges of the glorious gospel of Christ preached in the heart of every creature, he often resists instruction, or refuses to be directed to the source from whence good comes. The desire was then raised on my own account that I might, like this little bird, be attracted by the sweet influence of heavenly good, and in partaking thereof find nourishment to the soul.

Trenton, 2d mo., 1866. H. STEPHENS.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DUANESBURGH QUARTERLY MEETING.

Duanesburgh Quarterly Meeting was held for the first time in the city of Albany, on the 19th inst.

The several Monthly Meetings constituting it were well represented, and all were most cordially and hospitably entertained. A few families, not members of our Society, kindly solicited the company of Friends, which invitation was accepted, apparently to the satisfaction both of the entertainers and the entertained.

Notice having been given, the Public Meetings were quite large. We were favored with the company of several Friends from other Quarterly Meetings, whose presence and gospel labors were truly acceptable. The attention was called to the primitive principles of our Society, also to the peculiar testimonies we have ever felt called upon to bear. The youth were feelingly exhorted to faithfulness in small requisitions, and cautioned against deeming them of trifling importance; they were also encouraged not to shrink from the pointings of the finger of scorn, being assured that as we obey that voice

"that speaks as never man spake," we shall find the way made easy and our path will be the path of peace. The language of sympathy was extended to those in affliction, whether from the loss of friends or reverse of fortune, and they were encouraged to put their trust in Him who is a "present helper in every needful time."

The business that came before us was transacted in much harmony, but whether a loss is not sustained in our meetings for Discipline, by withholding more than is meet, thereby lessening the usefulness of many of the members, seems a question worthy of consideration.

Having been solemnized together, we felt that we could say, "as iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of a man sharpeneth his friend;" also, that "it was good for us that we had been there." E. H.

2d mo. 26th, 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

There is, perhaps, nothing of more vital importance to us as a Society than the proper education of our youth and children. I have already seen several ably written articles on the subject in the Intelligencer, and am rejoiced to know that *some* parents and teachers are again rising to the standpoint of the olden time; I say this as a mother, and had I the pen of a ready writer, I, too, ere this, would have made my offering to the great common work. As it is, I desire to throw in my mite.

It seems to me that we as a people suffer much loss from the neglect, so apparent among us, of organizing and supporting suitable institutions where our children may be educated apart from the contaminating influences of our District Schools. I confess that I deeply feel our need of improvement in this matter, and I doubt not that all parents are with me who have the moral or spiritual interests of their children at heart. Will the love we bear our offspring, or the interest we have in society, or the duty we owe to both, allow us longer to stand inactive with so vast a field of labor in view? In the city, new life *has* sprung up; it is in the country, where friends are scattered abroad at greater distances from each other, that we suffer. And is there no remedy for us? Must our children be sent hundreds of miles, perhaps, from their homes, at an expense which but few amongst us can bear, or must they be doomed to the alternative of being thrown as it were into the very arms of temptation, turned by the *most effectual means* from the doors of society out into the allurements and vanities of an artful world, that they may gain their needed intellectual training?

Why should we not, rather, in vicinities where we are so scattered that schools cannot well be established under the immediate supervision of Monthly or Quarterly Meetings, institute select or family schools? What though it should cost a little more time or money or painstaking, should we not be amply rewarded by seeing our dear young people growing up in innocence and simplicity of spirit, ornaments to society, and preparing to fill the places of those worthies who are fast passing away! It is certain that if we wish our children to be Friends, *we must educate them as such;* not to sectarianism,—to dogmas or forms,—for these of themselves have not the life; yet we would have such examples set, and such influences surrounding them, as should bring into their view, and strengthen in them, the pure simplicity of Truth, on which real Quakerism is built. It behoves us to consider how high and holy is the profession we are making—and to remember it is a self-denying and cross-bearing profession; nor can we expect our children to come forward as champions in the great warfare against vanity and lies, if we allow vanity and lies to become their meat and their drink while their tender minds are in the state of formation. Guard them then,—carefully and prayerfully guard them; not by closing round them such bands of prejudices that they can take no Christian by the hand, nor recognize a brotherly love for him unless he also be called a Quaker, for we believe that of every nation, kindred, tongue and people, those who fear God and work righteousness are accepted with Him; but while all brotherly love and charity shall prevail toward others, let us stay by our own standard, if we think that standard worth preserving. Let us show our young members by our actions *how much* we value it; not as a name, not as an ancient and beloved superstition, but as a beautiful and high and holy principle of life, the principle of everlasting life given forth, not by man or custom, but as coming directly from Christ, the Light we seek to follow; and thus may we accomplish by our labor something for our children's real welfare, both present and eternal.

Another subject has claimed my serious attention—a subject intimately connected, however, with what we have already considered.

The literature for our youth,—have they what they need? This question has been earnestly suggested by some others who have written for the Intelligencer; and why may it not be further considered and thought of, until some step has really been taken by way of improvement? Our children ought to read,—they will read *something*; and what shall that something be? We are well aware that the writings of Friends, both ancient and modern, as they now stand, though excellent in themselves, would prove like strong meat to our little ones, whereas they require milk. We have a few juvenile

works, but nothing to what we need; what, then shall we do? Abandon their plastic but eager minds to anything they may find—let them devour the light or worse than light literature that crowds the press, and, I may say, with pain, the tables, of many of our respected members?—or shall we give them what they need, prepared by a little labor and expense in a manner proper for their use?

This is a serious question—let us ponder on it. Let us look about us and consider if there be not talent enough amongst us, and means enough to spare, to enable us to publish a journal devoted exclusively to the use of the young? Other societies publish such periodicals amongst themselves, and were it not for a few peculiarities, they would be generally useful; but these few things make them unfit for the work *we* have to do. They encourage a *hireling ministry*, support *war*, and maintain *dead rites* and traditions.

Then why may we not have one of our own—one that shall be adapted to the minds of *young Friends*—one that shall hold forth our important and peculiar testimonies in their true light and beauty.

Let us look well to these things, that when the Father makes up His accounts, the question, "Where are the lambs entrusted to your care in the wilderness of the world?" be not an unwelcome one, and we have to answer, with confusion of face, "Lord, we were so taken up with the things of the world, and the desire of amassing carnal riches for our children, that we *did* neglect to train them up in thy nurture and admonition. M. A. CALKINS.

Farmington, N. Y., 2d mo., 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON LIVING NEAR THE PRINCIPLE OF TRUTH IN OURSELVES.

The Society of Friends grounds its religious faith upon the all sufficiency of the divine light, or, in other words, Christ inwardly revealed. We have ample testimony in proof of its sufficiency for qualifying us to live the life and die the death of the righteous. Witness how the martyrs and our early Friends were sustained by it! A strict adherence to the inward guide brought them into suffering, through the enforcement of unrighteous laws with which they could not comply. They were not overcome by tyranny and years of persecution, but were joyous under sufferings, comforted under mourning, and through faithfulness obtained the victory. By giving heed to this same manifestation of divine light, the Apostle Paul, from being a persecutor of the Christians, became a Christian in word and deed, and was made a powerful instrument in gathering souls unto God. This inward guide (so far as they were governed by it) preserved Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Joseph, and the righteous of all ages. Who, then, can slight or neglect to adhere to this all-powerful principle without sustaining loss? Its non-observance has been the downfall of individuals, religious societies, and even nations.

When we consider that it is by the redeeming power of this principle, making free from sin, that any can stand justified in the Divine sight, it surely becomes a matter of the greatest magnitude. If inroads have been or are being made upon the dignified Christian testimonies that have characterized the Society of Friends, can it be traced to any thing else than the want of "minding the light." This was George Fox's rallying point. Departures from the Christian path of self-denial steal in, little by little, upon the unwatchful, almost unperceived, but by no means unimportant. The greatest libertinism has its beginning often in small deviations. No one taking a wrong step can tell to what length in error it may lead. Hence the importance of man's keeping near his guide, the inner light, even in what may be deemed little things. The usefulness of the Society of Friends for good has always been equivalent to the faithfulness or unfaithfulness with which its Christian testimonies have been sustained by its individual members. Hence no compromise of the testimony against war can be made without loss. Had each member of the Society of Friends lived out this fundamental principle of our profession, who can estimate the weight of influence for good that the Society might have exerted upon the great family of man, would it not have been indeed "as leaven in the meal," "as a city set upon a hill, a light in the world, that could not be hid." The testimony against war, slavery and intemperance, against following vain, changing fashions, having their origin in pride, is the legitimate fruit of abiding under the government of this inward manifestation of truth, which leads its votaries out of all evil upward and onward to the author of all good.

We are emphatically exhorted to bring our deeds to the light, and prove them, whether they be wrought in God,—yea or nay. If this service was entered upon and prosecuted with a heartfelt, sincere engagement, commensurate to its importance, would not a wider field of labor open to the Society of Friends and its members?

I desire that we may be more generally awakened to the importance of becoming subservient to the operations of divine grace, that grace which the Apostle declared to be sufficient for salvation, and had appeared unto all men. Why should any make a Christian life a matter of indifference or a subject of delay?

Is it not well for each of us often and candidly to consider how far the design of our cre-

ation is being answered in our daily life, and whether we are keeping pace with knowledge? Oh! how unwise for any to neglect or refuse to profit by the greatest and best gift a gracious God has bestowed on man to fit him for the highest state of enjoyment. D. IRISH.

DUTCHESS Co., N. Y., 2d mo., 1866.

If mothers only knew what inspiration lies in the pure, loving deeps of their own nature, if they but knew the yearning, clinging love in their sons, at least, they would never fail in their duty or despair of their power.

SCRAPS FROM "FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

Three of the Swarthmoor sisters were ministers—Isabel, Sarah and Susanna. We have already quoted what Gerard Croese says of Sarah's extraordinary gift of exhortation and prayer; to Isabel he also alludes incidentally on the occasion in 1677, when she went with two other Quaker ladies to visit Elizabeth, the Princess Palatine of the Rhine. Three years previous to that visit William Yeamans, Isabel's husband, died; and at the time of which we speak, only one of her children, a son, survived.

It is thus Croese writes of Isabel and her friends:—

"When these women came to the Court of the Princess, and desired liberty to speak with her, she who was so full of humility and gentleness, admits and hears them with cheerful and favorable countenance, being especially pleased with Isabel's discourse, who indeed had a curious voice and a freer way of delivering herself."

When Isabel Yeamans, George Keith's wife, and Gertrude Dirick Nieson * started from Amsterdam on that visit to the the Princess Palatine, they left behind them in Holland the English Friends with whom the two former had gone over to attend the general meeting at Amsterdam. These were George Fox, William Penn, George Keith, Robert Barclay and Benjamin Furley. It is evident the ladies wished to go by themselves as unconspicuously as possible, on their religious mission to a Christian sister; and as Christian sisters the Princess received and afterwards remembered them. Princess Elizabeth was a woman of great amiability, conscientiousness, and religious tenderness. Her mother having been an Englishwoman, probably that tie led her all the more cordially to welcome the sympathy of these fellow countrywomen of hers. The Princess was a daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, Charles I.'s sisters, whom Margaret Fell visited in London; consequently she was first cousin to Charles II., and sister of Prince Rupert, whose kindly offices Mary Fell spoke so hopefully of in her letter to her mother in 1664, describing her visit to the King.

When the three women Friends returned to Amsterdam, William Penn, Benjamin Furley and Robert Barclay paid their visit to the Princess,—they had been acquainted with her previously, and now had free religious communion with her and with some of the ladies of her Court, especially the Countess of Horne. The Princess did not live more than about four years from that time, but her correspondence with Penn and Barclay continued till her death. Robert Barclay was very careful about not giving publicity to any of her letters, or those of the Countess, for the reason given in the letter we are about to transcribe, and which is now with its enclosures presented to the public for the first time, after nearly 200 years of oblivion:—

ROBERT BARCLAY TO THE SISTERS AT SWARTHMOOR.

"ABERDEEN PRISON, 27*th of* 10*th mo.*, 1676.

"Dear Isabel, Sarah, Susanna and Rachel,—I received the signification of your love in the postscript of your father's letter, which reached unto me and refreshed me. Those real testimonies of your respect towards me deserved long ago a suitable acknowledgment; leastwise by the expression of my sensibleness thereof, for a real requital proportionable to the obligation you have put upon me, is not only without my reach at present to perform, but without my view when it may—only I can assure you, I am not unmindful thereof, and do, and I hope will and shall, return that love and regard for you which I will not adventure to express, least I should seem to sway from simplicity—only feel it in that which is beyond words. In its flowing I do at present dearly salute you. Blessed be the Lord that hath brought us to the knowledge of this kind of love and friendship, which standeth in that which is more excellent than ought in the world, even in the Truth itself. And as we abide therein, it both may and can grow, without finding an end. It was this precious Truth alone brought us to an outward acquaintance as well as inward friendship: so therein I desire daily to be nearer and nearer unto you, whereunto this present trial will I hope not a little contribute.

"As I intimated in my last, I do now send you a copy of the Princess Elizabeth's first letter to me, and the Countess of Horne's. I have since received letters again from both of them, but they are not by me. You will by these perceive how things stand with them, and I hope they will refresh you. I send them to you with the greater confidence, that I know you to be persons of such education as will use them with discretion, and not trust them so

* A Dutch Friend who was afterwards the wife of Stephen Crisp.

as to come to the ears or hands of any who cannot so use them;—knowing that persons of their condition are apt to offend when their freedom is made public, and will thereby be straitened from using the like hereafter.—But I fear not you in this particular.

"With my dear love to your worthy mother, and to your brother and sister Lower, I continue your Friend and Brother in the Truth that is unchangeable,

"BARCLAY."

"THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH—HER FIRST LETTER.

"My dear Friend,—In our Saviour Jesus Christ, I have received your letter this day, dated the 24th of June. As I am pressed to take this opportunity to make a certain address to your brother, Benjamin Furley, I must give you the abrupt answer.

"Your memory is dear to me, so are your lives, and your exhortations very necessary. I confess myself still spiritually very poor and naked, all my happiness is, that I do know I am so,—and whatsoever I have seemed or studied heretofore, is but as dust in comparison to the true knowledge of Christ. I confess also my infidelity to this light, by suffering myself to be conducted by a false politique light; now that I have sometimes a small glimpse of the True Light, I do not attend to it as I should, being drawn away by the works of my calling, which must be done. Like your swift English hounds, I often overrun my scent,—being called back when it is too late. Let not this make you less earnest in your prayers for me,—you see I need them. Your letters will be always welcome to me, so shall your friends, if any please to visit me.

"I should admire God's providence, if my brother could be a means of releasing your father and the 40 more prisoners in Scotland. Having promised to do his best, I know he will perform it, he has always been true to his word; and you shall find me by the grace of the Lord a true friend,

"ELIZABETH."

The other letter which Robert Barclay copied and sent to the Swarthmoor Sisters, whilst he was confined in Aberdeen prison, is as follows:—

"THE COUNTESS OF HORNE—HER LETTER TO R. B.

"Dear Friend,—It was a regular joy to me to receive your acceptable letter, which this morning awaited my hands by the post. It testifies your love and care for me who am unworthy thereof. Therefore do I justly esteem it the more, being heartily thankful that you remember me before the Lord, who am waiting upon Him—O that it might be truly in the Spirit. I cannot but admire the wonderful providence of God, which brought you hither, and raised such love mutually between us.

"I can in truth say that my heart went after you in love, and hath been many a time in admiration of that wonderful work of the Lord amongst us the last time we saw each other. I hope to His praise He will accomplish the work He has begun, and raise His witness in my soul, that it may testify of Him so clearly that I cannot doubt whether it be His voice or not. It may be with me as it was with Samuel, who heard the voice of the Lord calling, Samuel! Samuel! yet knew not that it was the Lord, but thought it to be the prophet Eli. I say it may at times thus fare with me, that the inward witness testifies and calleth to me in my soul, and I, because I know not His voice nor the testimony thereof, do pass it by, looking upon it as the voice of a stranger. For want of this spirit of discerning, I come many times to behave myself as an enemy in not receiving His testimony.

"That which now makes me fearful to receive any thing [I do not clearly see] to be the testimony of God, is, because so many I perceive have deceived themselves, taking the testimony of the flesh for the testimony of God; not that they do it willingly, yet I must needs believe that they deceive themselves therein. Yet this I see, that there must be a testimony of God in the soul, and that God commanded Isaiah to bind up the testimony, and seal the laws for his disciples—after these my soul doth long. These desires often cause me to sigh unto my God in this way—'O raise, I pray thee, thy witness in my soul.' As the Lord gives you liberty, sigh with me, and for me, for the arising of this witness. I confess I am not worthy of such a favor, being an unfaithful virgin, yet hope still for favor and mercy from Him that calls me.—I know He calls me, O that I did but always know his voice, and know what He requires of me. Now my place appears to be in silence, to be still, and wait upon the Lord there, and I hope He will strengthen me in this waiting, and not suffer me to grow weary, and preserve me from speaking peace to myself, or seeking it from any other but from Himself alone. I am, by His grace, from day to day more retired from men, and my soul weaned from the world, and more and more burthened with this spiritless, lifeless worship. I could well desire with that lovely lady (I mean the Lady Overkirk) to be delivered from all these opinions, and that I be no more of Paul's or Apollos', but only Christ's, and come into fellowship with those that have the testimony of Jesus, by whatsoever name they are called.

"Satan pressed hard upon me some years ago, with most of those temptations which now you tell me of. He came so far as almost to

make me believe there was no God; but my faithful God, in whom my strength, and comfort, and joy was, stood by me, and rebuked him, so that he became silenced. Me, He sustained that I did not sink, and he took from me the fear that I had of Satan, so that if he should anew assault me, I know that Immanuel lives, and that he will preserve me by His power. All that I now fear is this sinful self that I feel still in me. O that the Lord would arise as a mighty man of valor to slay it!—how gladly would I see it crucified and laid down at the feet of the Lord Jesus.

"Time permits me not at present to write more unto you, only that I hope to do my best to learn English. A book that may contribute to it will be very acceptable to me. When I know the cost, I shall send it you, and I hope the Lord who hath sent me in your letters so many good exhortations, will cause them to live in my soul. I could very well read and understand them all. I am glad to hear that on your return home you found all there in a good state. I do thank you, my beloved friend, for your faithful care of me, and that it extended so far as to inquire after my brother, who is now before 'Mastwcht.' May the Lord do with him what is good in His eyes.

"Salute for me, I pray, all the lovers of the Cross of Christ—all who fear the Lord in Spirit and in Truth. The Lord bind us more and more in His pure love, in which I remain your dearly loving friend,
"Anna Maria—Countess of Horne."

"This was sent to Benjamin Furley, and by him translated out of the Dutch. She is so well advanced in the English, that she not only can understand what she reads, but she has translated out of English into Dutch a book of Isaac Pennington's.

"Excuse the bad ink. G. K. desires in particular to be minded by you all."*

The above letters are all in Robert Barclay's handwriting, and are thus endorsed, apparently by John Abraham:—

"The excellent Robert Barclay's letter to three of my aunts, and to my dear and tender mother."

How beautifully and how aboundingly is the spirit of Christian love manifested in those letters! How strikingly do they point out the mark of discipleship in the writers and in the recipients!—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," says Christ our Holy Redeemer. But that token of discipleship did not fully satisfy the over anxious mind of the countess. She was troubled to an undue extent about not having a clearer preception of "God's witness in her soul,"—yet she assuredly had that Witness there, as her feelings and her works manifested. Our Lord when on earth appealed to His works in proof of the Divine presence and power having executed them—so may His servants. Supreme love to God and to man is God's Witness, and if existing in the heart, will manifest itself in striving to do good to all around us, and assuredly this impulsive love in which the works originate, is the operation of the Holy Spirit.

* From the original in M. Thirnbeck's Collection.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 10, 1866.

Friends Travelling in the Ministry.—Ann Weaver, a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, and Rachel Tilton, a member of Purchase Monthly Meeting, N. Y., attended Burlington Quarterly Meeting, held at Mount Holly, N. J., on the 27th ult., with minutes from their respective Monthly Meetings.

The Children's Friend.—In another column will be found the prospectus of a Journal under the above title, which will be expressly devoted to juvenile taste and culture. From our knowledge of the Friends who have assumed its publication we can cheerfully recommend it to parents.

The need of such a paper has often been expressed by our subscribers, and we think many will hail with pleasure the announcement of the issue of a periodical which will regularly bring to the children, unexceptionable reading matter.

As the paper will only be issued conditionally, it is desired that those intending to become subscribers should forward their names, as early as practicable to the Editor.

Though it is not usually our practice to notice communications to which no signature is appended, and for the animus of which no person stands responsible, yet the earnest remonstrance of one who says, "How can I forbear to give expression to the departure from the advice of discipline and the practice of ancient Friends," and who desires that his comments may "be published in 'Friends' Intelligencer,' as a friendly hint to Monthly Meetings," induces us to vary from our established custom. "Recently," continues the writer, "a Monthly Meeting granted a certificate to a female Friend, a minister, which was endorsed by the Quarterly

Meeting, to attend a neighboring Yearly Meeting, the meetings composing it, and to appoint some. This female Friend having no companion from home, had to depend upon the kindness (and no doubt some times the inconvenience) of Friends she visited."

The imperfect information furnished by our correspondent does not admit of our forming a correct judgment as to whether there was, or was not, in the case referred to, an omission of duty on the part of the Monthly Meeting; we believe, however, that it is the desire of Friends generally, in the administration of Discipline, to be governed by "that wisdom that is profitable to direct." Neither our book of Discipline nor the Advices contains any direct instruction on this point; but when a Friend has so far received the sanction and sympathy of a Monthly and a Quarterly Meeting, as to obtain a minute for religious service, we can scarcely suppose that some of the members of those meetings will not feel an obligation to further the prosecution of such a concern, should their aid be needed.

That the Friend, on the occasion specified "accomplished the visit to the peace of her own mind," shows that no necessary thing was withheld, but that way was made for the required service; and if such services are carried out in Gospel love, we cannot think that those visited will esteem the inconvenience of receiving them a burden.

We have no suspicion as to the ministering Friend alluded to, nor the Monthly Meeting indicated; but we believe that all cases of dereliction are more effectually reached by private labor than by open condemnation. "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother." General censure gives a vague impression of wrong somewhere, and while it may lead to erroneous and unprofitable surmises, is seldom accepted by those for whom it is designed.

Public Institutions.—We have received the Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane; also that of the Indiana Institute for the Education of the Blind.

The latter is under the superintendence of our friend William H. Churchman, "to whose general efficiency and appropriate qualifications" for such a position the trustees bear ample tribute. We notice this with the more pleasure from the knowledge, that W. H. Churchman is himself deprived of sight, making the duties of such a position the more arduous and difficult.

From the Pennsylvania Report will be found a few extracts in our next number.

Died, in the village of Quaker St., Schenectady Co., N. Y., on the 24th of Eighth month, 1865, after a short but painful illness, Hannah, wife of Enoch Hoag, aged 64 years. She was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and, in the neighborhood, more like a sister than a neighbor, giving counsel and encouragement to the afflicted, and ever ready to lend a helping hand in time of need.

——, on the 22d of Twelfth month, 1865, Eliza Allen, a member of Union Springs Preparative and Scipio Monthly Meetings, N. Y.

——, on the 17th of First month, 1866, at his residence in Dublin, Ind., Isaiah Kirk, in the 65th year of his age; a member of Milford Monthly Meeting of Friends. His disease was of a lingering character, causing him much suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude and patience.

——, on the 23d of First month, 1866, at his residence in Wood Lawn, Md., William Hopkins, in the 61st year of his age; an Elder of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting. Thus has passed away a beloved husband and kind friend; and while we mourn the loss of one so justly dear, we have the comforting assurance that "all is well, all is peace—peace," and that his purified spirit has entered into one of the mansions of his Heavenly Father. "The pure in heart shall see God."

——, on the 22d of Second month, 1866, near Woodbury, N. J., after a lingering illness, which he patiently endured, Isaac Ballenger, in the 63d year of his age; an upright and consistent member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 19th of Second month, at Fall Creek, Madison county, Ind., Elizabeth M. Fussell, in the 76th year of her age, relict of the late Joseph Fussell.

——, on the 1st of Twelfth month, 1865, at his residence in Willistown, Chester county, Maris Hall, in the 72d year of his age; an esteemed member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 26th of Second month, Hannah, daughter of Hannah and the late Isaac Townsend, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Race street, Philadelphia.

——, on the 26th of Second month, Mary E., wife of Joshua W. Lippincott, and daughter of Samuel and Martha H. Parry, in her 27th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 3d of Third month, James Martin, in his 78th year; a beloved elder of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 23d of Second month, at her residence, Morestown, N. J., Rachel, widow of Joseph Thomas, in the 86th year of her age.

——, on Fourth-day, 14th of Second month, Henry T. Dixon, aged 41 years.

——, on the morning of the 25th ult., of disease of the heart, at his residence in Philadelphia, Joseph Maxfield.

——, on 10th of Twelfth month, 1865, of consumption, Elizabeth A. Williams, in the 36th year of her age, daughter of Lukens and Margaret Comly; members of Abington Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 1st of 2d month, 1866, near Springboro', Warren County, Ohio, of congestion of the lungs, Charles Lownes, son of Letitia J. and Edward T. Hestin, aged 5 months.

NOTICE.

A Stated Meeting of the Committee of Management of The Library Association of Friends will be held in the Library Room on Fourth-day evening next, the 14th inst., at 8 o'clock.

3d mo., 10th, 1866.

Jacob M. Ellis, *Clerk.*

The Managers of the Home for Destitute Colored Children at Maylandville have now in the Institution several boys, of suitable age to be useful on a farm, and would be glad to receive applications from any persons desirous of employing them.

Information can be obtained by applying at the "Home," Maylandville, on the Darby road, two miles from Market street Bridge.

RUSH CREEK, INDIANA.

To Friends wishing to change their residence and come west, I would recommend Rush Creek as a good place for them to settle. The land is good, pretty well watered, and well timbered. There is a turnpike running from our settlement to Wabash City, nine miles distant, where there is a good market, as there is a railroad and canal running through it. There are also two other depots within seven miles of us. A Monthly Meeting is held alternately at Rush Creek and Maple Grove; the two meetings are ten miles apart. There is a good opening for a merchant here. To those wishing to inquire by letter, direct to Joseph Jones or to Asa Kindley, New Holland, Wabash Co., Ind.

2d mo., 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

On the evening of the 20th ult., Dr. Geo. J. Barker considered the different chemical, physiological and anæsthetic properties of Nitrous Oxide, familiarly known as Laughing Gas. He directed attention to the agents that were in use by the ancients, for the purpose of alleviating pain, particularly the vegetable narcotics, as opium, mandragora, Indian hemp and deadly nightshade. The practice had, however, never been reduced to a system until the present century. The credit of proposing narcotism for surgical operations belonged to Sir Humphrey Davy, who remarked in his Researches, published in 1800, "As nitrous oxide appears capable of destroying pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place." The credit of putting this suggestion into actual practice belongs to Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist of Boston, who tested its application, first upon himself, and subsequently on different individuals; but not being skilled as an experimentalist, and also unaware of the proper mode of administering the agent so that perfect repose and unconsciousness should result, abandoned it before its practicability was fully demonstrated. His student, Dr. Morton, witnessing the experiments of Wells, sought for some other agent, and introduced as a substitute, ether, which, though having been long known, was not believed to possess anæsthetic properties suitable for the production of narcotism. Dr. B. considered at some length the chemical properties of nitrous oxide, stating that it was the product of the decomposition of the nitrate of ammonia—an article formed by saturating pure nitric acid with the carbonate of ammonia, followed by evaporation and crystallization.

He presented to notice the different apparatus requisite for manufacturing pure nitrous oxide; also cautioning against any impurity of chlorine or nitrous acid. The gas was colorless, of a sweetish taste, being composed of the same chemical elements as atmospheric air, with the exception that nitrous oxide contained one-third of oxygen to two thirds of nitrogen, while air only contained one-fifth of oxygen to four-fifths of nitrogen. Like oxygen, it was a powerful supporter of combustion, a fact which the lecturer demonstrated by several experiments.

He presented at some length his views as to action of nitrous oxide on the economy, and urged, as a special argument in its favor, the fact that it was the only anæsthetic that possesses the power of supporting life and combustion, its action being at direct opposition to chloroform, or ether which act by deoxidizing instead of oxidizing the blood. It had also the advantage of producing an almost immediate unconsciousness when properly inhaled, and was followed by no subsequent depression or sedation. Its effects also passed off in a few moments. He concluded by expressing the belief that it should have an appropriate place in the list of anæsthetics as the best and safest agent for use in minor surgery.

A SATISFACTORY TEST.

Distrust having been felt in the accuracy of the decypherment of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, the following tests were recently made. Copies of the great cylinder inscription of Tiglath Pileser I., extending to nearly a thousand lines, were submitted to four Assyrian scholars, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, M. Oppert, and Mr. Fox Talbot. Their independent translations, sent under seal, were examined by a committee of the first scholars in England, Dean Milman, M. Grote the historian, Prof. Wilson, Dr. Cureton, and Sir G. Wilkinson. The translations were found to coincide, not word by word, but in all essentials of distribution of subject, reading of names, and general signification, so that the committee pro-

nounced these gentlemen competent to read and translate the language.

Review of "A Declaration," &c., published by order of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends (so called) held in Philadelphia in 1828 By Wm. Gibbons, M. D.

(Continued from page 827, vol 22.)

Article XVII. The next extract in the Declaration being mutilated, I will include a part of the context, putting the charge in brackets and italics. It is taken from the Darby Sermon, p. 13.

"'If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not, but if I do, though you believe not me, believe the works.' Here we see it is not by what people *profess or believe*, that we are to judge of them, *but by their works and doings.* If all their works give evidence that they arise from the *love of God*, if they are *clothed* with his love, and wisdom, and humility, this exalts the creature, for it is only the humble soul that is exalted of God; [*and what encouragement, my friends, we receive through this medium, when we are brought by the light into a feeling of unity with our great Pattern, Jesus Christ, and with God our Creator. O! see how we come up into an equality with him.*] We are swallowed up in his righteousness, having no will of our own, but always at his disposal, going on in the increase of a right knowledge of God's perfections and of his excellency."

Article XVIII. The next extract is also garbled. I give it, therefore, (in italics and brackets,) with the part connected with it, and necessary to get the sense of the speaker.

"And the spirit by which he [the man Jesus] was actuated, is that light and life, which is the Saviour of the soul. And it was the same light and life, which is the light and life of God; for he [Jesus] derived it from God, his heavenly Father, [*and we derive a portion of the same which is able to save the soul, if properly obeyed. Here now* [that is, in this respect] *he was put upon a level;*] and *for this reason* Jesus called the children of God his *brethren*, saying, 'I will declare thy name unto my brethren; in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee.'"—*Darby Sermon*, p. 17.

The exception is to the words "an equality with him," and "he was put upon a level."

Within two pages from whence one of these extracts is taken, we find the following: "The apostle says, that he is our example, that we should follow his steps. But if he had any *more* power than we have, how could he bea n example to us? He had no more power than would enable him to do the will of God; and he had it in *its fulness*, and of this every rational creature has his *proportion. He had more*, because he *had a much greater work* to perform."—*Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 16.

Then, the proper construction is, that the *equality* spoken of is *relative* and not absolute. We receive, with the man Jesus, of the *same*, and in the *same proportion* to our need and capacity, as he did. "He had *more*, because he had a much greater work to perorm."

The objection lies equally, even against *Jesus*, and the apostle Paul. "That they all may be one, *as* thou, Father., art in me, and I in thee, that *they also may be one in us.*" John xvii. 21. This is the equality meant, and lies in the "feeling of unity." "He gave some apostles," &c., says Paul, "for the perfecting of the saints,—for the work of the ministry,—for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a *perfect* man,—*unto the measure* of the stature of the fulness of had Christ. Eph. iv. 13.

A similar charge was brought against George Fox; namely, for the saying that he was *equal with God.* To this he answered, "That was not so spoken; but that He that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are of one: (Heb. ii. 11;) and the saints are *all one, in the Father and the Son;* of his flesh and of his bone. This the Scripture doth witness; and 'ye are the sons of God;' and the Father and the Son are one; and 'they that are joined to the Lord *are one spirit:* and they that are joined to a harlot are one flesh.'"—*Saul's Errand to Damascus, Gr. Mystery*, p. 594.

In like manner, *Francis Howgill* replies to an opponent: "The first thing thy *dark* mind stumbles at, is, that some have said that 'they that have the spirit of God, are *equal* with God.' He that hath the spirit of God is *in that* which is equal, as God is equal and his ways equal. And he that is joined to the Lord, is *one spirit:* there is *unity*, and unity stands in equality itself. He that is born from above, is the Son of God; and he said, 'I and my Father are one.' And when the Son is revealed and speaks, the Father speaks in him, and he in the Father, in that which is equal, in equality itself; there is equality in *nature*, though not in *stature.* P. 232.

"Every one of the children of Light, in the measure of growth in Him, the *same mind* is in them that was in Christ Jesus."—*Willliam Dewsbery*, p. 120.

"And so being *one* in the *same* spirit,—one in the *same* life,—one in the same Divine nature, (2 Pet. i. 4,) even partakers of God's holiness, (Heb. xii. 10,) Christ is not *ashamed* to call them brethren: (Heb. ii. 11,) nor is the apostle ashamed to give them the name, Christ, together with him." (1. Cor. xi. 12.)—*Isaac Pennington's Works*, vol. 3, p. 54.

I proceed to the next extract.

ARTICLE XIX. "Here we find that the Son of God saw no alternative; for if he gave up his testimony in order to save his natural life, he *could not be* SAVED with God's salvation; hence he surrendered to the divine will, rather than to *lose his standing and favor* with his Almighty Father; and what a blessed example it was."—*Darby Sermon*, p. 16.

The Sermon, immediately preceding this extract, alludes to the deeply affecting scene, described in Matt. xxvi. 36, &c. "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto his disciples, 'Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.' And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorowful, and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with me.' And he went a little farther, and fell on his face and prayed, saying, 'O my Father, if it be posssible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' And he cometh unto his disciples, and findeth them *asleep*, and saith unto Peter, 'What! could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, 'O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done!' And he came, and found them asleep again, for their eyes were heavy. And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, 'Sleep on now, and take your rest; behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.'"

There is no part in the history of Jesus, that furnishes so striking an evidence, as does the above account, of the truth of the testimony, that he was made like unto us *in all things*, sin excepted; or that more forcibly exhibits his *entire dependence* on his heavenly Father. "O my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," is the universal language of human nature under the pressure of heavy affliction and trials. But strength from Him alone who is "mighty to deliver," prompts the saving clause, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." And as we dwell under this power, a holy resignation is experienced, and we are enabled with Jesus, to pronounce the holiest of anthems—"Thy will be done."

"That which is sanctified, and kept the body pure, and make all acceptable *in him*, was the life, righteousness, and holiness of the Spirit. And the same thing which kept his vessel pure, it is the same thing that cleanseth us." (*Isaac Pennington*, vol. 3, p. 34.) For he conquered all his soul's enemies "in our capacity, in every respect *in our capacity*, except sin: and, therefore, as the arms in which he conquered are ours, we certainly may, if we will but avail ourselves of the force and omnipotency thereof, conquer all the arts and powers of hell. (*Job Scott's Salvation by Christ.*) Hence he said, "Be of good cheer; for I have overcome the world." And this he could not have said in sincerity if he had not conquered in our capacity.

The holy child Jesus, according to apostolic testimony, was "subject" to his parents, "waxed strong in spirit," and "increased in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and man:" and thus by the light and life of the Word, he was enabled to do the will,—to fulfil and abolish the law. And as John prepared the way for *him*, so he opened the way in the minds of men, for the spiritual administration, by miracles, signs, and wonders which God did by him, as well as by his sublime instructions, and most heavenly example of purity: for in his whole life, doctrine and death, did shine forth the clearest evidence of truth, goodness, mercy, patience, deep travail for the world, self-denial, holiness, and triumphant martyrdom.—*See William Penn's Christian Quaker*, p. 200.

(To be continued.)

From Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The two sisters of the poet, one of whom, his constant companion, he has recently been called upon to mourn, are thus described:

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,—
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Does those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And bries and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod.
I see the violet-sprinkled sod

Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went,
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

From Littell's Living Age.

An Address on the Limits of Education, read before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 16, 1865. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D.

In 1829 a volume was published in Boston bearing the name of "Elements of Technology." This name was not then in use, nor was it generally understood, except by those who drew its meaning from its etymology. It was not in Johnson's Dictionary, nor yet in Reese's Cyclopædia. In Worcester's Dictionary, where it now has a place, no older authority is cited for its support than that of the volume alluded to. Its analogue indeed was extant in some other languages, and fifty years ago was published in Latin among the "Theses" of the graduating class of Harvard College. But its revival for the use of English readers had to be justified by the assertion that it might be found in some of the older dictionaries.

Such, less than forty years ago, was the doubtful tenure in English literature of a word which now gives name in this city to a vigorous and popular institution, a large endowment, a magnificent edifice, and at the same time a great and commanding department of scientific study in every quarter of the civilized world.

It has happened in regard to technology that in the present century and almost under our own eyes, it has advanced with greater strides than any other agent of civilization, and has done more than any science to enlarge the boundaries of profitable knowledge, to extend the dominion of mankind over nature, to economize and to utilize both labor and time, and thus to add indefinitely to the effective and available length of human existence. And next to the influence of Christianity on our moral nature, it has had a leading sway in promoting the progress and happiness of our race.

To appreciate what has been done by the applied sciences operating through their dependent and associate arts, we have only to go back a little more than two-thirds of a century, to the times of Franklin and Washington, and in many cases to those of our own immediate fathers. In those days of small things, men were compelled to pass their lives in a sort of destitution which in this age of scientific luxury would be considered a state of semi-barbarism. The means of domestic convenience, personal neatness, easy locomotion, rapid intelligence, agreeable warmth, abundant light, physical as well as intellectual, were things wished and waited for but not yet found.

To us, their effeminate descendants, it might be painfully interesting to witness the efforts of these hardy and much enduring people to procure warmth in their dwellings, by the scorching and freezing of their alternate sides, under the blast that swept from many apertures towards the current of a vast open chimney. And this state of things was hardly bettered by the established zero temperature of an unwarmed church, or the irrespirable atmosphere of a stove-heated school-room or country court-house. Our recent progenitors read their dusky and infrequent newspaper by the light of a tallow candle, and groped their way through dark and unpaved streets under the guidance of a peripatetic lantern. If in summer they desired a draught of cold water, there was no ice; and if in winter they wished for dry feet, there was no India rubber. If in darkness they sought for light, there was neither gas nor even lucifer matches.

Men were stationary in their habits and deliberate under their necessities. He who would communicate with a friend in a neighboring State might do it in a week, providing he could devote a preparatory week to seeking a safe private conveyance. And if any one had occasion to transport himself from one town or city to another, he could do it on a trusty saddle horse, or still more rapidly in the organized relays of the Boston and New York stage-coach "Despatch Line," which undertook to put him through in less than a week. They who went down to the sea in ships could reach England from either of the above named ports in from one to two months if wind and weather were favorable. Literary productions were written out with a goosequill, and printed in a reasonable time by the labor of two men toiling at a hand-press. Housewives plied the spinning-wheel, the distaff and the shuttle, and webs of coarse texture grew into perceptible existence

with a speed which might be compared to that of a growing vegetable. Beef was roasted on a revolving spit, turned round by a man, a dog, or a smoke-jack. And what will hereafter be accounted still more strange, garments were made by sewing slowly together their constituent parts with a needle and thread.

I have taken technology as a leading exponent of the great advance which was to be made, and has been made, during the lifetime of some of us, in certain intellectual and practical improvements of mankind, in supplying the wants, overcoming the difficulties and increasing the elegances of life. To enumerate all these improvements would simply be to recount the great steps by which our own age has advanced to the elevated and privileged condition in which we now see it. And yet, although the practical arts, in the hands of science, have taken the lead in the great visible changes of the present century, it would be presumptuous to call technology the only field from the cultivation of which mankind have obtained abundant and unlooked for harvests. In every other walk or sphere of science, literature, and refined humanity, the civilized world, with unfaltering progress, has pushed forward, at the same time, its dominion over mind and matter.

It is the object of the present remarks to show that the amount of knowledge appropriate to civilization which now exists in the world is more than double, and in many cases more than tenfold, what it was about half a century ago, and that therefore no individual can expect to grasp in the limits of a lifetime even an elementary knowledge of the many provinces of old learning, augmented as they now are by the vast annexations of modern discovery. Still farther, education which represents the threshold of accessible knowledge, instead of being expanded, must be contracted in the number and amount of its requirements, so that while all its doors are freely kept open to those who possess time, opportunity and special aptitude or necessity, a part of them at least must be closed to those who do not possess those requisites. If in the days of the ancient Greeks "life was short," while "art was long," how is it now, when life is not longer, but art, literature and science are immeasurably greater? How will it be in another half century, when new discoveries shall have arisen commensurate in their results with those of electro-magnetism and of solar actinism, of modern optical combinations and geographical and geological explorations? How will it be with the discoveries of newly armed astronomers and the calculations of geometers yet to appear,—with revolutions stirred up by chemists among elements that have slumbered together since the creation,—with the augmented conversions of heat into force, driving innumerable mechanisms to minister to man's pleasure and power,—and more than all, how will it be with the cumbrous, vast and insurmountable weight of books, which shall render literary distinction a thing of chance, of uncertainty, perhaps even of impossibility.

A law which obtains in matter, obtains also in regard to the mind and its acquirements, that strength is not increased in proportion to magnitude. The static and dynamic strength of materials for the most part decreases as their bulk increases. A column or a bridge cannot be carried beyond a certain size without crushing or breaking its substance, and a whale, if unsupported by the surrounding water, would die from the pressure of his own weight. A small animal will leap many more times his length than a large one, and the integrity of his slender limbs will not be injured by the exertion. The useful developement of a tree is known to be promoted by severe pruning, and where this is impossible, as in primeval forests, the trees prune themselves and attain greater height by the death of their under branches, the insufficient supply of sunlight being monopolized by the upper and dominant members at the expense of the lower. These examples, drawn both from inert and organic matter, may serve to illustrate the corresponding truth that human intellect, though varying in capacity in different individuals, has its limits in all plans of enlargement by acquisition, and that these limits cannot be transcended without aggregate deterioration in distracting the attention, overloading the memory, or overworking the brain and sapping the foundations of health.

The school system of New England is at the present moment our glory and our shame. We feel a just pride that among us education is accessible to all, because our public schools are open to the humblest persons. But in our zeal for general instruction, we sometimes forget that a majority of men and women must labor with their hands, that the world may not stand still, and that all may not lose by disuse the power to labor. We cannot train all our boys to be statesmen and divines, nor all our girls to be authors and lecturers, or even teachers. We ought not, therefore, to drive them into the false position of expecting to attain by extraordinary effort a place where neither nature nor circumstances have made possible. Many unfortunate children have been ruined for life, in body and mind, by being stimulated with various inducements to make exertions beyond their age and mental capacity. A feeble frame and a nervous temperament are the two sure consequences of a brain overworked in childhood. Slow progress, rather than rapid growth, tends to establish vigor, health and happiness. It has always appeared to me that a desirable and profitable mode of school education would be one in which

every hour of study should be offset by another hour of exercise required to be taken in open air.

(To be continued.)

A wise parent will not plunge his child into a hand-to-hand conflict with disobedience, if he can help it. If the child is peevish and unhappy, and tending to insubordination, he will not immediately launch a command, though the command itself may be reasonable, and eminently fit to be obeyed. He will endeavor to soothe, to lead the troubled mind away from its troubles; and when placidity is restored, and the little face is clothed with sunshine, the command will be cheerfully obeyed.

From Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

SECOND MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	3 days.	2 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	1 "	4 "
Snow—incl'g very slight falls	9 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms,	4 "	4 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	11 "	16 "
	28 "	28 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 2d month per Penna. Hospital,	32.60 deg.	34.14 deg.
Highest do. during month,	54.00 "	60.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	3.50 "	7.00 "
Rain during the month,	5.83 in.	6.61 in.
Deaths during the month, being 4 current weeks for each year,	1550	1148

Average of the mean temperature of 2d month for the past *seventy-seven* years,	30.54 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1857,	44.03 "
Lowest do. do. 1825, 1836, 1838,	24.00 "

WINTER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three Winter months of 1864, 1865,	32.03 deg.
Do. do. 1865, 1866,	33.68 "
Average of the Winter temperatures for the past *seventy-five* years,	31.33 "
Highest Winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1850—51,	38.33 "
Lowest do. do. 1814—15, 1835—36,	26.66 "

It will be seen by the above that not only has the *month* a higher temperature than the corresponding month of last year, as well as the *average* for *twenty-seven* years past, but that the same remark will apply to the *winter* temperatures. The quantity of *rain* is, also, in excess; the record of the Pennsylvania Hospital, commencing with 1825, shows nothing equal to it in any *second* month during that period. The winter, *as usual*, hasembraced a great deal of stormy, unpleasant weather; has rejoiced in, it is said, the very coldest day ever experienced in Philadelphia, and has chronicled an unusual number of extensive fires all over the United States, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property.

PHILADA., *Third month* 2, 1866. J. M. ELLIS.

There being a manifest need in the Society of Friends for a paper devoted to the culture and advancement of children, it is proposed to issue on the first of Fifth month, 1866, a Journal to be called

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Its object will be to afford a medium through which the principles and testimonies of Friends in all their beautiful simplicity may be inculcated to the rising generation.

Liberal in feeling, it will combine the useful with the agreeable, the amusing with the instructive, hence it will contain Religious instructions, Moral stories, Poetry, Literary and Scientific information; each and all adapted to the comprehensive powers of children.

With this object we ask for the hearty co-operation of Friends generally throughout the country, trusting that through our undivided energies, "THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND," will be an ever welcome visitor at the fireside.

The paper will not be issued unless a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to insure it a success.

The earlier the names are forwarded the sooner will we feel encouraged to enter upon the work in earnest.

Size, 7 by 11 inches. Sixteen pages.

TERMS, $1.50 per year in advance.

All who forward their names prior to the Fifth month, will remit the subscription on receipt of the first number.

All letters should be addressed to

ESTHER K. SMEDEEY
West Chester, Chester Co., Pa.

ITEMS.

THE RUSSO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.—The bill authorizing and directing the Secretary of the Navy to detail a steam-vessel from the Pacific squadron to sound the opposite coast, and otherwise to assist the Russian-American Telegraph expedition to lay the cable at Behring's Strait, having been signed by the President, is now a law. The line lacks only about twenty-five hundred miles of being completed—nearly equally divided between the two continents. With the assistance volunteered by the Emperor of Russia, it is likely to be finished in a year.

JAMAICA.—In the House of Commons, on the 13th ult., Lord Cardwell introduced a bill for the future government of Jamaica. He briefly explained that the Government had thought fit to ratify the decision which the Legislature of Jamaica had arrived at, abolishing itself, and it would be proposed to establish a government similar to that in Trinidad, for a period of three years, and if the experiment was successful, then it would be made permanent. If not, some other government would be devised.

Madame Dora d'Istria has been admitted in place of that distinguished traveller, the late Madame Ida Pfeiffer, to the French Imperial Society of Geography, founded in 1821 by Malte Brun.

CONGRESS.—Among other bills and resolutions the following were before the Senate. The House concurrent resolution declaring that no Senator or Representative shall be admitted as a member of Congress until the National Legislature decides that their States are entitled to representation, was several days under debate, and finally passed. A resolution

was offered and adopted calling upon the President to furnish to the Senate copies of all papers designating certain persons as Provisional Governors, and an account of the salary they have been allowed; the oaths they may have taken before entering upon their duties; and if they did not take the oath of office prescribed by Congress for officers of the United States, then why they did not take the same. Also, copies of any communications in his possession from such persons to any convention or legislative assembly in their respective States. Also, copies of any constitution, articles or laws purporting to have been adopted in such States, so far as the same affect the present condition of such States and the rights of persons therein. A petition from authors and publishers was presented, asking for an international copy-right law between this country and Great Britain, which was referred. Another petition was read asking a change in the manner of voting for President and Vice-President of the United States, and making the election direct by the people, instead of through the medium of electors. The bill to grant land to aid in the construction of a railroad from Sprfngfield, Missouri, to the Pacific coast, was passed. The bill prohibiting the importation of neat cattle, as a means of protection against the introduction of the cattle plague, was passed, and awaits the Presidential approval to become a law.

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singularly bold and honest, when they feel it to be their duty, in the censure of the vices of individuals, whatever may be the riches they enjoy. They are reported also, from unquestionable authority, to have extraordinary skill in discerning the internal condition of those who attend their ministry, so that many, feeling the advice to be addressed to themselves, have resolved upon their amendment in the several cases to which their preaching seemed to have been applied.

As I am speaking of the subject of ministers, I will answer one or two questions, which I have often heard asked concerning it.

The first of these is, do the Quakers believe that their ministers are uniformly moved, when they preach, by the Spirit of God?

I answer—the Quakers believe they may be so moved, and that they ought to be so moved. They believe also that they are often so moved. But they believe again, that except their ministers are peculiarly cautious, and keep particularly on their watch, they may mistake their own imaginations for the agency of this spirit. And upon this latter belief it is, in part, that the office of elders is founded, as before described.

The second is, as there are no defined boundaries between the reason of man and the revelation of God, how do the Quakers know that they are favored at any particular time, either when they preach or when they do not preach, with the visitation of this spirit, or that it is, at any particular time, resident within them?

Richard Claridge, a learned and pious clergyman of the Church of England in the last century, but who gave up his benefices, and joined the society of the Quakers, has said a few words in his Tractatus Hierographicus, upon this subject, a part of which I shall transcribe as an answer to this latter question.

"Men," says he, "may certainly know, that they do believe on the Son of God, with that faith that is unfeigned, and by which the heart is purified: for this faith is evidential and assuring, and consequently the knowledge of it is certain. Now they, who certainly know that they have this knowledge, may be certain also of the spirit of Christ dwelling in them; for 'he that *believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself;*' and this witness is the spirit; for it is 'the spirit that beareth witnes,' of whose testimony they may be as certain, as of that faith the spirit beareth witness to."

Again—"They may certainly know that they love the Lord above all, and their neighbor as themselves. For the command implies not only a possibility of knowing it in general, but also of such a knowledge as respects their own immediate concernment therein, and personal benefit arising from a sense of their conformity and obedience thereunto. And seeing they may certainly know this, they may also as certainly know that the spirit of Christ dwelleth in them; for 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.' And 'if we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.' In the same manner he goes on to enumerate many other marks from text of Scripture, by which he conceives this question may be determined."

I shall conclude this chapter on the subject of the Quaker preaching, by an extract from Francis Lambert of Avignon, whose book was published in the year 1516, long before the Society of the Quakers took its rise in the world. "Beware," says he, "that thou determine not precisely to speak what before thou hast meditated, what soever it be; for though it be lawful to determine the text which thou art to expound, yet not at all the interpretation; lest, if thou doest so, thou takest from the Holy Spirit that which is his, namely, to direct thy speech that thou mayest preach in the name of the Lord, void of all learning, meditation, and experience; and as if thou hadst studied nothing at all, committing thy heart, thy tongue, and thyself, wholly unto his spirit; and trusting nothing to thy former studying or meditation, but saying to thyself in great confidence of the divine promise, the Lord will give a word with much power unto those that preach the Gospel."

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloah, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river great and mighty," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness or meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gaiety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness or selfishness or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then, attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little words and tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tendernesses; little self-de-

nials, self restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the out-standing peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire. —*Bonar.*

From "Reason in Religion."

THE REVELATION OF THE SPIRIT.

BY FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

The New Testament speaks of "the Spirit" very much as the Old Testament speaks of Jehovah or "the Lord." When the Old Testament says, "The Lord spoke," or "The word of the Lord came," to this or that prophet, the New Testament substitutes Spirit,—"Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness," "The Spirit said to Philip," "The Spirit said to Peter," &c., &c. The same thing is meant in both cases, but the different phraseology makes a difference between the two dispensations. The same fact, the same power, is differently conceived. In one case it is formal, concrete,—an individual. In the other it is liberal, diffusive, —an influence. When the Jew thought of his Jehovah, it was somewhat as the Gentile thought of his Jove. He thought of him as a powerful individual, as a wise and strong man. When the evangelists thought of the Spirit, they thought of it as a breath, a vision, a whisper in the heart; a subtile influence informing the mind, inspiring the will, directing the life.

The personification of the Spirit in the New Testament is merely rhetorical; but the church, not satisfied with a figure of speech, converted the rhetoric into dogma. They constituted the Spirit a distinct person in the Godhead. No harm in this, if by "person" is meant nothing more than a manifestation. But with many the idea of persons hardens into that of independent individuality. The Spirit is conceived as a being, distinct from the Father, instead of a character of or in God the Father. This was not the intent of the doctrine, as defined by the councils of the Church. It conflicts with the accompanying doctrine of the "procession," as it is called, "of the Holy Ghost." The Spirit is said to proceed from God. And this procession was not once for all, but still continues. It is not a past transaction, a fact accomplished, but a present and constant process. The language is not "proceeded," but "proceeds." The question arose in the ages which developed this doctrine, whether the Spirit proceeds directly and solely from God, or from God through Christ. The Greek church taught, and still teaches, that the Spirit is wholly and only from the Father. The Latin or Roman-Catholic Church maintained, and still maintains, that the Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son. And the Latin church is right: the interior meaning of that doctrine is that the spiritual creation, like the material, is based on intelligence. There can be no holiness without insight.

The Holy Spirit is that particular agency of God, direct or indirect, which concerns itself with the moral and religious education of mankind. It is God acting in this particlar way as distinguished from God in nature.

Self-manifestation—the revelation of himself in rational minds—must be supposed to be the end of all God's doing. The visible universe is one revelation,—intelligible only when viewed as such. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Nature reflects to intelligent minds the divine wisdom and love. But nature could never convey the most distant idea of moral good. The truth which we attempt to express, when we say that God is just, that God is holy; the fact of a moral law, duty, conscience, accountableness,— these have no prototype or symbol in nature. This is something of which nature is unconscious. The animal world exhibits something of instinctive love, something of blind attachment, but nothing like justice, holiness. This is "the way which no fowl knoweth," which "the vulture's eye hath not seen," and which "the lion's whelps have not trodden." "The abyss saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me." We should know God only as mighty, wise, and beneficent, never as holy and just, were there not another creation and revelation co-parallel with the material,—the moral creation, the revelation of the Spirit, in which God is revealed as moral law, and as moral and Spiritual good.

The element and medium of this moral creation is the moral nature which always accompanies conscious intelligence, here and wherever conscious intelligence is found. Its materials are rational souls. Of these "living stones," the divine Architect, the Holy Spirit, compiles the Spiritual fabric which all good men are helping to build, and whose completion will be the consummation and the crown of time. The Christian Church, in the vision of the apostles, was identified with that fabric, "Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord." The Christian Church in their theory is not only the product, but the earthly representative and embodiment of the Holy Spirit. At once, both

agent and object, creator and creature, it sends forth the influences which convert the world, and grows and reproduces itself by the influences it sends forth.

If now, from the theology of the Holy Spirit, we turn to its practical, human side, we find in its action on human individuals a twofold influence. The Spirit acts on the reason and on the will. It inspires the knowledge of moral and spiritual truths, and it quickens the moral and spiritual life. We are influenced by it in our perceptions and in our practice.

First, our perceptions,—the knowledge of moral and spiritual truth. All knowledge partakes more or less of inspiration. Our mental faculties are not the sources of truth. In and of themselves, they see nothing and know nothing. They are but organs,—secondary agents. As the soundest eye conveys no image to the mind, until the light from without has touched its nerve, so the keenest intellect can never comprehend the simplest truth, until moved to action by some impulse from abroad. Not that any knowledge, strictly speaking, is imparted. We acquire nothing by passive reception alone. All truth is the product of our own minds. But the mind can produce only as it is quickened from abroad. If this is true in respect to secular knowledge, how much more in respect to spiritual. If the truths which relate to the kingdoms of nature come by inspiration, how much more the truths which relate to the kingdom of heaven! Why was it that all the wisdom of antiquity failed to penetrate those mysteries which are now familiar to the dullest minds? Why is it that many an uneducated Christian possesses on these subject a depth of insight which puts to shame the wisdom of the world? Why, but that the truths of this order are apprehended by some other faculty than the sensuous understanding. The Holy Spirit is the teacher here. And the fact illustrates the equalizing power of the Spirit, which not only overrules the factitious distinctions of social rank, but sets at naught those intellectual disparities which separate more widely between man and man. More than any scheme of human polity, it levels society by raising the lowest to an equality with the highest in that which in all is highest and best. It preaches its Gospel to the poor, and so maintains the equal rights of the mind, without which all other equality is futile and vain.

What, then, it may be asked, is the agency of the Spirit in the communication of truth? It is the agency of the sun in the natural world. The spirit is to the mind what light is to the eye. Its office is not to impart truth, but to show it. To those who seek the truth in sincerity, the aid of the spirit will not be wanting. Let the eye be open, the heart free, and the understanding will be full of light. Doubt and unbelief will vanish away; the spirit will guide into all truth.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS FROM "FELLS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL."

The following letter will not be devoid of interest to those who desire to trace the early developments of the women Friends' meetings for Discipline, as exhibited in the first age of the Society. Of the abode of the writer I only know that when William Edmundson was holding meetings from place to place in the north of England, he speaks of being at *Margaret Fawcett's at Elkstone*, and next day had a meeting at Pardshaw Cragg; hence we conclude she belonged to Cumberland, or a place adjacent:—

Margaret Fawcett to Margaret Fox.

"*The 5th day of the 8th mo.* [October], 1677.

"Dear Margaret,—In the weighty truth, which the Lord hath placed a measure of in me, do I salute thee, with all thy dear and tender children; for my love is truly to you all, and my soul delights in your prosperity, as I believe you do in mine; for, dear Margaret, thou hath been as a mother to many children, and I with many more have received strength and nourishment from thee.

"And, dear M., that which chiefly occasioneth me at this time to write unto thee, is to give thee to understand something of our proceedings in our women's meetings, concerning the book that was given forth from your quarterly meeting at Copley.

"Our women's meeting was the next Third-day after, where our dear friend and brother, Jo. Banckes, did much assist us in our proceedings; he read the book, and Friends were very well satisfied with it, and the Lord's power and presence was much with us and among us; and we gave notice that day that Friends should bring in their testimonies about tithes the next women's meeting, which accordingly was done, and J. B. took their testimonies, one by one, from their own mouth: which I believe was given in the fear of the Lord, and where any was wanting, they brought them to the next women's meeting or before, and all or the most part belonging to our women's meeting are found clear in their testimonies, which are already gathered up and recorded in a book we have provided for that purpose.

"And further this is to let thee understand that we had the book to our quarterly meeting, where we did intend it should be read, and Jo. Steel and I did acquaint Friends of it before the meeting, but some Friends in the ministry being there, took up the time, so that it could not conveniently be read that day, which was no small grief to my spirit. (J. B. was then in Westmoreland.) After the meeting I could do no less than speak of it, and delivered it to the

next women's meeting, and desired them to copy it over and send it through the county, that so the service whereupon it goeth forth may be performed.

"And, dear heart, there is one thing more in my mind to signify to thee, which is concerning the disbursements of our collections, and setting of it down in writing; it is not at all agreeable with my spirit, neither with several more good Friends belonging to our meeting, for we are satisfied, that many honest Friends that may stand in need, will rather suffer much than take anything of us, if it must be made so public as to stand upon record. Dear M., I could do no less than give thee my judgment in this matter, hoping thou wilt bear with me as one who with thee would have all things well. No more, but my true love unto thee and all thine. Thy nearly related friend and sister,

"MARGARET FAWCETT.

(P. S.) "The number of Friends belonging to our women's meetings that have given in their testimonies concerning tithes are 109."

It was about the time when the above letter was written, that some diversity of opinion and practice existing among Friends respecting tithe, the yearly meeting put forth a document, before alluded to, requesting that all members who held opinions on the subject would state them in writing to their respective monthly meetings, and have them recorded. These are the *testimonies* mentioned by Margaret Fawcett.

ETERNITY OF GOOD AND EVIL INFLUENCE.

We can form no competent ideas, at present, of the effects of good any more than of evil. What we do of either is merely the kindling of a fire; how far it may burn we cannot tell; and, generally speaking, our minds are but little occupied about it. Who can calculate the effects of a modest testimony borne to truth; of an importunate prayer for its success; of a disinterested act of self-denial; of a willing contribution; of a seasonable reproof; of a wholesome counsel; of even a sigh of pity or tear of sympathy? Each or any of these exercises may be the means, in the Lord's hand, of producing that in the bosoms of individuals which may be communicated to their connexions, and from them to theirs, to the end of time. When results so enduring hang upon human agency, how immensely important is seen to be the sphere of each man's influence! He is, each day of life, forming the eternity of others as well as his own. The tablet on which he is continually making inscriptions never decays.—Whether he does good or evil, it goes beyond him, lives, and, it may be, accumulates for ever. The earthly memory of the wicked may perish, but never his moral influence. That goes before him to the judgment, and draws after it through all the cycles of his future being. "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever," not more in existence than in influence. Truly, in every hour and act of life we are making up the sum of our own and of others' eternity.—*Andrew Fuller.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The following "Thoughts on Books and Reading" were published in Birmingham, England, a number of years ago, by Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, and were printed in the form of a tract for circulation among Friends.

S. B. F.

He who duly reflects upon the exquisite delicacy and susceptibility of the human mind, and its vast capacity either for good or evil, will not easily overrate the importance of its right culture, and of having the influences which are brought to bear upon it of a pure and healthful character. Among the influences affecting it, few are more powerful or constant than books. The choice and character of our reading may, therefore, profitably form a frequent subject for reflection.

Some persons are anxious to be thought great readers; but it is well for such to remember, that it is not what we read, but what we digest, that nourishes the mind. "It matters not," says an old writer, "how many books thou hast, but how good: multitude of books do rather burden than instruct, and it is far better thoroughly to acquaint thyself with a few authors, than to wander through many."

The mind requires nourishing food. Trifling reading enfeebles it. Lord Bacon wisely says, "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to *weigh and consider.*" This is undoubtedly the great secret of what we read. If books were more commonly judged by their real weight, how many popular works would at once shrink into insignificance? It is melancholy to think of the millions of immortal minds that accustom themselves to reading, which, when weighed in the balance, is found to contain little else than the lightness of vanity. How many that might have attained the stature of full grown men, have thus become enervated, dwarfish, deformed or crippled. With desires formed for the highest enjoyments and understandings capable of the noblest improvement, the reading of trifling and pernicious books, the habit of mental association with low, mean, and unworthy thoughts, has prostrated the energies of thousands, and debased them below themselves.

As an intimate friend has sometimes been styled a second self, so our favorite books may be justly called the mirror of our minds. It may be well for us to look at ourselves in this glass. We fear that some would be ashamed of their own reflected image. The vast accumulation of

trifling publications of late years, makes it needful to be especially on our guard against them. The plain truth is, we have no time for such reading; and we must be bold enough to say so, and act accordingly. Let none of our young friends be ashamed to confess that they have never read much which the world loudly applauds. Let them beware of being led astray by a vain desire to keep pace with the literature of the age. Let them not imagine that any reading is necessary to their character or standing in general society, which is inconsistent with Christian purity of taste or feeling. Some of them have very little time for reading of any kind; such ought to be especially careful that the little which is granted them be duly improved. Let not the precious moments be squandered upon trifles. Lay out the little that you have to spend upon the best investments. Remember that that which costs nothing is not worth buying. The book that can be read without thinking, will be read without improvement.

Let it not be thought hard and uncharitable thus summarily to dismiss the crowd of inferior authors. All that is asked is, that they should be treated according to their merits. No one ought surely to think it unreasonable that the best and worthiest should be first entertained. And it may be safely affirmed, that he who takes the pains to *read and digest* the good books first, will not only be amply rewarded, but will have neither time nor inclination for any others. "A good book," says Milton, in characteristic language, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." And when all may enjoy the privilege of communion with such spirits,—inteltectual companionship with the wisest and best men of all ages,—is it not surprising that any should seem to prefer mean and low-lived acquaintances? Here are those whose characters are well known, who have stood the severest test, who come recommended to us by the best judges, who have proved themselves worthy of our esteem and confidence; they invite us to partake of their most precious gifts, and, as it were, court our society and friendship; and shall we be so unwise as to reject their favors, and rather choose associates that will degrade instead of ennobling us, who intrude upon us without suitable recommendations, and leave us unimproved, or, it may be, disgraced and polluted, by their idle, worldly, or sensual conversation?

But in making choice of our favorites, we should beware of being dazzled by the splendor of genius. It is not the possession, but the employment of talent, that gives real worth to the character; and they who have perverted their gifts and opportunities, however abundant, are surely more worthy of our just aversion, than of being treated as familiars and friends.

The man who employs wealth not his own, for his own purposes and enjoyments, who openly sets at naught the most express declarations of trust, is accounted a disgrace to society. And shall they be thought worthy of our confidence and regard, who, having received all their boasted knowledge, illuminations and wisdom from "the Father of Light," have indeed magnified themselves in them, but Him they have not glorified?

It is of the highest importance to accustom our intellectual appetite to wholesome food, and, in so doing, we shall quickly lose our relish for any other. The more our hearts are seasoned with divine grace, the less pleasure shall we have in the writings of men, whose talents, however great or brilliant, have not been consecrated to the service of Him who gave them. The true disciples of the Lord Jesus know the unspeakable privilege of an abiding in Him; they have tasted the sweet enjoyment of His heavenly presence, and can no longer delight in such unholy fellowship. Their joys spring from the pure fountains of Divine wisdom and consolation, and they rather loathe than long for the polluted streams. They feel how much is implied in the solemn injunction, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption;" and are often reminded, while yet strangers and pilgrims upon earth, "that that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God."

To the studious it may be said, accustom yourselves to habits of careful reading. Do not be satisfied with assertions second-hand. The old rule is a good one: "Truth is the purest at the fountain head." Do not dip into too many books. It is true economy to confine ourselves to the best. The really good books contain all the necessary information, which is only feebly and inadequately repeated in others. Then, again, in the choice of subjects, do not grasp at too many, but rather confine yourselves to those within reach, which more immediately concern you, and of which you are capable. If your tastes are not decided, prefer subjects which are important and useful, before those which are less so. Study not from motives of vanity or the love of display. Ever bear in mind the apostolic injunction, to avoid "foolish and unlearned questions," which are, indeed, "unprofitable and vain." Not that indolence is to be indulged in or recommended; but that our time and talents, which are given to us as a precious trust, shall be diligently appropriated to the worthiest uses.

If we duly consider the uncertainty and shortness of life, we shall think it needful to put a check upon many curious and difficult inquiries which naturally agitate our minds, and be content to be ignorant of many things, be-

cause we have neither time nor opportunity here upon earth adequately to search them out. And if our first and greatest concern be, as it ought to be, "to give diligence to make our calling and election sure," we shall not be idle. Our talents will find abundant occupation in the plain path of practical holiness. And in this work of faith and labor of love, we may often be cheered with the recollection, that the period of our intelligent existence is not limited by the bounds of time; that, on the contrary, this present life is but, as it were, the childhood of the soul, (1 Cor. xiii. 11, 12,) and that in the eternity which awaits the faithful believer, all right desires for improvement will be satisfied, infinitely beyond his present conceptions. An eternity of love, light, and wisdom, shall fill his cup to overflowing. Freed from the contagion of sin and the weakness of mortality, with an understanding renovated and enlarged, and capacities fitted for his new enjoyments, he will be prepared for all the glorious discoveries that may be then unfolded of the wisdom and knowledge of God, and the mysteries of His kingdom, which in this world it is not possible he should ever apprehend or even conceive. "Then shall he know even as he is known."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

A friend writing to us from New Garden, after expressing regret at the republication of Gibbons' Review, closes his letter with the following remarks:

"Now, when just emerging from one of the most dreadful conflicts that history gives an account of, which was brought about by the conflicting opinions of men, we think the time demands something consolatory, something that will draw and bind together, instead of that which will scatter and divide. For my part, I have yet to learn that there has ever much good grown out of a discussion upon doctrinal points.

In accordance with the ability afforded, which is but limited, I feel willing to call the attention of my fellow men to that principle which alone is sufficient to direct us aright, which comes not from man, but from God. Had the children of men in the different ages of the world attended to the exhortation of the Apostle, in which he says that which may be known of God is manifest in man, what a different aspect would this world have presented from what it now does. Instead of denouncing one another with hard names—traducing and defaming each other's characters—the minds of men would have been leavened with meekness and humility, and love to our fellow men would have abounded throughout the land: let us therefore, in the language of the Apostle, "be willing to submit ourselves unto God; draw nigh unto him, and he will draw nigh unto us."

There is one lawgiver who is able to save and to destroy. Who art thou that judgest another! Oh! may we each and all be willing to seek for that holy anointing to which all have access, and let the bygones be bygones; and believe me that an attention to this Divine principle will make us wiser than all the teachings of men.

With respect,
HALLIDAY HOOPES."

Specific duty is a matter between every soul and its God. If a man has really become a child of God, God's will will henceforth be the ruling principle of his life. He will desire nothing so much as to find out what God wishes him to do, and then to do it. Loving God whom he hath not seen, he will love his brother whom he hath seen. He will no longer seek his own but his neighbor's good. Self will be deposed from the first place in his heart, and God will reign supreme. The deposed monarch may set on foot many a rebellion, and the kingdom may, for a long time, have but little quiet, but the end will surely be peace, and he shall come whose right it is to reign.

PUT YOUR CHILDREN TO BED.

There may be some mothers who feel it to be a self-denial to leave their parlors, or firesides, or work, to put their little children to bed. They think that the nurse could do it just as well—that it is of no consequence who hears the children say their prayers.

Now, setting aside the pleasure of opening the little bed and tucking the darling up, there are really important reasons why the mother should not yield this privilege to any one. In the first place, it is the time of all times when a child is inclined to show its confidence and affection. All its little secrets come out with more truth and less restraint; its naughtiness through the day can be reproved and talked over with less excitement, and with the tenderness and calmness necessary to make permanent impressions.

If the little one has shown a desire to do well, and be obedient, its effort and success can be acknowledged and commended in a manner that need not render it vain or self satisfied.

We must make it a habit to *talk* to our children, in order to get from them an expression of their feelings. We cannot understand the characters of these little beings committed to our care unless we do. And if we do not know what they are, we shall not be able to govern them wisely, or educate them as their different natures demand.

Certainly it would be unwise to excite young

children, by too much conversation with them, just before putting them to bed. Every mother who carefully studies the temperament of her children will know how to manage them in this respect. But of this all mothers may be assured: that the last words at night are of great importance—even to the babes of the flock. The very tone of the voice they last listened to, makes an impression on their sensitive organization.

Mother, do not think the time and strength wasted which you spend in reviewing the day with your little boy or girl: do not neglect to teach it how to pray, and to pray for it in simple and earnest language, which it can understand.

Soothe and quiet its little heart, after the experience of the day. It has had its disappointments and trials as well as its play and pleasures. It is ready to throw its arms around your neck, and take its "good night" kiss.—*Mother's Magazine.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 17, 1866.

Southern Quarterly Meeting.—This meeting was held as usual at this time at Little Creek, Del., on Fourth-day, the 28th ult. It embraces within its limits the State of Delaware and the Eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, and chronicles upon its records the names of many noted and valuable Friends: among whom may be enumerated Daniel and Warner Mifflin, Elisha Dawson and Sarah Cowgill. Most of the older members who once constituted this meeting have passed from their field of earthly labor, while many of those younger in life have left the scenes of their early childhood to take part among the busy throngs in the crowded cities. From these causes mainly, it has gradually become reduced in numbers, and within the past few years some of the smaller branches have been discontinued.

Through communications received from two of our subscribers, we learn, that though the meeting recently held was thought to be somewhat smaller than usual, yet there was an evidence of life which gave encouraging promise for the future.

On the evening of Fourth-day, a large company assembled at the meeting-house in Camden. The gathering was of a social character, being composed mostly of young Friends and of those feeling an interest in the Society and its principles. After reading a portion of the discipline, subjects connected with our views and testimonies were presented by different individuals; queries were propounded and answered, and encouragement was given to all, especially the younger members, to keep near to the body of Friends. Much interest was manifested, and it was thought that, as most of the Monthly Meetings are small, there would be a benefit in mingling in this way once in three months. They therefore adjourned to meet at a Friend's house (it being more convenient) on the evening of the day of their Quarterly Meeting, held in the 5th month next, at Third Haven, Md.

The Youth's Meeting at Little Creek, on Fifth-day morning, was large and satisfactory, a number attending not in membership with Friends. The gospel truths delivered appeared to have a solemnizing tendency, and a hope was felt that the labor bestowed was not in vain.

On the same evening an appointed meeting was held in Camden, which was also largely attended, satisfactory and encouraging. A solemn quiet pervaded the assembly, which listened with deep attention during the presentation of views by exercised Friends. It is the general impression that the Quarterly Meeting, and the other meetings in connection, were held to advantage, and Friends separated, renewed in spirit.

The Meeting at Reading.—The Circular Meeting, which was one of a series held once in three months at Reading, under the care of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, occurred on the 4th inst., and was attended by several of the Committee. Although there are few Friends at this place, yet the house was filled, and the quiet deportment and earnest attention of the audience indicated the interest felt on the occasion.

Died, on the 8th of Tenth month, 1865, Mary Elma, daughter of Francis P. and Deborah Smith, of Octoraro, Cecil Co., Md., in the 46th year of her age, leaving to survivors the comfortable assurance that the pale messenger did not find her unprepared, but ready and willing to depart and be at peace.

——, on the 27th of Tenth month, 1865, Deborah Smith, wife of Francis P. Smith, in the 73d year of her age; a minister, much esteemed, for more than twenty years. This dear friend, although for several years a great sufferer from rheumatism, was truly a bright example of cheerfulness and patience, and when health permitted, was diligent in the attend-

ance of meetings, and feelingly exhorted her family and others to that religious duty. The small meeting of which she was a member, as well as society at large, will sensibly feel that her departure has left a void in their midst, but we trust they will take fresh courage from her bright example, and in the reflection, that in her last illness, (although her bodily suffering was most acute,) she gave unmistakable evidence that her peace had long been made with her Redeemer, her work had been done in the daytime, and she was ready to enter into that rest prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world.

DIED, on the 22d of Tenth month, 1865, at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess Co., N. Y., MARY, only daughter of Isaac and Amy Townsend, in the 16th year of her age; a member of Oswego Particular Meeting.

Although separated in early life from her devoted parents and many friends, yet they are not left to mourn like those that have no hope, for her end was peace.

——, on the 26th of Second month, 1866, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Isaac Eyre, in Middletown, Bucks Co., Pa., PHEBE KNIGHT, aged 52 years; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

——, of spotted fever, on the 18th of Second mo., 1866, at Fall Creek, Ind., THOMAS, only son of Benjamin S. and Maria J. Cockayne, in the 3d year of his age.

——, on the evening of the 24th of Second month, 1866, at her residence in New Garden, Chester Co., Pa., SARAH WICKERSHAM, aged 91 years and 6 days. She was an esteemed member, and for many years an Elder, of New Garden Monthly Meeting.

Truly, "a mother in Israel has fallen." Born of parents who had themselves been disciplined in the school of Christ, she happily received from them an early training in the same school. The genial influence of their parental care and religious instruction in her early life was no doubt, under Providence, a means of preserving her in that simplicity and Christian meekness which was so conspicuous in her later years. With no more than a mere rudimentary school education, and a stranger to the so-called modern refinements of civilization, she was enabled to discharge, in a becoming manner, the numerous and responsible duties which devolve upon woman in the various social relations in which she was placed.

By rendering due obedience to the requirements of her Divine Master, she also became qualified to discharge her religious duties in a manner, which yielded her present peace of mind, and gave her an assurance, when the things of this world were fading from her view, of receiving the final answer, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It was this assurance which sustained her under protracted and severe bodily affliction, in patient resignation to the Master's will, and enabled her to sing His praise as on the banks of deliverance. It was this, too, which enabled her experimentally to know the truth of the declaration, that "Death is swallowed up in victory." Verily, to one thus fortified by faith, as shown by her works, Death has no sting—the Grave has no victory—for "the *sting* of death is *sin*." E. M.

——, on the 17th of Second month, 1866, of diphtheria, JESSE BLACKBURN, aged 1 year and 5 months, son of Hiram and Mary Ann Blackburn, of Dunning's Creek, Bedford Co., Pa.

——, on the 2d of Eighth month, 1865, near Richmond, Ind., WILLIS T. SHAW, youngest son of Edward and Peninnah H. Shaw, in the 10th year of her age.

DIED, on the 8th of Eleventh month, 1865, ANN, wife of Jas. Trueblood, Jr., in the 71st year of her age; a member of Blue River Monthly and Highland Creek Particular Meetings, Washington Co., Ind.

——, of scarlet fever, on the 2d of Third month, 1866, GEORGE GASKILL, son of Richard S. and Sarah Ann Ridgway, aged 13 years and 1 month; members of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting.

The Secretary of the Clothing Committee of "Friends Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" requests that those who have obtained sewing from the room, Eighth and Arch Sts., will return the garments when finished to Henry Laing, No. 30 N. Third St., instead of to the former place. The room No. 800 Arch St. is closed for the present.

Gen. Howard, of the Freedmen's Bureau, proposes forwarding from Washington some of the surplus colored population. The first company is expected in Philadelphia the latter part of this week, and will be accommodated at the House of Industry, 718 Catharine St., where those needing their labor should apply. Other companies will be brought on as fast as the demand will warrant.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

At a meeting of Friends' Social Lyceum, on the 27th ult., the lecture was by Dr. H. Allen, upon Animal Electricity and Phosphorescence. He commenced by alluding to the similarity existing between the phenomena of electricity and phosphorescence, as derived from inorganic or organic sources. This resemblance was very exact in the former, but less marked in the latter case. Animal electricity is, as far as its effects are concerned, identical with that elicited by friction and heat; animal phosphorescence, on the other hand, is not an equivalent with the light yielded by phosphorus.

The principal forms were seen to be confined to the fishes among vertebrates, and to the class of centipedes among articulates. A torpedo (*Torpedo electricus*) is the European electrical fish; a large species of eel (*Gymnotus electricus*) is the South American; while an unsightly catfish, (*Malapherurus electricus*,) from the rivers Nile, Niger and Senegal, gives to the African fauna an animal possessing this power.

The electricity in all these forms is generated in special organs. In the instance of the torpedo, these are placed upon either side of the head; in the eel, along the lateral aspects of the body; and in the catfish, in a loose tissue placed everywhere beneath the skin. The electrical centipede, (*Scolopendra electricus*,) from Europe, appears to be able to give shocks from any portion of its frame.

Philosophers have endeavored to prove from these that all nervous action is electrical in its nature. This idea originatued with Galvani, who discovered that by bringing a current, in-

duced by placing together a sheet of copper and one of zinc, in contact with the nerve of a leg of a frog, previously removed from the body, contraction of the muscles of the limb instantly ensued. He inferred from this experiment that he had supplied the force which had been removed by death, and that the nervous power and the agent he had employed were convertible. His opinion appeared to receive confirmation from the fact that all electrical organs are very largely supplied with nerves, and from the observation that portions of the brain and the terminal branches of some of the nerves of sensation seemed in their construction to resemble a number of electrical machines.

But it was found in subsequent experiments that the agent affecting the maintenance of nerve-power had no influence whatever upon electricity. Thus copper wire is a good conductor of electricity, but it fails to transmit nervous impressions. A string tied around a nerve produces paralysis of motion beyond the ligated point, but no ligature, however tightly drawn about a conductor, can obstruct an electrical current. It was then concluded that electricity and enervation were dependent upon different causes.

While enabled to say, therefore, that nerve power is not electrical, we are no nearer the solution of the problem presented in the electric fishes than before. It appears probable, however, that this variety is obtained from its special organs as a distinct product, and is, perhaps, analogous to a secretion.

The lecturer observed, that while electricity is seen chiefly in the higher, phosphorescence is most marked as a property of the lower forms. The phosphorescence of the sea is due in a great measure to the presence of an animal belonging to the lowest division of the animal kingdom,—the *Noctiluca miliaris*. It is an exceedingly minute creature, but is capable of giving out interrupted flares of light; and when large numbers of individuals act together, that sheet-like glimmering is produced so characteristic of the midnight sea.

Another organism was mentioned as a prominent light producer. *Pyrosoma*, or fire body, belonging to the mollusca division, is a composit animal: that is, one made up of many individuals, growing from a common stock, and being subjected to common influences. Its light is vivid and long continued. Some other animals, such as certain jelly fishes, sharks, &c., also at times become phosphorescent.

Among air-breathers, the glow-worm of Europe, and the fire-fly of our own country, were mentioned as familiar examples. In these, the light comes from the rings of the hinder part of the body. A phosphorescent gleam, it has been claimed, but, probably, upon insufficient ground, occasionally emanates from the eyes of our domestic animals, as well as from the eye of man himself.

The speaker, in conclusion, did not believe that animal phosphorescence had any essential connection with the light derived from mineral substances. It was held to be rather a result of the processes of nutrition, growth, death and decay which are continually going on in the minutest particles of living structures.

Review of "A Declaration," &c., published by order of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends (so called) held in Philadelphia in 1828. By WM. GIBBONS, M. D.

(Continued from page 12.)

ARTICLE XXI. "Every Christian must come up under the influence of the same Light that guided Jesus Christ; *that Christ* that was *his Saviour*, and *Preserver*, and that power which enabled him to do his work, will enable us to come on in the same path."—*Decl.* p. 22. *Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 44.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

"The seed was formed into *a vessel like ours*, but without sin, *in which* the pure lamb appeared in the pure power of life, *which kept the vessel pure;* and so he who was to be the first fruits, had the honor above all *his brethren; being anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows.*" "By feeling and knowing the lamb in *our vessels*, we know also what was the lamb in his vessel."—*Isaac Pennington*, vol. 3, p. 30.

"In subjection to the same will which the *head obeyed.*" "are the members sanctified." —*Ibid*, vol. 4, p. 128.

"We witness him *the same Christ* AS WAS IN THAT BODY that suffered at Jerusalem."—*William Dewsbery*, p. 120.

"He had a *greater* anointing, than the rest of his brethren."—*Elias Hicks, Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 42.

"Is not the substance, the life, the anointing, called Christ, *wherever it is found?* Doth not the name *belong* to the whole body (and every member of the body) as well as to the HEAD?"

"And the *same thing* that kept his vessel pure, it is the same thing that cleanseth us." (Pennington, before quoted.) That "same thing" was the Spirit, or *Christ* the word. To be *saved* and *preserved*, is it not the same as to be *kept pure?*

ARTICLE XXII. "I don't want to express a great many words, but I want you to be *called* home to the substance. For the Scriptures and all the books in the world can do no more. JESUS COULD DO NO MORE than to recommend to this Comforter, which *was* this light in him." —*Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 40.

The following texts of Scripture are con-

nected with the above extract, and necessary for a right construction of it:

"And I will pray the Father; and He shall give you *another* Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth." John xiv. 16.

"Nevertheless, I tell you the *truth; it is expedient for you* that I go away; for if *I go not away*, the Comforter *will not come* unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." "Howbeit, when he the Spirit of truth *is come*, he will guide you into *all truth*." "*But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.*"

"He that believeth on *me*, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this (says John) spake he *of* THE SPIRIT, which they that believe on him *should* receive; for the Holy Ghost *was not yet given*, because Jesus was not yet glorified."

It is rendered clear by these testimonies of Scripture, that the administration of Christ in the flesh, was *outward;* for the Holy Ghost was *not yet given*,—the Spirit was not yet received *in the heart:* and this made the distinction between the *old* covenant and the *new*. This further appears from the *fact*, that although the disciples had "walked" with their Master for *years*,—had been his constant companions, had the benefit of his instructions and gospel precepts, given both in public and in private,—had his parables graciously expounded to them,—and had witnessed his stupendous miracles, yet, when the time of trial came that would test their love and fidelity to him, and to that gospel which they had heard him declare in so clear, so sublime, and so engaging a manner, one of them betrayed him, another denied him, and all forsook him!

The dispensations of God to men, have ever been, and ever will be to *their state*, for he *forces not himself* upon them. Hence, to the *outward* he appears *outward*. "With the *merciful*, thou wilt show thyself *merciful;* and with the *upright* man, thou wilt show thyself *upright*. With the *pure*, thou wilt *show thyself* pure; and with the *forward*, *thou wilt show thyself* unsavoury." 2 Sam. xxii. 26, 27.

The blessed Jesus knew what was in man. "He knew the outward state of his disciples; he saw that his continuance among them would keep them outward, (for they "almost doated upon his outward manifestation"—*William Penn*,) and act as a veil upon their hearts; ("Christ's flesh was a veil"—*George Fox*,) therefore he said, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."

On the whole, it appears clear that the ministration of Jesus was *external;* and *necessarily* so, as being in wisdom adapted to the *condition* of those to whom he was sent; that his disciples were *outward*, and so continued to the last, to an almost incredible extent; as is proved by the fact, that after he had risen and appeared among them, "they asked him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"

We are told by Mark (ch. vi.) that Jesus, "among his own kin," "COULD DO NO MIGHTY WORK;" "and he marvelled because of their unbelief." The case before us, is parallel to this, and was a like circumstance, over which Jesus had as little control; for the belief of his disciples was still in an *outward*, and not in an *inward* kingdom. And he informed them that his heavenly Father held the times and seasons "in his own power." He therefore "*could do no more*" than to recommend them to that "Comforter,"—to the *substance*, —to that Light,—to that Christ *within*, the power of God, and the wisdom of God, which had "kept his vessel pure;" (*Pennington;*) and without which, he had declared that he could "do nothing." Hence, his parting counsel to them was, "*Tarry in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.*"

The event of this weighty advice proved that their blessed Master had been "faithful to Him that appointed him." For when the auspicious season arrived in which the Holy Ghost was given, when the power came from on high upon those who had, but a short time before, proved themselves so weak, so timid, so faithless, and irresolute, they were found to be *fully prepared* by the blessed ministry and labors of Jesus to receive it; and how they courageously braved all the powers of the world which rose up against them, in preaching and spreading the gospel of their blessed Master! And their success was commensurate with the Almighty hand that guided and upheld them.

In the foregoing quotations, Jesus speaks of *another* Comforter, the Spirit of truth, to abide with them for ever, &c. And respecting himself, he says, "If *I* go not away, the Comforter will not come." Wherein it is plain, that he draws a *distinction* between *himself*, as an outward, visible person, who was about to depart, and that *other* which was the Spirit of truth, that "the Father" would send in his name into their "inward parts."

"It was his [Christ's] Divine light *alone*, that could administer light to the soul, and not *shadows*."—*George Whitehead in the Christian Quaker.*

"The light that doth enlighten every man that cometh into the world, which is Christ Jesus, is the Teacher; and he that believes IN IT *receives Christ.*—*George Fox, Great Mystery*, pp. 217, 288.

"I will put my law *in their inward parts*, and write it in their *hearts*."—Jer. xxxi. 33.

Article XXIII. "*He never directed to himself*, but all he wanted was to lead their minds to the Spirit of Truth, to the Light within: and when he had done this, *he had done his office.*"—*Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 47.

I believe it may be safely affirmed, that he never did direct men to himself as to *a person without them;* which is the meaning of the Sermon. And in regard to the last clause, that the "office" of Jesus was to lead the minds of men to the Spirit of Truth in them, this was the whole office and design of the law, the prophets, and the Gospel; it cannot be denied.

On this subject, William Penn says in the "Christian Quaker;" "And indeed, *all the external dealings of God with men*, have been to bring to Christ the *seed within*, which is *able to bruise the serpent's head;* and did so, in some measure, through all ages."

"And Christ is as truly a healer of his people in this ministration of life to them, by his holy Spirit, as ever he was an healer of persons *outwardly*, in the days of his flesh. This, with the other miracles which he wrought, was but A SHADOW of what he would work and perform *inwardly*, in the day of *his Spirit and holy power*. And shall he, or can he (to those who faithfully *wait* upon him) fall short in the one, of what *he shadowed out* in the other?"—*Isaac Pennington*, vol. 1, p. 695.

"And so he taught them to pray, 'Our Father,' &c., *not to look at his person*, and pray to him *as a person without them;* but bid them pray to their Father which seeth in secret, who would reward them openly. And he that seeth in secret, searcheth the heart, and trieth the reins."—*Willliam Bayly.*

After quoting John xiv. 17, 25, 26, ch. xv. 26, and ch. xvi. 12, 13, Humphry Smith says, "All which plainly declare, and most evidently set forth, how Christ in his ministry, when he was upon earth, did *most chiefly* direct unto the ministration of the Spirit of truth, which was then yet to come," &c. Pp. 181, 182. "And why do others dispute and talk of the *body* so much, which they know not." Ibid, 183. See 2 Cor. v. 16.

(To be continued.)

PRAYER.

BY H. A. FROST.

When blessings cluster round our way,
And skies are bright and fair,
Oh, let the heart its tribute pay—
Its gratitude in prayer.

But should afflictions dim the scene,
Its darkest hours we'll dare,
While on a mighty arm we lean
And find relief in prayer.

How sweet the thought through smiles and tears,
Life's sorrow, joy, or care,
Our Heavenly Father ever hears
And answers fervent prayer!

CONSIDER.

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:—
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair:—
What profits all this care
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks;
God gives them food:—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

Christina G. Rossetti.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Extracts from the Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane.
By Thomas S. Kirkbride, M. D.

The Care of the Chronic Insane.—Propositions have been frequently made of late to provide separate institutions for what are commonly callled incurables, and it seems only proper that the community should have the views of those whose official relations to this class have compelled them to reflect on the subject. For this reason, and also as a convenient mode of replying to frequent questions, reference is again made to this subject, which has already on more than one occasion been noticed in the reports of this institution. Before entering on any general discussion of the matter under notice, I would once more protest against the use of the term "incurables." There is no one wise enough to say, with absolute certainty, who among the insane are incurable. That can be decided by Omniscience alone. There is no fixed period when such a decree can justly be entered against the sufferer from insanity. Such a decision might often be serious in its results, and there could hardly fail to be produced a sadly depressing influence on any one of common sensibility on being sent to an "institution for incurables." As justly remarked by the editor of the *American Journal of Insanity*, over the entrance to such a building, Dante's inscription for the portals of another place might well be written, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" Every one with large experience will easily recall cases where perfect recoveries have taken place when least expected, long after all hope had been given up, not only after one year, but after many years' existence of the most discouraging trains of symptoms. It is a good axiom, that every case received into a hospital should be placed under treat-

ment, and that the use of remedies should be steadily persevered in.

Some kinds of treatment should never be given up, if not to restore the patient, it should at least be to prevent a lower mental and physical condition. Medicine should be given whenever there is any indication for its use, and very often there is, even in the most chronic cases, but medicine is only one of a long list of means at our command. The other remedies, of a most varied character, which ought always to be found about a hospital for the insane, are, many of them, of a kind that no patient should be deprived of. Important and indispensable as these are for recent cases, their influence on the chronic is also almost uniformly favorable. The absence of many of these accessory means, as is pretty sure to be the case in any separate provision for the chronic insane, is one of the strongest objections to the introduction of such institutions. It is everywhere proposed that these should be cheap establishments, by which is understood, that they are to require little money from the public treasury for their support, and yet such may prove the very dearest kind of institutions for any community. It is never economical to do wrong. The cheapest institution, even if its expenses are large, is that which carries out most efficiently the objects for which it was established—the restoration and comfort of its patients, the relief of the families of the afflicted, and the protection of the community—while an establishment which fails in these respects is a dear one, even if it takes not a single dollar from the pocket of any one, nor from the public coffers; just as an inefficient officer, serving gratuitously, might be much dearer than a thoroughly efficient one with a liberal salery.

It is to be remembered that the chronic are not always the most unpleasant cases about a hospital, and, as a general rule, they are by far the least expensive to treat. The costly arrangements, the special attendance, nursing, and remedies, are particularly for the recent cases, no matter whether they are rich or poor, high or low in life, and of all levellers of artificial distinctions, insanity is one of the most thorough in its work. Wealth, talents, refined accomplishments, social position, no one or all of these are sufficient to maintain the distinctions which society recognizes, when our fellow men are laboring under some forms of mental disorder. . . . . .

Without reference to the protection of the community from the acts of irresponsible individuals, it is no favor, generally, to the chronic insane, to permit them to wander about at pleasure. This kind of liberty is often only another term for suffering and exposure, and they are saved from both, and have better health and much more enjoyment, by having their movements somewhat directed and controlled by intelligent Christian men and women, who practise that best of mottoes—best for hospitals, as for ordinary life, though it may not be always too well remembered,—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The idea of boarding the insane, with private families, in which there is no one with even ordinary qualifications for such a duty as would devolve on somebody, seems hardly worthy of serious discussion. To say nothing of the moral and sanitary objections to such a course, a much greater amount of physical restraint will obviously be necessary, than in any well conducted hospital.

The only proper mode of providing for the chronic insane, in my estimation, is for every State to erect just as many hospitals as are necessary to give to every insane person within its borders a chance to participate in the benefits which they offer. While these structures should have connected with them everything calculated to promote the comfort and restoration of the patients, not one dollar should be expended on what does not directly or indirectly contribute to these objects, and the propositions of the Association of Medical Superintendents, both in regard to construction and organization, should be fairly carried out.

ADDRESS ON THE LIMITS OF EDUCATION.

(Continued from page 15.)

To illustrate the impossibility of making any one what may be called a general scholar, we need but to take a slight view of the extent and recent progress of a few of the most familiar and popular sciences at the present day. Let us take geography, which treats of the earth's external structure, and geology, which treats of its internal. In the first of these the education of many of the present generation abounded in what are now found to be errors and defects. We were taught that the Andes were the highest mountains of the globe, and the Amazon the longest river. Discoverers had then stopped a thousand miles short of the sources of the Nile and of the Missouri. The Columbia and the Sacramento were geographical myths, while a fabulous Oregon or River of the West was laid down on the maps on the hearsay authority of Carver, displacing what are now the Rocky Mountains, and entering the Pacific Ocean about latitude 43°. The existence of the African Niger was known to the Romans, yet the Royal Geographical Society until 1830 did not know where it reached the ocean, though a hundred Englishmen at various times had laid down their lives in African deserts in fruitless attempts to resolve the mysterious problem. It was not until a still later period that the world knew that there

was a continuous Arctic Sea, or anything like an Antarctic Continent.

But if so much has been done in the more difficult and inaccessible parts of our globe, how much more has been achieved in the parts accessible to settlement and cultivation. The American continent, the interior map of which was almost a blank at the close of the Revolution, is now profusely dotted with towns, cities, forts, post-office and rail stations, until the most diligent compiler of a Gazetteer is obliged to pause in despair at the manifest defects of his latest edition.

Geology may be considered as almost a creation of the present age. When Werner visited Paris, in 1802, it could hardly be said to consist of more than insulated observations with a few crude and unsettled theories. But now it has become a great, organized, and overshadowing department of science. In every language of Europe it has its voluminous systems and its unfailing periodicals. Societies of special organization carry forward its labors, and every country of the globe is traversed by its observers and collectors. The shelves of museums are weighed down by its accumulations, and in its palæontology alone the Greek language is exhausted to furnish factitious names for the continually developed species of antecedent creations.

Chemistry in a limited degree appears to have attracted the attention of the ancients, but of their proficiency in this pursuit we know more from their preserved relics and results than from their contemporaneous records. In modern times the chemists constitute a philosophical community, having a language of their own, a history of their own, methods, pursuits and controversies of their own, and a domain which is co-extensive with the materials of which our globe is made. Many men of gifted minds and high intellectual attainments have devoted their lives to the prosecution of this science. Chemistry has unravelled the early mysteries of our planet, and has had a leading agency in changing the arts and the economy of human life. It now fills the civilized world with its libraries, laboratories and lecture-rooms. No individual can expect to study even its accessible books, still less to become familiar with its recorded facts. Yet chemistry is probably in its infancy, and opens one of the largest future fields for scientific cultivation.

Natural history, in its common acceptation, implies the investigation, arrangement and description of all natural bodies, including the whole organized creation. If no other science existed but this, there would be labor enough and more than enough to employ for life the students and observers of the world. Each kingdom of organic nature already offers to our acquaintance its hundred thousand specific forms, and these are but the vanguard of a still greater multitude believed to cover the surface of countries yet unexplored, and to fill the mysterious recesses not yet penetrated by the microscope. And so far as we know, every one of these organisms, great or small, carries with it its parasites, to which it affords habitation and food, and which may be supposed not only to double but to multiply in an unknown ratio its original numbers. Again, when we reflect that every one of these species has its own anatomy, its physiology, its peculiar chemistry, its habits, its sensations, its modes of reproduction, its nutrition, its duration, its metamorphoses, its diseases and its final mode of destruction, we may well despair of knowing much of the whole, when a single species might furnish materials of study for a human lifetime.

The foregoing are examples of the claim on our attention and study, advanced by a portion only of the progressive sciences. They serve to develop truths and laws appertaining to the material earth, which truths and laws must have existed had there never been minds to study them. The relations of number and figure, the laws of motion and rest, of gravity and affinity, of animal and vegetable life, must have been the same had the dominant race of man never appeared on earth. But there is another extensive class of scientific pursuits, the subjects of which are drawn from his own nature. He has devised metaphysics to illustrate the operations of his own mind. He has introduced ethical and political science to promote order and happiness, and military science to assist for a time at least in destroying both. He has built up history with "her volumes vast," which volumes are as yet a small thing compared with those that are to come. Under the name of news, the press daily inundates the world with a million sheets of contemporaneous history, for history and news, under small qualifications, are identical. The annals of the last four years may deserve as large a place in the attention of mankind as was due when the poet informed the Egyptian mummy that since his decease, "a Roman empire had begun and ended." The greatest part of what should have been history is unwritten, and of what has been written, the greatest part is of little general value. If all that has actually been committed to papyrus, parchment or paper had by chance been preserved from the effects of time and barbarism, the aggregate would be so vast and the interest so little, that the busy world could hardly turn aside for its examination from more absorbing and necessary pursuits.

But the world is not contented with history which states, or professes to state, the progress,

arts, dates, successes and failures of distinguished men and nations. It requires further, the supplementary aid of fiction, which finds facts, not in testimony, but in probability; not as they are recorded to have happened, but as they ought to have happened under the circumstances and with the actors. Fiction, moreover, not being restrained by the limits of circumstantial truth, is at liberty to seek embellishment from exaggeration, from ornament, from poetry, from dramatic utterance and passionate expression. Hence it has taken the lead in modern literature, and it is not probable that at this day the most accomplished bibliographer or bookseller could point the way to one-half of its multiplied and perishable productions.

There is neither time nor inducement to refer to the pseudo-sciences, which in all ages have made serious drafts upon the limited lifetime of man, nor to the ephemeral and unprofitable issues which consume his time and labor, and wear out his strength. At the present day we have not much to fear from alchemy, palmistry or astrology, nor yet from spiritualism, homœopathy or mormonism. But it is not easy to prevent men from wasting their time in the pursuit of shadows, from substituting exceptions for general laws, from believing things, not because they are probable, but because they are wonderful and entertaining. Still less can we divert them from yielding to the guidance of an excited will, from following prejudices or creating them, from adopting one side of a controversy or party strife for no better reason than that some other party has adopted the opposite.

It would be unnecessary to add to what has already been said, even an inventory of other studies, which present seducing but interminable claims on the life and labor of man. It would be vain to open the flood gates of philology, and to follow the thousand rills of language which have intersected and troubled each other ever since they left their fountains at Babel. And we pause in humility before the very portals of astronomy, which has revealed to us that we roll and revolve, and perhaps again revolve, around we know not what. And helpless as animalcules on the surface of a floating globule, we are ever striving to see, to explore, and to mark our way through the "starry dust" of infinite space. Strong and devoted minds have piled up unreadable tomes, the result of their life-long studies and observations, yet few, save the professional and the initiated, attempt to invade the recondite sanctuary of their deposit.

Thus, the immense amount of knowledge, general and special, true and fictitious, salutary and detrimental, the record of which is already in existence, has grown into an insurmountable accumulation, a *terra incognita*, which from its very magnitude is inaccessible to the inquiring world. Hence the economy of the age has introduced the labor-saving machinery of periodical literature, which, by substituting compendiums and reviews for the more bulky originals, has seemed to smooth the up-hill track of knowledge, and lighten the Sisyphean load of its travellers. But periodical literature, useful or frivolous as it may be, and indispensable as it undoubtedly is, has become by its very success inflated to an enormous growth, and bids fair in its turn to transcend the overtaxed powers of attention of those for whose use it is prepared. Like our street cars, while it helps forward to their destination a multitude of struggling pedestrians, it substitutes pressure for exercise, and does not save the fatigue of those who are still obliged to stand that they may go. In looking forward to another century, it is curious to consider who will then review the reviews, and condense, redact and digest the compends of compendiums from which the life has already been pressed out by previous condensation.

Since these things are so,—since in the dying words of Laplace, "The known is little, but the unknown is immense," and

> "Since life can little more supply
> Than just to look about us and to die,"

it is a question of paramount importance, how in this short period education can be made to conduce most to the progress, the efficiency, the virtue, and the welfare of man.

(To be continued.)

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City contributions		$37 00
" Friends and others of	Crosswicks, N. J.	61 90
" " "	Wilmington, Del.	100 00
" " "	Abington, Pa.	35 00
" " "	Goshen, Ohio	20 00
		$253 90

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 3d mo. 10, 1866.

ITEMS.

The transfer of the counties of Berkley and Jefferson from Virginia to West Virginia was agreed to by both branches of Congress. The following were among the subjects that engaged their attention the past week.

SENATE.—A message was received from the President, transmitting copies of his correspondence with the provisional governors, and other important papers in relation to reconstruction, which was referred to the committee on that subject. A resolution empowering the Secretaries of War and the Navy to establish sanitary cordons, to prevent the introduction and spread of cholera, was referred to the Committee on Commerce; one was adopted instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to report a bill for the appointment of a commission of

two medical officers—one from the army and one from civil life—to examine the subject of cholera preventives, and to attend the cholera congress in Europe. A petition to grant the widow of our late President the amount of salary for the whole term for which he was elected was reported from the Committee on Finance. The joint resolution to amend the Constitution on the subject of representatives was several times under discussion.

House.—A letter was received from the Governor of North Carolina, accepting lands donated by the United States Congress in 1862, for founding agricultural colleges, but it was refused on the ground that they did not recognize the Government of North Carolina. A partial report was made from the Committee on Reconstruction, relating to Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. A bill to amend and continue in force the freedmen's bureau law, was introduced and referred. A bill for the transfer of the Smithsonian library was referred to the Committee on the Library. The Senate bill to protect all persons in their civil rights, &c., after much debate, was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee.

Indian Affairs.—An important treaty between the Creek Nation aud the United States was signed on the 3d inst., at the office of Indian Affairs. The Creeks, among other stipulations, cede the west half of their large domain, admit their emancipated negroes to equal and civil rights, convey the right of way to construct a railroad through their country, and also agree to such legislation on the part of Congress as may be necessary to establish a judicial system in the Indian territory, and a general council, with defined legislative powers, composed of delegates from each nation.

A new treaty was consummated between the United States and the Shawnee nation of Kansas, their principal chief, Charles Bluejacket, heading the delegation. Treaties are also being prepared and will soon be completed with the Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws, the Seminoles, and two bands of the Chippewas, of Lake Superior, the Borsfoot band and those of the Lac du Flambeau.

The Freedmen.—The superintendent of the freedmen's village has been instructed by General Howard to divide the Arlington estate, lying east of the road, into five-acre lots, to be rented on written agreements to the freedmen; the rent to be paid at each harvesting of the crop. Fifteen acres on the west side of the road are assigned to be divided and rented in the same manner; about twenty acres to be cultivated as a garden by the dependents of freedmen's village. This estate is not confiscated property, and therefore cannot revert to the heirs at the death of the owner, but it was sold for taxes, and purchased by the Government for the purpose to which it is now being applied.

General C. H. Howard has issued a special order restoring to Joseph Forrest his property, held by the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, etc., in St. Mary's county, Maryland, except the "Sand-gates farm," so-called, of 1,100 acres, being nine separate tracts of land containing 1,915 acres, more or less, subject to the provisions of Circulars Nos. 3, 15 and 20. of the freedmen's bureau.

The assistant commissioner of the freedmen's bureau for the State of Georgia informs the bureau that "the condition of the freedmen is commendable. They are all at work under Government contracts."

The assistant commissioner of the freedmen's bureau for the State of Texas reports that "the freedmen are self-supporting, and that they have already shown a disposition to equal, if not surpass, the laboring class of white men."

BOOKS FOR SALE:—Journal of Hugh Judge, price..... 70
Journal of John Comly, (600 pages)..... $2.00
Friends' Miscellany, (originally 12 vols.,) 4th vol. out of print, 8.00
History of Delaware County, Penna., containing interesting accounts of early Friends, with engravings: 580 pages... 3.00
Conversations, Discussions, and Anecdotes, by Thomas Story 1.00
The Works of Isaac Pennington, 4 vols., making 2100 pp, 5.00
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Comly's Reader,....50 cents. Central School Reader.... 75
Memoir of Priscilla Cadwallader, 50. Bellangee's Journal, 75
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William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
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EXTRACTS FROM CLARKSON'S "PORTRAITURE OF QUAKERISM."

(Continued from page 18.)

I have hitherto confined myself to those Meetings of the Quakers, where the minister is said to have received impressions from the Spirit of God, with a desire of expressing them, and where, if he expresses them, he ought to deliver them to the congregation as the pictures of his will; and this, as accurately as the mirror represents the object that is set before it. There are times, however, as I mentioned in the last section, when either no impressions may be said to be felt, or, if any are felt, there is no concomitant impulse to utter them. In this case no person attempts to speak: for to speak or to pray, where the heart feels no impulse to do it, would be, in the opinion of the Quakers, to mock God, and not to worship him in spirit and in truth. They sit therefore in silence, and worship in silence; and they not only remain silent the whole time of their meetings, but many meetings take place, and these sometimes in succession, when not a word is uttered.

Michael de Molinos, who was chief of the sect of the Quietists, and whose "Spiritual Guide" was printed at Venice in 1685, speaks thus: "There are three kinds of silence; the first is of words, the second of desires, and the third of thoughts. The first is perfect; the second is more perfect; and the third is most perfect. In the first, that is, of words, virtue is acquired. In the second, namely, of desires, quietness is attained. In the third, of thoughts, internal recollection is gained. By not speaking, not desiring, and not thinking, one arrives at the true and perfect mystical silence, where God speaks with the soul, communicates himself to it, and in the abyss of its own depth, teaches it the most perfect and exalted wisdom."

Many people of other religious societies, if they were to visit the meetings of the Quakers while under their silent worship, would be apt to consider the congregation as little better than stocks or stones, or at any rate as destitute of that life and animation which constitute the essence of religion. They would have no idea that a people were worshipping God, whom they observed to deliver nothing from their lips. It does not follow, however, because nothing is said, that God is not worshipped. The Quakers, on the other hand, contend, that these silent meetings form the sublimest part of their worship. The soul, they say, can have intercourse with God. It can feel refreshment, joy, and comfort, in him. It can praise and adore him; and all this, without the intervention of a word.

This power of the soul is owing to its constitution or nature. "It follows," says the learned Howe, in his "Living Temple," that having formed this his more excellent creature according to his own more express likeness; stamped it with the more glorious characters of

his living image; given it a nature suitable to his own, and thereby made it capable of rational and intelligent converse with him, he hath it even in his power to maintain a continual converse with this creature, by agreeable communications, by letting in upon it the vital beams and influences of his own light and love, and receiving back the return of its grateful acknowledgments and praises: wherein it is manifest he should do no greater thing than he hath done. For who sees not that it is a matter of no greater difficulty to converse with, than to make a reasonable creature? Or who would not be ashamed to deny, that he who hath been the only author of the soul of man, and of the excellent powers and faculties belonging to it, can more easily sustain that which he hath made, and converse with his creature suitably to the way, wherein he hath made it capable of his converse?

That worship may exist without the intervention of words, on account of this constitution of the soul, is a sentiment which has been espoused by many pious persons who were not Quakers. Thus the ever memorable John Hales, in his Golden Remains, expresses himself: "Nay, one thing I know more, that the prayer which is the most forcible, transcends, and far exceeds, all power of words. For St. Paul, speaking unto us of the most effectual kind of prayer, calls it sighs and groans, that cannot be expressed. Nothing cries so loud in the ears of God, as the sighing of a contrite and earnest heart."

"It requires not the voice, but the mind; not the stretching of the hand, but the intention of the heart; not any outward shape or carriage of the body, but the inward behavior of the understanding. How then can it slacken your worldly business and occasions, to mix them with sighs and groans, which are the most effectual prayer?"

Dr. Gell, before quoted, says—"Words conceived only in an earthly mind, and uttered out of the memory by man's voice, which make a noise in the ears of flesh and blood, are not, nor can be accounted a prayer, before our father which is in Heaven."

Dr. Smaldridge, bishop of Bristol, has the following expressions in his sermons: "Prayer doth not consist either in the bending of our knees, or the service of our lips, or the lifting up of our hands or eyes to heaven, but in the elevation of our souls towards God. These outward expressions of our inward thoughts are necessary in our public, and often expedient in our private devotions; but they do not make up the essence of prayer, which may truly and acceptably be performed, where these are wanting."

And he says afterwards, in other parts of his work—"Devotion of mind is itself a silent prayer, which wants not to be clothed in words, that God may better know our desires. He regards not the service of our lips, but the inward disposition of our hearts."

Monro, before quoted, speaks to the same effect, in his Just Measures of the Pious Institutions of Youth. "The breathings of a recollected soul are not noise or clamor. The language in which devotion loves to vent itself, is that of the inward man, which is secret and silent, but yet God hears it, and makes gracious returns unto it. Sometimes the pious ardors and sensations of good souls are such as they cannot clothe with words. They feel what they cannot express. I would not, however, be thought to insinuate, that the voice and words are not to be used at all. It is certain that public and common devotions cannot be performed without them; and that even in private, they are not only very profitable, but sometimes necessary. What I here aim at is, that the youth should be made sensible, that words are not otherwise valuable than as they are images and copies of what passes in the hidden man of the heart; especially considering that a great many, who appear very angelical in their devotions, if we take our measures of them from their voice and tone, do soon, after these intervals of seeming seriousness are over, return with the dog to the vomit, and give palpable evidences of their earthliness and sensuality; their passion and their pride."

Again—"I am persuaded, says he, that it would be vastly advantageous for the youth, if care were taken to train them up to this method of prayer; that is, if they were taught frequently to place themselves in the divine presence, and there silently to adore their Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier. For hereby they would become habitually recollected. Devotion would be their element; and they would know, by experience, what our blessed Savour and his great Apostle meant, when they enjoin us to pray without ceasing. It was, I suppose, by some such method of devotion as I am now speaking of, that Enoch walked with God; that Moses saw him that is invisible; that the royal Psalmist set the Lord always before him; and that our Lord Jesus himself continued whole nights in prayer to God. No man, I believe, will imagine that his prayer, during all the space in which it is said to have continued, was altogether vocal. When he was in his agony in the garden, he used but a few words. His vocal prayer then consisted only of one petition, and an act of pure resignation thrice repeated. But I hope all will allow, that his devotion lasted longer than while he was employed in the uttering a few sentences."

These meetings then, which are usually denominated silent, and in which, though not a word be spoken, it appears from the testimony

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of others that God may be truly worshipped, the Quakers consider as an important and sublime part of their church service, and as possessing advantages which are not to be found in the worship which proceeds solely through the medium of the mouth.

For in the first place it must be obvious that, in these silent meetings, men cannot become chargeable before God, either with hypocrisy or falsehood, by pretending to worship him with their lips, when their affections are far from him, or by uttering a language that is inconsistent with the feelings of the heart.

It must be obvious, again, that every man's devotion, in these silent meetings, is made, as it ought to be, to depend upon himself; for no man can work out the salvation of another for him. A man does not depend at these times on the words of a minister, or of any other person present; but his own soul, worked upon by the divine influence, pleads in silence with the Almighty its own cause. And thus, by extending this idea to the congregation at large, we shall find a number of individuals offering up at the same time their own several confessions; pouring out their own several petitions; giving their own thanks severally, or praising and adoring; all of them in different languages, adapted to their several conditions, and yet not interrupting one another.

Nor is it the least reccommendation of this worship, in the opinion of the Quakers, that, being thus wholly spiritual, it is out of the power of the natural man to obstruct it. No man can break the chain that thus binds the spirit of man to the spirit of God; for this chain, which is spiritual, is invisible. But this is not the case, the Quakers say, with any oral worship. "For how, says Barclay, alluding to his own times, can the Papists say their mass, if there be any there to disturb and interrupt them? Do but take away the mass-book, the chalice, the host, or the priest's garments; yea, do but spill the water, or the wine, or blow out the candles, (a thing quickly to be done,) and the whole business is marred, and no sacrifice can be offered. Take from the Lutherans and Episcopalians their liturgy or common prayer-book, and no service can be said. Remove from the Calvinists, Arminians, Socinians, Independents, or Anabaptists, the pulpit, the bible, and the hour-glass, or make but such a noise as the voice of the preacher cannot be heard, or disturb him but so before he come, or strip him of his bible or his books, and he must be dumb: for they all think it an heresy to wait to speak, as the Spirit of God giveth utterance; and thus easily their whole worship may be marred."

(To be continued.)

The only true spirit of tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of other peoples' intolerance.

From "Reason in Religion."

THE REVELATION OF THE SPIRIT.

BY FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

(Continued from page 20.)

The Spirit is not only light to the understanding: it is also motive and guide to the will. Its agency affects not only the knowledge but the practice of the truth. By it we are filled with holy aspirations, and moved to good deeds. All goodness is from God, just as all power is remotely or directly referrible to him. This divine influence is not incompatible with human freedom. Every act of goodness is still an act of the will. Omnipotence itself will not enforce obedience. Nevertheless, it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do. From him we derive the capacity and the impulse. But capacity is not necessity, and impulse is not coercion. We are moved, and yet move freely; we accept the divine influence, yoke it with our destiny, and choose that the Spirit of God shall reign in our wills. Liberty is not absolute disengagement from all rule. It does not consist in lawless roving, but in free consent with legitimate sway, in free co-operation with the Supreme Will. Some rule we must obey; but we may or may not elect our ruler. Two opposite currents of influence traverse the world. The one leads Godward; the other, deathward. To move with the former is moral freedom; to be carried with the other is contradiction and bondage. To say that God is the author of our goodness, no more detracts from the power of the human will, than to say that God is the author of truth, detracts from man's intellectual powers. He acts upon us not a compulsory force, but as quickening influence.

The operation of the spirit is not always a direct action on the individual mind. More frequently it acts through the instrumentality of other subordinate agents,—through the lips and lives of men, by teachers and books, by instruction and example, by institutions and ordinances, by every influence which moves the soul to well-doing. When we read a book, and are profited by it; when we listen to a discourse that acts favorably on our moral nature, that awakens good impulses in the breast,—we are visited and moved by the Holy Ghost. The Church, and every institution established for moral and religious ends, so long as it fulfils its original design, is a medium of this influence. It is the Holy Spirit made concrete.

But, though this indirect operation is the more usual mode in which the divine influence is communicated, it acts also without the intervention of any visible agent: it acts as direct inspiration. There are motions of the Spirit in us which are not to be ascribed to any external influence; they are the Spirit of God acting on

the instinct of goodness in the soul. There is this instinct in every soul. It is not the most patent, but the deepest of all our instincts. Often neutralized by other propensities, it needs the quickening of the spirit to give it life. Then it manifests itself in those moral aspirations by which the most thoughtless are sometimes roused to conscientious and beneficent action. If ever, at some moment of solitary musing, we have felt within ourselves a stronger conviction of moral and spiritual truth, a stronger determination to good; if ever we have seized with true insight the meaning and purpose of our being, and have formed the resolution to live for duty and for God,—it was the spirit breathing on the latent spark of spiritual life in the breast, which gave us that vision, and caused those fires to glow. And, if we analyse our experience at such seasons, we shall see how man's free agency may consist with divine impulsion. We shall see that while the determination of the mind to moral ends is a free determination, calling into action the whole force of our own will, it is still a divine impulse that moves us, and a God that works in us to will as well as to do.

The agency of the spirit, as now defined, is impartial in itself considered; but its efficacy in each individual is limited by personal conditions. It is limited by the receptivity which we bring to it; and the receptivity which we bring to it will depend in a great degree on previous training. I do not deny original indifferences of moral endowment. Some men seem born to goodness as a natural heritage: it is their patrimony. Their way apparently is smooth and free. No obstacle seems to intervene between the purposes they form and the ends they contemplate. The intent and the act hang together by natural dependence like the links of a chain. We admire the facility with which they appear to glide onward to perfection, while we are constantly thwarted and pulled back by inward contradiction or external force. Something of this difference may be due to natural inequality of moral constitution; but more is due to self-discipline. If the spirit of God has greater influence with some than others, the reason is generally, that, by early obedience and long discipline, they have attained to higher degrees of spiritual life. Their previous habits have disposed the mind to be easily affected by such influences; the will has not been perverted and depraved; the first impulses of the spirit in them were not resisted, but received into willing minds, and suffered to acquire a permanent control of the thoughts and actions. In nothing is the truth of the saying, that "to him who hath shall be given," more evident than it is in relation to the moral life. Therefore, said an apostle, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." By a figure derived from human affections, the divine agency is represented as a friend who wills our good, but may be vexed and alienated by our opposition or our indifference. Not that we can actually change the purpose of God, or avert his grace. Nothing that we can do can alienate his love, or render the Father of spirits less willing to aid and bless. He is true to us, however we may turn from him. Nevertheless, we may destroy the efficacy of his gifts in us; and, by alienating our own minds, may virtually alienate his love. The effect for us is the same, whether he is turned from us or we from him.

There is a very remarkable coincidence between this apostolic precept and the doctrine of some of the ancient Gentile philosophers. Gentile philosophy taught, that a good spirit waits upon all who choose to accept its guidance.

The great Athenian personified in this way the nobler instincts of his mind. He spoke of a deamon (or, as we shall say, a good genius) who informed and impelled him. And Seneca, the contemporary of Paul, says more explicitly, as if he had received the thought directly from him, "There dwells in us a Holy Spirit, which watches all our good and all our evil deeds, and who treats us according to the treatment he receives."

Subjectively, then, the Holy Spirit is to be considered a divine instinct in man; a special faculty, differing from reason and understanding, and the other faculties of the mind, in this, that it always speaks with authority; it addresses us, not as argument, but as command. So it appears in numerous instances in the history of the Apostles, who are represented as urged and impelled by this divine instinct to do, or to refrain from doing, sometimes contrary to their own judgment or their own will. Paul and Timothy, it is said, "assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit would not suffer them." It was reserved for Protestantism, in harmony with its true, original tendency, to follow out these hints, and unfold this subjective side, as the elder church had developed the positive theological view of the Holy Ghost. Honor to George Fox and the founders of the sect of Friends, who first did justice to the Christian idea of divine inspiration; who re affirmed the spiritual instinct, and vindicated the inward light. What to the elder church was a barren dogma, a scholastic abstraction, and hypothesis, the third person in Trinity, to them was a spiritual fact. "When the Lord God and his Son Jesus Christ," says Fox, "sent me forth into the world to preach his everlasting gospel and kingdom, I was commanded to turn men to that inward light, spirit and grace, by which all might know the way to God; even that divine Spirit which would lead into all truth and would never deceive." His theory, and that of his followers, was, and is, that man, if he will, may have the

immediate guidance of the Spirit of God; that inspiration is not a past fact, but a present reality.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE AT A TIME.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Grand occasions of life seldom come, are soon gone, and when present, it is only one among thousands who is adequate to the great actions they demand. But there are opportunities at our doors every day, in which the "small sweet charities of life" may occupy us fully. What account can we give of these as they pass by and on to eternity, to lay their record before the great throne? He who flatters himself with air-castles, constructed out of magnificent schemes he would accomplish, were he endowed with great wealth or exalted to high stations, will soon find them dissolving into thin air, whenever he calls his heart to an honest account for the right use of that which God has already entrusted to his care. "He that is unfaithful in that which is least, is also unfaithful in much."

Human life is made up of a succession of little things, or such as are commonly, though mistakenly, so considered. They mould our character and give complexion to our eternity; can they be insignificant? How slow are we in learning to do "whatsoever our hand findeth," and to leave the results, great or small, at the disposal of him who has declared—"whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Then, Christian disciple, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "Blessed are they that sow beside *all* waters." Look around in your neighborhood, in your church, and you can be at no loss for important work to do. Be content to attend to duties as they arise; take them as they are sent by providence. Every moment brings its own responsibilities, and man's wisdom in this world of sin, of sorrow, and of death, consists in cheerfully using present comforts, and diligently attending to present duties. Let the crumbs, the fragments of time, be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Forget not that, all the world over, great things are made up of a vast multitude of those which are little. *Eternity is composed of moments of time, never ceasing.* Nothing will more certainly find the slothful at last, or bring them to a dreadful reckoning, than *wasted time.*

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the night,
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, 'ere the earth born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do *something*—do it soon—do it with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

—*Central Presbyterian.*

From Meditations on Death and Eternity.

A FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.

Yea, I know it, I believe it, and I feel it: I see it in every event of my life, in the various destinies of my fellow-creatures, in all the splendid works of nature—that sublime and eternal temple of God—that the all-loving Father has created us children of the earth for perfect happiness, that we may already here below enjoy a foretaste of Heavenly bliss; but that the source of our delights, as the source of our pains, is in our own bosoms,—springs from our virtues or our vices.

How unutterably happy must that man feel whose heart has not one thing to upbraid him with, in respect to any of his relations in life; who does not permit his mind to be unduly disturbed by cares of any kind; who does not allow either unbridled anger, or unrestrained affection, to lead him into any excess! In him dwells a sublime calm, of which ordinary men can hardly form a conception,—that calm which is the true peace of God.

Have you ever passed a fine spring morning alone amid the new-born beauties of nature? When, at such a time, you have been roving in the shade of peaceful groves, through the green canopy of which the rosy waves of sunlight broke; when the soft breath of morn was wafted across the verdant landscape, and the numberless flowerets shivered, and the dew on the leaflets glittered in the tears of joy, which Heaven had shed at the Holiness and Goodness of the Creator; and the cascade leaping from the rock, and the river in its bed, and the forest on the hill, sent forth solemn murmurs; while high up above, and deep down below, the air resounded with the wonderful song of birds, and the buzzing of insects—oh, what were your feelings? Did not a sense of inexpressible delight flash through your bosom? You drew a deep breath; your body seemed etherealized; you felt as if you must join your voice to the voices of the air, as if you must mix your tears with the tears of heaven; you longed for the wings of rosy morn to soar up high into the empyrean, or to sink into the green depths of the forests, or to lose yourself in the blue haze that veiled the unknown distance. You longed to pour your love through the entire world.

Did you ever lie down on the top of a mountain, whence you beheld a wide landscape with its fields and cottages spread in silent repose before your eyes? In your bosom also perfect quiet reigned! You forgot all your domestic

cares; no sorrow weighed on your spirits, no unpleasant remembrance disturbed the beneficent calm, no passion dared to intrude to break the holy peace of your soul, and a voice within whispered, "Blessed were I, could I forever remain thus!" What you then felt was a fleeting foretaste of Heaven, which sometimes even passionate, unquiet spirits are allowed to enjoy, in order that they may look into themselves, and earnestly reflect how they might perpetuate this tranquil and blessed state. What you then felt was the peace of God, which the virtuous and wise, which the true followers of Christ experience even in the midst of the greatest tribulation, and which raises them above it. You were happy in the moments alluded to, because you learnt then to forget yourselves, because you were free from the mundane desires, which regained possession of you as soon as you re entered your homes. But woe to him who, in order thoroughly to enjoy life, must learn to forget himself! This is a proof, either that his heart is burdened with the consciousness of many sins, or that it is oppressed with cares and unsatisfied wants, springing from his vanity, his frivolity, his covetousness, or other impure tendencies; or that when he acts he does not act wisely, and that what he possesses he does not possess with wisdom; but that he allows himself to be consumed by a thousand vain and petty cares, and creates for himself sorrows which he will eventually discover to have been unnecessary.

The true disciple never needs to forget himself in order to be cheerful in his very innermost soul. On the contrary, it is when he examines his inward being, and his relations to the Father of all life, that he feels most happy. The present day may have its storms, but the future only smiles the more brightly to him.—He is with God, and God is with him. Whether he be of high or humble station, rich or poor, praised or blamed, to him it is all the same; for the source of his happiness is not in the outward world, but within himself. And he is with God, and God is with him. And "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," here already, in their foretaste of the higher bliss of Heaven.

Almost every stage of human life has its heavenly moments, in which mortal man feels himself, as it were, involuntarily raised above himself. Not what we possess or what we earn, not what we eat and drink, not our apparel, not what men think of us, but a pure heart, is the true source of happiness.

Have you witnessed, or have you read of how persecuted innocence has been rescued? how some meritorious benevolent man was long misjudged, and overwhelmed with accusations by his enemies, until at length the world learnt to see its own injustice, and every one sought to make some amends? Do you recollect how that recognition of long oppressed innocence made your heart swell with emotion; how a quiet joy took possession of you, as though it was your own innocence that had been vindicated; how the happiness of that virtue which had at length received its reward, called tears of silent satisfaction into your eyes? On that occasion, you shared in spirit, with the person whose innocence was made manifest, a foretaste of Heaven. It was from your own virtuous feelings that sprang the joy you experienced. It was the germs of true happiness within you that were moved; it was the source of your eternal welfare that began to flow. Ah! why did you choke up this spring with the rubbish of lower desires and petty cares? Why did you not put forth your full strength to rise in future above all low tendencies, and make a resolve to remain forever the elevated being you were during those brief moments of emotion?

Childhood has its Eden. Adolesence has its hours of paradise. But at a later age also we behold from time to time a ray, as if from a better world, flashing across our path, and lighting up the common-place things around us. These are foretastes of Heaven, which Providence sends to poor mortals, to stimulate them to strive after that which can alone render lasting such blissful moments.

Hast thou known the feelings of a mother kindled by the smile of her child standing before her in the fresh bloom of its loveliness and grace, when in silent but holy love she bends over this angel of her life, and seems with her kisses to draw its pure soul over into her own? Hast thou known the delight of a father, when he beholds for the first time the new-born babe that owes its existence to him? when the infant smiles upon him for the first time? when the joyous child lisps its first word? when he sees it growing in health, industry, and virtue? Ah! the delights of those heavenly moments he would not exchange for all the treasures of the world! and the mother too feels this most deeply, and says, "Take all else from me, and I am nevertheless blessed!" Queens may be inexpressibly miserable, and beggar-women unutterably happy!

Such feelings are vibrations of the purest chords of the heart. Alas! why do we so often leave them untouched? What is it that draws us all so irresistibly towards the sweet world of childhood? What is the hidden power which, at the sight of an infant, moves even the barbarian, and which wins at once the stranger's heart? It is the guileless trust, the sweet innocence, the winning grace of childhood, that charms us. It is the spotless purity of the angelic nature; it is the vague anticipation of a brilliant future for the child, and of how deservedly—should these young beings

preserve their purity and their virtues in a later age—they will become objects of the world's devotion. We honour in the child the undesecrated sanctuary of the heart, which as yet has no presentiment of evil. It is not the outward form, it is not flesh and blood, that excites our love and admiration; but the purity, the something Divine that speaks to us from the frank and open eye, the ingenuous countenance of the child. It is our own inborn sense of virtue, which, unconsciously to ourselves, animates us at such moments. In intercourse with the innocent little ones, we ourselves become more innocent, more noble and more wise; we are ashamed to appear before them in all our imperfections; and he who has not the courage to conquer his faults at least tries to conceal them. Verily, we may frequently learn more, improve more in wisdom and goodness, in the society of children, than in intercourse with the wisest of our acquaintance. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said Jesus; "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL READING IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

This is a reading age. It is an age of "*steam*" in book-making as well as in other arts. There is no one who can read, but can find something cheap enough or weak enough—costly enough or strong enough, to suit the purse or the taste.

How shall we guard our children and household circles from too much *story-reading*, and induce them, cheerfully and voluntarily, to select for their *principal* reading the *substantial and profitable* in our literature—that which will give them mental and moral sinew, muscle and bone?

We can *require* them to read certain books, and *forbid* them the perusal of others, but this is not the whole of the desired end to be sought.

Many facts might be adduced to prove that even a *compulsory* course of vigorous reading is far preferable to none. Thoughts do thus find lodgment in the mind, and eventually bear good fruit. Memory sometimes, in its office of gleaner, gathers up thus, precious treasures from the past, while conscience whispers of the time when these mental treasures were rudely thrust from the mind, and their perusal endured with many a frown and restless shrug, as almost intolerable tasks.

But it were better far if our dear home circles could have such direction given their tastes, as to lead them to *seek* and *love* substantial aliment for their hungering minds.

It requires tact and wisdom, when the influences set so strongly upon young minds towards a diluted and purely entertaining kind of reading, to bring them to desire, or cordially to pursue, an opposite course. For from that which the mind loves and is attracted towards, it experiences a stronger influence, and while it enjoys more, also profits more in its pursuit.

One method among others which might be named, for interesting a family in vigorous and profitable reading, is that of a pleasant *family reading circle*, where new books, and all important reading shall be mutually enjoyed, criticized, and canvassed—different members taking part in reading aloud. Many an otherwise-prosy work, which in solitary reading would soon be laid aside with a yawn of weariness and disgust, becomes eloquent with thought and brimming with interest by a perusal under such circumstances.

A book, or a course of reading with which the social life of a household circle has been blended, will live in the reminiscences of after years, glowing with home, intellect and affection, as well as with the direct instruction of the printed pages. Its truths shall have the sanction of the dear parents who listened, explained too, and presided over the social group, and silent whispers shall remind the soul of their interest or delight, their admonitions or encouragements in these reading hours, long after the books have become old and time-worn, and those parents have gone from the scenes of earth.

One word here respecting that much-to-be coveted accomplishment—*good reading*. Would that it commanded far more consideration in family and school culture. Have we not all experienced the power of the effective and accomplished reader, in listening to the reading of the Scriptures, when a formerly obscure passage suddenly becomes clear to us, and luminous with the truth it expresses by the emphasis and inflection of some beautiful reader?

We can hardly expect our children to become perfect in this branch of culture, but we can secure for them very much more cultivation in the home-circle, and do far more to compensate for the deprivation of extensive advantages than we are apt to suppose.

Sound reading in the family, with free, kind criticisms from its different members, with a hearty sympathy in the spirit of the matter read, will do much towards forming accomplished readers Attentive listening to good public elocutionists will prove a help to the self-cultivated reader. It is wonderful with what an interest any such art will inspire a family, when they mutually pursue it.

Trying to catch and give the delicate shades of meaning of various authors, endeavoring to modulate and cultivate the voice to varied and expressive tones, and to read so as to command attention and give pleasure, will afford an inspiring and laudable emulation to any domestic group.

Try it, young friends, and thus become eyes and voice to those whose own are failing them; and while you augment your attractiveness by your own home firesides, you will learn to love the reading that you may, perhaps, accept at first to please your parents, and you with them and all the household become together gleaners in the fields of truth and knowledge, and through this instrumentality be enabled to gather into the soul's garner a multitude of precious things.—*Advocate and Journal.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 24, 1866.

SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING.—A letter received from a Friend in attendance, informs us that Salem Quarterly Meeting was held at Woodstown on the 8th inst., and was large and interesting. The quiet attention and orderly deportment of many of the young people through a long sitting were encouraging. In the first meeting, testimonies were borne against formality, living upon the good name our fathers bore, and on our own present reputation for honesty, industry, frugality, plainness, &c.; also against the disposition to please the world, and join in its policies, with the instability resulting therefrom, in contrast with that Spirit so pre-eminently manifested by our worthy ancients, who bore obloquy, reproach, and some of them martyrdom, in defence of their principles. An abiding sense of the Omnipresence of God, and an earnest application of the heart to Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom, love, justice, mercy and truth, which will be imparted to the sincere seekers, was declared to be the remedy for all our defects.

In the business meeting, the queries were all read, and the answers from the Monthly Meetings being comprised, were directed to be forwarded to the ensuing Yearly Meeting, to which representatives were appointed.

CONFERENCE FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF FRIENDS' TESTIMONIES.—At the meetings on the 7th and 14th insts., the subject of War was continued under consideration. The question, How far resistance is allowable "under the law of benevolence," that is, doing unto others as we would they, under similar circumstances, should do unto us, was dispassionately examined. The views of Jonathan Dymond, in relation to it, were read, and many expressed coinciding sentiments.

On the other hand, it was maintained that the peace profession recognizes no resistance, but that, under all circumstances, our life and practice should, as far as possible, give evidence of that "Spirit which delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong." Dymond was again quoted in confirmation of this view, and interesting circumstances were related in which the intention to injure was overcome by its being met in a different spirit.

In the last meeting, it was stated by one who had resided in Kansas, that during the late war, when Quantrell's raid visited a portion of that State, carrying death and desolation in its track, the raiders passed a settlement of Friends without offering them the least molestation, but at the first house beyond, they stopped, compelled the man to go with them, and soon after took his life. He also related the circumstance of a Friend who lived in an isolated situation, where it was expected an attack would be made. The Friend concluded to prepare for defence, and accordingly put his gun in order before retiring for the night. In vain he tried to compose his mind to slumber, and after several hours spent in the attempt, he arose, removed the ammunition from his gun, took it to pieces, put it entirely away, and then laid down again and slept sweetly.

Several other strong testimonies were borne by those in middle and active life to the beauty and efficiency of the peace principle, and urgent appeals were made in favor of its support.

Great harmony prevailed, and much interest was apparent throughout the meeting, and it was evident that the speakers differed mainly in the mode of expression. In essential points there was remarkable unanimity. The following essay, by a Friend present, was read during the evening:

"The civil governments now existing in the world are all evidently based upon the law of force, the power of the sword. The terrible contest through which our country has recently passed is a conclusive evidence of that fact. When we take into consideration the truth that many of the people are only *nominal* Christians, who have never practically known the Gospel dispensation, but are as much under the law as the Jews were formerly, it appears requisite for the security and welfare of the community

that such should be held in subjection to the law of force. The law based upon the sword may not always be visibly evident; though not seen, it is *ever present*, as it underlies and supports the civil power. How often have we seen that power set at defiance by mobs, and martial law proclaimed for their suppression.

It is unquestionably true, that if men were Christians in *reality* as in *name*, this state of things could not exist; but unhappily too many are Christians only to a very limited extent, and as there are various degrees of growth, such are Christians in a *degree*. Governments being composed of individuals in this condition can only *approximate* to Christianity; and the more Christianized and enlightened the people become, the nearer will such governments attain to the true standard of Christian perfection. In our national Government, the best now existing in the world, a great advance in that respect is apparent since the period of the American Revolution. Then Friends were persecuted, exiled, imprisoned, property of every kind taken from them, because they stood faithfully on the ground of true Christianity, which proclaims Peace on earth, and good will to men. Contrasting that time with the present, how great has been the change! In the recent contest through which our governmnnt has successfully maintained its existence, the conscientious convictions of Friends have been recognized and generally respected. The attention of the people has been directed towards us, and the truth of our principles and testimonies is more generally recognized and acknowledged by those around us than at any former period. We have a great mission and duty to perform in endeavoring to advance this most important testimony against war. It is only through individual faithfulness that the state is attainable in which "the sword will be beaten into a plowshare, and the spear into a pruning hook;" and as that becomes generally realized, we may hope that the time may come "when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall men learn war any more."

At the next meeting, on the 28th inst., it is expected that a new subject will be taken up.

Married, on Fourth-day, the 14th of Second month, 1866, according to the order of Friends, George Webster, of Sadsbury, Lancaster Co., to Phebe, daughter of Ezra Michener, M. D., of Avondale, Chester Co., Pa.

——, on the 17th of Eighth month, 1865, according to the order of Friends, Benjamin Rogers, son of Jonathan and Hannah Rogers, (the latter deceased,) to Ann L. Thomas, daughter of Priscilla M. and the late Lewis W. Thomas, both members of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting, Madison Co., Ind.

——, at the same place, on the 21st of Twelfth month, 1865, Aaron Morris, of Milton, Wayne Co., son of George D. and Rhoda A. Morris, (the former deceased,) to Martha M. Thomas, daughter of Priscilla M. and the late Lewis W. Thomas.

Died, on the 11th of Eleventh month, 1865, at La Grange, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Andrew H. Skidmore, in the 67th year of his age; a member of Oswego Particular Meeting.

Although called suddenly from works to rewards, we believe the testimony given forth in the Scriptures applicable to him: show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works. He was a diligent attender of meeting, and by his upright walking had endeared himself to a large circle of friends.

——, on the morning of the 14th inst., at her residence in this city, Bessie, daughter of the late William and Susan M. Walton, aged 22 years.

POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDERS.

During the past month subscriptions in money have been forwarded for our Agent which he has not received; we therefore request those making remittances to him to procure "Post-Office Money Orders," whenever they can be obtained.

The Secretary of the Clothing Committee of "Friends Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" requests that those who have obtained sewing from the room, Eighth and Arch Sts., will return the garments when finished to Henry Laing, No. 30 N. Third St., instead of to the former place. The room No. 800 Arch St. is closed for the present.

Letter from one of the Teachers of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

Mt. Pleasant, S. C., 2d mo. 25, 1866.

Dear Friends,—I have thought a detailed account of one day spent here might be of interest to you. I will take First-day, as there is more variety in what I see on that day than when I am more closely confined to the school-room. The people are so desirous to have a First-day school, that I have kept one during the morning. The school is not as large as the week day school, owing to the fact that they think they must be "dressed up" to come; and, as many of them possess but the one garment, made of shelter tents, they think it would be very wrong to appear *so* attired in First-day school. The effort made by some of them to be "dressed up" is laughable, consisting in many cases of a few artificial flowers pinned on. After the school closed, I walked out to a few of the adjoining plantations to see a number of old people reported in need of rations, which I found to be true. One man, nearly one hundred years old, was sitting in the chimney corner of an old house with his wife, a very small woman, evidently grown less by continued hard labor. I asked about their children,—a topic ever interesting to them. "Had ten and two, missis, but all done sold but one, and I am lost from them." "How," I asked, "do you live." "Sometimes don't live at all, missis," was the reply. "How do you intend to get your living," I said, and, to my astonishment, the old woman replied that she had her ground ready for a crop. I examined their bedding,

and found it to consist of two threadbare blankets and a wooden bedstead. I asked them how they got on in the cold nights, and the woman said they did not dare to go to bed at all, for fear they would freeze, but sat up in the fireplace all night. They deliberately ate, while I was with them, a few grits and the head of a coon, and in the act thanked God devoutly that they had that much. Since then the Bureau officer has procured government blankets and bedsacks, also rations, with which this family have been supplied. The old woman said she thanked God for sending her one good "missus" before *she goes away*. They always speak of death among the old as "going away." I try to impress them with the idea that the Government sends them these comforts. But they say that the Government never came to see them before.

The above description is a type of quite a large number of cases that I have been made acquainted with. In walking by a desolate-looking house, I inquired if any one was there, and receiving a very faint reply, I went in and found two colored soldiers lying very ill with small pox. They had resorted to this place for shelter, being turned from the village on account of the disease. They had been two days without food. On returning to the village and reporting to the Bureau officer, he carried rations to them. The regiment, while they were lying in this house, was mustered out; hence their neglected condition. In returning to the village, I saw a miserable-looking cart, and far more miserable mule, and a crowd of colored people around. On inquiry, I found it to be a funeral, and this arrangement was the hearse. I know it is a matter of little importance how the body is carried to its last resting place, but merely give this as an evidence of the extreme poverty of the country. I have not seen one animal that looked as if it could more than carry its own weight since I have been here. The resources of the country were indeed low when the war closed. Poverty stares nearly all the inhabitants in the face; and if President Johnson could only feel it in his heart to help the *loyal* people, both black and white, instead of the aristocrats who day by day are receiving back their lands, assuming their insolent demeanor, and straining every nerve that they may again rule the land. There seems to be no encouragement for the Union people of the South. The number is small, but they are tried, and I would be glad to see them more prosperous. Gen. Bucher has been relieved from duty in the Bureau. He had charge of the islands Edisto, Johns and Wadmalaw. His policy was lenient towards the planters, and very compulsory among the blacks. The people on those islands had possessory titles, but of course, in their ignorance, many of their titles were very defective. Many times they sent only an aged relative there to stay upon the land, and the rest of the family would stay upon the mainland and work, thinking they could go to this land at any time. The Rebels, of course, have the sagacity to find some flaw in these titles, and have made this a plea for the restoration of their property. Of course, in these debatable questions, much depends upon the person who interprets the titles. If desirous of rebel favor, he will decide to restore the land; if desirous of helping struggling humanity, the lands will be kept for the blacks as long as possible.

I was present at a public meeting of the colored people on Edisto Island, addressed by Gen. Scott, (Gen. Saxton's successor.) The people were well dressed and very prosperous looking, but several times made demonstrations of strong determination not to give up the lands to the former owners, or even to contract with them. In most parts, however, they are quietly contracting under tolerably liberal contracts, and if the officers of the Bureau are faithful in their trust of seeing these contracts fulfilled, I hope all will work along for the best.

Whenever I hear any one talking of colonizing the blacks or removing them from where they now are, I am sure if they could see, as I have seen, the ill effects of their moving, they would never think it advisable. These people want now just laws to protect them; they are willing to work, and they will thrive. Every black man or woman's labor is needed on the spot where he or she now is, and just as soon as the dense ignorance that now overshadows their minds is dispelled, they will be intelligent citizens; therefore the greatest and most permanent good we can do them is to give them opportunity for an education. I feel it is a great privilege to be allowed, by the benevolence of Friends, to be situated in the midst of a people so very needy in almost every thing that makes life endurable, and I greatly enjoy the satisfaction of dispensing government or private benevolence to them. I would like to make a definite request to the association on behalf of a number of old people in our immediate vicinity, who are struggling to put in a crop with the poorest kind of implements. Can you send to them some hoes, rakes, spades and axes? The Forwarding Committee have supplied us with clothing for the present; the school is well supplied; and if I had these gardening implements, with the aid that government supplies, we may in a few months see these people prosperous for them. Even if the number of implements sent was small, I would be glad to have them for a few persons working ground close to the village, to whom the cultivation of vegetables will be especially profitable, as the market at Charleston is so near. Your friend,

CORNELIA HANCOCK.

Review of "A Declaration," &c., published by order of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends (so called) held in Philadelphia in 1828. By Wm. Gibbons, M. D.

(Continued from page 28.)

Article XXIV. "If we believe that God is equal and righteous in all his ways,—that he has made of one blood all the families that dwell upon the earth, it is impossible that He should be partial; and therefore he has been as willing to reveal his will to every creature, as he was to our first parents, to Moses, and the prophets, to Jesus Christ and his apostles. *He never can set* ANY OF THESE *above us*, because if he did, he would be partial."—*Philadelphia Sermon.* p. 292.

The matter which follows is necessary to a right understanding of the above extract, viz; "His love is the same for all."—"He comes alike into the hearts of all the children of men," &c. The meaning intended is that his love and light are extended to all. His will is revealed to all, without exception; and thus all in these respects are equal.

The meaning given to it by the authors of the Declaration is, not that Elias Hicks alone says, —but that "those who have separated from us" [that is, including the whole body of the Society, except themselves] "say that God never can set him [Jesus Christ] above us.—*See their Summary*, p 24.

In the New York sermon, p. 96, Elias Hicks says that "the life and power of God in him, leavened him into *his own holy nature, till he was swallowed up into the Divinity of his heavenly Father.*"—"Having been faithful to the Father in all things, his storehouse was opened to him; because his Father could trust him with all his treasures,"

"He had the fullness, [the Light,] as we have our several allotments."—*Philadelphia Sermon*, p. 10.

"He had a greater anointing than the rest of his brethren."—*Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 42.

Thus, it is clearly proved that the construction given by the Declaration is unfounded.

Article XXV. "From what Jesus himself said, HE WAS NOT GOD—*Declaration*, p. 22, *New York Sermons*, p. 96.

These few words are taken out of the middle of a paragraph; I will therefore give the whole; when the reason for its suppression will be readily discerned.

"Herein it was that Jesus became the Son of God, through the life and power of God in him, which leavened him into his own holy nature, till he was *swallowed up* into the Divinity of his heavenly Father. Having been faithful to the Father in all things, His storehouse was opened to him; because his father could trust him with *all his treasures.* He knew that he would not embezzle, nor make a wrong use of these treasures; but that he would wait to know his Father's will, before he would dispose of the things that were open to his view. Now here is the full and complete Divinity of Jesus Christ. [*From what Jesus himself said, he was not God*] "and this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom *thou hast sent.*" Who will venture to contradict Jesus Christ in his faithful testimony? Here he shows the distinction. He placed himself where his father had placed him, *as a sent offering.* He did not say that he did anything of himself; even the times and the seasons were in the hands of the Father, and entirely at his disposal; not even Jesus, nor the angels in heaven, were informed of them." p. 96.

I have before shown that William Penn, George Whitehead, Isaac Pennington, Daniel Phillips, Edward Burrough, George Fox, &c., have all said that Jesus was not God; and I refer the reader to the quotations which I have already made from their writings on this subject.

Article XXVI. "He was *only an outward* Saviour, that healed their outward diseases, and gave them strength of body to enjoy that outward good land. This was a *figure* of the great Comforter, which he would pray the Father to send them; an inward one that would heal all the diseases of their souls, and cleanse them from all their inward pollutions,—that *thing of God* —that *thing* of eternal life. It *was* the soul that wanted salvation; but this no *outward Saviour could do*, no *external Saviour could have any hand in it.*"—*Philadelphia Sermons*, p. 50.

Parallel passages are here given from Wm. Penn, in the Christian Quaker, p. 199. G. Fox, Saul's Errand to Damascus, p. 596. James Parnels writings, p. 104. Joshua Spriggs, quoted by by Wm. Penn. To which the reader is referred.

The apostle is to the same point, where he says, "Wherefore, henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known *Christ after the flesh;* yet now, henceforth know we him *no more.*" 2 Cor. v. 16.

"Many seem to think that if Christ in name be the object of their profession, they are certainly in the true faith: whereas, too few have any clear sense either *what or where* Christ is; and many are ready to *quarrel with every thing* that tends to open the mystery. I am as sure there is no salvation out of Christ, as I am of anything in the world. I am also as sure that the *common ideas* of salvation are very greatly beside the true doctrine of salvation by Christ. And moreover I am as easy to risk my everlasting condition upon the true faith and fellowship of Christ, AS INWARDLY REVEALED *from glory to glory, to those who keep a single eye to his holy light within them*, as I am in believing THAT GOD MADE THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH. For I am indisputably ascertained in the life and

fundamental certainty of the true grounds of salvation by Christ: and that in all ages, it has been a real birth of God in the soul,—a substantial union of the human and Divine nature; —the son of God, and the son of man;—which is the true Emanuel-state,—God and man in an ever blessed oneness, and harmonious agreement. And I know Christ must sit at the right hand of eternal power in my soul till his and my soul's enemies be made his footstool, if ever I reign with him in fulness of glory."—*Job Scott's Journal*, p. 475.

One of the *last* acts of Jesus was to eat the *Passover* with his disciples;—an institution belonging to the *old covenant*, which continued until the crucifixion, when "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom,"—as an expressive sign or token, that the legal dispensation, with its worship, *was ended*, and that Moses should henceforth cease to be a veil upon the heart, being taken away in Christ's spiritual appearance. 2 Cor. iii. 14. The feast called *Pentecost* was instituted to commemorate the event of giving the law from Mount Sinai. And on this day, also, the day of Pentecost, it was, that the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles. And as the one was attended with thunders and lightnings, so the other was equally signalized by "a sound from *heaven* as of a mighty rushing wind," which "filled all the house where they were sitting." And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance."—"And the same day there were added unto them three thousand souls." Acts, ch. 1.

Thus, the history of these great events, as recorded in the Bible, marks in the clearest manner, the periods of the begining and end of the *outward*, and the introduction of the *inward* and more spiritual dispensation;—as well as the great offices performed by the Messiah in relation to both. He fulfilled the law, and *thus justified his Heavenly Father* in the giving of it; which he could not have done *otherwise*, as it would appear to us, than by acting, in every respect, in the *same* capacity, and with *the same ability*, as were conferred on his brethren according to flesh; thus proving that God had *not* given them a law, and withheld from them the means to fulfil it. And, increasing in wisdom and power, graciously bestowed by his heavenly Father, (for so the record of him states, and himself expressly declares,) he repealed that law, and thus "redeemed them that were under it:" for when there is no law, there is no transgression. In the progress of its repeal, he opened simultaneously the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' but I say unto you that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

After the same manner, the several parts of the outward or shadowy dispensation, with its legal ordinances, were abolished; and those of the gospel instituted and enforced by precepts the most sublime, and by the purest and most holy example ever offered for our imitation since the fall of man!

As the state of the Jews was *outward*, they did not, or could not generally so feel or appreciate his sublime precepts and doctrines, as to change their hearts: but they were as "bread cast upon the waters," to return and be remembered when the Holy Spirit should be given, to open their understandings and effectually cleanse them of their corruptions. Thus, as it respects the effects produced, the ministrations of Jesus were outward. His miracles healed their bodies. His preaching, mediation, and intercession, partook of the outward nature of the dispensation under which he lived and taught. While they opened the way for the administration of the Spirit, they served as types and figures of its effectual, heart-searching operations, which were to be experienced from the baptism of the Holy Spirit within,—the Divine world,—the arm and power of God:—and which not a few, did then, by the Divine light in themselves, in a degree experience. Hence, Christ in the flesh, or in that prepared body, may be truly said to have been, comparatively, *an outward Saviour*.

On this subject, Isaac Pennington remarks: "This [healing diseases] with the other miracles which he wrought, was but a *shadow*, of what he would work and perform inwardly, in the day of his spirit and holy power." Vol. 1, p. 695.

There is, perhaps, no part of the account transmitted to us, which more clearly confirms this view of the subject, than the remarkable evidence furnished by the conduct of his immediate followers;—who, with the fullest opportunity of profiting by his ministrations, and pure and holy example, when their love and faith were brought to trial, *forsook him and fled!* (See under Art. XXII.) And when he appeared unto them after he had risen, their question to him plainly shows that their *hopes* and expectations were *still fixed* upon an *outward* kingdom.

"Now when he ascends," says Isaac Pennington, "he receives the Spirit from the Father, as the Father had promised him; and having so received him, he sends him to them for their Comforter. And may not this justly be termed, *"another Comforter" than Christ was in his bodily presence?* And yet is it not also the *same* Spirit of life that had been with them in that body? So that it is another *in the way of administration*, but the same in substance,—even

the Word which was from the beginning,—the Spirit which was from everlasting:—and to everlasting there is *no other.*"—*Isaac Pennington*, vol. 2, p. 18, *Second ed., Quarto, London*, 1761.

This subject of the two administrations, outward and inward, receives further illustration from the passage in John xiv. 10, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and GREATER *works than these shall he do:* because I go unto my Father." Were not these among the "greater works," namely, that they (the apostles) were afterwards made instrumental in effectually *healing the souls of men*, and turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God?

The Declaration carps at the word "thing" used in the Sermon, as if it were intended to designate Jesus Christ. Does not this afford a strong evidence (along with many others) of the spirit in which that production has been framed?—"Laying wait for him, and seeking to catch something out of his mouth that they might accuse him." Luke xi. 54. THE ANGEL made use of this word, when he announced the glorious advent: and early Friends, in their writings, copied after his example; as may be seen in the quotations which I have made from them.

"Surely flesh and blood is not the Saviour, but the holy thing spoken of, which was of the Holy Ghost."—*Light and life of Christ, by G. Whitehead*, p. 46.

(To be continued.)

From the Atlantic Monthly.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my da ling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro.
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago:
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows cold,—'t is growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

ADDRESS ON THE LIMITS OF EDUCATION.

(Concluded from page 31.)

It is not presumptuous to say that education to be useful must, as far as possible, be made simple, limited, practicable, acceptable to the learner, adapted to his character and wants, and brought home to his particular case by *subdivision* and *selection*. What is now called a liberal education is a term which means something and nothing. Among us it generally implies an attendance for four years upon the "curriculum," or course of studies prescribed and pursued in some incorporated college or university. This attendance may be punctual and thorough, or it may be negligent and unprofitable, so that while one student makes a limited acquirement of multifarious knowledge, another forgets a great part of what he knew on entering the college, and prepares to forget the rest as soon as he enters upon active life.

Subdivision and selection afford the principal avenues through which men arrive at success in the humbler as well as the more conspicuous walks of life. The mechanical labor of artisans is best performed, and its best results obtained, by distributing its duties among a multitude of special agents, and this is more or less successfully done in proportion as a society, or a craft, is more or less perfectly organized. So likewise in the higher or more intel-

lectual pursuits of life, in which men procure bread by the labor of their heads instead of their hands, the number of learned professions has been within a short time wonderfully increased. In the days of our fathers, the learned professions were accounted three in number,—Law, Physic, and Divinity. But now more than three times that number afford means of honorable subsistence to multitudes of duly educated persons. We have now a profession of authors, of editors, of lecturers, of teachers, of engineers, of chemists, of inventors, of architects and other artists; and to these may be added the better class of soldiers and politicians. And all these professions are again subdivided in proportion as society advances in its requirements.

For precisely the same reason that it would not be profitable for experts in a mechanical vocation to distract and dissipate their attention among pursuits alien to their tastes and qualifications, it can hardly be advantageous for pupils and neophytes in learning to undertake to make themselves competent representatives of the various sciences, the literary studies, the languages, dead and living, which are now professedly taught in our colleges and seminaries. Every individual is by nature comparatively qualified to succeed in one path of life, and comparatively disqualified to shine in another. The first step in education should be for the parties most interested to study, and as far as possible to ascertain, the peculiar bent and capacity of a boy's mind. This being done, he should be put upon a course of intellectual and physical training corresponding, as far as possible, to that for which nature seems to have designed him. But in all cases a preparatory general elementary education, such as is furnished by our common schools, must be made a pre-requisite even to qualify him to inquire. The more thorough this preparatory training is made, the better it is for the student. But after this is completed, a special or departmental course of studies should be selected, such as appears most likely to conduct him to his appropriate sphere of usefulness. Collateral studies of different kinds may always be allowed, but they should be subordinate and subsidiary, and need not interfere with the great objects of his especial education.

A common college education now culminates in the student becoming what is called a master of arts. But this in a majority of instances means simply a master of nothing. It means that he has spent much time and some labor in besieging the many doors of the temple of knowledge, without effecting an entrance at any of them. In the practical life which he is about to follow he will often have occasion to lament, be he ever so exemplary and diligent, that he has wasted on subjects irrelevant to his vocation, both time and labor, which, had they been otherwise devoted, would have prepared and assisted him in the particular work he is called on to do.

Young men, as well as their parents in their behalf, are justly ambitious of a collegiate education. Older men often regret that they have not had the opportunity to receive it when young. And this is because of the generally acknowledged fact, that four years spent under the tuition of faithful, accomplished and gentlemanly teachers, can hardly fail to improve their character, language and bearing, as well as their store of useful knowledge. It is the habitual contact and guidance of superior minds, as well as the progressive attrition with each other, which make young men proficients in rectitude, in honor, in science, in polite literature, in tact, and in manners. And this result will appear, whether they have been taught French at West Point, or Greek in Harvard or Yale.

It is the province of the Institute of Technology, so largely and liberally sustained by the Legislature, by the munificence of individuals, and by the untiring labors of its distinguished president, to endeavor within its sphere to assist in providing for the educational wants of the most practical and progressive people that the world has seen. By its programme of instruction a separate path is provided for all who require to accomplish themselves in any one or more of the especial branches of useful knowledge. It would not be just to ignore the fact that the same thing has long been doing in several of our larger universities, where the practical sciences and the modern languages are extensively taught. But these time-honored institutions exceed some of their younger associates in this respect, that under the name of classical literature they premise and afterwards carry on a cumbrous burden of dead languages, kept alive through the dark ages and now stereotyped in England by the persistent conservatism of a privileged order. I cannot here say much to add to the lucid, scholarly and convincing exposition of the state of education as it now is in the great schools of England, given in a recent lecture before this Institute, by one of its professors, on the subject of classical and scientific studies.* No one who examines this discourse can fail to be impressed with the injudicious exactions made in favor of the dead languages in the English schools and universities, their superfluity as means of intellectual training, and their limited applicability to the wants of the present advanced generation.

I would not underrate the value or interest of classical studies. They give pleasure, re-

* Professor W. Atkinson.

finement to taste, breadth to thought, and power and copiousness to expression. Any one who in this busy world has not much else to do, may well turn over by night and by day the "exemplaria Græca." But if, in a practical age and country, he is expected to get a useful education, a competent living, an enlarged power of serving others, or even of saving them from being burdened with his support, he can hardly afford to surrender four or five years of the most susceptible part of life to acquiring a minute familiarity with tongues which are daily becoming more obsolete, and each of which is obtained at the sacrifice of some more important science or some more desirable language. It may not be doubted that a few years devoted to the study of Greek will make a man a more elegant scholar, a more accomplished philologist, a more accurate and affluent writer, and, if all other things conspire, a more finished orator. But of themselves they will not make him what the world now demands, a better citizen, a more sagacious statesman, a more far-sighted economist, a more able financier, more skilful engineer, manufacturer, merchant, or military commander. They will not make him a better mathematician, physicist, agriculturist, chemist, navigator, physician, lawyer, architect, painter, or musician. The ancient Greeks knew but little, though they knew how to express that little well. The moderns know a great deal more, and know how to express it intelligibly. Antiquity has produced many great men. Modern times have produced equally great men, and more of them.

It is common at the present day to say that the Greek language disciplines the mind, extends the compass and application of thought, and that, by its copiousness, and by its versatility of inflection and arrangement, it trains the mind to a better comprehension of words, thoughts, and things. All this is no doubt true, and might have great weight as a governing motive in education, were it not that the same ends can be more cheaply obtained by the agency of other means. Unfortunately for the supremacy of classical literature, all civilized countries are at this moment full of distinguished men and women who write well and speak well, and who have never acquired the learned languages. It is easy to say that such persons would have been more distinguished if they had known the classics. It is easy to say that Laplace would have been a better mathematician, and Faraday a better chemist, if by chance they had been duly instructed in Greek. But this is gratuitous assumption. The contrary result is more probable, inasmuch as the pursuit of classical literature would have abstracted just so much time from more pertinent and profitable investigations. At this day nobody believes that Watt would have made a better steam engine, or Stephenson a better locomotive, if they had been taught philosophy by Plato himself.

The ancient languages, if applied to use, are not adequate to supply the wants of modern cultivation. Truth and things have grown faster than words. Modern customs, arts and sciences can be expressed in French or German, but not in Greek and Latin. A French writer, Professor Goffaux, has undertaken to translate Robinson Crusoe into Latin. The translation is successful as far as easy diction and pure latinity are concerned. But the language of the Romans is at fault in the islands of the Pacific, and new words must be coined to express even imperfectly things which are not coeval with the language employed. The world-renowned "man Friday" is introduced to us under the vicarious name of "Vendredi," and when Friday goes a shooting, he loads his "sclopetum" with "pulvis nitralis." If modern Greece should ever become a first-class power among the nations, it will have to complete, as it is now trying to do, a vocabulary of new terms to express the arts and commerce, the facts and fancies, the business and belle lettres of the existing time. In other words, it must reënforce its language with a new half, not found in the ancient classics.

The admiration of the old Romans for the Greek language and literature had its origin in the fact that in that age of limited civilization they found not much else of the kind to admire. They looked to Greece as the fountain of what had been achieved in art, philosophy, poetry and eloquence. Of consequence it was chosen as the great place of resort for educational objects, and Athens became the emporium of literary and philosophic instruction. But the Roman youth would never have been sent to Athens, had there been, as now, a railroad to take them to Paris, or a steamship to bring them to America. They would not have consumed their time in the groves of Academus, if they could have gained admittance to the Ecole Polytechnique, or to the Royal Institution.

(To be concluded.)

ITEMS.

Jared Sparks, the historian, died on the 14th inst. at his residence in Cambridge. He was once president of Harvard College.

The act concerning the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouses has been approved by President Johnson.

The Civil-Rights bill, declaring all persons born in this country to be citizens of the United States, excepting Indians not taxed, and to secure all persons in the enjoyment of their civil rights, has finally passed both Houses of Congress, and will soon be presented to the President.

Congress.—A joint resolution was introduced into the Senate and referred, providing that the amount of United States notes and fractional currency shall

not be reduced below four hundred and twenty millions, and that all surplus in the treasury exceeding forty millions in coin and forty millions of currency, be applied to the purchase or payment of interest-bearing debt. The bill for the admission of Colorado was taken up, and after some debate, being refused a third reading, it was defeated. A joint resolution was offered presenting a new method of reconstruction, on the basis of repudiation of the rebel debt, yield of claim for compensation in slaves, and the abrogation of distinctions in civil rights among its population on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. It was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

House.—The Court of Claims bill was passed. The bill fixing eight hours as a legal day's labor for mechanics, &c., employed by the United States Government, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A joint resolution, having for its object the allowing of States and municipalities to tax certain Government securities, was discussed at some length, and then referred to the Committtee on Ways and Means. The bill to provide for the expenses of attending the exhibition of products of the industry of the United States at Paris, in 1867, was taken up and discussed and after being amended, was passed. The Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of amending the internal revenue act so as to remit the monthly duty on the average deposits of savings banks. The Committee on Indian Affairs was directed to inquire into the expediency of concentrating the bands of the Dakota and Sioux Indians in one reservation.

The Freedmen.—Under all circumstances, the freedmen, under the supervision of the assistant commissioners, evince a commendable disposition to better their condition mentally and socially. This spirit is evident in innumerable applications for books, &c., and their general desire for educational privileges. In many of the Southern States schools have been established, preceptors engaged and their expenses paid by freed people. It is to be regretted that their former owners presistently oppose these schools, and throw obstacles in their way. The freedmen now are nearly self-supporting, and only the aged, infirm, or their children receive support and rations from the agents of the Government. Hospitals have been erected, and in many cases the expenses of employing physicians have been promptly met by the freedmen.

The assistant commissioner of freedmen's affairs in the State of Georgia gives the bureau an account of his visit to the Sea islands. He states that all the questions in dispute between the freed people on the islands and the former white residents are now amicably settled. Those having grants of land have had them consolidated on one part of the estate upon which they were given, as directed in special field orders No. 3. In addition to these satisfactory results, a saving of from 6,000 to 8,000 rations per month to the Government has been effected. The assistant commissioner fears that, owing to the want of implements, seeds, animals and food, the freedmen having grants of lands will fail in raising a fair crop. There are scarcely ten families of freed-people on the Sea islands whose grants of land are of any value whatever. Land is abundant enough, but labor is scarce and commands a very high price, and he thinks the freedmen would find it much more to their advantage to go to work for wages than to attempt to cultivate the land for themselves with inadequate means. He is fully convinced, from personal examination, that the question over which there has been so much dispute, as to whether or not the freedmen shall retain their lands for a few years, has ceased, from the cheapness of the land and the scarcity of labor, to be of the slightest consequence to them. He says, that the real want in that State is a sufficient military force to insure the prompt arrest of criminals, and such an organization of the United States courts as shall enable people, white and black, to stand on an equality before the law and to obtain justice.—*Phila. Press.*

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EXTRACTS FROM CLARKSON'S "PORTRAITURE OF QUAKERISM."

(Continued from page 35.)

Jesus Christ, as he was sitting at Jacob's well, and talking with the woman of Samaria, made use of the following, among other expressions, in his discourse: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

These expressions the Quakers generally render thus: I tell you that a new dispensation is at hand. Men will no longer worship at Jerusalem more acceptably than in any other place. Neither will it be expected of them, that they shall worship in temples, like the temple there. Neither the glory, nor the ornaments of gold and silver and precious stones, nor the splendid garments of the High Priest, will be any parts of the new worship that is approaching. All ceremonies will be done away, and men's religion will be reduced simply to the worshipping of God in spirit and in truth. In short, the Quakers believe, that, when Jesus came, he ended the temple, its ornaments, its music, its Levitical priesthood, its tithes, its new moons, and sabbaths, and the various ceremonial ordinances that had been engrafted into the religion of the Jews.

The Quakers reject every thing that appears to them to be superstitious, or formal, or ceremonious, or ostentatious, or spiritless, from their worship.

They believe that no ground can be made holy; and therefore they do not allow the places on which their Meeting-houses are built to be consecrated by the use of any human forms.

Their Meeting-houses are singularly plain. There is nothing of decoration in the interior of them. They consist of a number of plain long benches with backs to them. There is one elevated seat at the end of these. This is for their ministers. It is elevated for no other reason, than that their ministers may be the better heard.

The women occupy one half of these benches, and sit apart from the men.

These benches are not intersected by partitions. Hence there are no distinct pews for the families of the rich, or of such as can afford to pay for them: for, in the first place, the Quakers pay nothing for their seats in their Meeting-houses; and, in the second, they pay no respect to the outward condition of one another. If they consider themselves, when out of doors, as all equal to one another in point of privileges, much more do they abolish all distinctions when professedly assembled in a place of worship. They sit therefore in their Meeting-houses undistinguished with respect to their outward circumstances,* as the children

* Spiritual officers, such as elders and overseers, sit at the upper part of the Meeting-house.

of the same parent, who stand equally in need of his assistance, and as in the sight of Him who is no respecter of persons, but who made of one blood all the nations of men who dwell on all the face of the earth.

The Quaker ministers are not distinguishable, when in their places of worship, by their dress. They wear neither black clothes, nor surplices, nor gowns, nor bands. Jesus Christ, when he preached to the multitude, is not recorded to have put on a dress different from that which he wore on other occasions. Neither do the Quakers believe that ministers of the church ought, under the new dispensation, to be a separate people, as the Levites were, or to be distinguished on account of their office from other men.

The Quakers differ from other Christians in the rejection of psalmody, as a service of the church. If persons feel themselves so influenced in their private devotions, that they can sing, as the Apostle says, "with the spirit and the understanding," or "can sing and make melody in their hearts to the Lord," the Quakers have no objection to this as an act of worship. But they conceive that music and psalmody, though they might have been adapted to the ceremonial religion of the Jews, are not congenial with the new dispensation that has followed; because this dispensation requires, that all worship should be performed in spirit and in truth. It requires that no act of religion should take place, unless the spirit influences an utterance, and that no words should be used, except they are in unison with the heart. Now this coincidence of spiritual impulse and feeling with this act, is not likely to happen, in the opinion of the Quakers, with public psalmody. It is not likely that all in the congregation will be impelled, in the same moment, to a spiritual song, or that all will be in the state of mind or spirit which the words of the psalm describe. Thus, how few will be able to sing truly with David, if the following verse should be brought before them: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." To this it may be added, that where men think about musical harmony or vocal tunes in their worship, the amusement of the creature will be so mixed with it, that it cannot be a pure oblation of the Spirit, and that those who think they can please the Divine Being by musical instruments, or the varied modulations of their own voices, must look upon him as a Being with corporeal organs, sensible, like a man, of fleshly delights, and not as a Spirit, who can only be pleased with the worship that is in spirit and in truth.

The Quakers reject also the consecration and solemnization of particular days and times. As the Jews, when they became Christians, were enjoined by the Apostle Paul, not to put too great a value upon "days, and months, and times, and years," so the Quakers think it their duty as Christians to attend to the same injunction. They never meet upon saints' days, as such, that is, as days demanding the religious assemblings of men, more than others; first, because they conceive this would be giving into popish superstition; and secondly, because these days were originally the appointment of men and not of God, and no human appointment, they believe, can make one day holier than another.

For the latter reason also they do not assemble for worship on those days which their own government, though they are greatly attached to it, appoint as fasts. They are influenced also by another reason in this latter case. They conceive as religion is of a spiritual nature, and must depend upon the spirit of God, that true devotion cannot be excited for given purposes or at a given time. They are influenced again by the consideration, that the real fast is of a different nature from that required. "Is not this the fast, says Isaiah, that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thy own flesh?" This the Quakers believe to be the true fast, and not the work of a particular day, but to be the daily work of every real Christian.

Indeed no one day, in the estimation of the Quakers, can be made by human appointment either more holy or more proper for worship than another. They do not even believe that the Jewish Sabbath, which was by the appointment of God, continues in Gospel times, or that it has been handed down by divine authority as the true Sabbath for Christians. All days with the Quakers are equally holy, and all equally proper for the worship of God. In this opinion they coincide with the ever memorable John Hales. "For prayer, indeed, says this venerable man, was the Sabbath ordained: yet prayer itself is Sabbathless, and admits of no rest, no intermission at all. If our hands be clean, we must, as our Apostle commands, us, lift them up every where, at all times, and make every place a church, every day a Sabbath-day, and every hour canonical. As you go to the market; as you stand in the street; as you walk in the fields—in all these places, you may pray as well, and with as good acceptance as in the church: for you yourselves are temples of the Holy Ghost, if the grace of God be in you, more precious than of those which are made with hands."

Though, however, the Quakers believe no

one day in the sight of God to be holier than another, and no one capable of being rendered so by human authority, yet they think that Christians ought to assemble for the public worship of God. They think they ought to bear an outward and public testimony for God; and this can only be done by becoming members of a visible church, where they may be seen to acknowledge him publicly in the face of men. They think also, that the public worship of God increases, as it were, the fire of devotion, and enlarges the sphere of spiritual life in the souls of men. "God causes the inward life, says Barclay, the more to abound when his children assemble themselves diligently together to wait upon him; so that as iron sharpeneth iron, the seeing the faces of one another, when both are inwardly gathered unto the life, giveth occasion for the life secretly to rise, and to pass from vessel to vessel: and as many candles lighted and put in one place, do greatly augment the light and make it more to shine forth, so when many are gathered together into the same life, there is more of the glory of God, and his power appears to the refreshment of each individual; for that he partakes not only of the light and life raised in himself, but in all the rest. And therefore Christ hath particularly promised a blessing to such as assemble in his name, seeing he will be in the midst of them." For these and other reasons, the Quakers think it proper, that men should be drawn together to the public worship of God: but if so, they must be drawn together at certain times. Now as one day has never been, in the eyes of the Quakers, more desirable for such an object than another, their ancestors chose the first day in the week, because the Apostles had chosen it for the religious assembling of themselves and their followers. And in addition to this, that more frequent opportunities might be afforded them of bearing their outward testimony publicly for God, and of enlarging the sphere of their spiritual life, they appointed a meeting on one other day in the week in most places, and two in some others, for the same purpose.

(To be continued.)

TRUE COMFORT IS TO BE SOUGHT IN GOD.

Whatsoever I can desire or imagine for my comfort, I look not for it here, but hereafter.—For, if I should alone possess all the comforts of this world, and could enjoy all the delights *thereof*, it is certain that they could not long endure. Wherefore, my soul, thou canst not be fully comforted, nor have perfect delight, but in God, the comforter of the poor and the receiver of the humble. Wait a little, my soul, wait for the divine promise, and thou shalt have abudance of all good things in heaven. If thou desire too inordinately these things that are present thou shalt lose the celestial and eternal Thou canst not be filled with any temporal goods, because thou art not created to enjoy them.

Although thou enjoyedst all created goods, yet canst thou not be happy thereby, nor blessed; but thy whole beatitude and happiness consists in God that hath created all things. Not indeed such as is seen and commended by the foolish lovers of the world, but such as the good faithful servants of Christ expect, and the spiritual and pure in heart, whose conversation is in heaven, sometimes have a foretaste of.

CHARITY AND CO-OPERATION.

The following admirable views are taken from "Essays on Woman's Work." By Bessie Rayner Parkes:—

"No one who accepts the Christian religion as a rule of life can deny what Turks and Pagans both preach and practice,—that the simple direct effort to relieve pain and poverty is one of the primary duties of a human creature.

We must *not* train up any class to depend on the exertions of others; but we *must* set ourselves to work to help those who suffer, in such a way as may tend to lessen their present pain and their future need, without counting too closely the money value of the precious ointment bestowed upon that humanity which we share in common.

It is much to be doubted whether the action of our poor law, doling out scanty help with a grudging hand, which seems to offer an ill-defined right in the place of honest charity, is not more degrading to our lower orders than almsgiving. Assuredly it is more degrading than alms bestowed by those who throw their hearts in with them. But at any rate it is our plainest duty to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, and to afford shelter to the aged, while striving that benefit to the individual shall not result in injury and degradation to the class.

For be it observed, life is no such smooth and easy matter that we can say of any one who has fallen into misfortune that it is his or her fault, or that of any one now living. It has pleased Providence to place us in a moral atmosphere of so many mingled elements that we cannot in many cases assign the particular causes of a particular poverty.

I have entered on this dry explanation of what I conceive to be the right way of viewing large public charities privately administered, because I believe there are many people of intellect and conscience, alike among the rich and the poor, who recoil from the idea of giving or receiving any material aid. I believe, with the whole weight of my convictions, that for human creatures to help one another freely, when that love which is the bread of life is given togeth-

er with the bread that perisheth, honor both the giver and the receiver, and can be degrading to none.

Mr. Mill says, 'The peculiar characteristic, in short, of civilized beings, is the capacity of co-operation, and this refers to moral as well as to all commercial co-operation. There are two conditions under which men associate firmly: the influence of intellectual ideas and moral feelings, such as swayed the Greek communities and the Roman republic; and of *religion*, which fuses the will of many into one.'"

From "Reason in Religion."

THE REVELATION OF THE SPIRIT.

BY FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

(Concluded from page 39.)

"Grieve not the Spirit." Be true to your highest instinct! Often, in temporal matters, we are warned by a secret voice, which comes to us like a mandate from above, to do or forbear. It is always wise to accept such warnings. We cannot hope to prosper, if we sacrifice our own instinct to formal reason, and the judgment of others. People come to you when you are hesitating between two courses of conduct, and say, do thus and so. It is all very well so long as no instinct of your own prompts otherwise; but if something within you says, do no such thing, then be sure you do no such thing. If this is true doctrine in matters of temporal import, how much more in things pertaining to our spiritual well-being! Resist not this sacred force! Beware of alienating the Divine influence! Whenever you feel yourself prompted to any good work, to any act of kindness or self-denial, to any course of discipline or holy living, accept the impulse, hasten to obey while the fire burns. It is God that speaks in these secret promptings. Harden not your heart when you hear that voice. The Spirit will leave you if you refuse obedience; every warning disregarded is a door closed against future progress. If you do not now the good which you can, the time will come when you cannot do the good which you would.

If we would receive the divine influence in its fullest measure and its greatest force, we must earnestly desire it. God will help no one in that in which he is himself indifferent: he will not give his Spirit except to those that ask it. Other gifts do not wait our entreaty; the common bounties of Providence are not withheld from those who neglect to ask for them; but prayer is an indispensable condition of spiritual gifts. By prayer I mean not a form of words; but an earnest desire and a fervent affection. No needed gift is denied to the prayer of faith. Every thing may be had by him who earnestly desires what he should. If we fail to receive the grace we implore, it is because we ask with a wavering mind, and a lazy desire, and a sluggish faith. It is because we asked as if we wished or expected to be denied; as a man asks a dentist to draw his tooth, or a surgeon to cut off a limb, or to execute any other painful operation which he supposes to be necessary, but would fain avoid if he could. "If we loved truly what we ask for daily," says Bishop Taylor, "we should ask with hearty desires and a fervent spirit. The river that runs slow and creeps by its banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollows, and dies with diversion." So, if a man's prayer move upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and cannot arrive at heaven. But when it is carried upon the wings of strong desire and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate region of the clouds, and stays not until it dwells at the foot of the throne, and draws down showers of refreshment.

Pray for the Spirit; for who in the world can do without it,—without its impulse, without its leaven, without its restraining and sustaining power! It has been affirmed that civilization and the progress of society are wholly and purely an intellectual product. To assert this, is to forget the gift of God, and what it is that keeps the human heart from dying out, and all the powers from perishing through utter corruption. It is not our laws and our courts, not well balanced constitutions and social devices, not science and steam and electro-magnetism,—not these alone that have brought us thus far, and made this world what it is; but beneath all these, and above them all, a divine impulse never wanting to the race of men; a divine Spirit forever haunting them with those two radical and universal ideas,—truth and duty, without whose penetrating and creative power, not one stone would ever have been laid upon another in all our cities; no tree ever felled, no human implement ever fashioned for its work. And, if God should now withdraw his Spirit, this proud civilization, with its gorgeous palaces and solemn temples; this shining and sounding culture, with its traffic and its arts, its stately conventions and fair humanities,—would tumble and dissolve; the wild beasts that are caged in these human frames, now awed and tamed by the presence of that Spirit, would creep forth, and rend and devour; and the civilized earth revert to chaos and night.

The individual, no more than Society can dispense with the Holy Ghost. The rich requires it as well as the poor. He needs its promptings, and he needs its peace; he needs its strength, and he needs its consolation. He needs it in smooth prosperity, and he needs it in the struggle and straits of life. He is subject to assaults from within and from without; he is tempted to transgress the law in his mind, to obey the

law in his members, to forsake himself; to swerve from the right. No earthly power can secure him against temptation, or deliver him when tempted. The Holy Spirit alone, can bring him safely through the wars, and save his feet from falling and his soul from death. He is subject to calamity and sharp distress, to grief and bereavement, the loss of his beloved, the wreck of his hopes. No earthly power can avert these woes, or sooth their sting. The Holy Spirit is the only comforter that can reach him in those deeps, and make the night seem light about him. This same Spirit is nearer to us all, and more to us, than any soul can fully know in this world, or is willing to believe. What is it, in fact, but the hidden life, the self of ourself, which now and then bursts into consciousness, and amazes us with a foreign presence in our private thoughts? Those lucid intervals in our experience, those clear spaces in our life, when the roar and hush of the world's torrent ceases, and the cloud rack lifts, and a bit of the blue sky struggles through, with revelation of immortal deeps; these are momentary realizations of the presence of the Holy Spirit, from which, at no time we are otherwise sundered than by the wanderings of our own thoughts and will.

But suppose this earthly world could be traversed, and this mortal life lived, without the gift of the Holy Ghost, how will it be when the gulf yawns, towards which we are momentarily drifting? No earthly power can bridge that gulf, or ferry us over it. There is no spring in this breast of ours by which we can throw off the clod that is laid upon it, and erect itself out of dusty death. There is no power in this soul to extricate itself out of the wreck of this mortal. Let philosophers say what they will, there is no natural immortality. If ever we rise again to conscious life, it will be by no native power; but by the operation of the Spirit of God on souls already possessed by it, and in some degree conformed to its likeness.

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is peculiarly Christian. It is not a deduction of the human understanding, but a revelation from "the Father of Light." And without this revelation, the name of God is only a name, a vague abstraction, having no relation to the heart or life. It is only through his Spirit, that God becomes to us a person and a reality. You may gather—who does not?—from the visible creation the notion of almighty power and beneficent design. From the course of human affairs you may get—who does not?—the impression of a superintending Providence and an all-present Love. From the experiences of your moral nature, you infer,—who does not?—a moral government and a righteous law. But all this does not constitute the God of the Christian revelation, the Father of Spirits and of mercies. That idea could never be wrought out of these materials. The idea of God is a revelation of his Spirit; and unless the Spirit of God dwell in us, superstition may have an idol, conscience a law, philosophy a name; but the heart has no God.

A FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.

(Concluded from page 39.)

The experience of every age proves and makes manifest, that the highest happiness of which man is capable, does not depend upon whether he has much or little, but upon *whether he has a pure heart.* In the moments of his highest bliss his sense of virtue is always most strongly excited. In such moments he is good; he rises above selfishness, malice, false pretences, and impure desires. In such moments he willingly shares with others what he possesses, he would fain make the world happy; he forgives his mortal enemy, and embraces all mankind in his love.

It is the power of virtue that is strong within him, and that bears witness to the truth of Jesus' promise: *Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God!*

Be pure of heart, and all the sources of heavenly bliss within you will be opened up, and you will enjoy constantly that foretaste of Heaven, which hitherto has only been vouchsafed to you in your highest moments. For they were your highest moments, simply because while they lasted you had risen to be better men. Why did you not remain ever what you were then? Why did you become untrue to yourselves?

You were untrue to yourselves in giving yourselves up again to the outward world, and expecting from it pleasures which it does not afford. You deliberately became unfaithful to yourselves, because you cared not to be masters of yourselves; but preferred surrendering the mastery to things which could in no way contribute to your peace of mind. You abandon yourselves to excessive care connected with your outward circumstances, forgetting that it is your inward condition that is the chief object of life, and that when this is not what it ought to be, all outward honors, all comforts and luxuries, all pomp and grandeur, will be powerless to make you happy. Like madmen, you sacrifice life for death, peace of mind for constant anxiety, cheerfulness for sadness, the consciousness of innocence for pangs of conscience, the pride of independence for the shame of dependence, the sense of security for never-ceasing fears. Perhaps you have sent up the prayer: "Give me, O God, a pure heart; and let Thy Holy Spirit inspire me." But no sooner was the prayer uttered than you again gave way to anger against your brother, than you again hypocritically deceived some unsuspecting person, than you again allowed a sufferer to leave you

without being comforted, than you again began to amass money by unrighteous means, and allowed jealousy to fill your heart with hatred and malice. And what have you hitherto obtained in return for your many anxieties? Perhaps physical infirmities, which prevent you from enjoying what other advantages may be yours; perhaps a few more possessions than previously, but perhaps, also, fewer joys than when you had less worldly goods; perhaps a post of honor which exposes you to malicious attacks of envy, and heaps upon you responsibilities and cares. Is that a foretaste of Heaven? Can these gains bear comparison with the happiness you enjoyed in those higher moments, when you possessed none of these, but when you were pure in heart, and your mind was free and fearless?

He who is thoroughly happy within himself covets not other joys, asks for nothing more than to remain forever as he is. If outward circumstances make man happy, why then is he, even after he has attained the desired end, ever craving for something better, something different? Why, then, is he always pursuing happiness as the child pursues the glowing colors of the rainbow, without ever reaching them?

Pause, wonder, reflect upon the heavenly hours thou hast enjoyed in life, and ask thyself how they came to thee. Not to rank, nor riches, nor fine clothes, nor meat, nor drink, didst thou owe them, but to thy pure heart. Thou wert a better man in those hours, and therefore all that surrounded thee was better. Abandon the mistaken road towards happiness, and strive again to possess that which alone can lead thee back to thy paradise.

Live with God in childlike purity. Never allow thyself to be too much absorbed in care for outward circumstances. Do thy duty, keep thy conscience clear; for all else trust in Him, who knows best what is good for us. Root out thy faults and evil tendencies; when a child, thou hadst them not, and therefore thou wert happier then than now. First of all cast from thee the desires that cause thee most uneasiness; correct, by steadfast perseverance, those defects in thy disposition and thy conduct, which are the chief sources of disquietude to thee. Man has great, nay, incredible power over himself, if he will but exert it. Think not of gratifying thyself; but consider each day what good thou canst do to others. Demand what thou hast a right to; but on the other side, never in the smallest way do injustice to others. And in order that thou mayest continue to improve, study earnestly the spirit and precepts of Jesus. In these thou wilt discover the highest wisdom, and from them learn the way back into thy lost paradise. There thou wilt find thy God again, and even in the severest trials of life, an inward peace, cheerfulness, bliss, of which no mortal can ever deprive thee. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

Merciful and eternal God, Love inexhaustible, Father of the universe, my Father! if I have but Thee, all that life may bring is but a shadowy phantasm. If I have but thee, I shall pass without fear through light and through darkness, and shall find my way, and shall not falter, though want and death may threaten. If I have but Thee, I am sufficiently rich, though all fail me that others call riches; I am sufficiently exalted, though all the world look down upon me; I am strong enough, though thousands conspire against me; I am safe, though disasters may befall me, and all my earthly possessions be lost. If I have but Thee, death itself cannot rob me of my joy, should it even tear from my bleeding heart all the beloved souls to whom I am attached. Ah! death is *Thy* angel messenger, he brings them to Thee, and in the bosom of Thy love I shall find them again. If I have but Thee, I possess all things! Amen.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FAMILIAR INSECTS.

BY I. HICKS.

In penning the following, the scenes of last summer, with the varied forms of animal and vegetable life, have recurred to me with renewed pleasure.

That the younger members of our Society may be induced by these few sketches of insect life to further prosecute this intereeting subject, and to cultivate habits of inquiry, is the main object of the writer.

As a further evidence of the great deficiency that exists in the knowledge of even our most common insects, I will mention an instance that occurred at the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, New York.

A person noted for his general intelligence presented a branch of grape vine, with two rows of grey-colored eggs on its surface, the size of flaxseed. These he said were the eggs of a new kind of curculio found in Ohio, which was producing fearful damage to the grapes there. The curculio that destroys our fruit, by laying an egg in the flesh, belongs to the tribe of weevils, all of which have snouts for boring into grain, fruit and other soft substances, for the purpose of depositing an egg, which in time hatches, and the worms produced live on the fruit for their support. Sometimes the plum weevil, not finding a sufficiency of plums, places its egg in the excrescences of plum and cherry trees, caused by the growth of a fungus, the spores of which, finding some roughness or break in the bark, gain foothold, and, preying on the sap, expand into those unsightly warts which we call black knots. But the curculio is not the cause any more than it is the cause

of the growth of fruit. She uses for the preparation of her offspring the best material she can get.

Those pretty eggs, lapping so nicely on the edges in two parallel rows, were deposited by our autumnal friend the katydid, to whose charge we can lay but few annoyances, unless it is that sometimes her husband is rather too noisy. The female uses her sword-like appendage to shave off or roughen the bark, so that her eggs will adhere, and then leaves them to be hatched by the warmth of the next summer's sun. The most curious thing about the katydid is how he makes these sharp notes reverberating among the trees. His wings somewhat resemble peapods in shape, and overlap each other. The surface of the edges in contact are sharp and rough, and, as the insect opens and closes his wing covers, they grate together, and, aided by the dome-shaped wing covers, creak out, "katydid," "katydid." We have another singing insect, that makes music through the day. He is commonly called the locust, but properly the cicada. He is a happy insect. We love to hear his notes of a bright summer day, as he drums away on the spreading apple tree. An author says, "To the ancient Greeks no sound was more agreeable than the chirping of the cicada, not only because it seemed to give life to the solitary grove, but because it always conveyed to the mind the idea of a perfectly happy being. It is regarded as the most innocent of insects; and as it only sucks the juice out of the plants, or drinks the dew, it does us but little hurt. These remarks do not apply to the Cicada septendecim, or seventeen years' locust. These locusts appear precisely every seventeen years. They insert their piercer into the twigs of trees, and place their eggs in the hole. They select branches of moderate size, and thrust their piercer into them obliquely, sawing a little with the notched edges, to assist in the work, until the opening is large enough to contain from twenty to forty eggs. After one aperture is filled, the insect goes to another twig, until the whole number of three hundred or four hundred is duly deposited. The punctured limbs soon die and fall to the earth, presenting a dreary spectacle, especially when their attacks are upon orchards and ornamental trees. After the insects are hatched, which occurs in from two to four weeks, they fall to the ground, which they penetrate until they reach the roots of the trees, and there fasten themselves. It is strange that they should remain so long—seventeen years nearly—sucking the juice from the roots, but such is the fact. They generally leave the ground in early summer in this section of country, and a visit to a place where this locust abounds in great numbers will long be remembered. A ride nearly thirty years ago through a piece of woods which was visited by these insects is fresh in my memory. The unearthly singing of myriads of locusts, branches of trees, with their brown leaves clinging to them, lying on the ground, and others broken, but still hanging by the strip of bark, made it one of the most dismal scenes, and I gladly left the tract of desolation. But the grub affords a bountiful repast to the birds. The drum which they beat is so nicely hidden that we can scarcely notice it; indeed I have often watched them, but could detect no motion in their wing covers. The locusts mentioned in the Scriptures were undoubtedly grasshoppers, not unlike those that devastate the Western States.

(To be continued.)

A HAPPY HOME.

A pleasant and sensible writer says that in a happy home there will be no fault finding, overbearing spirit—there will be no peevishness nor fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life and health, strength and time, of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarks of this, that fretting and scolding seem like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin than we have to curse, and swear, and steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but will seek to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy! How attractive, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How do the parents and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear. How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation, and, drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts to return to the parental roof. Oh, that parents would lay this subject to heart—by untiring effort they would so far render home more happy that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths.

MEETING AT THE TOP.

A hundred years ago, and more, a numerous body of Presbyterians, who had seceded from the Established Church of Scotland, was split

in two on a quarrel about a clause in the oath required of the freemen of certain Scottish boroughs, which expressed "their hearty allowance of the true religion at present professed within the realm, and authorized by the laws thereof." The party who held that the oath might be conscientiously taken by seceders were called "Burghers," and their opponents "Anti-burhgers." Johnny Morton, a keen Burgher, and Andrew Gebbie, a decided Anti-burgher, both lived in the same house, but at opposite ends, and it was the bargain that each should keep his own side of the house well thatched. When the dispute about the principle of their kirks, and especially the offensive clause in the oath, grew hot, the two neighbors ceased to speak to each other.

But one day they happened to be on the roof at the same time, each repairing the thatch in the slope of the roof on his own side, and when they had worked up to the top, there they were —face to face. They couldn't flee, so at last Andrew took off his cap, and, scratching his head, said, "Johnnie, you and me, I think, hae been very foolish to dispute, as we hae done, concerning Christ's will aboot our kirks, until we hae clean forgot His will aboot ourselves; and so we hae fought sae bitterly for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever's wrang, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighborly, unkind, in fac, tae hate ane anither. Na, na, that's the deevil's wark, and no God's. Noo, it strikes me that may be it's wi' the kirk as wi' this house; your working on ae side and me on the t'ither, but if we only do our work weel, we will meet at the tap at last. Gie's your han', auld neighbor!" And so they shook han', and were the best o' freens ever after.—*Moravian.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 31, 1866.

By notes received from some of our subscribers, it is evident they do not understand why their bills are sent so early in the volume. We must remind such that our terms are "payable in advance."

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Rebecca Price has obtained a minute from Little Falls Monthly Meeting, endorsed by Baltimore Quarter, to attend Genesee Yearly Meeting, and to appoint some meetings going to and returning therefrom.

BALTIMORE QUARTERLY MEETING.—A friend writing from Baltimore informs us of the late Quarterly Meeting held in that city on Second day, the 12th inst. This Meeting is held alternately at Sandy Spring, Gunpowder, Little Falls and Baltimore. The Meeting for Ministers and Elders is held the Seventh-day previous, and on First-day the houses are opened for public worship. On the recent occasion an unusual number of young persons was present, who evinced much attention and interest. An appointed meeting in the evening was well attended, and proved to be a solemn, precious opportunity, giving evidence of the presence of the Great Head of the Church.

In the Quarterly Meeting, the subject of talebearing and detraction elicited considerable expression upon the evils attending the indulgence of this pernicious habit.

The same communication states that Friends in Baltimore appropriate an hour before their First-day morning meetings to the reading of the Scriptures and Friends' writings, and that considerable interest is manifested by the young people in these readings.

It also informs that a school is held in the afternoon for the children, who seem greatly to appreciate the efforts of those who are laboring for their advantage. "We feel," the account continues, "that we have cause for encouragement. We hope and believe there has been quite a revival of concern for our religious testimonies, and we trust these labors will be a benefit to all concerned in the work, and like bread cast upon the waters will be found after many days."

"THE FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY, AND THE PROPHETS, DO THEY LIVE FOREVER?"—When those who have lived uprightly depart from this scene of action, there are sorrowful voids left. When those who stood as pillars in the militant church are removed, we can but mourn. Although we believe that having fulfilled their earthly missions they have entered into the saints rest, yet we mourn for the vacant places, and we greatly desire that a double portion of their spirit may be upon us: that as, of old, Elisha "took up the mantle of Elijah," there should be a preparation of heart realized to receive the mantles of the departing prophets. Thus there might be a beautiful succession of those upon whose shoulders the ark of the testimony could rest, and the blessed promise would be fulfilled,

"Judges shall be raised up as at the first, and counsellors as in the beginning."

These reflections have been awakened by the removal of our beloved and valued friend James Martin, an elder of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, who died on the 3d inst., in the 76th year of his age. In reviewing his life, we are instructed by the evidence he gave in his daily walk among men, that he was actuated by that spirit which "seeketh not its own." When a young man, he left his country home and came to this city, to enter into mercantile pursuits. He had been trained with great care and in much simplicity by a loving, concerned mother, and for a time, when removed from the maternal influence, he was attracted by the novelties of city life, and imitated the frivolous fashions of the day. The plain dress to which he had been accustomed in his childhood, was exchanged for a gay attire, and thus arrayed, he returned to pay his first visit to his early home. His mother surveyed him from head to foot, greeted him affectionately, and then burst into tears. Her son was entirely overcome by her emotion. He could not continue in a course which so evidently grieved his parents. He resumed his simple dress, and never afterward deviated from it. This act of obedience to parental wishes was perhaps the beginning of a life of dedication to higher authority. As he grew in years, it was increasingly his concern to follow the Witness for truth, and he carried out in the domestic, social and business relations, the principles which were revealed unto him as right. Though decided in his own religious opinions, yet he was tolerant of the views of others, and by his example recognized the great truth, "One is your master even Christ, and all ye are brethren." "His heart, his hand and his purse" were ever open to the calls of those whose necessities claimed relief, and his ready sympathy drew those who differed from him in sentiment, near to him in love.

One of the last efforts of his life was to bring before the attention of our Yearly Meeting a desire for more harmonious affiliation with Orthodox Friends. Not with a view of the two societies becoming united in one body, but that the members when casually thrown together, may recognize each other as having a common mission, as the children of the one loving Father.

The following filial tribute to his memory has been sent us for insertion :—

"Few men have lived more loved or more respected, or have died more deeply or tenderly regretted.

Of all the changes Time so loudly rings, none perhaps more solemn sounds upon the ear than that quivering vibration which thrills the heart with such unutterable emotion, when from physical companionship forever has passed the spirit of the father beloved.

The raised hand that in its finite conception of the wisdom of the Infinite would have warded off the blow, is paralyzed in its puny effort by a higher power; upon the appealing lip the very finger of God is pressed, and to every member of the stricken household seem addressed the words, 'I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod.'

Mute, therefore, in the presence of what seemeth *so* stern a decree, stand those who henceforth hold no more the guiding hand of an earthly father; who never more may turn for comfort or advice to one whose voice ever echoed the love of a heart that knew no failing in its warm affection.

But, looking onward, and upward, 'the dead who die in the Lord are revealed to spiritual vision, and there beside the 'river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God,' he whose daily life was an evidence that 'the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness, and assurance forever,' rests from his labors—no more to "hunger or thirst'—no more to be smitten 'by heat or by sun'—but to find, in the arms of that Saviour who was his rod and his staff as he walked through the valley of the shadow of Death, 'a hiding place from the wind,' and 'a covert from the tempest.'

Unto the God who was *his* refuge and strength, a very present help in all *his* time of trouble, may those so dear to him, for rest and comfort turn. 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee,' is a promise *sure* in its fulfilment; and in the presence of a Father who hath loved us with an everlasting love, in whom there is no change nor shadow of turning, who will never, *never* leave, nor forsake his children—let the *tear* fall, but no *murmur* sound; for He indeed is good, His mercy endureth forever."

The Women's Hospital of Philadelphia.—From the Fifth Annual Report of this Institution, we learn that twenty one hundred and twenty-seven patients have been treated in the various departments during the past year. Seventy-eight patients have been received into the house; of these 54 have been discharged well,

eighteen improved, two not benefited, and ten remained at the close of the year.

Fifteen hundred and thirty-eight patients have been prescribed for in the Dispensary, and furnished with medicines free of charge; and five hundred and five have been gratuitously attended at their own homes.

This philanthropic undertaking is worthy the co-operation of the benevolent; its objects are, —the treatment of diseases of women and children; to furnish facilities for clinical instruction to women engaged in the study of medicine, and the practical training of nurses.

In the treatment of diseases, the report says that "the Managers have found much to cheer them in the working of the Institution. They have seen some women sick, and apparently sinking under fatal disorders, too poor to secure the comforts indispensable to recovery, and sensitively shrinking from the almshouse, restored to health and active duty through the fostering care of this Hospital; and although limited means have sometimes made it a painful necessity to discriminate in favor of applicants who could make compensation for the advantages received, yet the managers rejoice that the blessings of some who were ready to perish have fallen upon this institution.

"Looking at the importance of the objects of the Institution, and the fact that this is the only one of the kind in this City and State, the Managers earnestly hope that donations, commensurate with the requirements of the case, will be received.

"In this advanced age, enlightened men and women are more and more realizing that the suffering and the needy have claims upon them, not as distant objects of a different class, but as members of a common Father's household to whom they owe protection; and that, in giving for these, they are not only lending to the Lord, but aiding that fraternal band whose health and happiness shall be reflected upon their own lives."

MARRIED, in this city, on the 15th of Third month 1866, by Friends' ceremony, ASA M. STABLER to ALBINA S. OSBORNE, both of Montgomery County, Maryland.

DIED, at Sandy Spring, Maryland, on the morning of the 18th instant, of rheumatic fever, EDWARD STABLER, eldest son of James S. and Margaret S. Hallowell, in the 19th year of his age.

DIED, suddenly, at Camden, Del., on Fifth-day morning, the 15th inst., ISAAC DOLBY, in the 67th year of his age; an esteemed member and elder of Camden Monthly Meeting. An honest, upright man, the noblest work of God. He was working in his garden and feeling poorly; went into his house and laid down. Within half an hour his daughter went to his room, and found his spirit had departed. Thus it is fully verified, 'In the midst of life we are in death."

——, of bilious pneumonia, on the 5th of Third month, 1866, at his residence near Waynesville, Warren Co., Ohio, AMOS COOK, in the 81st year of his age; he was an esteemed member, and for many years an elder, of Miami Monthly Meeting. He was exemplary in his life and conversation. Being firmly attached to the doctrines and testimonies of the Society in all their primitive fulness, and concerned for the right administration and support of our wholesome discipline and order. Of him it might justly be said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile;" and the peaceful serenity of his close corresponded with the tenor of his life.

——, on the 7th of Third month, 1866, at his late residence in Bristol Township, Morgan Co., Ohio, AUGUSTUS KIRK, M.D., in the 79th year of his age.

Beloved and respected by all those who knew him. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

——, on the 3d inst., near Chester, Pa., RACHEL WEST, in the 91st year of her age.

——, on the 24th of Second month, 1866, at Darby, Delaware County, Pa., REECE HEACOCK, aged 75 years.

——, on the 20th of Third month, 1866, at Bellevue Institute, Attleboro', Pa., MATILDA J., daughter of Pearson Scarborough, of Solebury township, in her 17th year.

——, on the 21st of Third month, 1866, RICHARD V. HUMPHREYS, aged 53 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 23d of Third month, 1866, at the residence of her son-in-law, Ellwood Johnson, at Germantown, MARY BURR, in her 80th year; a member of same meeting.

——, on the 25th of Third month, 1866, SAMUEL C. COOPER, in his 69th year; a member of same meeting.

——, on the 21st of Third month, 1866, at Germantown, FLORENCE MARIA, daughter of Franklin and Mary H. Shoemaker, in the 12th year of her age; member of Green street Monthly Meeting.

POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDERS.

During the past month subscriptions in money have been forwarded for our Agent which he has not received; we therefore request those making remittances to him to procure "Post-Office Money Orders," whenever they can be obtained.

The Secretary of the Clothing Committee of "Friends Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" requests that those who have obtained sewing from the room, Eighth and Arch Sts., will return the garments when finished to Henry Laing, No. 30 N. Third St., instead of to the former place. The room No. 800 Arch St. is closed for the present.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon fire, abateth his heat, and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Review of "A Declaration," &c., published by order of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends (so called) held in Philadelphia in 1828. By Wm. Gibbons, M. D.

(Continued from page 45.)

Articles 27th, 35th and 36th being of similar import, are taken together and commented upon. They have reference to the Berean and Quaker, and are therefore omitted.

The review proceeds.

As the next extract is *mutilated*, I will quote the whole paragraph, distinguishing the extracts as before.

Article XXVIII. "So here, my friends, we see the one thing needful; and there is nothing else to be come at, that can unite the children of men, but *this light and life* in the soul; [*it is truly God in man:* for as He fills all things, he cannot be located in any thing which is capable of being located: because, to suppose that all the fulness of God was in Christ, is to take him out of every other part of the world:] but as certainly as He was in Jesus Christ, so certainly He is in all the sons of God; and 'as many as are led by the Spirit of God, are the sons of God.' Here now, we see that God is *every where*, that He fills the immensity of space."—*Decl.*, p. 23. *Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 166.

The question respecting the fulness has been before examined; to which I refer the reader. It has been shown, that the *visible* person, or the man Jesus, was not, according to William Penn, Isaac Pennington, Daniel Phillips, George Whitehead, and others, "properly the Son of God:" and hence, that the fulness of the Godhead did not dwell in him; for the being possessing that can be nothing less than *God himself*. And George Fox pronounces it *blasphemy* to say that God was crucified; for that it was God that raised up Jesus, on the third day. The fulness spoken of, attaches only to *Christ in spirit*, the Word that was in the beginning with God, *and was God*.

The sentence following the extract, and which the Declaration has *suppressed*, is explanatory of what precedes it, viz.: "But as certainly as He [God] was in Jesus Christ, so certainly is He in all the sons of God," &c., which is equivalent to what Isaac Pennington (before quoted,) says, "He *partook* of the spirit, or 'eternal life,' as the rest of the children did."

Articles 29th, 31st, 32d, 33d, and 34th are omitted, as not having reference to E. H.

Article XXX. "Oh! dearly beloved friends, young and old, may you gather deeper and deeper to that which is within the vail, where we may have access to our God WITHOUT ANY MEDIATOR."—*Quaker*, vol 2, p. 277.

In the New York sermons, p. 99, Elias Hicks says, "If they [our first parents] had never revolted, there never would have been any other mediator than the law in their own hearts." And in page 100, he says, "*Christ has led the way for us*," &c. Hence it is evident, that he does not deny the *necessity* of a mediator, until that state is attained which the apostle calls "the stature of the fulness of Christ," which is "within the vail;" and which he again speaks where he says, "And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also, himself, be subject unto Him that put all things under him, *that God may be all in all.*" 1 Cor. xv. 28.

"But there is no *stopping* by the way," says Job Scott, "or sitting down at ease; for as certainly as we become wholly joined to the Lord in the one Spirit, we know Christ to reign in us, *till* he puts down all rule and authority; until all his and our enemies are put under his feet *in us*, until death is completely swallowed up in victory, and God becomes all in all. Then it is that the Son renders up the kingdom to the Father, and God over all sways the unresisted sceptre in his kingdom."—*Salvation by Christ*, p. 24.

"Destroy the vail, and destroy death; the taking away the vail is the taking away of death. Death upon a true account, is nothing but a vail upon God, who is our life. Even Christ's flesh was a vail: ordinances are vails; if God be our life, the less we are in these things, the more we are in life."—*G. Goad's last Testimony*, quoted by William Penn, vol. 2, folio, p. 421.

Article XXXVII. "On the offering of our Lord on the cross (says the Declaration,) as a sacrifice for sin, Elias Hicks remarks, 'But I do not consider that the crucifixion of the outward body of flesh and blood of Jesus on the cross, *was an atonement for any sins but the legal sins of the Jews*,' &c. 'Surely, is it possible that any rational being that has any right sense of justice or mercy, would be willing to accept forgiveness of his sins on such terms!! Would he not rather go forward, and offer himself wholly up to suffer all the penalties due his crimes, rather than the innocent should suffer? Nay, was he so hardy as to acknowledge a willingness to be saved through such a medium, would it not prove that he stood in direct opposition to every principle of justice and honesty, of mercy and love, and show himself to be a poor selfish creature, unworthy of notice!!!"—"*Elias Hicks' letter to N. Shoemaker.*"

The above extract is taken from a *private letter*, written by Elias Hicks to Nathan Shoemaker.

On this subject, William Penn says, "And further, you *blasphemously* charge Divine justice with punishing your sins to the full in Christ, or punishing him that was ever innocent, to the

full for your sins; so that you account it against justice, to punish your sins *again* in you, though you live and die in them. And yet you think it *an excellent piece of justice to punish the innocent to the full of the guilty.* But your mistake in this is gross, as will further appear, and you will not hereby be acquitted, nor cleared. This will not prove you invested with *Christ's everlasting righteousness;* nor will this cover your own filthy rags, or hide your shame."

"And while you think that you are secured in your sins from the stroke of justice, as having been fully executed, and that by way of revenge upon the innocent Son of God, in punishing your sins to the full upon him; I say, while you state this as the nature of *the satisfaction by Christ suffering* in your stead, the whole world may as well acquit itself thereby from punishment as you: for he died for all, and 'is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world.' And therefore, if this must be looked upon as the full punishment of sin, that it was laid upon Christ, and that 'the sin cannot be again punished after such satisfaction,' this may make a merry world in sin, once punished to the full in Christ, never to be punished again upon the offender which the law directly takes hold of. Oh! soothing doctrine to sinners! the plain effect of which is, to make the wicked world rejoice in a sinful state, and say, 'O admirable *justice!* that was pleased thus to revenge thyself on an *innocent man* that never sinned, and to punish our sins to the full upon him! O transcendent mercy, that hast found out this expedient, that we might be fully acquitted, pardoned and discharged from the penalty that is just, *and due to us* for all our sins, past, present, and to come.' Oh! what glad tidings are these to the hypocrites and drunkards, &c. And how merry they are apt to be in their sins, upon their ministers' proclaiming such an act of indemnity of all offences and injuries past, present, and to come, not only against their neighbors, but against God himself."—*Christian Quaker*, pp. 404, 405.

William Penn, in his "Sandy Foundation Shaken," after exposing the anti-scriptural and irrational character of the common doctrine of Atonement, or Satisfaction, says, "It no way renders man beholding, [beholden,] or in the least obliged to God; since by their doctrine, He would not have abated us, nor did He, Christ, the last farthing: so that the acknowledgments are peculiarly the Son's; which destroys the whole current of Scripture testimony for his good will towards men. Oh! the *infamous* portraiture this doctrine draws of the Infinite Goodness! Is this your retribution, O injurious satisfactionists?"

"No one can show from the Scriptures," says Luther to the people of Wittemberg, "that God's justice requires a penalty or satisfaction from the sinner: the only duty it imposes on him, is, a true repentance, a sincere change of heart, a resolution to bear the cross of Christ, and to strive to do good works."—*D'Aubigne's Reformation*, p. 75.

(To be continued.)

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

BY F. HEMANS.

"Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs—bring back the love that I have lost!"

What wakest thou, Spring!—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust has set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood anemone;
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there.*

It is not the gold or the diamonds about a watch that keeps time!

ADDRESS ON THE LIMITS OF EDUCATION.

(Concluded from page 47.)

At the present day we relish the Greek language, from the mingled impression not only of its own superiority, but of the pleasure it gives us and the pains it has cost us. We relish it as the musician enjoys his music, the mathematician his geometry, and the antiquarian his diggings. We are pleased that it has been preserved with its euphonious intonations, its copious expressiveness, and its noble literature. We know that the spirit of Homer cannot be translated into English, any more than the soul of Shakspeare can be done into Greek. All languages have their idiomatic expressions of thought, and in all of them translation has a killing effect on the strong points of literature. It is highly probable that the half-savage accomplishments of Homer heroes and gods cannot be made duly appreciable in the English tongue. Nevertheless, the modern world can get on without them, and we may be excused for believing that if the study of Greek should be abandoned as a requisite in our universities, although it would still be culivated, like other exceptional studies, with success and delight by a few devotees, yet our practical, bustling and overcrowded generation would never again postpone more useful occupations to adopt it as an indispensable academical study.

In regard to success in the world, at the present day, it is not an academic education, however desirable in any shape it may be, that gives a man access to the confidence and general favor of his fellow men, or to the influential posts of society. It is native talent, reliability, perseverance and indomitable will, that conduct him to the high places of the world. In all countries, and most of all in our own country, a contest continually goes on between academic education and self-education, the education that comes from without, and the education that comes from within. The much cultivated boy, who, under favor of advantages, performs faithfully his allotted tasks, who fulfils the requirements of his teachers, who is accustomed to subordinate his own judgment to the dictation of others, although he may hold a high rank in the scale of proficiency and the amount of acquisition, is liable, on arriving at manhood, to continue to lean rather than to lead, and thence to occupy a secondary place in the struggle for worldly distinction. On the other hand, the neglected but independent youth, who is brought up in the suggestive school of necessity, who becomes original and inventive because his life is a continued contest with difficulties, who balances character against opportunity, and individual vigor and patience against external guidance; such an one, from the habit of directing himself, becomes more competent to direct others, and to wear more easily offices of trust and responsibility. It is remarkable how many of our distinguished men have been self-educated, or at least without academic education. Franklin was a philosopher, Washington a statesman, Patrick Henry an orator, but not by the grace of classical education. Henry Clay knew nothing of the Greek language, nor did probably Thomas Benton. Rumford, Bowditch and Fulton did not develop their intellects under the shades of academic seclusion. And if we were to go abroad for examples, we should find that Napoleon was no classical scholar, and that Peter the Great, when he issued from his lair at Moscow to study the civilization of Western Europe, did not repair to the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, but entered as a working mechanic in the shipyards of Saardam and Deptford.

We need not regret that our country is the field of wholesome competition between the well taught and the self taught, between advantage on the one side and energy on the other, between early development under assistance and slow maturity under difficulties. The success of either condition awakens and stimulates the zeal of the other.

There are many persons who even in this age speak in terms of derogation of what are called utilitarian studies, in contrast with classical and ideal literature, as if pursuits which tend directly to the preservation and happiness of man were less worthy of his attention than those which may be founded in fancy, exaggeration and passion. Poetry, art and fiction have sought for the beautiful and sublime in creations which are imaginary and often untrue, which, "o'er-inform the pencil and the pen," and attract because they are mysterious and inaccessible. But in the present age, fact has overtaken fancy and passed beyond it. We have no need to create new miracles, nor imagine them, when the appetite for wonder is more than satiated with reality, and objects of delight and amazement confront us in the walks of daily life. I know nothing in nature or art more beautiful than a railroad train, when it shoots by us with a swiftness that renders its inmates invisible, and winds off its sinuous way among mountains and forests, spanning abysses, cleaving hills asunder, and travelling onward to its destination, steadily, smoothly, unerringly, as a migratory bird advances to the polar regions. And I know of nothing more sublime than in the hold of an ocean steamship, to look on the mightiest enginery that has been raised by man, as it wields its enormous limbs like a living thing, and heaves and pants and rolls and plunges,—urged onward by the struggling of the imprisoned elements.

The traveller passes daily by the never-ending rows of posts and wires which mark the pathway of the electric telegraph, until at

length, by their very frequency, they are blended in the inert features of the landscape, and cease to attract attention. Yet, all the while, invisible thought is riding on those wires, and mind is answering to mind over a thousand miles of distance.

It is a fact so generally admitted, in this country at least, as to have become almost a truism, that proscriptive and hereditary positions are declining in social influence. Personal unworthiness or incompetency cannot be covered up by personal privilege. It is better to be the founder of a great name, than its disreputable survivor. When a Marshal of France, Duke of Abrantes and Governor of Paris, was reminded by others of the obscurity of his birth, he proudly replied, "*Moi je suis mon ancêtre*" (I am my own ancestor.) In this great and original country, which is now treading in the van of a new reformation, we have thousands yet untaught, who are to become ancestors in fame, ancestors in fortune, ancestors in science, ancestors in virtue. May their descendants be worthy of them.

These are the men who may well claim to "constitute a State." They are, as it were, the granite substratum which underlies the rich coal fields and the arable soils of the earth's exterior surface. Like that they will last when softer and richer tracts shall have been swept away. Yet a continent as extensive and various as ours should be capable of furnishing all soils and materials for all needful and desirable productions. When the necessaries which sustain life are provided, the luxuries which adorn and gratify it must follow in their order. "In every country," says Buckle, "as soon as the accumulation of wealth has reached a certain point, the produce of each man's labor becomes more than sufficient for his support; it is no longer necessary that all should work; and there is found a separate class, the members of which pass their lives for the most part in the pursuit of pleasure; a very few, however, in the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge." This statement is a good exposition of the law which rules in the affairs of this country; it contains the danger and the safety, the bane and the antidote, of our social destiny. In a nation in which "the government is made for the people, and not the people for the government," whose fundamental requisite is "the greatest good of the greatest number," education, elementary and practical, such as common schools can furnish, must be made accessible to all who can be withdrawn, either from labor or idleness, for a sufficient time to realize its advantage. Afterwards those whom favor of fortune or strength of will has qualified to approach higher paths of intellectual culture should be encouraged, assisted and excited to enter and occupy either one or many of the more difficult fields of literature and science, preferring those that best harmonize with the adopted path which is to be the occupation of life. And as to the residuary class, not numerous in any country, to whom is left the option of pursuing pleasure or knowledge, it is fortunate when there is judgment enough to perceive that these two objects can be identified in one pursuit. Knowledge is never so successfully cultivated as when it becomes a pleasure, and no pleasure is more permanent than the successful pursuit of knowledge, combined, as it should be, with moral progress. Natural gifts and variations of aptitude qualify men to tread with advantage the special paths of art and science; and such gifts are most frequently born in and with them, and cannot be imparted from without. A musical ear, an artistic eye and a poetic sense are not to be created in any man. We might as well expect to endow him with the sagacity of the hound, the quick ear of the hare, or the lightning sense of danger which preserves and insures the perilous life of the summer insect.

The man of robust though ungainly frame, may make a first-rate laborer; the slender, shy and delicate youth may shine in the walks of literature; the man of strong voice and prompt and comprehensive intellect may take precedence as an orator. But transpose these conditions, and we have a result of mistakes and failures. What God hath put asunder, man cannot well join together.

I have dwelt on the importance of a special and well-selected path of study as leading to success in education, and not less in subsequent life. Nevertheless, the necessity of absolute confinement to this path is to be accepted with great modifications. A youth with vigorous and varied powers will not easily restrict himself to a beaten track, but as his mind grows he will become discursive in his aspirations. He will carry along with him, not only the adopted or select pursuits which have enabled him to serve, to impress or to excel others, but he will also be prompted, both before and after he has grown up, to entertain himself and to extend his relations with those who surround him, by devoting his surplus time, which his very success has given him, to the enlargement of his sphere of occupation. Every professional man, however efficient and prosperous he may be in the discharge of his daily routine, must have, if he would not rust, some collateral pursuits, some by-play of life, in which he may recreate himself and keep up a wholesome freshness by intercourse with congenial minds, and at times with the ideal world. Our country has been called in reproach the arena of a cultivated mediocrity. Happy would it be if all mankind could be brought up even to that level. A cultivated mediocrity is the boundless soil from out of which must spring at times the vigorous and

favored shoots of genius, sparse and exceptional though they may be, yet sufficient to supply the just needs of mankind,—various and eccentric in their character, yet conspiring to dignify and ennoble our race. Men cannot all be geniuses, yet there are many in whom exist the germs of art, poetry and eloquence, the love of beauty, the sense of the ideal, and the perception of the unseen. These are the men who, when discov ered and brought out, delight, attract and impress the world; who are generally appreciated, though not often followed; whose presence and inspiration are necessary to the enjoyment and the upward progress of the human race. They spread the sails in the adventurous and perilous voyage of life, while others hold the helm and labor at the ropes.

Our country, with its vast territory, its inviting regions, its various population, its untrammelled freedom, looks forward now to a future which hitherto it has hardly dared to anticipate. Let us hopefully await the period when the world shall do homage to our national refinement, as it now does to our national strength; when the column shall have received its Corinthian capital; and when the proportions of the native oak shall be decorated, but not concealed, by the cultivated luxuriance of vines and flowers.

CARE OF CATTLE IN SWITZERLAND.

If there is one thing in which the Argovian takes particular pride, and in which he particularly excels, it is to the care of his cattle. They are elephants in size, and their glossy hides betoken some peculiar art on the part of their masters. Not a particle of dust or straw is allowed to cling to them, and they are combed and washed as only horses are elsewhere, not with a *curry-comb*, but with old cards, which, being finer and softer, are more agreeable to the animal, and improve the fineness of the hair. This receives an additional lustre by being rubbed with old flannel. They actually shine; and the gentle creatures have an evident consciousness of their beauty, for they are careful not to soil their ashy grey and chestnut robes, by lying in the mud when allowed to take a walk. Animals can acquire, if they have not by nature, a fine sensibility, and when they have once experienced the pleasant sensation of cleanliness, learn to take care of themselves. Not only do they exercise this care for the person of the animal, but are at the pains of removing every feather and unpalatable substance from their food; and the water-troughs from which they drink are kept as clean as if human beings resorted to them. If any body doubts the efficacy of these means, let him come and see not only how large, but how intelligent these dumb animals look; how they watch every motion of those who talk to them, and listen to all they say. What an affectionate moan they will utter, to welcome the milkers, who are always men, as they say, "women tickle the cow, and never take all the milk from the udders, so that they give less and less." It is said of them that an Argovian will send for the doctor for his cow a great deal quicker than for his wife; but we did not see any evidence that he was not sufficiently attentive to both.—*Cottages of the Alps.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

On the 14th and 15th inst., a Convention for the Promotion of Universal Peace was held in Boston, and proved highly interesting. Six sessions were held, and the Declaration of Sentiment unanimously adopted, of thorough opposition to all war and all resort to deadly force; of the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man; of the supremacy of the divine law of love; to use all consistent means of self-sacrifice and moral suasion for the promotion of pure peace principles, and to recommend to all nations the settlement of difficulties by an international tribunal of arbitration.

No elaborate constitution was adopted, feeling that "the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life," the only organization being the appointment of officers to transact the necessary business, consisting of a President,—Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Mass.,—three Vice Presidents, representing different localities, two Secretaries, a Treasurer, and a large Business Committee, composed of men and women from most of the Eastern, Middle and Western States.

Important propositions were presented, and received the consideration of able speakers. The various movements that make for peace were advocated, and remarkable unanimity prevailed.

Letters were received from many earnest friends of the cause, who were unable to be present.

The next meeting will be held in Providence, the 16th of Fifth month next, which will probably adjourn to meet in Philadelphia about the Ninth or Tenth month.

Communications should be addressed to Lysander S. Richards, of Boston.

ITEMS.

The New York Central Railroad, 556 miles long, cost $31,787,397. The Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, 525 miles long, cost $17,107,632. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, 467 miles long, cost $17,736,353. The New York & Erie, 464 miles long, cost, $31,222,834. The Pennsylvania Central, 411 miles long, cost $31,787,397. The States having the greatest number of miles of railroad, are as follows: Pennsylvania 4364 miles, Ohio 3999 miles, Illinois 3759 miles, and New York 3278 miles. Railroads first began to be generally introduced here about the year 1830, a little over thirty-five years ago, and yet there are now completed and in progress of completion in the United States, 51,284 miles of railroad, more than sufficient to extend

twice around the globe. And there are invested in them upwards of $450,000,000.

A workmen's dining-hall has been established in Dublin, on the principle of supplying wholesome food at cost prices. It accommodates nearly two thousand persons, daily, and the price of a good dinner of soup, beef, potatoes and pudding is only four and a-half pence. The waiters and dishwashers are ladies of rank and wealth, who have volunteered to give their services to the institution until it becomes self supporting.

Recent accounts from Rio Janeiro state that Professor Agassiz has found in his explorations in the Valley of the Amazon more than seven hundred new species of fish—more than double the number he expected to discover.

CONGRESS.—Among others, the following bills were passed in the Senate. A bill appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars in aid of destitute colored people in the District of Columbia; the bill to authorize the establishment of telegraphic communication between the United States and the West Indies; a bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis was passed; the bill to amend the act relating to the examiners of imported goods at New York; the naval appropriation bill was passed with some amendments, one of which provides that the carpets and furniture purchased under the act shall be of home manufacture: a bill to transfer the library of the Smithsonian Institute to the library of Congress was presented, but laid over. The House bill relating to habeas corpus was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

HOUSE.—A resolution was adopted calling for a statement of the expenditures made under the Indian appropriation bill of 1865. The habeas corpus bill was considered and passed, also the following: The bill making appropriations for the civil list. The bill to facilitate commercial, postal and military communication among the several States. The bill for the reimbursement of Pennsylvania for money expended by her during the war, on account of militia called into service to repel invasion. The bill authorizing the construction of a telegraph from the United States to the West Indies was referred to the Committee on Commerce. The loan bill was reported from the committee and discussed in Committee of the Whole, and afterwards passed.

The letter from the Secretary of War was read, stating that at a sale of lands for unpaid taxes on the 11th of First month, 1864, the Arlington estate, including the property referred to, had been bid in for the United States for $26,800, and afterwards turned over to the military authorities, The certificate of sale was in the hands of the United States tax commissioner at Alexandria, but would soon be placed on file in the Treasury Department.

THE FREEDMEN.—Gen Howard attributes the difficulties of the freedmen quite as much to the hostility of the whites and their inability to comprehend the requirements of free labor as to any fault or deficiencies of the freedmen. "In spite of these serious difficulties," says the Press, "Gen Howard finds much to justify the impression that 'before five years, there will be no more use of an agency of the General Government in the Southern States than there is now in Ohio.' The thirst for knowledge among the negroes is almost universal. 'Whole regiments of grown men have learned to read and write during the past two years,' and there is scarcely 'a plantation where already a part of the people are not able to read.' In Virginia it is whispered that 'it is no longer a question whether the negro shall be taught, but who shall teach,' and some of the religious denominations are now establishing schools in connection with their churches. A few industrial schools have been organized by the Quakers, at which 'young girls are learning all sorts of needlework of a practical kind,' as well as 'neatness, order, industry and self-dependence.' The attendance of upwards of seventy thousand colored children at regularly organized schools in the Southern States is reported. A continuance and extension of these efforts to spread enlightenmnnt will eventually exercise a highly beneficial influence. There are many localtiies in which, even already, a much better practical system of labor has been established than was considered possible a year ago. It is only just to concede, too, that not a few of the people of the South are earnestly endeavoring to reorganize society on a fair basis."

BOARDING SCHOOL PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The Springdale Boarding School Property, near Goose Creek Meeting House, Loudoun Co., Va., is now offered for sale on very advantageous terms, to *any suitable Friend* who will open a Boarding School. It is believed there is now a good opening for a school at this place, both Friends and others being desirous to see one established. For particulars apply to

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON.

(Compiled from his MS. notes, by JOHN J. CORNELL.)

Under an humbling, abiding sense of my many infirmities, I am drawn to record a few of the events of my early life.

I was born at Deptford, near London, of respectable parents, on the 8th day of First month, 1779, and had the advantage of a good school education, which was partially improved and cultivated by a fondness for reading, and an association with some of the literary characters of that period. My father and most of the family were of the most rigid aristocracy, and, though I can hardly account for it, yet in early life I assumed and maintained a very different character; and though my associates were very different in their views, I became almost revolutionary in my principles, for a love of freedom, without any distinction of nation or color, seemed innate or natural to my early life; it grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.

My parents were members of the Episcopal Church. My mother was religiously inclined, and no sectarian, and sometimes attended the meetings of other denominations,—the Independents in particular. She instilled into my infant mind that important truth that God was a God hearing prayer, and taught me very early to repeat that excellent digest taught by Jesus, commonly called the Lord's Prayer, and some of Watts' hymns. To these early impressions, with the visitations of Divine love to my soul from time to time extended, I may truly say, "By grace I am what I am."

My father placed me as an apprentice to a man of the city of London, then living at Deptford, a person of considerable property, a carpenter and joiner by trade, and who did much business as an appraiser. He left me at liberty to work or not, as pleased myself; frequently took me out to drive him in his carriage, and made much use of me in the appraisement of property. There were but few houses or taverns in our neighborhood, which were generally let from one to another, that he was not chosen to make an appraisement of.

Before I was 19 years of age, in taverns in particular, I went from the cellar to the attic, and made the appraisal, and he very rarely made any alteration in the price I affixed. His character, however, was loose, and his example bad. At his death, his heirs gave me my freedom and a chest of tools. Although left at liberty to work as I pleased, I had made myself at that time a very good joiner.

I then went to work with a man by the name of Dean, who was a goodly character. He had imbibed the doctrine of election and reprobation, and we often talked over these subjects, though I know not whether I convinced him or not; he was always friendly, and treated me with the utmost respect while I was with him, and for years afterwards.

After a time, I concluded to go into business

for myself, and commenced with a partner, who turned out to be of licentious habits, and who was the instrument in leading me much astray, being too much like himself, easily captivated. I joined the society of Free Masons, became an Odd Fellow, and attended most of the balls, theatres, and almost every place of amusement.

When I look back to the early instruction by a fond mother, and the dealings of the Lord with me, I feel ready to say, "Didst thou not sow good seed in the field, from whence came the tares?" I sorrowfully realized the effects of being early subjected to improper influences, and, through yielding to evil example, I diverged more and more from the path of rectitude, till I became exceedingly sinful, and indulged myself in the gratification of my passions and propensities almost without limit; but though thus captivated and led astray, I was not always a willing captive for that spirit which, from the beginning is represented as striving with men, often strove with me.

It was Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
That often cried in my startled ear, do thou abstain from sin!
And as false pleasures do ever and anon bring pain,
I repented often, yet as often sinned again.

It is hard for those accustomed to do evil to learn to do good. The first wave of temptation generally sweeps away those resolutions and covenants which are made in our own strength; but thanks be unto God for his inestimable gift, which enabled me to pray, while partaking of the midnight bowl, or going up and down in the dance with my gay companions, that I might be brought out from these vain pursuits. I loved to hear of Christ; I felt the need of a Saviour; and at times went far and near to hear some who were extolled for being preachers of the Gospel. These spoke much of Christ, but did not administer so as to give me any comfort. Among those less noted, and among the Independents, I sometimes felt living aspirations to obtain a knowledge of the God of Truth.

My constitution became so much impaired by my excesses, that I had to resort to a strong draught of brandy as soon as I rose in the morning, to bear me up for a renewed day of vain pursuits. My concerned mother often labored with me, but as she thought ineffectually. I formed resolutions to break off from my evil ways of living, but my old companions would often draw me from my resolutions, till at length I dissolved my partnership, left many of my companions, and seemed to commence a new career. I then contracted new associates, some of whom had imbibed deistical opinions. These appeared to maintain a strictly moral character towards men, hated priestcraft, and ridiculed the idea of prayer; but I having realized that which was taught me by my mother to be true, and a circumstance of great infidelity in one of that number coming to my knowledge, released me from the rut of Deism.

About this time my father deceased, proving, indeed, the uncertainty of human life, he being but little past the meridian.

It pleased the Lord in a few years to break up my false rests, my illusory prospects; disappointment and vanity seemed inscribed on all I met with; and having had a strong predilection for America, I mentioned the same to my mother, who, though her attachment to me seemed almost unbounded, fully consented thereto. Being somewhat embarrassed in my circumstances, she gave security to my principal, and made herself liable for the remaining debts. I took passage at London, in the ship Juno, Captain Clark, and sailed for Philadelphia, and after a passage of a little more than eight weeks, we landed there, a few days after the anniversary of Independence, in 1802.

I remained a few months in that city, boarding with a Catholic family, and went once or twice to their place of worship, no inclination presenting of attending any other meeting. A few cases of yellow fever occurring that season, I concluded to accompany a family who came over in the same ship with me, who were inclined to reside in a new settlement, in the western part of Pennsylvania. I there found, indeed, a lodge in the vast wilderness, where I remained for some time without going to any of the larger settlements; and here I retired more into myself, and contracted the reverse of that urbanity of manners to which I had been accustomed, and a taciturnity of disposition that has pretty much remained with me through the later periods of my life.

It was only now and then that I met with one who could recall recollections of my earlier reading in poetry or prose, or who revived my former relish for intellectual enjoyments.

In my passing along in this, my wilderness travel, I am sensible that I halted when I should have gone on, and too often followed courses that my sense of right did not approve, though I still felt some caution in respect to my movements.

While making a considerable stay in this settlement, which is called Cerestown, I occasionally went to Williamsport, the county town, where I received my letters from England, and where the market for store goods was kept. It generally took us three days to get there from Cerestown, sometimes laying out in the woods one or two nights without any human habitation near.

The first time I went to Williamsport, I found that a chest of tools I had left with a man who came over the sea with me, had been sold, and the man gone. On going into the Court-house, then nearly finished, I saw some of them,

which I purchased. While in that place, I made some acquaintance with young people, but here and at other places, I found that a young Englishman was not an object of much attraction.

On returning homeward from this first visit to the county town, after leaving a small village called Newburg, to cross the Alleghany mountains, Mary Witchell, a ministering Friend from England, with a female companion and some men Friends, overtook me, as I was walking and leading my horse. Mary thus accosted me, Art thou not an Englishman? To which I replied in the affirmative. I mounted my horse, and we rode on together (they being also on horseback) over the mountains, till we came to the Delmar settlement, where we all stopped at the house of a Friend by the name of Wilson, and where a religious opportunity was held. We then proceeded to Norrisville, where we stopped for the night. During our stay there, Mary Witchell had another sitting with the family, in which she was led to speak to me, saying, "If I sought the kingdom of Heaven and the righteousness thereof, all things necessary would be added."

From thence I passed onward to my home, and the Friends proceeded on their way to Canada. The conversation had with dear Mary Wichall, and the impressions received from her were long remembered.

(To be continued.)

ALL INVITED TO HEAVEN.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if *any* man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me." Rev. iii. 20.

"Be it known therefore that every man is born for heaven, and that he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world, and he is excluded who does not."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BE YE READY TO DISTRIBUTE AND WILLING TO COMMUNICATE.

There are evidences of an increase of concern among Friends that the younger members of our Society may become more interested in its principles and testimonies, and that these should be better understood and appreciated. This may be well and deserving of encouragement. It has long been, I believe, the practice among Friends, to manifest a concern for and an interest in their members, encouraging them to faithfulness in the maintainance of their testimonies and to a life in accordance thereto, as is recommended by the rules and advices that have been adopted, in order that they may be one people wherever located. One of the most effectual means to this end, perhaps, has been visiting and mingling with those in the younger walks of life for their encouragement; going into their families and small remotely-situated meetings, the more advanced in life giving their experience in the management of their families, the conducting of their business, as well as their religious experience in obedience to the requirements of Truth. Many young persons have their trials and discouragements, and many difficulties to overcome, in their setting out in life; towards these attention and care should be extended, and encouragement and relief administered. A love may thus be begotten in their minds for their friends, with a desire frequently to mingle with them in religious associations, where they could feel the flowings of Divine love to circulate as from vessel to vessel, uniting all into one feeling of harmony and good will, and separating with their spirits so refreshed, that when the appointed time of meeting again comes, the desire will be renewed to mingle in sweet communion with their friends, and come again under the comforting influence of the Father's Love. Although it may be true that the love of the world, the deceitfulness of riches and the pride of life may have choked the word in many, it remains also true that there are many sincere seekers after the bread of life, desiring to be fed and protected in the true fold.

A visit received about thirty years ago is still remembered with interest. A few Friends were remotely situated within the limits of a small meeting. Our friends John Tatum, Mary Biddle and Lucretia Mott paid them a visit, entered into feeling and sympathy with the visited, gave them their experience in the practice and management of their children and families and business, and manifested a general interest in that which most concerned them, greatly to their encouragement and comfort. It made a lasting impression, and was of enduring benefit to the then young persons who were the recipients of the visit. The feeling begotten then has not been forgotten since. Are not the fields now white unto harvest? Are not young Friends, and some more advanced, too, in want of this kind of notice and care? Let all be encouraged to faithfulness and simple obedience to impressions of interest and sympathy which at times flow towards the aged, the afflicted, the inexperienced, or to whomsoever or wherever the attention of the mind is directed by the inward Teacher,—the still small voice, which says, in the language of impression, "This is the way, walk thou in it."

W. G.

For Friend's Intelligencer.

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

Feb'y. 2d 1866.—Paul said to Timothy "the time of my departure is at hand, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course I

have kept the faith." How blessed so to live in the light of God's truth, and for the truth's sake, as that, at the last when the work is done —when the world is receding, material things are dimly seen, and the realities of an eternal world beyond, press themselves upon our sensative spirits, we can say, in some measure at least, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." W.

LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following letter was addressed to a Friend in answer to one he had written to Sir Walter Scott, inquiring if he had ever met with any writings or Minute books belonging to their Monthly Meeting among his family papers :—

"I received your letter yesterday, and lose no time in replying. I have particular family reasons for desiring to oblige the society of Friends, as two of my ancestors, one by my mother's and the other by my father's side, were members of that respectable body. They were both persons of some worldly distinction; the first was that John Swinton, of Swinton, whose talents were much used by Cromwell in the administration of Scotland, and who narrowly escaped with life after the restoration. He is mentioned, I believe, in Cruize's History, and in most Scottish histories. He was great-grandfather to my late mother; his papers, if he left any, must be with the Swinton's of Swinton.

My great-grandfather's father was Walter Scott, first laird of Raeburn, third son of Sir Walter Scott, of Harden, and proprietor of those lands on which his descendant still resides; he suffered severely for his religious faith, being repeatedly thrown into prison by the orders of the Privy Council: and he, himself, and his wife Isabella MacDougal separated by violence from their children. I could point out some curious memoranda of his sufferings, if it would further the object of the meeting. My cousin, Mr. William Scott, of Raeburn, is likely to know what papers of his survive; their is some correspondence I know, besides what notices occur in the records of the Privy Council. I have a copy of a Pindarique poem on the death of this inoffensive and ill-used man, in which he is highly praised for his learning and talents; he was particularly skilful in the oriental languages. I believe he and his immediate elder brother, Sir Gideon Scott, of High Chester, from whom the present Mr. Scott of Harden is descended were proselytes to George Fox when he visited Scotland. The then head of the family continued a staunch Presbyterian, and it was at his instance that Walter, of Raeburn, was so ill-treated.

If any notices of such meetings as you inquire after are still in existence, they must be at the house of Lessudden; and as I said before my cousin, William Scott, now younger, of Raeburn, will, I am sure, give you access to them-as though neither he nor I have retained the peculiar tenets of the Friends, we are happy to acknowledge ourselves the descendants of one who suffered much for conscience' sake. I have seen, in my cousin's hand, some of the religious discourses of Walter Scott, first laird of Raeburn, which seemed to go deep into the disputed points between the Society and the Church.

If these particulars are of little consequence to the purport of your enquiries, they will at least serve to show my kind feelings towards the Society, in which I have possessed some valued friends now removed, in addition to my claim of ancestral connection.

I am with respect, your friend and well-wisher,
WALTER SCOTT.

Abbottsford, Melrose, 1829

WALTER SCOTT AND JOHN SWINTON.

Gideon Scott, of High Chester, and Walter Scott, of Raeburn, joined the Society of Friends about 1660, and their elder brother used no gentle means to reclaim them to the Presbyterians, for we are told "The interest possessed by Sir William Scott, and MacDougal, (whose sister Isabella, Walter Scott had married, and who united with her husband in the Quaker tenets), was powerful enough to procure two acts of the Privy Council of Scotland, directed against Walter Scott of Raeburn, as a heretic and convert to Quakerism, appointing him to be imprisoned, first in Edinburgh jail, and then in that of Jedburgh; and his children to be taken by force from the society and direction of their parents, and educated at a distance from them. "The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council doe modifie the soume of two thousand pounds Scotts, to be paid yearly at the terme of Whitsunday, by the said Walter Scott of Raeburn, for the education and entertainment of the said children;" "and ordains the said Walter Scott be transported from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh to the prison of Jedburgh where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him." "The magistrates of Jedburgh were charged not to suffer any suspected of Quaker principles to have access to him, as it was thought his daily conversing with the Quakers in Edinburgh had hardened him in their principles, without hope of his recovery unless separated from such pernicious company."

Two sons and a daughter were thus separated from their parents—the sons both proved good scholars. The eldest, William, was like his father, a deep orientalist; the younger, Walter, became a good classical scholar; he was the author's great-grandfather.

The great-grandfather of the mother of Sir Walter Scott, the author, was John Swinton, nineteenth baron in descent of that ancient and once powerful family. He was the person whom Cromwell chiefly trusted in the management of

Scottish affairs during his usurpation. After the restoration, Swinton was devoted as a victim to the new order of things, and was brought down in the same vessel which conveyed the Marquis of Argyle to Edinburgh, where that nobleman was tried and executed. Swinton was destined to the same fate. He was attainted in the Parliament at Sterling, for going over to Cromwell, so he was brought before the Parliament to hear what he could say why his sentence should not be executed. He was now become a Quaker; and did with a sort of eloquence that moved the house, lay out all his own errors and the ill spirit that was in him when he committed the things that were charged on him. He renounced all legal defence, though several pleas were open to him, and answered in conformity with the principles of his sect, that at the time these crimes were imputed to him, he was in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity; but that God Almighty having since called him to the light, he saw and acknowledged these errors, and did not refuse to pay the forfeit of them, even though, in the judgment of the Parliament, it should extend to life itself.

Respect to fallen greatness, and to the patience and calm resignation with which a man once in high power expressed himself under such a change of fortune, found Swinton friends, and with family connections and the Earl of Middletown (out of hate to the Earl of Lauderdale who had got the gift of Swinton's estate), united in recommending him to the king as a fit object of mercy. He was released after a long imprisonment, and much dilapidation of his estates.

It is said that Swinton's admonitions, while confined in the castle of Edinburgh, had a considerable share in converting to the tenets of the Friends, Colonel David Barclay, father of Robert Barclay, then lying there in garrison.—*Friends' Monthly Magazine.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE DUHOBORTSI."

In number 51 of the last volume of the Intelligencer, there is an acccount of a religious sect in Russia, called the Duhobortsi, with which I was much interested, and felt desirous of seeing a more full description of this remarkable people. I have since met with some extracts from Robert Pinkerton's work on Russia, ("Russia and its Inhabitants)," published in 1833, which gives much additional information concerning the Duhobortsi, (the name is here given Duchobortzi), and will perhaps prove of sufficient interest for insertion in the Intelligencer." S. B. F.

"In 1816, after having visited the tribe of Nogay Tartars, that wander with their flocks and herds about the extensive steppes of Little Tartary, on the sea of Azoff, and having made preparations for supplying the villages of German colonists recently settled there with the Holy Scriptures, I purposed, on my way towards the Crimea, to see the Duchobortzi, who live on the river Molochnia, and on the sea of Azoff.

"On approaching the first of their villages, on the Molochnia, I met with a female, and inquired of her where the chief person of the place resided. The answer she gave me was, 'Among us, no one is greater than another.' The next person I met was a shepherd attending his flock, an old man with gray hair. I made my driver stop, and beckoned to the man to draw near. This he did; and uncovering his head, he leaned over his staff, and replied to my inquiries. I asked him if he could read; he replied, 'Yes; I can read the Word of Life.' From this I naturally thought that he was able to read the Bible, and offered him a Tract on the Bible Society. He refused, however, to accept it; saying, that he could not read our books, but only the book of Life, which he had learnt by heart; in other words, that he could repeat the principal doctrines and moral articles of the sect. And when I touched upon some of the articles, as given in my work on the Greek Church, he repeated them distinctly; in others of them his memory failed him.

"I stopped in a second village, and without ceremony entered one of the best looking houses, requesting a glass of water; this a young man readily handed to me. After a little talk with him, I discovered I was in the Chancery, or place where the civil affairs of the sect are transacted. I told him distinctly what my object was in visiting them, and begged him to introduce me to some of their seniors. All this seemed rather suspicious to him; yet he sent for one of the elders who had been in Petersburg as a deputy to the government, and who, soon after, with several of his brethren, made his appearance. After a little talk about Senator Hoblitz, and other gentlemen who had shown them kindness during their stay in Petersburg, they seemed in some degree to lay aside their reserve, and replied more fully to my inquiries. I took out my volume on the Greek Church, and read to the assembly the passages which I had written concerning the Duchobortzi; and I had the satisfaction of hearing them distinctly state their principles in the very terms there given. As soon as I began any paragraph, by translating a few words, they generally gave the remainder exactly as stated in the book. The two prayers they repeated verbatim. One passage only was found to require explanation—that of their having all things in common, (page 312.) This was their practice when they came to the Molochnia; but now every family has its own private property,

cattle, fields, &c., &c. Still they have fields of corn, gardens, and flocks which belong to the whole community, and the revenues of which are applied for the common benefit of the Society. This is also the custom of the Mennonites, who live near them, and of other German colonists; a custom, in their case, independent of religious considerations.

"This extraordinary sect (the Duchobortzi) is settled in eight villages, and consists of about 2500 souls. I saw an individual of them who had been sixteen years exiled to Siberia for conscience' sake. He spoke with great feeling when contrasting his former sufferings with his present prosperous circumstances. He was a fine looking, middle-aged man, and was returning on horseback from viewing his cornfields and flocks, country-like, without his coat. They have been collected from every part of the empire, and are entirely separated from the Greek Church; indeed, it was the object of government in colonizing them here, to put it out of their power to make any more proselytes to their peculiar opinions. Their neat and clean dress, comfortable looking huts, and industrious habits, their numerous flocks, and extensive and well cultivated fields, widely distinguish them from the common Russian peasantry.

"Their neighbors, the Mennonites, and other German colonists, speak well of their morals; but all complain of the reserve and shyness of their character. No doubt they have been taught this by the severe persecutions to which they have for ages been exposed, and out of which they can scarcely yet believe themselves delivered. Their neighbors seem to know but little of their religious tenets. The Mennonites say they are a peaceable and industrious people, but accuse them of hypocrisy; hence, say they, when some of their members were convicted of drunkenness, they denied the fact, and maintained that their members were *all holy*. Very few among them appear to be capable of reading; yet their members seem to have had the doctrines of the sect instilled into them by oral instruction. These lessons are committed to memory. They have no schools for their children; nor did I see a book of any kind among them. I recommended to them the Bible, and offered to supply them with it; but they refused to accept any copies, saying, 'That what was in the Bible was in them also!' I told them that some of their neighbors suspected them of immoral habits; because in speaking of females and children, they did not use the common expressions of 'my wife,' 'my child,' &c.; but 'my sister,' 'our child,' &c. This insinuation they indignantly repelled, exclaiming, 'Are we then beasts!" 'But,' continued they, 'we are accustomed to every kind of false accusation.'

"Their whole aspect, and manner of intercourse with strangers, indicate a degree of shyness and distrust which is quite extraordinary; hence, also, their evasive answers to all direct inquiries respecting their sect. Some of them, however, ventured to speak with me freely, and with warmth, against the use of images in worship. Their assemblies for religious purposes are held in the open air, or in private, according as the weather suits. They say their doctrines are as old as the world; and they either would not, or could not, give me any particulars of the rise of the sect in Russia. It was, doubtless, the heavy load of superstitious ceremonies in the service of the Greek Church which drove the founders of this sect to reject all ceremony and external ordinances of every kind.

"But we need not wonder at these indications of fear and distrust; for at the very time I visited them, as I afterwards learned, intrigues were on foot in order to ruin them, under the twofold accusation of their harboring deserters, and making proselytes. This attempt gave rise to the following rescript from the late Emperor Alexander to the Governor-General of Cherson.

To the Military Governor of Cherson.

"From two reports which you have sent to the minister of police, respecting the settlers in the district of Melitopol, usually denominated Duchobortzi, I observe that you desire to have them removed from their present situation and settled in another. You are led to make this proposition by certain rumors which have reached you respecting their alleged wicked lives and anti-social principles, and their efforts to propagate the same.

"In consequence of this, and also of petitions sent in by the Duchobortzi themselves, praying for protection from oppression, I have already ordered the minister of police to correspond with you, about procuring the most specific information respecting the Duchobortzi.

"At the same time I judge it necessary to call your attention, in a particular manner, to the original occasion of removing these people from the Ukraine and the other governments, and settling them in the Melitopol district of the Taurian Government, on the stream Molochnia. This removal and colonizing took place, as you may learn, expressly by *my* orders, given to the Governor of New Russia, Miklashefskoy, on the 26th of January, 1802; partly on account of the miseries which they had suffered, and partly with the view of protecting them from the improper and fruitless severities used against them on account of their peculiar religious opinions. They are now sufficiently separated from intercourse with the rest of the nation, and thereby a stop is put to the further extension of this sect. For several years past the Government has received no complaints

from any quarter respecting disorders among them; and, on this account, it has sufficient reason to believe the measures already adopted adequate.

"The secession of this people from the Ortho dox Græco-Russian Church is certainly, on their side, an error, grounded on certain false opinions respecting real worship and the spirit of Christianity. This proceeds from a want of cultivation; for they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.

"But, is it proper for an enlightened Christian Government to attempt to bring back the strayed sheep into the bosom of the Church by severe and oppressive means? The doctrine of the Saviour of the world, who appeared on earth to seek and to save that which was lost, can never be instilled into men by force and oppression—can never justify the infliction of temporal ruin on him whom it seeks to bring into the way of truth. True, faith is produced by the grace of God, through conviction; and cometh through instruction, meekness, and, above all, good example. Severity, on the contrary, convinceth not; but hardeneth more and more. All the measures of severity exhausted upon the Duchobortzi, during the thirty years preceding 1801, not only did not root out this sect, but more and more increased the number of its adherents.

"The rulers of several provinces have repeatedly given very favorable reports of the behaviour of the Duchobortzi; though, at the same time, they complained of them for separating from the Orthodox church. The Senators Lapuhin and Neledinskoy Meletski, at the revision of the Government of Ukraine in 1801, having found them there, gave them, in many respects, though they did not defend their errors, a good character; because they judged of them impartially, and according to Christian charity. All these circumstances clearly prove that it is not a removal of these people to new settlements which demands my consideration, but the granting to them speedy protection from all superfluous severities on account of their peculiar opinions in the affairs of salvation and conscience, matters in which force and oppression ought never to have any part.

"The removal and re-settling of them for such a cause, would bring upon them new troubles; and they would thus be punished on account of a mere report, without having the truth of the accusation inquired into and proved. Government never acts thus, on any occasion, or with any person whatever; nor can the Orthodox church, however desirous of bringing back those children who have abandoned her communion, approve of persecution in this matter; which is so contrary to the Spirit of her Head, Christ the Saviour, that He has left to his followers this memorable saying: 'But if ye had known what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless.' Matt. xii. 7.

"It is only by acting according to this spirit, the spirit of true Christianity, that the desired object is ever likely to be attained.

"This colony I therefore commit to your own particular and immediate inspection and care. Not trusting to the reports of any one, you will not fail, impartially, to examine into all the circumstances of the case yourself; learn, in particular, their manner of life and conversation, viewing them with the eye of an impartial and watchful ruler, who seeks the prosperity of government in promoting the good of the different classes of its subjects committed to his care. It is necessary that all should feel that they live under the security and protection of the laws; then it may be expected that they will love and feel attachment to the Government, and look for justice consistent with the laws, which are so beneficent to them. Should you even discover that there are amongst the colonists those who conceal deserters—or they try to seduce others from the National Church into their own way of thinking about religion—then turn the force of the law against such acts only as are contrary to it, and thereby put a stop to the evil. But, even then, it must not be allowed that for the sake of one, or even several offenders convicted of these crimes, that the whole society of the settlers, who have had no part in them, should be involved or suffered persecution.

"On occasions of this kind, when reports and accusations are sent in, an attentive inquiry is necessary to ascertain by whom such accusations are made, and what may be their probable motive for making them. Thus the two Duchobortzi mentioned in your reports, who, after their return to the Orthodox church, accused this society of various crimes, and gave information respecting the wicked lives which its members led, may have done all this out of anger or revenge; for it may very easily have happened, that they themselves were excluded from the Society because of their bad conduct, or left it on account of some quarrel or enmity. The mere accusation of such persons hardly deserves attention at all, and ought never to serve as the foundation of an immediate and severe censure, apprehension, imprisonment, and persecution of people not yet convicted of any evil intentions or actions.

"Even the very examination into a suspected offence ought to be conducted in such a way that the innocent may on no occasion suffer in consequence of it. You will therefore not fail to conform punctually to these my sentiments here expressed; and from following this course I anticipate every possible success.

"In the mean time you will report to me

fully concerning the measures you adopt, and the discoveries you make, after taking this colony under your own immediate protection.

"ALEXANDER.

"*St. Petersburg*, Dec. 9, 1816."

I shall here insert a document which will furnish a clearer view of their principles, and also a specimen of the manner in which they used to be treated by their spiritual judges. It was transmitted to the Governor-General of Harkoff, by Gabriel, metropolitan of Novogrod and St. Petersburg, accompanied by the following letter, dated May 12, 1792:—

"Sir,—Michael Stchireff, Anikie and Timothy Suhareiff, sent by your excellency from the vicinity of Harkoff, have been admonished by Innokentie, rector of the Nevskoy Seminary and Archimandrite. The conversation which took place between them I forward to you, along with this letter.

"I knew this sect as early as 1768. I then admonished them, and succeeded in turning several to the Church; but on their returning home, they again fell into their former errors. Since I became Archbishop of St. Petersburg, I have also spoken to some of the Don Kozacks; but they remain obstinate. Their obstinacy is founded on enthusiasm: all the demonstration which is presented to them they despise, saying, that 'God is present in their souls, and He instructs them; how then shall they harken to a man?' They have such exalted ideas of their own holiness, that they respect that man only in whom they see the image of God; that is perfect holiness. They say that every one of them may be a prophet or an apostle, and therefore they are zealous propagators of their own sect. They make the sacraments consist only in a spiritual reception of them, and therefore reject infant baptism. The opinions held by them not only establish *equality*, but also exclude the distinction of ruler and subject; such opinions are therefore the more dangerous, because they may become attractive to the peasantry. The truth of this Germany has experienced. Their origin is to be sought for among the Anabaptists or Quakers. I know the course of their opinions; and we can have no hope that they will desist from spreading abroad this evil.

"These are my thoughts, which I have considered it my duty to communicate to your excellency.

"With sincere respect, I am, &c.,

"GABRIEL,

"Metropolitan of Novogrod and St. Petersburg, May 12, 1792."

(To be continued.)

"*They shall know Me.*"—To know God indeed, is to have such a knowledge of His glorious goodness as shall fill us with holy *delight* in Him, intense desire after communion with Him, and enjoyment of His favor. Farther, it is so to behold His glory, as to be ourselves *transformed* into the same image of holiness and goodness: to be ourselves "partakers of the divine nature."—*Goode.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 7, 1866.

READING MEETINGS AND CONFERENCES.—We cannot regard with indifference the increasing earnestness for the prosperity of our Society, manifested in many places, by movements designed to stimulate and awaken religious feeling in the young. The various reading circles and meetings which have been established, are doubtless the result of a want that has long existed among us. The fact, that the young and the middle aged, who have many of them held the faith traditionally from their ancestors, are induced to inquire for themselves concerning this matter, is evidence of spiritual life, and it is greatly to be desired that this interest should be sympathized with, and responded to by their older friends.

The remarks of the late Thomas Pumphrey, at a conference of Friends in England to consider similar "means of religious edification," published several months since in the London Friend, are so pertinent to the subject, we offer them to our readers. "It is quite probable," he said, "that in the fervor of youthful earnestness, zeal might not always be sufficiently tempered with wisdom; but he would rather see a little excess in that direction, than the prevalence of that state of spiritual torpor and stagnation, which was not far removed from spiritual death.

The remedy for that which might otherwise run into excess or unadvised action, was not for our elder friends to stand aloof, and merely to lament over unhallowed activity or misdirected zeal, or for them to seek to put it down by a word of authority; but for them to unite with their younger friends in their meetings and classes, seeking to infuse, by a kindly genial influence, their own maturer wisdom, and to help by their enlarged experience. From his intercourse with his younger brethren and sisters, he was prepared to testify to the loving spirit in which the suggestions and cautions of their elders were received; and he felt sure

that such an intercourse as he recommended, would be useful alike to old and young."

The publication office of "Friends' Intelligencer" has been removed from No. 131, to No. 144 N. Seventh St., nearly opposite, a few doors below Race. Open from 8 o'clock in the morning, until 5 in the afternoon.

DIED, on the 3d of Third month, 1866, in Illinois, WEBDEN FOWLER, in the 70th year of his age; a member of Purchase Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

——, suddenly, on the 19th of Third month, 1866, at West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., MARY L. TAYLOR, daughter of Joseph and the late Phebe Taylor, in the 44th year of her age.

Her many engaging and noble qualities attached her closely to her bereaved father and a large family of brothers and sisters. Her strong sympathetic and self-sacrificing nature won her many warm and true friends. Gifted with a fine mind, she was both lovely and interesting. We, who feel sensibly the great loss we have sustained, have the assurance her spirit now enjoys in her Father's house the full fruition of happiness that awaits the pure in heart.

——, of consumption, on the 10th of Twelfth mo., 1865, ELIZABETH A. wife of Thomas Williams, in the 36th year of her age; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting, and daughter of Lukens and Margaret Comly, of Horsham Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on 26th of Third month in Philadelphia, at her nephew's, George S. Truman, ESTHER KNIGHT, in her 78th year; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting and Bristol Particular Meeting, Pennsylvania. Her deportment was that of a Christian; meek, childlike and unselfish.

——, on the 27th of Third month, 1866, MARY B., daughter of John W. and Anna B. Paxson, in her 13th year; belonging to Green street Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 31st of Third month, 1866, HETTY W. wife of W. R. Chapman, and daughter of Rachel and the late Amos Wheaton.

Thus after four days severe illness has been removed from the midst of loving friends one who endeavored to act out "pure religion and undefiled," which the apostle says consists in visiting the widows and the fatherless in their afflictions and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world, and doubtless she has received the welcome of "well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The closing meeting of this season of Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor will be held this Seventh-day evening, 4th mo. 7th, at 8 o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, Jr., *Clerk.*

William Cobbett used to say—That no conversation not fit for the ears of a virtuous young woman was worth hearing, and used to set his face against all association that separated men, especially young men, from their families and members of the other sex. In this there is a sound philosophy. The influence of religion in checking evil conversation, cultivating refined habits and the intellectual and moral qualities in the conversation and deportment of a body of young men, is above every thing else.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

The lecture on the 27th of Third month, was by Dr. Joseph Thomas, on Education. The universal interest and importance of the subject was first spoken of and the meaning of the term defined. To educate is from *e*, "out," and *ducre*, "to lead," means, in its widest sense, to lead out the mental powers, to enlighten the understanding and to develop the character. Viewed with reference to all the powers of man, it seems the great object of the Creator in placing him upon the earth that he should be educated.

Man, especially, of all animals, needs this; his long period of helplessness after birth is an efficient means of education to the parent as well as the to child, while it tends to develop those domestic affections which are so prominent in the human species. The religious sentiment was adverted to as the most distinguishing characteristic of humanity. No other animal but man looks up toward a Supreme being, and no race of men has ever been discovered which is destitute of the sentiment of reverence.

The characteristics of Greece, Rome, China and India, growing out of the predominance in each of a distinctive idea of education, were adverted to. In Greece, the beautiful—in Rome, the heroic—in China, utility—in India, ideality, have been the controlling ideas. Christianity is the only system of religion which has ever taught all the virtues in their fitting relations and proportions. The power of willing and choosing for himself is what makes man godlike; without it there could be no virtue and no sin. It was a fine saying of an eminent German writer, that, "as the strength of the light, so is the strength of the shadow." Moral infirmity and sin are but the gigantic shadow cast by the divine and immortal nature of man.

It is not what a man professes or attempts to teach to others, but what he *actually is*, that constitutes his real influence; the false man necessarily teaches a falsehood, however he may *profess* a respect for the truth. The worldly or covetous man inculcates as far as his influence goes, worldliness or covetousness, whatever profession he may make before the world.

In adverting to the value of education in its relations to the interests of the Society of Friends, Dr. Thomas spoke in warm commendation of the effort to establish Swarthmore College. Though not himself identified with the Society, he recognized the value of persevering and self-sacrificing efforts to promote any views which we fully adopt and approve. Such movements, beside their more direct and obvious results, are useful, as teaching individuals absorbed in the pursuit of wealth the great and indispensible lesson of liberality.

What education is most useful? This ques-

tion was discussed with much zeal and ability, and led to the recommendation of all such mental culture as develops and strengthens the mind. The object should not be to fit the young for the particular line of pursuit which will chiefly occupy their time, so much as to fit them for other and varied mental exercises calculated to relieve the monotony of business life, and to embellish and improve the hours of leisure.

Female education should not be less in extent and variety than that of men, though the tastes and capacities of pupils may be measurably consulted in giving direction to their studies. So great is the importance of habits acquired while young, that the primary school is, in some respects, the most important, and requires the highest capacities in the teacher. Our space will only allow us to give the concluding ideas of this excellent lecture. Dr. Thomas maintains that any teacher who follows the pursuit for merely mercenary motives is unworthy of it; in this respect teaching is like preaching. No teacher is worthy of the charge of the young who has not learned to control his own spirit, and to set a good example in all the great moral attributes, and especially in that strict justice, any departure from which is so easily and instantly recognized by the keen and observing mind of the young.

Review of "A Declaration," &c., published by order of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends (so called) held in Philadelphia in 1828. By Wm. Gibbons, M. D.

(Continued from page 60.)

Article XXXVIII. The Declaration quotes as follows: "Did Jesus Christ, the Saviour, ever have any material blood? Not a drop of it, my friends,—not a drop of it. That blood which cleanseth from all sin was the life of the soul of Jesus."—*Decl.*, p. 25. *Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 41.

George Fox, in his Doctrinals, pp. 644–5, says, "So the blood of the *Old Covenant* was the life of the beasts and other creatures; and the blood of the *New Covenant* is the life of Christ Jesus, who saith, '*Except ye eat my flesh, and drink my blood, ye have no life in you.*' So it is by the life, the blood of this spotless lamb, that all his people *are* sanctified and redeemed to God, and sprinkled and washed, their hearts, consciences, tabernacles, vessels, and altar in the tabernacle; and the fat, or *grossness* consumed by his fire on the altar: by which they come to be a royal priesthood, offering up *spiritual sacrifices* to God through Jesus Christ. So the blood of the new and everlasting Covenant is the *life of Christ*, which all the believers *in the Light* are to walk in, and to be cleansed by it, giving all honor and glory to God and the Lamb, who hath redeemed us to God by his blood."

"And therefore hath He, out of his infinite love, and tender mercies to the sons of men, prepared a way to draw nigh unto them, even while they are in their sins; which he doth not, but through Jesus Christ the mediator of the new Covenant, whom he hath freely given to be a LIGHT unto the dark world, and that he should enlighten every one that cometh into the world: (John i. 9.) Of which number thou [reader] art one, whosoever thou art, and art enlightened by Christ, though thou be yet darkness in thyself, as the Ephesians once were: yet the light shineth in thy darkness, or else there would not be two contrary natures and seeds found working in thee, as there are. And this light wherewith thou art enlightened, *is the* LIFE *of Jesus;* (John i. 4,) which he hath given *a ransom for man.*"—*Stephen Crisp's Works*, p. 125.

On the same subject, George Whitehead, in the Christian Quaker, says, "Was not the object and foundation of faith *in being* through all ages? Did not the prophets believe, and follow the spirit of Christ in them? (1 Peter i.) From whence then was the efficacy of salvation derived? Was it from Spirit, or from flesh? Surely it is the Spirit that quickens: if so, the efficacy was spiritual, *not natural*, or that which *could not be lost.* But whereas so much mention is made of the blood shedding, and so much virtue and efficacy seems to be derived from it, I ask, Is it not *a spiritual, supernatural, virtue, power and efficacy;* that cleanseth, saveth, and justifieth. If it be, how then does it proceed from the shedding of blood *outwardly?* (which shedding by the soldier's spear, was a wicked man's act.) Or from the essence of the blood, if it *perished* and be not in being, as is confessed? And is it good doctrine to say, that the blood, of life, which sanctifies and justifies true believers in all ages, is not in being? When sanctification, purging the conscience, &c., is a real work, can it be done by a thing that is not? And yet we know that Christ, the one offering, the *living* sacrifice, and the blood of the Covenant, which cleanseth them that walk in the Light (1 John i. 7,) IS STILL IN BEING, AND WAS THROUGHOUT ALL AGES."—*Christian Quaker*, pp. 45, 46.

"With what doth this Redeemer ['the Eternal Word,'] redeem? Answer. 'With his own life, *with his own blood*, with his own external virtue and purity. He descendeth into the lower parts of the earth,—becomes flesh there,—sows his own seed in the prepared earth,—begets of his flesh and of his bone, in his own likeness,—and nourisheth up his *birth with his flesh and blood, unto life everlasting.*

"What is this life, or how doth it first manifest itself in the darkness? Ans. It is THE LIGHT OF MEN. It is that which gave light to Adam at first,—again to him after the fall, and

to all men since the fall. It enlightens in nature; it enlightened under the law. It did enlighten under the Gospel before the apostacy; and again since the apostacy."—*Isaac Pennington*, vol. 2, p. 281.

"But in this *notion* of *satisfaction*, he [an opposer] appears very short and shallow; though it be not a Scripture phrase, as T. Danson grants; and though it depend but upon 'some notions of law,' as Doctor Owen saith,—That all men's debts should be so strictly paid, or such a severe satisfaction made, to vindicate justice, by Christ in their stead, which God *never imposed on the Son of his love*, and that for sins past, present, and to come, (as some say,) is inconsistent."—*George Whitehead in Christian Quaker*, p. 322.

The same writer says, "The Quakers see no need of directing men to the *type* for the *antitype*, viz., neither to the outward temple, nor yet to Jerusalem,—to *Jesus Christ*, or to his BLOOD; knowing that neither the righteousness of faith, nor the word of it, doth so direct. (Rom. x.) And is it the Baptist's doctrine to direct men to the material temple and Jerusalem,—the type for the *antitype?* What *nonsense and darkness* is this! And where do the Scriptures say, the blood was there shed for *justification;* and then men must be directed to Jerusalem to it? (whereas that blood shed, is not in being) But the true apostle directed them to the LIGHT, for the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse them from all sin."—*George Whitehead's Life and Light of Christ within*, p. 34.

"For he that delighteth not in sacrifice and burnt-offerings, neither could he delight in hyssop, or water, or blood, *outward or natural*, but in that which melteth the heart, and purifieth the conscience from that which is dead and unclean, in *that* is God's delight; and in that which is melted and broken, and purified by it."—*I. Pennington*, vol. 4, p. 130.

"My first testimony," says William Penn, "is out of that great English author and worthy man, Bishop Jewell, who, speaking of what Christ was to the Jews in the wilderness, says thus: 'Christ had not yet taken upon him a *natural* body, yet they did eat his body. He had not yet shed his blood, yet *they drank his blood.*' St. Paul saith, 'All did eat the same *spiritual* meat;' that is, the body of Christ: 'all did drink the same *spiritual* drink;' that is, the blood of Christ; and that as verily and truly *as we do now.* And whosoever then did so eat, *lived forever.*"—*Bishop Jewell's sermon.*

"I think," says William Penn, "a pregnant and apt testimony to Christ being the Christ of God, before his coming *in the flesh.*"

ARTICLE XXXIX. "And *there is nothing* but a surrender of our own will, that *can make atonement for our sins.*"—*Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 196.

"Nothing can atone for sin, *but that which induced us to sin.*"—Vol. 2, p. 271.

"And what are we to do? We are to give up this life [our will] to suffer, and die upon the cross; *for this is the atonement for all our sins.*"—*Ibid*, p. 272.

This article is composed of detached sentences, taken from the sermons; and in order that the subject may be fairly represented, we will supply the context for explanation; the *extracts* being included in brackets.

"We must die to self, and all its operations. It is the death that is pointed out by the death of Jesus: that was outward, but we must die this inward death in our souls. And when this is the case, it will cause a resurrection by the grace and power of God. For He that raised up Jesus from the dead outwardly, will cause us to be raised up into newness of life; for they that are baptized into Christ, are baptized into his death. And all those that are willing to be baptized into his death, it must be by obedience to the grace of God,—by obedience to its teaching as to what we are to give up and surrender. And what is it? It is the life of man that is to be delivered up, as the natural life of Jesus was. And that answered a peculiar purpose to the Jewish nation, as it put an end to their testimonies, their law and covenant,—that they might enter into a better covenant, wherein the sacrifice was to be the life of the creature [*for nothing can atone for sin, but that which induced us to sin.*] Here we must die to all the sins which we have committed, in our own wills."

"Jesus Christ did not come to do his own will; but the will of Him that sent him. Every thing that we do in our own will, will never do at all; it is transgression. For, by indulging this will, we continually oppose God, and reject his counsel; we take the seat of God in the heart, and exalt ourselves above all that is called God, or that is worshiped. [*And what are we to do? We are to give up this life to suffer and die upon the cross: for this is the atonement for all our sins.*] So far as we give up the life that causes us to sin, so far He is reconciled to us, as in the case of the prodigal."

This great Gospel doctrine was preached by Christ in that "prepared body," as recorded by all the evangelists. "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, 'If any man will come after me, let him *deny himself*, and take up his *cross*, and follow me. For whosoever will *save* his life, shall *lose* it; and whosoever will *lose his life* for my sake, shall find it.'"—Matt. ch. xvi. 24, 25.

"Ye must come to the Word of faith, to which Paul directs, (Rom. x. 6,) by the *hearing* whereof is the justification, and not by a

bare believing that Christ's blood was shed: for it is *the virtue of the blood which saves;* which virtue is in the LIVING WORD, and is *felt and received* in *hearing*, *believing*, and OBEYING *that Word;* thereby bringing into *unity* and *conformity* with him, both in his death, and in his resurrection and life. [That is, to 'give up this life to suffer and die upon the cross,' or surrendering 'our *will.*'] This is the ONLY WAY TO LIFE; be not deceived: THERE IS NOT, NOR EVER WAS, ANY OTHER."—*Isaac Pennington*, vol. 2, p. 58; also parallel passages from *George Fox's Doctrinals*, p. 646, 775, and *Christian Quaker*, p. 205.

(To be continued.)

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Suggested by Hunt's Picture of the 'Light of the World.'

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
Who is there?
'Tis a pilgrim strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before—
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
Undo the door.

No—that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid Him go.
Wherefore with that knocking dreary
Scare the sleep from one so weary
Say Him—no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
What! Still there?
O, sweet soul, but once behold him,
With the glory-crowned hair;
And those eyes, so strange and tender,
Waiting there;
Open! Open! Once behold Him,
Him, so fair.

Ah, that door? Why wilt Thou vex me.
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before,
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! Knocking! What? Still knocking?
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me,
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest,
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping—
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows a picture to a sign
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breath that liveth
Is that strange mysterious door;
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty and forgotten—
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair—
Still a God is waiting there.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FAMILIAR INSECTS.

BY I. HICKS.

(Concluded from page 55.)

The crickets are also singing insects, and as they are very common, we will give them a little notice. The "cricket on the hearth" is more poetical than useful, as we find them. Though they chirp away through the livelong night, we have recollections of carpets gnawed and woolen garments rendered useless by these insects.

Our common crickets are classed as house, field and tree crickets. The field crickets destroy large quantities of grain, grass and leaves of plants, and they do not refuse a bite of fruit. They are said to be very quarrelsome, and to have frequent battles; and as the house cricket is the smallest, it is sometimes recommended to bring in a few field crickets, to clear the house of these unwelcome visitors. The field crickets make holes, into which they carry their provision, by boring with their long piercers into the ground, and they mostly back down into their holes on the approach of man. They deposit numerous eggs in the autumn, which are hatched out the succeeding summer, the old insects mostly dying before winter. We like to see the pigs rooting over the stones, turning up the sods and sticks, searching for crickets, and to watch them smack their mouths with satisfaction over the dainty morsel. Poultry are very fond of them, and the skunk makes a fine supper, in the fall of the year, where they are abundant. Tree crickets are pretty, delicate things, and quite innocent in their looks, and they are great musicians. This shrill sound is produced by rubbing one wing cover against the other. Should one of these little fellows obtain entrance to our chamber, we had better eject him at once, for to the nervous person sleep is out of the question. The wing covers of the male, who is the singer, are nearly white, and the other parts of the body yellowish. The female is pale green, mixed with darker colors on the body and legs.

The tiger beetles interested us very much last season. They deserve their name, for they are very tigers among insects, feeding on cater-

pillars, flies and bugs. On a warm summer day they will often be seen springing up before us, generally by the path or road, and flying ten or twenty feet and alighting again, and then repeating their flight. Their long cylindrical bodies are ornamented with splendid colors, reflecting on the sunshine green, olive and grey, and, when caught, which is not easily done, except when chilled, they are found to be of a brilliant green color. They are armed with long and very strong jaws, to hold their prey; and, from the great amount of noxious insects they destroy, they should be known and respected. There are many other beetles that destroy insects that are injurious, with which we should be acquainted, as through them we are informed of one of the methods the Ruler of the universe adopts to regulate life and production on our earth.

We perceive how wonderfully the Creator has built and formed with delicate nicety the structure of even the smallest insect; how he has provided it with senses and faculties for the end of its creation, and made it an essential part in the economy of nature.

We are well aware that the only true enjoyment is found in a life dedicated to the service of the Divine Master in whatever condition that life may be placed. But the lover of nature finds an added enjoyment, for in the plans, wisdom and beauty of creation he perceives that thousands of these glorious phenomena of life stand before him as monuments of Omnipresent goodness and love, and that ten thousand times ten thousand holy influences and monitions minister unto him.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PETROLEUM LAMP EXPLOSIONS.

These explosions, as they are generally called, are becoming so frequent as to give just cause for anxiety, especially in the rural districts, and in cities among that class who cannot command the conveniences of gas lights. When petroleum was first introduced for illuminating purposes, it was supposed we had found an article reliably safe; but experience has proved that it is liable to most dangerous accidents. Within a short time, the New York papers have reported two lamp explosions, causing the death of three or four persons, and a serious injury of as many more; resulting in one instance, it is said, from attempting to fill the lamp while burning; in the other, the cause not stated.

Perhaps the article is more inflammable now than formerly, and if so, it is probably caused by having combined with it more naphtha. Naphtha, or, as it is now called, "Gasolene," a name which represents both naphtha and benzine, is separated from petroleum in the process of refining, and being worth not more than one-third the value of refined petroleum, manufacturers or refiners find it advantageous to separate as little of it as possible; and being undistinguishable from petroleum by sight, it can be mixed with the merchantable article to great pecuniary profit to the vender, although to the great hazard of fatal accidents to the consumer. There is cause to believe that some accidents have occurred or been much aggravated by the presence of an undue proportion of gasolene. Consumers have to depend not only upon the care of inspectors, but also upon the fairness of venders; for the admixture of a few gallons of gasolene, worth twenty cents per gallon, with a barrel of petroleum, so greatly increases the profit of sales, as to present a strong temptation to adulate.

Petroleum inspectors use a hydrometer, a small glass tube, about five inches long, provided with a grade of figures somewhat like a thermometer, numbering from ten to eighty. When this tube is immersed in water, it will settle to the figure ten: place it in petroleum, and it will sink to about fifty: when tried in gasolene it will sink as low as about seventy-five, indicating a levity, and of course, an inflammability, unsafe for purposes of illumination. A hydrometer, therefore, is a pretty accurate test of the presence of an undue proportion of gasolene, and costing only one dollar, is a neat and convenient test of the weight of other fluids compared with water.

Dealers have another instrument, called "The Oil Test," used for the purpose of ascertaining at what temperature a sample of oil will burn (not explode) upon applying a torch to the surface. This instrument is arranged by having a small metallic cup, with oil in it, placed over a lamp, but sufficiently disconnected to prevent communication between the blaze of the lamp and the oil which is about to be tested. Connected with or immersed in the oil, is the bulb of an ordinary thermometer, so arranged as to be influenced by the warmth of the oil. When the oil does not burn upon the surface, upon the application of a torch, until the thermometer indicates a temperature of 110° Fahrenheit, it is considered strictly merchantable; but either law or the custom of trade, it is said, does not reject an article if it inflames from the surface at a temperature as low as 92°.

This wide range indicates the presence of an additional proportion of gasolene, increasing as the temperature descends from 110° to 92°. The question is worthy of consideration, whether lamp explosions, as they are generally called, do not frequently proceed from, or have their consequences greatly aggravated by, an undue mixture of gasolene with petroleum, as indicated by the above stated range, in different specimens.

There are some circumstances, however, connected with the operations of the oil test, that

are calculated to throw a doubt over the theory that ascribes lamp explosions to the presence of gas in the lamp. It does not appear that any explosion has ever ensued in experimenting with the oil test, and yet as the gas extricated by the process is of the same nature as that which is supposed to produce explosions, it is difficult to understand why the oil in the *test* should not also explode, especially as it is experimented upon by firing the gas, the very thing which is supposed to explode lamps.

In investigating the causes of these disasters, the evidences strongly favor the opinion that in most instances the lamp does not break or burst in consequence of the gas or oil in the lamp becoming ignited; in other words, that no explosion takes place; but rather, like other glass vessels, they sometimes break from causes unexplainable; sometimes by an injury received at the moment, or at some previous unknown or unremembered period, but the extent of the injury was not indicated until it fell to pieces in the hand of the sufferer.

One instance has come to my knowledge of a lamp breaking some quarter of an hour after the light had been extinguished; there was no report like an explosion, and the only intimation heard was a sharp click, peculiar to the breaking of glass vessels. It was not produced by the ignition of gas in the lamp, or it would have been discovered the room being dark. The only change discovered was the fracture of the glass and the escape of the oil. If the lamp at that moment had been burning in a person's hand, it would doubtless have fallen to pieces, scattering the fluid, perhaps in a burning condition, over the person's apparel, and not unlikely, would have added another to the already numerous instances of death by this valuable yet dangerous element. Other instances could be cited corroborative of the sentiment that these disasters are not necessarily the result of what are supposed to be lamp explosions.

If the opinion should prove to be correct, that what are termed lamp explosions do not generally proceed from ignited gas, but from the fracture of the glass by other causes, then the substitution of metallic for glass lamps would greatly reduce the frequency of these disasters: and would also preclude another source of danger, arising from the lamp socket becoming loose in the neck of the lamp; this socket in glass lamps is secured generally by cement, and not unfrequently becomes so loose, that a small inclination of the lamp renders both socket and burner liable to fall over, in which case, the wick, dripping with oil, would be liable to inflame instantaneously.

But *metallic* lamps having the burner fixed by a screw fastening, could be so firmly secured as to preclude accidents of this kind, and also to a great extent it is believed those disasters produced from the ignition of gas in the vessel, if such instances do really occur.

And even if the gas theory should prove to be correct, and the blaze of the wick should ignite the gas in the lamp, there is no reason to suppose that the expansive force would burst a metallic lamp, for it would expend its power, and become inert in a moment for want of a supply of oxygen. It would likely be otherwise with glass, whose power of resistance is exceedingly feeble.

The foregoing arguments favor the opinion that lamp disasters are liable to proceed from other causes than gas combustion, and also, that, whether these accidents arise from gas explosions, from a fracture of the glass lamp, or from other causes, their frequency and danger would probably be much reduced by substituting metallic lamps for glass.

These remarks are offered for the purpose of giving some direction to public opinion in relation to the subject treated upon, and also with the hope that they may lead to the discovery of some preventive, by which these sad visitations may be avoided.

Those who have never witnessed the sad effects of such an accident in their own neighborhood, or among their own kindred, may perhaps be excused for not feeling deeply for the sufferers; but having known, as I have, an interesting young married woman, the mother of two infant children, cut down in a moment, in the vigor of womanhood, and from the enjoyment of health and domestic felicity, prostrated at once upon the bed of death, my tenderest sensibility has been awakened, and has urged me to make an effort towards protecting others from a similar calamity.

The lines of the English Quaker poet, so pathetically describes the scene to which allusion has just been made, that I am more than willing to have them appended.

"A sister,—daughter,—mother,—wife!
At noon,—life smiled before thee,
Night,—brought nature's mortal strife
Day,—death's conquest o'er thee."

LONG ISLAND, 3d mo., 1866. G. F.

Extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to Zambesi and its Tributaries: and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa."

The first twenty miles of the Kongone are enclosed in a mangrove jungle; some of the trees are ornamented with orchilla weed, which appears never to have been gathered. Huge ferns, palm bushes, and occasionally wild date palms peer out in the forest, which consists of different species of mangroves; the bunches of bright yellow, though scarcely edible, fruit contrasting prettily with the graceful green

leaves. In some spots the milola, an umbrageous hibiscus, with large yellowish flowers, grows in masses along the bank. Its bark is made into cordage, and is especially valuable for the manufacture of ropes attached to harpoons for killing the hippopotamus. The pandanus, or screw palm, from which sugar bags are made in the Mauritius, also appears: and on coming out of the canal into the Zambesi, many are so tall as in the distance to remind us of the steeples of our native land, and make us relish the remark of an old sailor, "That but one thing was wanting to complete the picture, and that was 'a grog-shop near the church.'"

We find also a few guava and lime trees growing wild, but the natives claim the crops. The dark woods resound with the lively and exultant song of the kinghunter (*halcyon striolata,*) as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel, a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank, flies on ahead a short distance, and settles quietly down, to be again frightened off in a few seconds as we approach. The magnificent fish hawk (*halietus vocifer*) sits on the top of a mangrove tree, digesting his morning meal of fresh fish, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and, springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off, screaming out his loud, harsh and defiant ha! ha! ha! long before the danger is near.

The mangroves are now left behind, and are succeeded by vast level plains of rich, dark soil covered with gigantic grasses, so tall that they tower over one's head, and render hunting impossible. Beginning in July, the grass is burned off every year after it has become dry. These fires prevent the growth of any great amount of timber, as only a few trees from among the more hardy kinds, such as the borassus palm and lignum vitæ, can live through the sea of fire, which annually roars across the plains. Several native huts now peep out from the bananas and cocoa palms on the right bank; they stand on piles a few feet above the low damp ground, and their owners enter them by means of ladders. The soil is wonderfully rich, and the gardens are really excellent. Rice is cultivated largely; sweet potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, onions (shalots) peas, a little cotton, and sugar-cane are also raised. It is said that English potatoes, when planted at Quillimane on soil resembling this, in the course of two years become in taste like sweet-potatoes (*convolvulus batatas,*) and are like our potato frosted.

The whole of the fertile region extending from the Kongone canal to beyond Mazaro, some eighty miles in length and fifty in breadth, is admirably adapted for the growth of sugar-cane; and were it in the hands of our friends at the Cape would supply all Europe with sugar. The remarkably few people seen appeared to be tolerably well fed, but there was a shivering dearth of clothing among them. All were blacks, and nearly all Portuguese "colonos," or serfs. They manifested no fear of white men, and stood in groups on the bank, gazing in astonishment at the steamers, especially at the Pearl, which accompanied us thus far up the river. One old man who came on board remarked that never before had he seen any vessel so large as the Pearl; it was like a village: "Was it made out of one tree?" All were eager traders, and soon came off to the ship in light, swift canoes with every kind of fruit and food they possessed; a few brought honey and beeswax, which are found in quantities in the mangrove forests. As the ships steamed off, many anxious sellers ran along the bank, holding up fowls, baskets of rice and meal, and shouting "Malonda, malonda" (things for sale,) while others followed in canoes, which they sent through the water with great velocity by means of short broad bladed paddles.

Genuine neighborly love knows no distinction of persons. It is like the Sun, which does not ask on what it shall shine, or what it shall warm; but shines and warms by the very law of its own being. So there is nothing hidden from its light and heat.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City contributions		29 25
" Friends of Wrightstown additional,		30.00
" " " Trenton "		3.00
" " " Buckingham, "		2.45
" " " Middletown, Bucks Co.		65.00
" Israel Paxson,	"	10.00
" Benjamin Satterthwait, N. J.		15.00
" J. M. W.	Ills.	2.75
		$157.45

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer,*
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 3d mo. 31, 1866.

ITEMS.

The Civil Right bill was vetoed by the President on the 27th ult.

Solomon Foot, a Senator in Congress from the State of Vermont, died in Washington, on the 28th of last month.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, the bill to provide for the transfer of the library of the Smithsonian institute to the library of Congress, was passed. Stewart, of Nevada, submitted a substitute for his recent joint resolution. It provides that there shall be no discrimination in civil rights and liabilities, nor in the exercise of the elective franchise, and extends general amnesty in exchange for universal suffrage.

HOUSE.—The bill amending the postal law, was

passed. The bill provides that letters endorsed shall be returned to the writers, that dead letters and prepaid letters shall be forwarded, at the request of the writer, from one office to another without additional charge, and it increases the amount for which a money order may be issued to fifty dollars, and extends the time within which it is payable to a year. The following bills were introduced and appropriately referred: A bill to establish a bureau of manufacturing statistics in the Treasury Department; a bill to grant certain privileges to the American Sub-marine Telegraph Company; a bill to authorize a railroad from Cumberland, Md., to Pittsburg, Pa.; a bill granting lands to the State of Michigan, to aid in the construction of a ship-canal to connect Lake Superior with Lake La Belle, in said State; a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Banks and Currency to inquire as to whether it would be expedient to make the stock of national banks taxable in the place where the holder thereof has his legal residence. The consideration of reports from the Committee on Indian Affairs occupied much attention.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received advices that the Indians are "making ample arrangements to till their lands just as soon as the cold weather disappears."

The Commissioner recently forwarded to the Indian tribes in the Southern Superintendency a quantity of farming implements, seeds, and cereals.

An official proclamation has been made of the ratification of the treaty between the United States and the chiefs and headmen of the Winnecongan band of Dakota or Sioux Indians. These Indians bound themselves to discontinue for the future all attacks upon the persons or property of other tribes unless first assailed by them, and to use their influence to promote peace everywhere in the region occupied or frequented by them. The band agree to withdraw from the routes overland already established or hereafter to be established throughout their country, and in consideration of this the United States agree to pay them $10,000 annually, for ten years, in such articles as the Secretary of the Interior may direct.

THE FREEDMEN.—The report of the superintendent of schools in Texas shows that there were twenty-seven day-schools, eight night-schools, and ten First-day schools, with twenty-eight teachers, and with a total attendane of 2,440 pupils, and these schools do not cost the Government a dollar, being supported by a monthly tuition fee of one dollar and a half paid by each scholar, which sum suffices to support the teachers.

The following circular from the freedmen's bureau, contains information for those applying for laborers.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN AND ABANDONED LANDS, WASHINGTON, March 8, 1866.

CIRCULAR LETTER.

As numerous communications are addressed to this office asking information in regard to procuring colored house servants, farm hands, and laborers, from the number of freedmen in this District, applying for situations through the intelligence office connected with the bureau, and under the charge of Captain Wm. F. Spurgeon, at Wisewell barracks, Seventh and O streets, Washington, D. C., and at the corner of St. Asaph and Cameron streets, Alexandria, under the charge of Major S. P. Lee, superintendent, the following is published for the information of all concerned:

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Parties at a distance desiring servants and laborers are requested to give timely notice, stating in particular locality, terms, wages, period for which service is desired, and other facts of interest, that the agents may be enabled to place the matter properly before the freedmen.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON, OF CANADA WEST.

(Continued from page 67.)

In Cerestown there were not many families, and though some of them were of the Society of Friends, I had never read of nor known their principles; but, as I was now desirous of becoming acquainted with them, I mingled with those making that profession. And here it pleased the Heavenly Father so to open my eyes, that I found that which I had been looking for abroad was to be found at home. I read Penn's No Cross No Crown, and Phipp on the State of Man. The scales fell from my eyes, and I found a Christ revealed in me the only hope of Glory. I now recognized that the Lord had been with me and I knew it not. I felt the love of God shed abroad and extended to me a poor creature, but the vastness of the work before me appeared to be great indeed. I saw I had much to unlearn before I could commence learning to profit in this, to me, new school. Greatly did I desire that I might obtain the righteousness of that kingdom of which dear Mary Witchell spake. I found I must know virtue to supplant vice, that the remainder of that which produced condemnation or wrath in myself I might be restrained. I often made covenants too much in my own strength; these seemed written on sand, and often I had to lament my weakness in bitterness of spirit. Still I felt the redeeming hand, the restraining power of the Most High to be near at times. I said in mine heart, "Thy spirit is good, lead me into the land of uprightness." A departure from the leadings and guidance of this spirit is the source of all the errors, schisms, parties and sects there are in the world, too many being found teaching for doctrine the commandments of men. I have long been persuaded that differences in opinion do not hinder the operations of Divine Grace; that God is no respecter of persons. They that fear Him, and are by the assistance of His Holy Spirit led into the land of uprightness, will be accepted of Him, and this fear, a true Christian's fear, is that which love and gratitude inspire.

Having received an invitation from a young friend living at Cerestown, who was about to be married to a member of the same Society at Muncy, to accompany him, I accepted it, and was permitted to sit in the Monthly Meeting with them. On account of the distance which they came, Friends allowed them to proceed differently from their usual way. This introduced me into an acquaintance with an interesting and exemplary family, with whom at a subsequent period I made some stay. The mother of this family in a particular manner reminded me of that pattern of perfection described by Milton, "Grace was in all her steps, in all her gestures, dignity and love." Here I saw the principles of Friends exemplified in practice, which helped to strengthen my convictions. After becoming an inmate for a while

of this interesting family, I requested to become a member of the Society of Friends. I thought their watchful care might help and preserve me, for I yet found the root of evil was not sufficiently subdued. My request was in much sincerity. Friends appointed a committee to visit me. I could say but little to them. One of the Friends, knowing I received very frequently letters from female friends, thought marriage was my object, which I could truly say was not; but as I was precluded from giving much of my experience, they were not hasty in receiving me into membership.

I think the report of the committee was that under all circumstances they thought it would be best to receive me. Sometime after I had been received, while still living at Muncy, I went to Williamsport and got into company with some young acquaintances there, and a dance being proposed, instead of leaving them, I concluded to stay awhile, but not to partake of the amusement; but, in an unguarded moment, a dance having been proposed, to which they were not accustomed, and I, having been taught by a professed teacher of dancing in England, thought I could show them the way. I got up, and was about giving them the figure, when I was struck with a remorse that went to my soul. I appeared like a fool, and left the company. The anguish of mind felt by me for this early departure, no language can portray. This circumstance occurred at a private house; and I went from there to the bank of the Susquehanna river, where I walked up and down under strong temptation, and from thence went to a tavern, where I found myself in the morning in bed, not knowing how I came there.

I then set out to return to Muncy. About half way there, while going down hill driving pretty fast, the wheel struck a stub or stone and upset the chaise; not being hurt, I lifted up the chaise, got in and drove on. The shock of upsetting roused my mind, and I was impressed with a sense of my deviation, and sought and obtained forgiveness from my Heavenly Father. I reached my destination in safety; said nothing of the circumstance to any at that time, and to but few since; but I have always considered it an eventful occurrence in my life, and as such, thus record it. This miss, though unknown to Friends, incited me to increasing watchfulness and to seek more earnestly for Divine preservation.

Soon after the occurrence just related, I felt my mind drawn to seek a companion, and I earnestly sought for right direction in this important concern; and a helpmeet indeed was given me. I was married, according to the order of Friends, at Fishing Creek, to Ann Eves, daughter of John and Edith Eves, on the 25th day of Ninth month, 1806. She was one of a family of fifteen children, all of whom have now gone to their final rest.

Soon after our marriage we removed to Cerestown, and with a partner who came over the sea with me, I commenced building a saw-mill on a heavy stream, the first one built in that section, with the intention of conveying lumber to a distant market. Most of the mill irons had to be obtained at Williamsport, and labor and provisions being very high, the expense of our undertaking was very great. The first dam, a very expensive one, was carried off by a freshet; the last one, I often thought, was remarkably preserved. We succeeded at length in doing a great business. But not having received much remuneration from my partner for my labor, I obtained a settlement with him, and took the whole of the business on myself; and after having sawed much lumber, and getting it nearly ready to raft, it was all, with the house for sawyers, stabling and other property, consumed by fire. But without asking or receiving any aid, I set about rebuilding the same; and while progressing in the work, was fully brought to the conclusion that I was not in the right place, because I found the lumbering and rafting business not adapted to the needs of my oft deeply-exercised mind, and at length gave up all my concerns in this settlement, and sold my interest in the saw-mill and other property for lumber, to be delivered to me at certain seasons. I then removed to Fishing Creek, where my wife's mother and friends resided. I believe I was right in thus moving, but I realized that if I could take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, the Divine hand could there find me, and I have found that He had a furnace in every place. Then, and many times since, I knew the rod and who appointed it, and at times could acknowledge, "The Lord knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me I shall come forth like gold." And if I had always hearkened to and obeyed the Divine counsel, the gold would not have become so much dimmed or the fine gold changed. If faithfulness had kept pace with knowledge, my usefulness in the Church Militant would have been much more enlarged than it yet has been. Now in these days last referred to, being much reduced in outward circumstances, with an increasing family to support. my soul was humbled. I looked to my Heavenly Father, and said, do with me what thou pleasest. I am the clay; Thou, O Lord, art the potter; make of me what thou wilt. I felt that I was passing through the ministration of death and condemnation, and that there was no other way but to abide therein the Lord's time. I saw the glory of it, and said, Let not thine eye pity nor thy hand spare till judgment is brought forth unto victory; "for if the ministration o condemnation be glory, much more doth the

ministration of righteousness exceed in glory." I bore the yoke and kept silence, for I had no liberty to open my mouth to any. My distress was so great, it seemed at times as if I could wish the mountains and the hills to cover me.

In these days of humiliation, it was given me to see that if I was faithful I should have to declare of the Lord's dealings with me and of His goodness to the children of men. The sense of my uncleanness and unfitness bore heavily upon me, but it pleased Infinite Goodness to sound in my ear, "What God hath cleansed, or is cleansing, call not thou common or unclean;" and I then said in my heart I would yield to the impressions of duty; but often when a word or two came for me to express in the assemblies of the people, I held back, and then sorrow and distress would cover my mind. At length I yielded to an intimation of duty, and broke the silence of a meeting in a few words, in a call to "Awaken unto righteousness and sin not, for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame: too many have not that knowledge that enables them to bring forth the fruits of righteousness." Friends felt much sympathy with me, solemnity covered the meeting, and I returned home in peace.

(To be continued.)

CONTENTMENT.

There are a hundred successful men where there is one contented man. I can find a score of handsome faces where I can find one happy face—happy in all weathers, and radiant with the sunshine of the heart. I can even find a score of working, zealous Christians where I can encounter a single Christian who, under the o'erbrooding love of God, sits as a robin does on its bough, singing and swinging, without one trouble in its heart, or one discord in its minstrelsy. A downright contented Christian is rare, and all the more attractive for his rarity. What did Paul mean when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content? He meant that he was perfectly willing to be just where God placed him, and to do just what God told him, and to suffer just what God laid on him, and to work out, through manifold pains and persecutions, his mighty mission to his race. He knew how to be abased and how to abound—how to be full and how to be hungry. He was not content without work, but content in his work.

Would you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man.—Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength—of what they are capable, throw them overboard! Over with them and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

From Meditations on Death and Eternity.

THE WORLD A MIRROR OF ETERNITY.

How gloriously does not the God, who beams upon us from the Heavenly revelations of Jesus, harmonize with the wonderful God who majestically reveals Himself to me and to all nations, at all periods of time, in the varying beauty and grandeur of nature! Mysterious and grand He appears in His action on the world of spirits. Mysterious and grand in the order of the myriads of flaming worlds, which move in their eternally prescribed orbits, without ever diverging from their paths or coming into collision. Mercifully He reigns in the realm of immortal spirits, where His call to happiness penetrates all beings, and His justice rules; mercifully in the sublunary world, where His love is extended even to the lowliest creature.

The longer I consider and weigh the revelations of the Eternal Son, the longer I dwell upon the spectacle of the infinite creation, the more conscious I become of the proximity of God, the more vividly I feel this is not mere mechanical activity. In all the forms of this sublunary world, through all the play of the hidden spiritual forces, there is revealed a Will full of Almighty Power, an Almighty Power full of Wisdom, a Wisdom full of Holiness, full of Love—and this is God! But the nature of God I cannot fathom. A God whose nature I could fathom would not be God, for even the nature of my own soul is a dark riddle to me. Seek not to know wherein consists the essence of the Highest Being; for the essence of even the meanest creature that He has made is an insoluble mystery to thee. Audacious mortal, the longer thou 'gazest at the dazzling brightness of the sun, the more it blinds thee!

Our knowledge here on earth is but partial, said St. Paul, the wise Disciple of Jesus; "now we see through a glass, darkly, but then we see face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I also am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." (1 Cor. xiii. 12, 13.)

Yea, this world, which is for a short time assigned to us as a habitation, is to me as a darkened mirror of eternity. I see here in part that which I shall one day behold with delight in its wonderful totality. What I hope here, will there be fulfilled; and that which is here but an obscure foreshadowing, will there surround me as a bright reality. And the God of Life, whose glory I behold here only in reflection, will be revealed to me in full effulgence, when my immortal spirit shall be immersed in Him and in His bliss.

The world is to me a darkened mirror of eternity. That which I experience in detached fragments in this life, betrays to me what I shall one day experience in a more perfect life. For in the Divine creation all is unbroken unity; all things are connected; there is no interruption of continuity. In the chain of the infinite universe there are no missing links.

The here and the hereafter, life and eternity, are but ONE, form but ONE WHOLE, without interruption. Were my eyesight sufficiently strong, I should discover in the minute seed, which a single blade of grass suffices to conceal, the gigantic tree which at the end of a hundred years will overshadow a whole valley. In everything there is progress, development.

God has diffused throughout the wide universe a vital force, a secret power of animation. This all-animating power manifests itself on every side, yet how rarely do we notice it! All things are imbued with it, and it is constantly renovating the form of whatever is undergoing dissolution. It acts with wonderful energy in the innermost germ of every seed, draws nourishment from all the elements, attracts towards itself the crumbling dust of ages, spreads fresh life through it, and produces a new plant, whose beauty charms us in spring, whose radiant colors dazzle our eyes, whose fragrance delights us, or whose fruits afford us delicious nourishment.

This vital force resides in every part of animal nature, so that the part is hardly separated from the whole, before, in the midst of decay, new life begins to develop itself.

Thus our earthly body likewise is imbued with this vital force. In every minute part of our bodies, also, the wonderful power diffused throughout the universe is at work. It is placed at the service of our spirit as long as the latter dwells in the body. For the benefit of the spirit it animates the delicate nerve tissues, and causes the blood to flow through the labyrinthine passages of the arteries and veins; for the benefit of the spirit it draws nourishment from the elements, brightens the eye, sucks in the fragrant breath of flowers, and carries the tones of the outer world into the innermost recesses of the soul.

When, however, that which is immortal within us outstrips the earthly coil; when the thinking, freely willing, spontaneous power within us, which is subject to special laws of its own, and which we call our spirit, our real self, takes leave of the body, then the vital power ceases to perform its functions, and the body perishes.

But, in the same manner as these forces and life-impulses always find new materials which they work into new forms, so also the noblest of all forces, the immortal spirit, called to freedom, to bliss, and to eternal endurance, doth clothe itself in a new vesture. It neither sleeps nor dies when its first body passes away; and it will not fail to find a new veil in which to shroud itself, when called, perhaps, to act more gloriously, more perfectly, in the sphere of eternal existence. It must be so,—for *naught perishes.* What is death? Nothing more than transformation. The dead flower is transformed into dust, which in time becomes parts of other flowers. And in like manner as the blind life-force, acting according to the eternal laws of God, continues without ceasing, so also the free spirit of man, when relieved from its earthly coil. Thus this world is to us a darkened mirror of eternity.

What eye can measure the boundless universe of God? The strongest telescope of the astronomer fails to discover its limits. Beyond all the stars or worlds which we discern through his instrument, we behold the faint gleams of the pale light of still more distant and unknown realms of space, which may be the reflection of still remoter stars, located in parts of the infinite universe which will ever remain hidden to man.

The wonderful rapidity with which light travels has been calculated; the relative distances have been measured between the sun and the planets that revolve round him, and which borrow their light from him; but to express the relative distances of the greater number of stellar systems, words and numbers fail us. Stars which we see glimmering in the heavens because their light is still travelling towards us through immeasurable space, may have been long extinguished. New suns may have come into existence at inexpressible distances from us, which we do not see, because the light from them has not reached our eye. So immense is the universe!—Nay, not the universe, but merely the small part of it which we can discover from our earth; and this small part, according to the suppositions of the most distinguished astronomers, is far from the glorious centre round which the worlds revolve. The earth, the sun, the myriad stars, float in the great ocean of space, and revolve round a greater sun which, however, remains hidden from our mortal ken. Each hour the globe we inhabit moves fifteen thousand miles, and each day three hundred and fifty-five thousand miles, onward in space. Hourly and daily the sun, with the eleven planets, (worlds like our own,) and eighteen moons (all of which cannot be seen with the naked eye) belonging to his system, in like manner move along with inconceivable rapidity, without our being able to perceive it. So immeasurable are the distances that separate these worlds belonging to one and the same system, that even after a century's observation, we are hardly able to discern their motion round another—to us unknown—sun.

And these numberless spheres, almost all of which are of infinitely greater magnitude than the globe we inhabit, are intimately connected with each other, in spite of the enormous distances that separate them. Similar to each other in form, they mutually dispense to each other the light which they irradiate, and which is perhaps the same as that which flashes from the thunder cloud, and which beams so brightly in the Aurora Borealis.

Ah! what is the finest masterpiece from the hand of the first human artist compared with the great, the wonderful, the boundless universe whereon God is enthroned! And all these worlds form a unity—are the intimately connected, closely related parts of a continuous whole! From immeasurable distances the one acts upon the other. The moon moves our seas to ebb and flood, and influences the weather on our globe; and in like manner our earth is influenced by the sun, which holds in dependence upon itself, all the spheres floating in space at distances of hundreds of millions of miles from it. In virtue of the as yet undiscovered, and probably ever to us undiscoverable, matter that connects the countless worlds, they are constantly influencing each other. Thus all form but one whole; all are connected by the Almighty Hand of Divine Majesty! And thus this world, little as I know of it, is to me as a darkened mirror of eternity. In this boundless ocean of the universe, wherein nothing is ever annihilated, I also dwell. Like all that belongs to it, I can never cease to exist in it. I also am an inhabitant of the Divine edifice, and the All-Holy One, on whose breath hang myriads of suns, I may call Father! My Father! Here, as there, I am within the bounds of eternity! There is no difference, for all is one! The hours, the years which pass over my head on this earth, are parts of eternity, drops in its ocean in no way separate from it!

(To be continued.)

EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE.—Nothing more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man, who has indulged his tendency, ever gets to the bottom of things, or knows with any nicety the standing, disposition and circumstances of the people he is thrown, or has thrown himself amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of, but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive self, or a train of thought, or liking and antipathies—will always come between him and an impartial judgment. Neither does he win confidence, for he checks the coy, uncertain advances which are the precursors of it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart or be a fair critic, or understand the rights of any knotty question, or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliberating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these —the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal learnings.

THE PRISONER.

"My word shall not return unto me void."

Obedience to the Divine Light in the soul is our only safety. This is the distinguishing idea of our holy religion. In human weakness we may be overwhelmed with doubts if we will not lean trustfully upon the bosom of Him who is Infinite in wisdom and love. If we *will* hear and obey, the cloud will be lifted by the sun, and we shall learn lessons of instruction, often of solemn import to ourselves and others. A year ago when visiting prisons, on one occasion, while standing in one of the corridors where the silent or solitary system obtains, two hundred iron doors stood ajar, but so arranged that I could not see the human faces incarcerated behind them. After uttering a brief exhortation which they could distinctly hear, I felt oppressed with a *sense of discouragement*, fearing that I had not been sufficiently baptized into the condition of the criminals to say any thing that would do them good. Such was my depression on the subject that my spirit sank within me. I stood silent for a few minutes, when I was touched by an influence which said, "*Go to the cell door nearest thee!*" The impression was so imperative and the influence so powerful upon my prostrated spirit, that I did as I was commanded.

As I came in front of the iron bars, I saw a young man of a fine intellectual countenance. He was in tears; and, thrusting his hand between the grating, grasped *my* hand and said, "*May God bless you!*—you don't know how much good you have done me. How I wish *Friends* would come oftener to see us." This poor misguided man in turn became a minister to me; and there, in that solitary home of erring human beings, I learned a lesson not soon if ever to be forgotten.

Divine impressions are from the Author of all our sure mercies. Let us be passive to their influence, and in humble trustfulness obey the Heavenly Leader. We shall often find our false wisdom abased and the word of Life to reign triumphantly to the humbling and contriting of our souls.

I see by the Register of "Friends in the Ministry," that some of them are engaging in visits of gospel love to those in prison. May they keep near the guide, and trust in Him who hath said my word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I send it. JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 3d mo. 20th, 1866.

EXTRACT FROM "THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST."

BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigor, we scarcely know how or when, from mere association with our fellow-men; and from the looks reflected on us of gladness and employment we catch inspiration and power to go on from human presence and cheerful looks. The workman works with added energy from having others by. The full family circle has a strength and life peculiarly its own. The substantial good and the effectual relief which men extend to one another is trifling. It is not by these, but by something far less costly, that the work is done. God has insured it by a much more simple machinery. He has given to the weakest and the poorest power to contribute largely to the common stock of gladness. The child's smile and laugh are mighty powers in this world. When bereavement has left you desolate, what substantial benefit is there which makes condolence acceptable? It cannot replace the loved ones you have lost. It can bestow upon you nothing permament. But a warm hand has touched you, and its thrill told you that there was a living response there to your emotion. One look, one human sigh, has done more for you than the costliest present could convey.

And it is for want of remarking this that the effect of public charity falls often so far short of the expectations of those who give. The springs of men's generosity are dried up by hearing of the repining, and the envy, and the discontent, which have been sown by the general collection and the provision establishment, among cottages where all was harmony before. The famine and the pestilence are met by abundant liberality, and the apparent return for this is riot and sedition. But the secret lies all in this. It is not in channels such as these that the heart's gratitude can flow. Love is not bought by money, but by love. There has been all the machinery of a public distribution, but there has been no individual, personal interest.

The rich man who goes to his poor brother's cottage, and without affectation of humility, naturally and with the respect which man owes to man, enters into his circumstances, inquiring about his distresses, and hears his homely tale, has done more to establish an interchange of kindly feeling than he could have secured by the costliest present, by itself. Public donations have their value and their uses. Poor-laws keep human beings from starvation; but in the point of eliciting gratitude all these fail. Man has not been brought into contact close enough with man for this. They do not work by sympathy.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE DUHOBORTSI."

(Continued from page 72.)

A conversation between the rector of the Nevskoy Seminary of St. Petersburg, Archimandrile, and three of the sect called Duchobortsi, Michael Stchireff, Anikie, and Timothy Suhareiff, in May, 1792.

Archimandrile. By what means are you come into this state that people confine you as men dangerous to society?

Duchobortsi. By the malice of our persecutors.

A. What is the cause of their persecuting you.

D. Because it is said that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

A. Whom do you call your persecutors?

D. Those who threw us into prison, and bound us with fetters.

A. How dare you in this way speak evil of the established government, founded and acting on principles of Christian piety, which deprives none of their liberty, except such as are disturbers of the public peace and prosperity.

D. There is no higher governor than God, who rules over the hearts of kings and men; but God does not bind in fetters, neither does he command those to be persecuted who will not give His glory to another, and who live in peace, and in perfect love and mutual service to each other.

A. What does that signify, "Who will not give His glory unto another." To whom other?

D. Read the second commandment, and you will know?

A. I perceive then that you mean to throw censure on those who bow before the images of the Saviour and of His holy ones?

D. He has placed His image in our souls. Again, it is said that those who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

A. From this it is evident that you have brought yourself into your present condition by falling into error, by misunderstanding the nature of piety, and entertaining opinions hurtful to the common faith and to your country.

D. It is not true.

A. How, then? Do you not err, when you think that there are "powers that be" which exist in opposition to the will of God, whereas, there is no power but of God? or that government, which is appointed to restrain and correct the disobedient and unruly, persecutes piety, "whereas he is the Minister of God, revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

D. What evil do we do? None.

A. Do you not hurt the faith by your false reasoning concerning our holy ordinances, and by your blind zeal against God; like the Jews

of old, whose zeal was not according to knowledge?

D. Let knowledge remain with you! Only do not molest us, who live in peace, pay the taxes, do harm to no one, and respect and obey earthly governments.

A. But perhaps your paying the taxes, harming no one, and obeying earthly governments, is only the effect of necessity, and of the weakness of your power, while your peace and love respect those only who are of your own opinion.

D. Construe our words as you choose.

A. At least, it is far from being disagreeable to you to behold your society increasing?

D. We desire good unto all men, and that all may be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth.

A. Leave off your studied secrecy, and evasive and dubious answers. Explain and reveal to me your opinions candidly, like men who have nothing in view but to discover truth.

D. I understand you; for that same Spirit of truth, which enlightened us in things respecting faith and life, assists us also to discern affectation and deceit in every man. Nevertheless, in order to get rid of your importunity, and with boldness to preach the true faith, I shall answer your questions as I am able.

A. By what way—by the assistance of others, or by the use of your own reasoning powers only, did you obtain this Spirit of Truth?

D. He is near our heart, and therefore no assistance is necessary. A sincere desire and ardent prayers are alone requisite.

A. At least, you ground your opinions on the word of God, do you not?

D. I do ground myself on it.

A. But the word of God teaches us, that God has committed the true faith, and the dispensing of his ordinances, and of instruction in piety, to certain persons, chosen and ordained for this purpose:—"According to the grace of God given unto me," says St. Paul, "as a wise master builder I have laid the foundation."

D. True; and such were our deputies who were sent hither in 1767 and 1769. But what did the spirit of persecution and of wrath do to them? Some were taken for soldiers, others were sent into exile.

A. You doubtless intend by these deputies some well meaning people like yourself?

D. Yes.

A. But you, and people like you, though well meaning, cannot be either ministers or teachers of the holy faith.

D. Why not?

A. Because a church cannot be established by individual authority; as is manifest from 1 Cor 3: 5. Secondly, because special talents and gifts from above are requisite to "make us able ministers of the New Testament." 2 Cor. 3: 6. And thirdly, it is absolutely necessary to this lawful and gracious calling, that we possess that ordination which hath remained in the holy church from the times of the apostles; as it is said, "And he gave some apostles and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Ephes. iv. 2.

D. There is no other calling to this office required, than that which crieth in our hearts, neither doth our learning consist in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but in "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Are the gifts which you require such as to be able to gabble Latin?

A. You do not understand the Holy Scriptures; and this is the source of all your errors. The apostle, in the words quoted by you, does not reject the talents and gifts of acquired knowledge, but contrasts the doctrines of Jesus Christ with the wisdom of the heathen, which was in repute at that time. And that the calling of pastors and teachers always depended on the church by which they were chosen, is manifest from the very history of those pastors and teachers of the church who are eternally glorified.

D. What Holy Scriptures? What church? What do you mean by the Holy Scriptures?

A. Did not you yourself say that you founded your opinions on the word of God? This is what I mean by the Holy Scriptures.

D. The word of God is spiritual, and immaterial; it can be written on nothing but on the heart and spirit.

A. Yet when the Saviour saith, "Search the Scriptures," and gives us the reason of this command—"for in them ye think ye have eternal life"—can He really understand thereby anything else than the written word of God? This is the treasure which He himself hath entrusted to his holy church as the unalterable rule of faith and life.

D. And what do you call a church?

A. An assembly of believers in Jesus Christ, governed by pastors, according to regulations founded on the word of God, and partakers of the ordinances of faith.

D. Not so; there is but one pastor, Jesus Christ, who laid down his life for the sheep; and one church, holy, apostolical, spiritual, invisible, of which it is said, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," in which no worship is paid to any material object; where those only are teachers who live virtuous lives; where the word of God is obeyed in the heart, on which it descends like dew upon the fleece, and out of which it flows as from a spring in the midst of the mountains; where there are no such noisy, ostentatious, offensive, and idolatrous meetings, and vain ceremonies as with you; no drunken

and insulting pastors and teachers like your's; nor such evil dispositions and corruptions as among you.

(To be concluded.)

A little thoughful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy that fell with theirs, now all gone! Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles?

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 14, 1866.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.—This College, located on north College Avenue, was the first in the world regularly organized for the instruction of women in the various departments of medical science. From the "Seventeenth Annual Announcement," we learn that the session which has recently closed was attended by a larger class of regular students than any previous one, and that the prospects of the Institution are more hopeful and encouraging than at any former time. Seventy-one students have received the diplomas of the College since its inception, and about two hundred and eighty have matriculated and attended its lectures. "Three of the chairs of the College," the Announcement states, "are filled by its graduates; many more now occupy honored and profitable positions in their respective localities, and others in their professional capacity have entered seminaries of learning, hospitals or establishments, where they receive good remuneration. The demand there is for the services of medical women as teachers and lecturers upon sanitary subjects, evinces, that if to thorough medical knowledge a woman unites high moral qualities and practical good sense, a full career of usefulness is open before her, and success is already assured."

"While the work," the Announcement continues, "has been developing in our own country, the needs of society have been forcing it into notice across the waters. In London, the public papers inform us that 'Miss Garrett has lately been admitted to practice as a druggist.* She went through the usual course, five years' apprenticeship, a preliminary examination in Arts, and two professional examinations, each comprising five subjects. It is said of Miss Garrett that her examination was particularly brilliant, and that the Chairman of the Apothecaries complimented her upon her attainments, expressing a wish that all men were as well prepared.'

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of England has for years been scattering its penny tracts broadcast over the kingdom, instituting lectures upon hygienic subjects, and sending capable women into dwellings of the poor, to teach them how to cook, ventilate and make homes healthful and attractive. Following upon the extensive labors of this association, we find that a 'Ladies' Medical College' was opened in London, Oct. 3d, 1864, under the auspices of a Female Medical Society, which had been formed previously for the avowed object of "promoting the proper education and employment of superior women in the practice of midwifery, and the diseases of women and children." The College commenced with two lectures.

In France, where Madame Boivin and Madame Lachapelle so ably illustrated some branches of the science, that they have been quoted as authorities by the profession ever since, the education of women for certain departments of practice has long been a governmental arrangement; and more than one student of our College has entered that great Hospital in Paris, where young women from the different departments of France, under the supervision of Madame Alliot, a successor of Madame Lachapelle, are trained for the practice of midwifery in their respective localities.

By a letter from Paris, we are informed that 'a French woman, having passed the *Baccalaureate*, has recently requested permission to study medicine *as a whole*, in France. This, the faculty at Montpelier refused. She then sent her request to the *Ministre de l' Interieur* at Paris. He acceded, but on the condition that she will only practice in Algeria, whence she comes.'

The tidal waves of this movement, rolling eastward, have also reached Russia. Within a few months a medical officer in the Russian service visited the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, to obtain information in reference to the medical education of women in America. He had been requested by the Emperor to institute the inquiry in consequence of the application of a dozen or more respectable Russian ladies for admission into the Medical College at St. Petersburg.

* Apothecaries in England are licensed to practice medicine.

Through another channel we learn 'that at this present moment there are two Russian ladies regularly admitted at the Medical University in Zurich, Switzerland—one of the best Universities in Europe.'

Thus we perceive that this movement is almost co-extensive with civilization. It has evidently occurred in the ripeness of time as a result of the growth of society: it is clearly a necessity of the age, that cannot be stopped or put aside.

What modifications it may yet induce in the state of medical practice, we cannot tell. But, as in all social movements where man and woman co-operate, the general standard has been refined, ennobled and enlarged, so we fully believe that the science and art of medicine will be made more complete and beneficent through the insight and knowledge of woman."

The publication office of "Friends Intelligencer" has been removed from No. 131 to 144 N. Seventh St., nearly opposite, a few doors below Race. Open from 8 o'clock in the morning, until 5 in the afternoon.

DIED, of typhoid fever, on the 10th of Tenth month, 1865, at the residence of his father, in New Castle Co., Del., WILLIAM, son of Amos and Martha Sharpless, in the 28th year of his age; a member of Hockessin Particular Meeting.

——, on the 14th of Third month, 1866, at Harrisville, Harrison Co., Ohio, MARY RHOADS, widow of Joseph Rhoads, in the 88th year of her age; a member of Short Creek Monthly Meeting. Innocence and trust were the characteristics of her life, and her end was peace.

——, on the 1st of Second month, 1866, at his residence near Fallston, AMOS BENSON, in the 87th year of his age; a member of Little Falls Particular and Monthly Meetings.

Our dear Friend lived a quiet, unobtrusive life, and during his sickness, which was protracted, he furnished comfortable evidence to his family and friends that he was prepared for an entrance into the blessed kingdom of eternal rest and peace. At one time he said, "I have always felt a care to do right, and though I have sometimes missed it, I do not feel it now to stand against me, as I see nothing in my way." He was much favored with clearness of mind, and gave suitable counsel to his children and descendants, advising them to live plainly and humbly, to live in peace with all, and not to be too much concerned for the world.

——, on the 7th of Second month, 1866, in Warminster, MARY D., wife of Morris P. Jarrett and daughter of the late Seth and Jane Davis, in the 36th year of her age; a member of Horsham Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on the 6th of Twelfth month, 1865, of diphtheria, EVALINA LUKENS, daughter of Allen and Mary Ann Lukens, aged 6 years; a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting Indiana.

——, on the 5th of First month, 1866, WILLIAM H. LUKENS, son of Allen and Mary Ann Lukens, aged nearly 22 years; a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting, Indiana.

Review of "A Declaration," &c., published by order of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends (so called) held in Philadelphia in 1828. By WM. GIBBONS, M. D.

(Continued from page 76.)

ARTICLE XLIV. The Declaration proceeds as follows: "Besides the palpable errors we have enumerated, Elias Hicks *and his adherents* deny that mankind sustain any loss through the fall of Adam; asserting that children come into the world precisely in the condition he did."—*Dec.*, p. 31.

In proof of the above assertions, we are referred to The Quaker, vol. 1, p. 183, and Philadelphia Sermon, p. 64, from which I quote as follows:

"Now let us pause for a moment, and see what an unrighteous and wicked act it was in our first parents; *there never was a greater evil done.* And we see now that we are his successors, and that we have every one done the same thing: and not only once, as Adam did, but we have done it many thousand times over." "The desire after knowledge was the thing that tempted them, by presuming to know good and evil without the *Divine Light* that had been given to instruct them, and to keep them from going counter to the Divine command. They were pushed on to decide for themselves, from an apprehension that by so doing, by exercising their own abilities, they would become as Gods, knowing good and evil without the aid of the Divine mind, and counter to the Divine command; but their reward followed the act."—*Quaker*, vol. 1, p. 182.

"Here we don't find that Adam ever transgressed but once; we have no reason to suppose from the history that he did. I consider this view of great moment, for this reason; because people are so weak as to imagine, (and where do they get the idea from, but from the same source as Adam, by seeking to gain knowledge through an improper medium?) they have started the notion, that we are to stand *accountable* for Adam's sin; and that we are *losers* by it. But now, if we reflect rationally, I think we must be *gainers* by it. For if we act as rational creatures, we gain something by seeing a man drunk; for if we have never seen a man drunk before, is it not an example,—a *warning* for us to avoid such an act ourselves? Here we see, now, what the apostle says, and it is true, that 'The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God;' because, if we reasoned as we ought, this act of Adam would be a warning to all his offspring, and would certainly be a benefit to us, if we acted *rightly*. This is my view, and I give it to you to examine."—*Quaker*, p. 183.

"In his childhood, he [Jesus] was perfect in innocency,—free from all kinds of defilement,—as man was created in the beginning: and so

it *might have been* with all that God created, as the Scripture declaration proves. They [our first parents] were made innocent, undefiled, and unpolluted: but without knowledge, and without any capacity to obtain knowledge through *any other medium than their Creator*. They were endowed with a capacity to receive it from him, as a Teacher; but no capacity to obtain *true* knowledge *independently* of their Creator. This I consider to be the state of man in the beginning, and of every child when born into the world."—*Philada. Sermon*, p. 66.

In the above extracts, relating to the state of our first parents, there are some views *peculiar* to Elias Hicks; and therefore not chargeable on the Society.

The brevity of the scriptural account of the original state of our first parents, has opened a field for much speculation, and a diversity of opinions have been advanced by those who have written on the subject: and Elias Hicks has given his views for consideration. In alluding to them, the "Declaration" has used a form of expression which gives them an appearance of more *weight*, as a *charge*, than simply quoting the speaker's words would have done; whilst a part of the context, which is highly important to be known, in order to do justice to his whole view of the subject, is withheld. The *present condition* of man, and what is *needful* for him, is what chiefly concerns us. To this condition the Sermon speaks in the emphatic language of Scripture, "All have sinned, and fallen short of the glory of God," and stand in need of being born again.

The Society holds to the clear testimony of Ezekiel the prophet, and in other parts of Scripture, That no man is answerable for the sins of another; and hence, that none of Adam's posterity are accountable for his transgression; or, in other words, we deny the doctrine of *original sin*. Joseph Phipps, on this subject, says, "To account a child guilty or obnoxious to punishment, merely for an offence committed by its parents before it could have any consciousness of being, is inconsistent both with justice and mercy; therefore no infant can be born with guilt upon its head."—*Original and present state of Man*, p. 12.

In continuation of the subject in the Sermons, and in the *next* page to that from which the Declaration quotes, and directly *facing* it, we find the following: "As man was made in the image of God, every act would be a righteous act. But from this happy state *man fell;* from this blessed condition WE ALL FALL: for *all have sinned, and fallen short of the glory of God;* and, therefore, *stand in need of being born again.*"—*Ibid*, p. 67.

The desires of every infant prompt it to the indulgence of the animal appetites, for the support of the natural life: and although this indulgence may be in excess, it incurs no *guilt*, until it grows to the years of religious understanding, or until the command is given, "Thou shalt not eat." From this moment, every human being stands before his Creator as a probationer. For with the promulgation of the law, there is a capacity furnished to obey it, and a consciousness felt, on the part of the subject, of his free agency, as clearly as if it was announced to his outward ear, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." (Josh. xxiv. 15.) Taking up the present condition of man from this point, is there not a striking analogy between *his* condition and that of our first parents? And is not our own experience a confirmation of their history, as given by Moses? "And *when* the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was *pleasant* to the eyes, and a tree *to be desired* to make one wise, [or happy,] she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." Gen. iii.

It would appear by this account, that our progenitors had desires and propensities conflicting with their Maker's command, as we now have them, and that they were *frail*, like ourselves; for they yielded, as it appears, to the *first temptation*. Hence, it is reasonable to conclude, that in *knowledge and experience* they were not far in advance of us. Yet they may be said to have been *perfect:* for a state of entire innocence, and an *obedience* to what is made known to us, however small that knowledge may be, is human perfection. "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked them that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.' And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Mark x. 13—16.

Our first parents had God for their Teacher and Monitor, with no corrupting examples present to allure them from the path of duty. Now, if to these advantages be added that perfection in knowledge and acquirements which is ascribed to them, is it reasonable to suppose that they would have so easily given way to temptation? Granting the premises, they must have been more frail than their posterity.

ARTICLE XLV. "They [that is, Elias Hicks,] also deny the existence of any evil spirit, by which man is tempted, distinct from his own propensities."—*Philada. Sermons*, pp. 163, 166, 257, 258.

In page 293, of the Philadelphia Sermons, we read, "Faith is the gift of God. But this faith in creeds and the traditions of our fathers, what is it? It is worse than nothing. We had better have no faith at all. It is no better

than the faith of devils. 'Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble.' Who are the devils? Apostate men and women, who go contrary to God: they are all devils. Everything that is in opposition to the will of God, is a devil. In short, they are nothing but what *opposes* the law of light and the Spirit of truth *in the heart;* nothing but what is *in opposition* to the law of God: and that devil is *in us all:* as sure as the kingdom of God is in us, so sure the devil is in us."

And in page 163—"Now all that seeking to know God, and this devil, or the serpent, *without*, is the work of darkness, superstition, and tradition. It hath no foundation; it is all breath and wind, without the power. We need not look *without* for enemies, or friends; for we shall not find them *without*. Our enemies are those of our own household: *our own propensities and unruly desires are our greatest, and I may almost say, our alone enemies.*" . . .

"Now the serpent," says Francis Howgill, "was more subtile than all the beasts of the field; for that was *his nature, in which he was created; and it was good in the motion of the power;* and, therefore, Christ said, 'Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' And *though* the serpent was *wise and subtile*, more than all the beasts of the field, till he acted and moved without commandment, and out of the motion of the power, *he was not cursed.* He that can receive this, let him." "And now he went and talked with the woman, and she was good before, being in the motion of the life and power: she also looked out, and not in the power, and reasoned with him out of the power, contrary to commandment;" "and here was the *beginning* of the father of lies, and of him who spoke of himself, out of *the power*, and out of *the truth;* and his beginning is *without foundation;* [that is, independent or distinct from man.] Now he that is wise in heart, read his *generation*, or *who made him.* Now appeared the angel of the bottomless pit, and *not before*,—and made war against the power,—against the Lamb. Pp. 185, 186.

All our propensities and desires are good, "in the motion of the power;" and whilst we remain here, moving and acting in and under this heavenly power, the serpent has no "foundation" in us. "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." John xiv. 30. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, *even of your lusts, that war in your members?*" ("The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.") "Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight, and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts. Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God. Do you think that the Scripture saith in vain, 'The spirit that *dwelleth in us lusteth to* ENVY?'" James iv.

According to Francis Howgill, the "angel of the bottomless pit" had his beginning in man's disobedience; and *out* of man, he is without foundation; and they who are wise may read his generation, and who made and makes him,—in *their own hearts* . . . .

ARTICLE XLVI. "Heaven," they say, "is a *state*, and not a *place*, by any means."

The blessed Jesus taught the same doctrine. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo, here! or Lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is *within you.*" Luke xvii. 20.

The apostle speaks of it as a "state." "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; *but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* Rom. xiv. 7.

"This kingdom," says Joseph Phipps, "stands not in locality, not in any here, or there. It stands in an infinite and heavenly spirit, life, and nature, wherein nothing impure can live or enter." P. 208.

(To be concluded.)

THE GIVER AND THE GIFTS.

The path I trod so pleasant was and fair,
I counted it life's best;
Forgetting that Thou, Lord, hadst placed me there,
To journey toward Thy rest.

Forgetting that the path was only good,
Because the homeward way;
I held its *fullest* beauty where I stood:—
I thought these *gleams* the *day!*

I know I might have seen in every star
That sheds its light on me,
A lamp of Thine, set out to guide from far
My steps toward home and Thee;—

Have heard in streams with bending grasses clad,
Which sparkled through the sod,
The music of the river that makes glad
The city of our God;—

In flowers plucked to wither in my hand,
Or passed with lingering feet,
Have read my Father's promise of a land
Where flowers are still more sweet.

And I have knelt, how often, thanking Thee
For what Thy love hath given!
Then turned away to bend to these my knee,
And seek in these my Heaven!

Forgive me that I, looking for the day,
Forgot whence it would shine;
And turned *Thy helps* to reasons for delay,
And loved not Thee, but Thine.

Yet most for the cold heart with which I write
Of sin so faintly felt;—
This frost of doubt, this darkness as of night,
Thy love can cheer and melt.

On me, unworthy, shed, O Lord, the glow
Of Thy dear light and love;
That I may walk with trusting faith below,
Toward the fair land above;

That I may learn in all Thy gifts to see
The love that on me smiled,
And find in all I have a thought of Thee,
Who thus has blessed Thy child:

And most in what Thy tenderest love hath given—
Those to my heart most dear;
May I, thro' these, look upward to thy Heaven,
In these find Thee most near.
—*Lucy Fletcher.*

LINES.

Suggested by the appearance of a Butterfly in Winter.

Too frail for many a Summer day,
When Sol admits his scantiest ray,
How dare thou fly?
Thou canst not hear a voice of Spring;
Away o'er seas she folds her wing
To pale and die.

Perhaps thou heardst the squirrels leap;
Or did a worm disturb thy sleep
In couch of mold?
Say, did the tiny chickadee
In wanton sport awaken thee
To see thy gold?

For brighter than the mine or mint
Is the rare beauty of thy tint,
Thou almost naught.
If God so fashioned thee with care,
Then they who His own image bear,
Are strangely wrought.

Through Winter's icy mantle rent
We hail thee as a blessing sent
To cheer our way:
For thou canst touch and teach the heart
More than a thousand charms of art,
In ambient play.

Thou hast no voice thou silent thing,
Thou only hast a golden wing,
And yet we love
To see thee in the Winter air,
Though but a breath may chill thee there
From blast above.

It is a simple thought I know;
But when the wintry tempests blow,
Mayst thou be hid,
Not in a silent grave to lie,
But where, when Spring is passing by,
Thou mayst be bid

To rise again—again to shine,
A witness of the Power divine,
In shadows set.
A thing so simple, frail, and weak,
May to some sceptic error speak
Repentance yet.

Prophetstown, Ill. S. A.

Extensive Coal Fields.—The extent of the bituminous coal field surrounding Pittsburg is fifteen thousand square miles, or eight million six hundred thousand acres. The upper seam of coal in this area, rating at an average depth of eight feet, is estimated to contain 53,516,430 000 tons of coal, which at two dollars per ton, or a little over seven cents per bushel, would be worth $108,032,860,000—a sum equal to the payment of the national debt nearly twenty seven times, supposing it to be four thousand millions; or an amount equal to the gold and silver products of California and Nevada for more than a thousand years, even if they yielded one hundred millions annually.

LLOYD'S

Everybody has heard of "Lloyd's." Everybody has seen the word a thousand times in the newspapers, and of all familiar names known to us in connection with commerce, whether at home or abroad, none is more familiar than this. Yet few people, comparatively, have any definite idea of what is comprised under this significant monosyllable, or of the real nature of the establishment to which it gives a name, and which is almost as well known among the merchants of every commercial country in the world as it is in London.

Near the eastern gate of the Royal Exchange, there is a rather confined area, from which a spacious winding flight of steps leads up to a sort of ante-chamber of no great dimensions. Up and down these stairs, between the hours of eleven or so in the forenoon, to five in the afternoon, there is a constant ebb and flow of business faces—not particularly jolly or merry faces at any time, but faces with a responsible expression about them, and of the reflective and calculating character. They are always going up and down, one current meeting the other, and passing, with few words of greeting and no delays. Arrived at the top of the stairs, we are in the presence of Gibson's grand marble statue of Huskisson, the effect of which is more than half lost, from the disadvantageous position it occupies. Then there is a statue of the Prince Consort, by Lough, much better seen, but, as a work of art, not so well worth seeing; besides which, there is Lyddehker's memorial, and that handsome tablet in the wall, placed there as a testimonial to the "Times" newspaper, in commemoration of the exposure by that journal of a gigantic commercial conspiracy which threatened the ruin of the whole of the trade of London.

From this ante-chamber are the entrances guarded by liveried functionaries, to the subscription rooms—for the chambers of Lloyd's are only open to the subscribers, or to those who have business with them. We are suffered to pass on, however, and the next minute are in the underwriters' room. This is a lofty apartment, about a hundred feet in length, and some fifty wide. There is nothing particularly striking in its appearance. A number of large tables and seats, ranged down each side and along the centre, with books, papers, and writing materials, present nothing extraordinary; and yet if you reflect for a moment, that here millions of money are literally at stake every hour—that not a breeze can blow in any latitude,

ot a storm can burst, not a fog can rise, in any art of the wide ocean that girdles the world, ithout recording its history here, in such haracters as tell of loss, discredit, perhaps tter ruin—you may well hold your breath, nd acknowledge that, common-place and mat-er-of-fact as are the details of the spot, it is et a centre of veritable and profound interest. or it is here that the business of marine in-urance is transacted—a business the ramifica-ions of which reach all round the world, and hose operations are so essential to the main-enance of the world's commerce, that were it o come suddenly to a stand-still, one half of he existing traffic of the nations would be par-lyzed. Insurance is continually the basis of redit, even on shore. If you could not insure our life, you would hardly raise a loan on your ersonal security; and if you could not insure our house, the mortgagee would not lend you early the amount upon it which he now does. But at sea the risks are beyond all comparison reater, and the necessity of insuring against hem, of course, correspondingly so. Every rudent man, therefore, who has capital thus ndangered (unless it be such an amount as he an afford to lose, and he is inclined to specu-ate) insures it against loss; if the vessel which s, or which contains, his venture be lost, he ecovers his capital because he has insured it; f it escape the perils of the sea and make a rosperous voyage, he can easily spare to pay he premium out of the profit. The insurers, r underwriters, must of course be men, or rms, who have large capital at command, and hey ought to be men with sufficient prudence nd integrity to restrain them from incurring iabilities which they are unable to meet. We eed not say that the underwriters of Lloyd's tand pre-eminent throughout the world for hese indispensable qualifications.

Those huge books on the tables near the bar ontain daily entries regarding vessels at sea. he one on the right is filled with safe arrivals t the destined port—while that on the left re-ords every species of accident, disaster, and oss, as soon as these causalities are known. here was a rather spiteful gale in the Channel r several entire days last week; and in con-equence you see gloomy, prophetic faces bend-g over the "casualty book," looks ominous disaster, and unfortunately not a few faces hich tell that the omen has been fulfilled.

Cast your eye round the room, and you may e transactions of marine insurance actually gotiating in your presence. You sexagena-an, for example, sitting at the corner of that ble, his chin resting on his clenched hand, and s eyebrows somewhat studiously knit, is list-ing to the under-toned but emphatic talk of e slim, wiry figure standing by his side. The tter is a ship-broker, who has come to effect an insurance for a few thousands on the "Betsy Jane," which sailed for California, round Cape Horn, four months back. She was spoken in latitude 35° south, and longitude 40° west, all well, seven weeks out. The broker offers a certain per-centage for the risk; but the underwriter does not seem fascinated with the premium proposed, and keeps a rather stolid countenance while the other talks on. He knows the "Betsy Jane" to be A 1 on the list, and he knows too that she was spoken with, as the broker says, for that fact is duly recorded in the "books;" but it is a long while since that news came, and the last accounts from Valparaiso said nothing about her. The good ship, in all probability, is perfectly safe, and may be even now entering the harbor; but also, she *may* have gone to pieces on the South American coast, or on some coral reef in the South Seas, or she may have met with ice in beating round the Horn and foundered. Who knows? Such are the elements which an underwriter has to take into consideration in calculating the probabilities which guide his transactions. The "Betsy Jane" will be insured, notwithstanding, for the averages and the chances are all in her favor; but the broker will have to come down with a higher premium than he has offered.

To assist such calculations as have reference chiefly to the risks on our own and neighboring coasts, there is at the end of the room a curious piece of mechanism, called an anemometer, or windgauge. This instrument is so contrived as to register, by means of pencilled records of its own writing, the force of the wind as it is exerted against a large fan on the roof of the Exchange during both day and night, from one year's end to another. We know not what may be the actual utility of this instrument as yet. When the courses and revolutions of storm circles are better known—when the phenomena of air-currents can be delineated on the chart with something like certainty—when that science of which Lieutenant Maury is head and chief shall have been thoroughly thought out and its results fairly mastered—it may be that then every fitful mark of the anemometer may be fraught with sound knowledge, and form a key to the law of storms all the world over. In that case, and whenever that time shall arrive, we may feel assured that the risks of navigation will be less, and the costs of insurance in proportion.

(To be concluded.)

From the Evangelist.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

The 24th of January, 1866, was a white day in my calendar. I passed it amongst the white wonders of the ice of Niagara. For a score or more of years, as old inhabitants assured me, there had been nothing like it. The marvels

of the grandest of the glaciers amongst the Alps did not surpass it. In some aspects they did not equal it.

The morning of Saturday, the 20th, was almost summer-like in mildness, and rainy. But before night the weather grew intensely cold, and the wind blew a gale. The morning of the Sabbath saw the waters of the cataract greatly swollen, and huge masses of ice dashing down the abyss. Whole fields of it, cracked and torn in the rapids above, plunged headlong into the awful cauldron, and were then ground and dashed into myriads of fragments. It must have been a magnificent sight.

But what was more marvellous, the ice had become jamed, or was jamming, from shore to shore; so that on the Sabbath, from the very foot of the Falls almost to the Suspension Bridge—two miles—there was one compact mass of it. The narrow channel could not disgorge the masses which had come from the broader surfaces above, and the accumulations, held more firmly by congelation, choked up the outlet; and when the wild waters swept and eddied underneath, the foot of man could pass in safety from the United States to Canada!

But water and ice had not finished their work in building this marble bridge. It must be lifted and torn and ridged. It must have profound fissures, into which one might look with awe, wild hummocks, and broad fields of terrific roughness—roughness which I can equal in memory only by the lava of Vesuvius, freely poured and cooled from the side of the rent crater, and this was effected by continuous accessions of ice, which, coming over the cataract, plunged under the surface, and by the violence of the water, swept onward, lifted the mighty mass bodily on its back. In this way the ice was perhaps from twenty to fifty feet in thickness!

It was thus that I saw it on the 24th. Going at once down, at the inclined plane, to the ferry—just below the cataract—I crossed over to the Canada side on foot, went to Table Rock, passed under the sheet, and came back as I went. Many others were performing the same feat.

It was a glorious morning, clear and brilliant, and a myriad iciles were pendent from every point where precipice projected. Just under Table Rock a vast column had formed, as if to say, "What is left of this ancient stand-point shall never perish!" Beside it, was a an ice-stalagmite, perhaps two feet and a half in diameter, and just high enough to serve as an altar, and crowned with rounded crystals which might well be taken for crowded garlands. How Nature, in her most fantastic forms, seems to speak of God! Under the Fall, where the rock is hollowed from the above like a scallop-shell, was perhaps the highest concentration of beauty. This was one incrustation of icicles, glittering like diamonds in the sun. Under foot, huge banks of ice had formed, inclining inward, so that the footing was more than safe; the only effort needed—to a certain distance—was to keep from sliding away from the water plump against the rocky wall.

Above, in the vicinity of Table Rock, the whole surface was one glare of ice to the very edge of the precipice; and I shuddered at the thought of a careless step plunging one downward to an awful death. At this point the icy spray was pouring like rain, making thicker and thicker the marble sheet which hid the ground.

In going over I had not sighted well my course, and so found myself in a world of whiteness and roughness. But in returning I marked a path where an eddy, apparently, had deposited a semi-circle of finely ground ice, almost from shore to shore; and on this I made the passage homeward with twice the ease that I had gone abroad. Blest is the path ever that leads us HOME!

Just under the American Fall, and in front of it, I got a view the memory of which a lifetime could not efface. The spray, freezing as it fell, had built up on the icy foundation a succession of hills from thirty to fifty feet in height above the surrounding surface. They were beautifully rounded like a sugar loaf, and almost as white. One of these I climbed, and from it looked down into the awful gloom and madness of the plunging water. At my left, half hidden in the mist, was another, and apparently still another. It was at this point that the sense of awe culminated.

Reclimbing the bank, past ice encrusting rock, and tree, and shrub, ice everywhere, I crossed to Goat Island. The passage to Terrapin Tower was barred and marked "Dangerous." But it was barred more effectively by the ice, which so covered the path by which you descend to it, that it was like letting yourself go from the ridge of the roof of a cathedral to start for it. But finding a place where a descent was possible I let myself down by trees and rocks, and was soon at the Tower. Here, amidst spray and thunder, I caught the final glory. The Sea of Ice was before me; the mad, cold waters rolled and plunged in their awful descent; terror and sublimity held high carnival; while on either hand, arching one from the American and one from the Canada side—as if to whisper of hope and heaven amidst those symbols of perdition and the pit—floated a quivering rainbow. J. A. P.

Culture is symbolized in a tree, whose best fruit is in the *highest* branches.

Feeling dissent, express it with moderation.

From Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

THIRD MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	13 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	2 "	2 "
Snow—incl'g very slight falls	0 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms,	8 "	7 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	8 "	9 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 3d month per Penna. Hospital,	47.49 deg.	40.85 deg.
Highest do. during month,	73.50 "	72.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	25.00 "	18.00 "
Rain during the month,	4.71 in.	2.15 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1865 and five for 1866,	1495	1381

Average of the mean temperature of 3d month for the past *seventy-seven* years,	39.08 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1859,	48.25 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1843	30.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
First month	3.61 inch.	3.14 inch.
Second month	5.83 "	6.61 "
Third month	4.71 "	2.15 "
Totals,	14.15 in.	11.90 in.

The above exhibit shows the month under review of the present year to have been colder all through, including even the *extremes*, than last year.

It was supposed by many that the 15th of the month *this year* was almost unprecedented for heat; but we find that on the 21st of same month *last year*, only six days later, the temperature was a degree and a half higher!

Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, has kindly furnished us with some interesting statistical matter, from which we select the following as the lowest temperatures.

	1843.	1855.	1856.	1866.
March 24,	12 deg.	23	—	—
" 25,	20 "	23	—	20.50
" 26,	21 "	29	—	18.00
" 27,	26 "	35	—	26.00
" 28,	36 "	27	26	32.00
" 29,	33 "	27	27	—

Their record, as above, commences with 1825, and 8 degrees is the lowest temperature they have on record *as late* in the month as the 26th, and yet only two days earlier in 1843, it dropped to 12 deg!

It will be noticed that year has already been chronicled in this review as containing the coldest third month on a record of seventy six years.

The decrease of deaths this year as compared with *last* is worthy of notice. If we deduct the last week's number from this year, so as to make each month consist of *four weeks*, we will have them stand 1495 for 1865 and 1101 for 1866.

PHILADELPHIA, 4th mo. 3d, 1866. J. M. ELLIS.

Report of the Forwarding Committee of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

		Garments.	Value.
No. 31, 1 box,	J. B. Dugdale, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, containing	75	$115 00
" 33, 1 bale,	A. M. Arlott, Centreville, Md	92	87 00
" 34, 1 "	J. Wesley Pritchard, Centreville, Md	96	91 00
" 35, 1 "	Maria Mann, Washington, D. C	34	41 00
" 37, 1 box,	Philena Heald, St. Helena, S. C	174	225 00
" 38, 1 "	Mary A. Taylor, Mt. Pleasant, S. C	98	129 00
" 40, 1 "	E. Ella Wax, Mt. Pleasant, S. C	240	317 00
" 41, 1 "	Gen. John Ely, Lexington, Ky	237	290 00
" 36, 1 "	Almira G. Fales, Washington, D. C	248	162 00
		1294	
" 39, 1 "	Books, Jos. Dutch, Wilmington, N. C		20 00
	1 lot Tools, Cornelia Hancock, S. C.		45 50
	1 bale Dry Goods, Louisa Ricks, Washington, D. C		72 00
	Garden Seeds, to Philena Heald, W. Walton and C. Hancock		25 75
			$1620 25

Total, 15 packages, containing 1294 garments, dry goods, books, garden tools, seeds, &c.

Information has been received that there are now in Washington one hundred and fifty freedmen who have obtained transportation to go East and North, but who are detained in that city for want of clothing, the "supply of men's garments having all been given out. The Bureau has a few shirts and drawers only,—no *coats, pants*, nor *stockings*." The committee solicit cast-off clothing of this description to meet the emergency. Contributions of all kinds may be sent to

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 4th mo. 4, 1866.

ITEMS.

EMANCIPATION COMPLETED IN RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburg letter says that an imperial ukase, just issued, completes the work of emancipation decreed five years ago by the regulation of Second month 19, 1861, and applies it to all the peasants of the state domains. That class, personally emancipated in 1861, had remained provisionally under the administration of the crown, but the government has entered resolutely on the task of throwing many of its works into the hands of private persons. Several factories and forges have already been given up. The new ukase prescribes to the Ministers of the interior and of the Domains the task of agreeing together for putting all the prescriptions into execution in the course of six months. On the 19th of Eighth month next there will be in Russia but one and the same class of peasant proprietors organized in communes.

CONGRESS.—Among the bills passed in the Senate was one incorporating the National Telegraph Company, and one to facilitate the settlement of outstanding treasury balances. The bill, amendatory of the *habeas corpus* act of 1863, and relieving United States officers from penalties under State laws, for acts done in their official capacity, was reported from

the Judiciary Committee. The bill to facilitate postal, military and commercial communication between the States was reported. A joint resolution was adopted, authorizing and requiring the Secretary of War to take measures to preserve from desecration the graves of Union soldiers who fell in the war or died in the hospital, and to secure proper burial-places where they may be interred, and the spot kept sacred forever. A bill to amend and reorganize the national currency act, prescribing new regulations for the delivery of circulating notes, was presented and referred. A reconstruction resolution, providing for the admission of the lately-rebellious States under certain conditions, one of which consists in conferring the privilege of voting upon colored persons who can read and write and pay taxes, was presented by Lane, of Kansas, as embodying the Presidential policy. The veto of civil rights bill was taken up and the objections of the President considered at length. It was finally carried over the objections by a vote of thirty-three to fifteen. The loan bill was taken up, it having been reported from the committee without amendment. After some debate it was passed. It now goes to the President for approval.

HOUSE.—The bill to establish a National Bureau of Education was reported from the committee. The design of the bill is not to attempt any control of the school system of States, but rather to assist and foster them. The bill to facilitate the payment of balances due to United States creditors, and the bill for the transfer of the Smithsonian Library to that of Congress, were passed. A report was made from the committee of conference on the disagreement between the two Houses on the matter of placing portraits of living persons on the Government bonds and currency. It was agreed upon that none such should in future be placed on the securities, and the report was adopted. A resolution declaring that the fraudulent collection and withholding of claims by self-styled claim agents shall be considered and punished as embezzlement and grand larceny are punished, was unanimously adopted. A message was received from the President recommending a modification of the test oath. The civil rights bill was taken up and passed—yeas 122—nays 41. The Speaker then announced that the bill having received the requisite vote of two thirds in each House, over the veto, it had become a law.

THE FREEDMEN.—The assistant commissioner of the freedmen's bureau in the State of Arkansas, in his report for the 2nd month, says, on the question of free labor:

"Almost without exception the planters report that their freedmen laborers are working to their entire satisfaction. He thinks experience has fully demonstrated the fact that good and sufficient laws for the government of the whites are good and sufficient for the negroes; but the people who have been educated under the slave system cannot, or will not see this. They demand some compulsory system for the government of their late slaves, which is only a substitute for slavery by another name."

The Freedmen in Richmond, celebrated the first anniversary of their deliverance from bondage on the 3d inst. Several thousand men assembled in Capitol Square, where an address was delivered. Good order prevailed during the day.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The Spring and Summer Term of this Institution, will commence 5th mo. 21st, 1866, and continue in session twelve weeks. For details see Circular, to obtain which, address the Principals, Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.

ISRAEL J. GRAHAME,
JANE P. GRAHAME, } Principals.
tf. av n fc. 414.

THE Subscribers, Executors of Wm. Hopkins, of Samuel, deceased, will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, on Third-day, 24th of 4th Month, at 10 o'clock, A. M., (if *fair*, if *not*, the next *fair day thereafter*,) one of the most desirable farms on Deer Creek, Harford County, Maryland, known by the name of "Elberton," containing 110 acres, in a high state of cultivation, situated 2½ miles from Tide-Water Canal, and a half mile from the village of Darlington, convenient to various places of Public Worship, Mills, &c.; improved by a dwelling house and barn. Also, at the same time and place, a tract of land, principally wooded, containing 97 acres. Also, another tract of wood land containing 5 acres, ¼ mile from the village of Dublin. Also, 10 acres of wood land, 3 miles north of Dublin, all in said county and State. Also, at the same time and place 8 head of Stock Cattle, &c., &c.

Terms for Real Estate—one-third cash on day of sale, one-third in six, and the balance in twelve months, the credit payment to bear interest, and to be secured by notes or bonds of the purchaser. Personal Property—Cash on day of Sale.

JOSHUA HUSBAND,
SAML. H. MATHEWS. } *Executors.*

STOKES & WOOD, 702 Arch St., would respectfully call the attention of Friends to their large stock of Plain Goods. *The Dress Goods and Silk Department* contains all the new and choice styles of plain and medium fabrics, in silk and wool. *House Furnishing Department*, Linen Sheetings, Table Linens, Napkins, Towelling, Tickings, Muslins, &c. *Cloths and Cassimeres* for men and boys, in every variety. White Goods, including Book Muslins, Tarltons, &c.

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The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of Fifth month, 1866, and continue twenty weeks Terms, $85; one-half payable in advance, the other in the middle of the session. For further particulars address

HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
47 a 6 oaw. Crosswicks P. O., Burlington Co., N. J.

BOARDING SCHOOL PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The Springdale Boarding School Property, near Goose Creek Meeting House, Loudoun Co., Va., is now offered for sale on very advantageous terms, to *any suitable Friend* who will open a Boarding School. It is believed there is now a good opening for a school at this place, both Friends and others being desirous to see one established. For particulars apply to

SAMUEL M. JANNEY,
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☞Please send for a Circular.

GEORGE GILBERT, *Principal.*
THOMAS GILBERT,
M. LOUISE CLANCY, } *Assistants.*
2 ws 13t 5wm wnfnd.

KENNETT SQUARE SEMINARY—FOR GIRLS.—The next session of this institution will commence on the last Third day of Second month, 1866. Inquire for Circular of

32 3m. 4o0. vmo. EVAN T. SWAYNE, Principal.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON, OF CANADA WEST.

(Continued from page 83.)

I now thought the bitterness of death was past, but I had yet to taste the wormwood and the gall. I again felt a state of great desertion, wherein I was made to cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" I had to be baptized into the death of Christ, that I might know his resurrection unto life. The true followers of Christ must indeed drink of his cup and be baptized with the baptism he was baptized with. He suffered unto death, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps. Herein is the mystery of godliness, the mystery of Christianity, the mystery of the death and sufferings of Christ in the flesh, showing us that the way to life is through death, the death of the cross, the sacrifice of self. Every sin must be atoned for by suffering. If any man do wrong, he must suffer for the wrong which he doeth; this is the immutable law of our being. Adam had the commandment, and by disobedience received the penalty. Cain knew the law, and thus it was said to him, "If thou doest well, shalt not thine offering be accepted; if thou doest not well, sin lieth at thy door." By obedience to the working of the mighty power and spirit of Christ within us, we become crucified to the world and the world to us, and we obtain forgiveness for past transgressions and strength for days to come.

In a measure of this strength, and with the help afforded, I endeavored so to walk as to obtain the unity of my friends. A few years after my reception into membership, I was made use of as clerk to the Monthly Meeting of Muncy; and in the earlier part of this service attended a Monthly Meeting about to be established at Roaring Creek, and was made use of as clerk at the opening of the same. At the close of the meeting, (a number of Friends from Philadelphia being present,) Arthur Howell came to me, and in a most endearing manner laid one hand on my shoulder and the other on the flaps of my coat pockets, for I had not fully changed my dress. "John," said he, "these will have to come off, by and by;" and they did come off as Truth opened the way. I mention this trivial circumstance as a caution to those who may read this, that if they see a fault in a brother or sister, to use the most endearing language to reprehend the same, that they may tend to gather.

I was now made use of in disciplinary matters, and frequently had little openings in the meeting with the unity of my friends. The Monthly Meeting forwarded my name at two intervals to the Quarterly Meeting, expressive of their unity with me; but the sense of the Monthly Meeting not being united with, they were returned. At the last time, it was some discouragement to me, having a desire to attend a distant Monthly Meeting. I said in mine heart I was not worthy for whom they should do

this; but I found there were other causes operating. I had the full unity of my friends at home, and accompanied Jesse Haines in a visit to the meetings and families of another Monthly Meeting, and also united with a mother in Israel in the performance of other religious services.

But now was coming a trying time, a time in which I think it may be said, "The leaders of the people caused them to err," holding out the language, except ye believe in this or that, ye cannot be saved. It was a time, I thought, to try men's souls—mine to an hair's breadth. It did appear that for conscience' sake I should become separated in outward fellowship from some very near and dear friends. I prayed, yea, earnestly prayed, if I was wrong in my views, I might be taught the better way; and it pleased the Heavenly Father to revive in my listening ear (for it seemed to me like a voice from heaven,) the language of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, the glory of thy people Israel;" herein believing in the Light as Christ is the Light, and so walking therein, will give us fellowship with his true disciples here below, and in eternity fellowship with the saints in light. And I believe the Heavenly Father has children under every name who walk according to the light afforded them. I think the blessed Jesus is described as saying, "Other sheep have I than this or that fold; them also will I bring, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd;" and gladly do I anticipate a day as described by a friend,

"When sects and parties all shall fall,
And Christ acknowledged Lord of all."

My mind having for some time been drawn to look towards making a settlement in Canada, although doing a profitable business in a woolen factory, oil mill, &c., I began to make arrangements for carrying out such a purpose, and during this time several judicious, feeling Friends visited me and my family, and after a very solid opportunity concluded, though it seemed trying to us all, to leave us at liberty to pursue the course we apprehended best for us, and accordingly we removed.

My wife had a widowed sister with her family living in Canada; with these exceptions we went as strangers among strangers, and such was the agitated state of society here as well as in Pennsylvania, that we had deep trials to pass through. I had also thought myself weaned from any anxiety in reference to political concerns, but at this time great efforts were being made by a party then in power in favor of forming the Episcopal, or by some called English Church, as a dominant establishment, with its attendant loaves and fishes, (the clergy reserves.) My ardent feelings against intolerance, and a strong aversion to priestcraft, led me into some degree of activity, but yet I think with care. My motives were pure, though it might be that at times I felt too much excitement. I found more condemnation from some of our own Society, yes, from some that I much loved and oft felt that I could wash their feet, than I did from my Heavenly Father. This agitation lasted several years; but rectories were appointed, and at last the clergy reserves were divided among the different sects.

Some thought me to be an aspirant, and that I was seeking to undermine their influence; but I can truly say I never had such a thought, and I often wished they could see my heart. I rejoice now in the fact that I have for some time been better known and that there has been more unity felt with me.

In the earlier part of the season in the year 1830, my wife and myself went to Fishing Creek, and on our return from thence, as we took our seats in the stage at Lockport for Lewistown, it was nearly full, and all except ourselves were of the missionary character. One woman in particular, who was about to join in some missionary enterprise, spoke much of the circulation of the Scriptures over the world and the wonderful effects it would produce. I sat silent for some time, but at length I spoke and asked them if the Scriptures were the grace of God that brought salvation that had appeared to all men. They remained still; it was like a silent meeting. At length one spoke, and said it was not. I then gave my views. I told them I rarely passed a day without reading them. I then spoke of this grace, a teaching principle in man, and also of the manifestation of the Spirit of God, that had been given to every man whereby he may profit. I then directed them to Christ, who was before all scriptures were written, and who said, when speaking of them, they testified of him, but ye will not come unto me that ye might have life. They received my little efforts very kindly, and we parted with them in the most friendly manner.

In the 10th mo., 1833, I received a visit from Jonathan Backhouse, from England, who was then on a visit to Friends in Canada. It was to me a very interesting visit. Jonathan did not evince a dominant feeling, but we reasoned together on subjects relating to the differences among Friends.

Not long after this interview I entered into a public dispute with a Methodist minister, who gave me a number of questions to answer, mostly taken from the opposers to Elias Hicks. These I answered, and then asked him some. On the subject of original sin, I asked him, as to the soul or spirit of men, whether it was generated in man or was the gift of God. The question was so unexpected to him, that he re-

plied it was generated in man; but the whole assembly was against him, and this closed our debate; and I believe this little opportunity had a tendency to remove strong prejudices from some present.

(To be continued.)

John Howe says; "That it is not philosophy which is professed by this or that *sect*, but which is true of all sects; nor do I take that to be religion which is peculiar to this or that party of Christians, but that which is according to the mind of God among them all."

THR LATE RICHARD BROTHERTON.

The following additional account of this Friend has been sent us for publication.

Mr. Brotherton was descended from the first settlers of Randolph, and was so well acquainted with the early history of his native town that he was commonly regarded as the town oracle.

In 1682, the great Wm. Penn and his associates purchased East Jersey. Thirty-one years later, the first white man ever known to have made his way into this township purchased of the heirs of Wm. Penn a tract of land, a part of which was in 1774 purchased by Henry Brotherton, the grandfather of Richard; this property has ever since remained in the family. Richard Brotherton was accustomed to relate how his great grandfather on his mother's side, Wm. Schooley, came from Schooley's Mountain and purchased Mill Brook, and started the first grist mill ever known in this vicinity. He was a pioneer, and endured great hardships; once he was obliged to go thirty miles to buy corn of the Indians and to bring it home on his back, walking on the snow with snow-shoes. In 1740, known here as the hard winter, the snow was so deep that horses could not travel; and many cattle perished because it was impossible to get to them to feed them. A neighbor attempting to reach the next house, perished in the attempt, and in the spring was found dead near the gate. At the same time his wife perished alone in her own house.

The first settlers of this Township were Quakers, and the first church was the Quaker Meeting House, the frame of which was raised in 1748. In this house the distinguished Hartshorn Fitz Randolph, after whom the Township is named, was accustomed to worship. But of all those who belonged to the Society of Friends and worshipped in this Quaker Meeting House, no one was ever more esteemed for his kindness, his honesty, his consistency and his piety, than Richard Brotherton. And the respect which he commanded was not confined to the members of his own denomination.

His business (he was both a farmer and a butcher—sending his meat wagon for miles around,) made him, in the course of years, familiar to all the inhabitants of the vicinity. Though these people were divided on other subjects, they were united in their favorable opinion of his character. Mr. Brotherton possessed a kind heart, always in sympathy with the poor and the afflicted. Often in driving his wagon, he has been known to go far out of his way to carry a piece of meat to a sick man or woman, when it was certain, from their circumstances, that he could never receive pay from them. He often received notes from those indebted to him, but never distressed any one for payment. On the contrary, he sometimes destroyed notes, lest, falling into other hands, the poor but worthy debtor might be involved in litigation, or be in some way distressed. This kind regard for the comfort of others, was a lifelong disposition, and continued with him to the last. On Christmas, the week of his death, when hardly able to speak, partly by signs and partly by words, he ordered a basket to be filled with provisions and sent to a destitute family, with the kind assurance that he did not forget them.

A thrifty farmer, he always had plenty of grain; and yet in seasons of scarcity, when the price was high, he has refused to sell, because he knew that his neighbors in the spring would want seed to sow their fields; and in the springtime, when they came to him for this purpose, he let them have what they needed on the promise of being repaid from the next harvest.

He would at any time rather suffer wrong than do wrong. This generous trait of character developed itself in his sympathy for the colored man. The Quaker is by education opposed to slavery. He was so, also, by the instincts of his soul. It did not please him to hear men talk of *giving* to the colored man his rights. He would say, why deprive any one, especially the weak and helpless, of that which belongs to him. He loved his country, but he felt slavery to be a crime, and a blot on his country's character. Hence, when the fugitive from a government that would only recognize him as a chattel, on his way to a government that would recognize him as a man, stopped at his house, he did not betray him. He preferred even to suffer the penalty of the Fugitive Slave Law, sooner than see a human being in distress without a human sympathizer; and therefore, though a stranger, he took him in; hungry, he fed him; naked, he clothed him; and then, with kind words and a little ready cash, pointed him to the North star, and commended him to our Father in heaven.

Mr. Brotherton was a strictly honest man. He was honest to a proverb—for the phrase was current, "As honest as Richard Brotherton." Once, while a director of the bank, a person in drawing his check was supposed by mistake to have been overpaid, but there was

no proof. The other directors proposed to settle the case by putting the man under oath. But Mr. B. objected; saying, "If the man has received the money and will not own it, is it not probable that he will take a false oath, which would only increase his guilt without benefitting the bank? Better lose the money." And his counsel in this instance prevailed. Had he been sharper in trade, more severe with men, and more eager for gain, he might have died a richer man. But he strove to remember the interests of others, especially where his own interests were involved. He believed in goodness and loved it for its own sake; and if in consequence the casket of his soul was less ornamented, yet the gem which it contained shone with purer lustre. Nor did he ever regret it; for on reviewing his way of life, he said, "I know that my estate is less than most people suppose, and this is owing to the many losses I have met with through the leniency I have shown to others; for with all my imperfections I have not distressed any man for debt, nor indulged in a spirit of retaliation, but have aimed to do as I would be done by; nor could any amount of wealth now reconcile me to the idea of having pursued a different course." Earthly riches often perish in the getting; or if not then, they forsake us at death; but he that is rich toward God, has the good part which will never be taken away.

If there is one virtue in which the Quaker, who is true to his principles, is likely to excel, that virtue is patience, or the complete control of one's feelings. In this respect we never knew a man who equalled Mr. Brotherton. He was an exemplification of the words of the Saviour—"In your patience possess ye your souls." He was not a stoic, for the stoic aimed to destroy all feeling. He aimed to control his feelings, and not let them control his judgment. He was meek, and no amount of provocation disturbed his equanimity. He was gentle, for no one complained of provocation from him. He possessed "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." To his patience was added the spirit of resignation, and this resignation was subjected to a severe ordeal.

In the summer of '64, a painful swelling under his chin, which had slowly developed itself, was pronounced by the physicians whom he consulted to be an incurable cancer. His active life was at an end, and he considered his hours of enjoyment to be over, and the days which remained to be days of growing suffering, to terminate in death by starvation. Yet, in view, of this gloomy prospect, he said, "the will of the Lord be done." And through all this period of suffering, which proved to be longer than any one anticipated, not a sign of impatience was shown, not a single murmur escaped his lips. He did not complain of his sufferings, nor of his nurse, nor of the doctor, nor of his lot in any respect. But patience and resignation enabled him to look at the things which are unseen; and this sight made his affliction seem light, while it was working for him, the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

His mind was full of the goodness of God. In his youth he was feeble and expected to die—but his days had been prolonged beyond the average period of human life. His life had been a peaceful and happy one; and now as it was coming to a close, he had the prospect of a more glorious life in the future. Thus when most men would have seen nothing but darkness, he saw only light; and where to the natural eye, nothing was visible but the deepest gloom, he experienced the sweetest joy.

Mr. Brotherton was possessed of a good memory; or his habits of thinking were such that he remembered what he read or heard or saw. Fond of reading, he was more fond of reflection, so that important facts which came under his notice were thoroughly considered and digested. When he was but a lad, Napoleon was holding at bay the armies of all Europe, or invading the territory of each kingdom on the continent, and the accounts which were published at the time were by him so carefully considered, that he was ever after able to describe the principal battles with its chief actors, and to tell the numbers engaged and the numbers slain. The same remark is true respecting the leading events which took place during his life time, among the different nations and especially in his own country; and these events were not only remembered, but important principles were deduced from them, so that with him, history was God in his providence, interpreting the laws of his government as revealed in his word.

This habit of reflection which grew with his growth and strengthened with his years, and which was a part of his devotion, proved to be a source of sweet consolation to him in his sickness, for in his extreme bodily weakness he was able to concentrate his thoughts on God and kindred subjects.

One day he said to us, "I have had a most pleasant meditation; my soul is full of joy, my heart seems to be so sweetly drawn out in love to all mankind." He was much pleased to have his friends call in, especially when they entered into his spiritual state; and some went away bearing with them precious memories of that sick room.

Thankful for the blessings of God's providence, thankful for the kind offices of those who waited upon him, thankful for these friendly calls, and especially thankful for God's gracious presence, his heart at times overflowed with the joy of gratitude. And the pleasant

thoughts which were in his mind by day were in his head by night. Once at least he had a most delightful dream. It seemed that an angel had encamped about his bed and by his presence and conversation refreshed his soul. When about to leave him, he said to the angel, "I cannot let thee go except thou bless me." "Wherein shall I bless thee?" He said, "bless me not in my corn, or my wine, or my oil, but bless me in my devotion to the Lord." His joy on the following day could not have been much sweeter if he had indeed been blessed by some angelic visitor. But his most interesting experience occurred on this wise. He was sitting in an upper room alone, when all was quiet around, and in the stillness favorable to that divine communion which he so much enjoyed, while devoutly exercised in spirit, there seemed to stand before him a visible presence, indescribable, but real, which coming near, spread over him a beautiful white robe; then in an audible voice said, "the Lord Jehovah." This was followed by a state of mind so intensely delightful as to be beyond the power of language to describe, and this exquisite joy lasted for more than an hour. It would seem indeed as if the angel of the Lord had granted his request, and blest him in his devotion. Thus he continued through his sickness. While the outward man was perishing, the inward man was renewed day by day, until he fell asleep.

The writer of this article is a Presbyterian, yet takes pleasure in paying this tribute to the memory of the good Quaker whom he has known for more than a quarter of a century, and only known to love.

Mr. Brotherton is the last of his generation. In early youth he went to the sanctuary of his fathers to worship; and since their departure has continued to go, though sometimes he has there worshipped alone. On the first day of the present year his remains were taken to this old Meeting House, where a congregation larger than could get in had assembled, and there appropriate services were performed by members of the Society of Friends from abroad, who had known him in health and visited him in sickness. His grave will add an attraction to the old graveyard, and the fragrance of his memory will perfume the enclosure. None but the actions of the just, smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Methinks if you would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul,—'tis shown you there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which thro' the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams,
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then passing leaves her in her light serene.—*Southey.*

THE WORLD A MIRROR OF ETERNITY.

(Concluded from page 85.)

When I learn from the observations of distinguished astronomers and natural philosophers, that the size of the sun is more than one million and a half greater than that of our globe; when I learn that the sun probably consists of earths and rocks similar to those of our sphere, that mountains and valleys really appear upon its surface, that it is not, as it seems, a glowing ball of fire, but that it is surrounded by an indescribable luminous vapor in the same manner as our earth is surrounded by clouds; —or when I learn, that even tolerably strong telescopes show upon the surface of the moon entire ranges of strangely-formed mountains and valleys, interspersed with dark spots, supposed to be oceans and plains;—or when I hear that in the sphere which we call our morning and evening star, mountains have been discovered, which far surpass in altitude those of our earth, I am seized with reverential awe, and my mind is lost in amazement at the incomprehensible vastness, at the wonderful construction of the universe, in which I perceive so many globes like our own, and probably—nay, certainly—inhabited like our own by living beings. Beings, the noblest of whom acknowledge and praise God—ah! perhaps more truly and worthily than I do.

Then I see the world as in a darkened mirror; then arise in me feelings never before experienced; then I become conscious that I belong, not alone to this earth, to this fleeting, insignificant life, but also to other kindred worlds; that I have brothers, more perfect and more happy, dwelling in immeasurably distant regions of the grand universe. Language fails me. My thoughts are confounded. I seem to have a presentiment of the infinite. I stand in the midst of eternity. I am immersed in its awful depths!

What manifold forms of life and existence may there not be in those great worlds, that roll so majestically through space! What an ascending scale of ever greater perfection and happiness, of which I, poor mortal, cannot form even a distant conception! Even here on earth I behold and admire the manifold differences which prevail in great and small things. Even here I behold strange inequalities. What variety of mental capacity and power of enjoyment, even among animals! What an inferior creature is not the mussel clinging to the rock on the sea-shore, when compared with the May-fly rising on golden wings through the balmy air of spring! What an exalted position does not the sagacious elephant, the intelligent courser, the dog, the faithful friend of man, maintain at the side of other individual species of the animal race! And what is the instinct of animals compared to the reason of man!

And can we suppose that after calling man into being the creative power of the Creator was exhausted? Can we suppose that man is the most perfect of created beings in the universe, because he is the highest and most glorious being on this globe? What is this earth of ours? Why, one of the smallest stars in the firmanent. And even our sun, though one and a half million times larger than the earth, is but one of the smallest when compared to the suns which, placed at distances from us that no mortal can calculate, yet appear as stars of the first magnitude. If I may be allowed to draw conclusions from the comparative magnitudes of the heavenly bodies, oh, then, man must be one of the meanest and most insignificant of Divinely created beings; then there exist in the infinite creation, in the abodes of eternity, beings of far higher nature than ours, before whom we should appear but as the dust at our feet; and whose wisdom, holiness, perfection, happiness exceeds ours as much as our wisdom, holiness, happiness exceeds that of the lowly worm which we unconsciously trample under foot.

Yea, there are creatures, of higher nature than myself, far more holy and perfect, who, like myself, pray to the Highest of all Beings. Revelation mentions them as angels, as the exalted spirits of Heaven, as Cherubim and Seraphim. There are worlds above ours. There are inhabitants of the boundless universe, in comparison with whom I am a mere nothing And had no revelation taught me so, I should have learnt it from what I observe even on this earth. Yea, verily, the world is to me a mirror of eternity; and though but a darkened mirror, the images I behold in it are mighty enough to stir up my innermost soul.

Only a darkened mirror, and yet how much do I not behold in it! My knowledge here below is but partial, yet how elevating even in its limited form! When my mind loses itself in the infinitude of Divine creations, I feel my insignificance, my nothingness, and yet at the same time a sweet pride and consolation come to me in the thought, that I, also, am worthy of God the Creator of the universe; that something Divine lives and thinks within me!

Alas for me, when from this sublime height, where I seem to have a presentiment of God, I look down upon my past life! Alas for me, what have I been? What have I done? The sorrows I have known, have they been nearer those of the angel or of the brute? Have I striven more to secure the sublime and intense gratification which the seraph enjoys in the consciousness of his perfection and holiness, or the sensual gratifications of my earthly body, which are common to the lower animals as well?

Blushing, I cast down my eyes before the incorruptible judge within me; before the Omniscience of the All Holy One. Fain would I hide myself—hide the whole course of my life, that no eye might behold it! For I have looked into the darkened mirror of eternity, but failed to be impressed by what I saw. I had an intuitive perception that a higher destiny awaited me, and that I must consecrate myself to it during my earthly life; but I did not raise myself up into the sphere of the angels, but sank down into the slough of animal life. I labored for my body only; took heed for naught but meat and drink; stretched out my hands with child-like folly after pomp and earthly glory, evanescent as dust; I neglected myself, lived not for my soul, my real self, but for my perishable body, which is mine only for a time. I looked into the darkened image of eternity; but, like the animal whose drooping head allows it only to gaze on the earth, I never lifted my face towards Heaven. The applause of men, so contemptible and so little enduring, I prized more highly than the consciousness that I was making myself worthy of God and my eternal destiny. Ah! how unutterably foolish I have been! how despicable I seem to myself! "Be perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect!" So saidst Thou, my holy, my Divine Teacher, Jesus Christ, who filled the spiritual world with Thy light, which was not of this world. Woe is me! I heard Thy voice, O faithful Shepherd of men, but I did not follow its call!

Alas! like my knowledge, so was also my willingness but partial and imperfect. But is it ever to remain so? Shall I become still more imperfect than I am? Shall I be precipitated from the place which I now hold in the scale of God-created beings? Eternity! Eternity! In thee dwells Eternal Love; but woe to me, sinner that I am, in thee dwells also the Eternal Judge whose Justice deals with us according to our deserts!

Console me, ye lovely daughters of Heaven, Faith, Hope, and Charity! Accompany me along the paths which I may still have to traverse. Strengthen me, O faith in God! and raise my mind above earthly cares and earthly wishes up to its true destination. Save me when my soul vacillates between time and eternity, when it is tempted to prefer the animal to the Divine. Save me when passion is nigh mastering me, and when sensuality threatens to carry the victory over principle and duty. And thou, O Hope, Divine gift of God, promise held out by the lips of Jesus himself, abandon me not in the most anxious hours of life! And when I sacrifice everything for the sake of righteousness and the purity of my soul, should I be poor and forsaken because of my virtue, and become a laughing-stock to men—oh, then, Hope in Eternity and Mercy, do not thou forsake me!

And thou, loveliest of all virtues, parent and

source of every spiritual perfection, Charity, love to God, and love to man, penetrate me so that in thee I may live, and breathe, and have my being. Only he who dwells in love, dwells in God; only to him who dwells in love, who is thoroughly imbued with love, is eternity opened here on earth; only he enjoys here below already a foretaste of its bliss. For he who dwelleth and ruleth in eternity is the all-animating Love, is God!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE DUHOBORTSI."

(Concluded from page 88.)

A conversation between the rector of the Nevskoy Seminary of St. Petersburg, Archimandite, and three of the sect called Duchobortsi, Michael Stihereff, Anekie, and Timothy Suhareiff, in May, 1792.

A. You have here mixed up many things together; let us consider them one by one. 1st. That the Saviour, Christ, is the only chief pastor and head of the Church, is a truth; for He hath founded it by His own merits; under His Almighty providence it exists, is guarded and protected; and "the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." Spiritually, Christ is united to it; for, "behold! I am with you, even to the end of the world;" and by the power of His grace He helpeth the prayers and petitions of believers. But it does not seem good to the wisdom and majesty of God that all, without distinction, should be engaged in the external state and service of the church, which is so closely united to the internal; and therefore, from the very first ages, this has been committed unto worthy pastors and teachers, "as stewards of the mysteries of God." 2d. I said that the external state of the church is very closely united to the internal. Certainly it is so. Who does not know how powerfully the passions and the flesh work in us, both to good and evil, according to the nature of the object presented to them? We have need to recruit the efforts of our minds by such salutary aids; and to stir up the expiring flame of piety within us, by memorials of the goodness of God and of the example of holy men. Here is the whole of what you so improperly style material and idolatrous worships. So long as we are united to matter, that is, to the body, we can never reach that pure and inward spiritual worship of God, which the holy angels present unto Him, or such as that of the eternally glorified saints; and on this account, when God requires that we should worship Him in Spirit and in truth, it is to warn us against shameful hypocrisy, or other dispositions of mind not corresponding with our external worship. 3d. With respect to the scandalous lives of some pastors, they can never harm the essence of faith; for that is not the cause of their bad conduct. And that their irregularities can never excuse those who on this account leave the church and despise her doctrines, is witnessed by the Saviour himself, in his discourse with the Pharisees. "The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat," saith He; "all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works; for they say and do not." Moreover, Christian humility should have deterred you from judging so rashly concerning general corruption and evil dispositions. But I have purposely not yet answered several of your expressions, such as "idolatrous meetings and vain ceremonies," that I might first ask you what you mean by them?

D. You may conjecture that yourself.

A. Well: do not even you show becoming respect for the characters of those who have been distinguished for holiness, and after death glorified by God, as patterns of faith and virtue?

D. Where and whom hath God thus glorified?

A. Are the names of Chrysostom, Gregory the Great, and such like unknown to you?

D. I know them.

A. What do you think of them?

D. What do I think?—Why they were men.

A. But holy men, whose faith and lives were agreeable to God; and on this account they are miraculously glorified from above.

D. Well, let us suppose so.

A. Now it is to them that the church is indebted for all those offices and ceremonies which you denominate idolatrous and vain; and the worship of images has been declared not to be sinful by the council of the Holy Fathers;—how then will you make this agree with your views?

D. I know not; I only know that hell will be filled with priests and deacons and unjust judges. As for me, I will worship God as he instructs me.

A. But can you, without danger, depend upon yourself? Are you not afraid that sometimes you may mistake your own opinions, and even foolish imaginations, for Divine inspiration?

D. How?—To prevent this, reason is given unto us. I know what is good, and what is bad.

A. A poor dependence. With the best reason, sometimes, good appears to be evil, and evil to be good.

D. I will pray to God; He will send his word:—and God never deceives.

A. True, God never deceives; but you deceive yourself, assuring yourself of that, on His part, which never took place.

D. God does not reject the prayers of believers.

A. Believers—true: those regrets which are agreeable to the law of faith, Divine wisdom will not reject; but "ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." For this purpose hath He given us the book of His Divine word, that in it we may behold His will, and that our

petitions may be directed according to it. But it is vain in the present to expect miraculous and immediate inspirations, without sufficient cause, particularly such as are unworthy of Him, and to pretend to such inspirations and revelations, is very hurtful to society, and therefore ought to be checked.

D. But to me they appear to be very useful, salutary, and worthy of acceptation.

A. What! to break off from the society of your countrymen, though united with you by the same laws and the same articles of faith, and to introduce strange doctrines and laws of your own making!—to begin to expound the doctrines of the gospel without the aid of an enlightened education, disregarding the advice of such men as are most versed and experienced in those things, and out of your own head to found upon this a separate society! Is it not also to rise against your country, when you refuse to serve it when the sanctity of an oath is required? Should not the simple command of the higher powers be sufficient to unite you with others to defend your country, your fellow citizens, and your faith?

D.

A. Why do you make no answer to this?

D. There is nothing to say. I am not so loquacious as you; neither have I need of it.

A. But do you not see, at least, whither your blind zeal is leading you, and that you deserve to suffer much more than all that has yet befallen you? We look for your repentance and amendment?

D. Do what you choose with us; we are happy to suffer for the faith! This is no new thing. Did you ever hear the old story?

A. Tell me, I pray you, what story?

D. "A certain man planted a vineyard, and set a hedge about it, and digged a place for the winefat, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen and went into a far country. And at the season he sent to the husbandmen a servant, that he might receive from the husbandmen of the fruit of the vineyard. And they caught him, and beat him, and sent him away empty. And again he sent another; and him they killed, and many others; beating some, and killing some. Having yet therefore one son, his well-beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son. But those husbandmen said among themselves, this is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours. And they took him, and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard. What shall therefore the Lord of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others." Mark, xii. 1—9. Now I have done with you.

A. At least answer me this. How can it be reconciled that you reject the Holy Scriptures, and at the same time endeavor to support yourself upon them?

D. Argue as you will. I have spoken what was necessary, and shall not say another word.

"Other documents of the same kind might be given. I shall only add, that the sect of the Duchobortzi, Molochani, or Spiritual Christians, is numerous in Russia; and that though in many points they agree, in essential things also they are found to differ.

"In March, 1822, I met with a most interesting Spiritual Christian, the minister of one of their assemblies in St. Petersburg, and had a long conversation with him in the house of a Russian noble. His name was Isaiah. He was a man about sixty years of age—in appearance, a simple bearded peasant, dressed in coarse, wide russet garments. I conversed with him for nearly three hours on the essential doctrines of the gospel, and found him in general very sound. His knowledge was taken solely from the Bible, of which he was one of the most powerful quoters I ever conversed with. His views of the faith and practice of a Christian, drawn from this source, were beautifully simple and harmonious. But, like the Duchobortzi, he rejected the external ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper. He seemed to insist much upon the evidences of a living faith; and that nothing could entitle a person to the name of a Christian but Christianity in practice. As he had no acquaintance with scholastic theology, nor any systematic form of faith, I was astonished at his skill in illustrating one part of Scripture by another, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, and the wonderful facility with which he applied the whole force of truth to the regulation of the heart and life. In this poor peasant, I saw an illustrious example of the power of the Divine word, under the blessing of God, to make even the simple, and those who in respect of human learning are babes, truly wise. His congregation he told me consisted of about 500 souls, who formed a village near Mosdok. They had five elders to labor among them in spiritual things, who are chosen from among themselves, and ordained to their office by the laying on of the hands of the whole church, and prayer. He spoke of their brethren as being very numerous, and scattered over all the provinces of the empire; they were also known under the name of Molochani; but were not all equally pure in doctrine and practice. He said that he had been sent forth by his church for the express purpose of visiting the brethren, and ministering to their spiritual wants by doctrine and conversation; many of them, he added, were becoming purer in faith and practice.

"He stated that the great body of Molochani entertain superstitious ideas respecting 'the kiss of charity,' or form of salutation used among them;—that, on saluting each other, they pay a

kind of mutual devotional respect, by bowing themselves to the ground, as before the image of God, and the 'temple in which the Holy Ghost dwells;'—that they therefore look upon the kiss of charity as one of the most sacred acts. In some provinces, he said he had found them denying the last judgment, saying that it was already come, and the second advent of Christ already past: it was one object of his travels to purify them of these errors; but he regretted that some of their congregation had unworthy teachers.

"In his views of the invocation of saints, the use of images, prayers for the dead, &c., he held pure protestant principles. He said that in public worship they use no books but the Bible. They practice no vows of celibacy;—he himself had a wife and children at home. Their ritual, he said, consists chiefly of extemporary prayer, and exposition of the Scriptures in a familiar and easy manner by their ministers. He said that many of the Duchobortzi are now become Nationalists, and reject the written word of God, saying that they have the Word of God in themselves. This seems to be a natural consequence of the singular error of the Molochani, above mentioned—that of paying a kind of worship to each other."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 21, 1866.

Friends Travelling in the Ministry.—Sidney Averill, having obtained a minute from Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, Illinois, has had appointed meetings in parts of that State wherever one, two or three families of Friends were to be found.

Scattered throughout the State of Illinois are many families and parts of families, who have a right of membership in our Society, and who retain a strong attachment to Friends, but, owing to their remoteness from each other, they are unable to assemble together for religious worship. Many of these feel it a great privation to be thus situated, and regard with desire the privileges from which they and their children are debarred.

We understand the visit of our friend Sidney Averill was gratefully received. He tells us that "though there are comparatively few who adhere to plainness of speech and apparel, yet the love of pure spiritual worship retains supremacy in their hearts," and that the visit left upon his mind two important impressions; one was, that "a Friend who lives near the Fountain of Truth, and in the living maintenance of our peculiar testimonies has a tacit or admitted influence for miles around," the other, "the truth of the proverb, 'Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.'"

We are not disposed to question either of these conclusions. Every upright, conscientious person who does each day the duty of the present, must exercise an influence for good upon those around, and though his sphere may be comparatively limited, yet the obligation is none the less imperative to do what the hand findeth to do. We also think that the advice and example of concerned parents, who endeavor to inculcate true principles, and to train the minds of their children to judge for themselves what is right, must have an effect, and though it may not immediately appear, yet when these children are far removed by years and distance from their childhood's home, the experience of life will verify parental teaching, and it will become as sacred truth in their estimation leading them into paths of wisdom.

With the present number, we close the extracts from Gibbons' Review, which have occupied a portion of our paper for some time past. We would remind those of our readers who have felt pained at its appearance, of the reluctance with which, at the request of some valued friends, we consented to revive the unpleasant subject. It seemed reasonable that the reiteration of charges long since disproved, should be met by the republication of that disproval, particularly as the work had been sanctioned by our Yearly Meeting.

The cause of truth can never be advanced by misrepresentation, and it sometimes becomes the unpleasant duty of those who would otherwise shrink from what savors of religious controversy, to defend a society or an individual from unfair and unjust aspersions. This appears to have been the object of William Gibbons, the writer of the "Review." His biographer states that for many years his pen was freely employed in defending the Society of Friends, and elucidating their testimonies and doctrines.

As many of our readers may not be familiar with the interesting memoir of the author

appended to the "Review," we propose to commence the publication of it in our next number.

The Friends interested in the publication of "The Children's Friend," desire us to say that they have not, as yet, the requisite number of subscribers to justify the issuing of the paper, and they would request all who wish to encourage it by their subscriptions, or who have lists of names, to forward them without delay.

DIED, on the 6th of Twelfth month, 1865, at her residence in Middletown, MARY F. ASH, in the 63d year of her age; a member of Chester Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, suddenly, on the 30th of Third month, 1866, at Chester, Pa., REBECCA P., relict of Wm. Eyre, Jr., in her 48th year.

——, on Third-day morning, the 3d of Fourth month, at Rahway, N. J., EDMUND SHOTWELL, aged 75 years, formerly of Philadelphia.

——, on the 4th of Fourth month, 1866, in Philadelphia, ELIZABETH ELY.

——, on the 12th of Fourth month, 1866, in Bensalem Township, Bucks Co., Pa., JOSEPH C. TOWNSEND, son of the late Ezra Townsend, of Byberry, in his 26th year.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

We have received from the Secretary an abstract of the proceedings of the Lyceum during the past winter, by which we are informed that the first meeting of the present term was held on Third-day evening, Tenth month 3d, 1865, and have been held weekly up to Third month 27th, 1866.

Twenty-five lectures have been delivered, a list of which, with the names of the lecturers, is appended.

The Founding of Pennsylvania,	by John J. White.
Specific Gravity,	Edward Parrish.
The Moon,	John G. Moore.
Ornithology,	Grace Anna Lewis.
His Travels in India,	Jos. Thomas, M. D.
The Circulation of Sap in Plants and Blood in Animals,	Dr. J. G. Hunt.
Force and Matter—their relation in the Universe,	Edward Parrish.
Selected Readings,	Esther J. Trimble.
Exhibition of Stereorama,	Dr. J. G. Hunt.
His Travels in India (continued)	Jos. Thomas, M. D.
Our Social and Domestic Life,	Ann Preston, M. D.
Comets,	T. Clarkson Taylor, Wilmington, Del.
Our Quaker Fathers,	Henry Peterson,
Mineral Veins and the manner of working them,	Joseph Wharton.
Stereorama,	Dr. J. G. Hunt.
The Teeth,	Newlin Peirce.
What we may learn from the lives of eminent men,	Caleb S. Hallowell.
English Literature,	H. R. Warriner.
Money,	Wm. H. Seaman.
Nitrous Oxide Gas,	Geo. T. Barker, M.D.
Stereorama,	Dr. J. G. Hunt.
Perfumes,	Edward Parrish.
Animal Electricity and Phosphorescence,	Dr. H. Allen.
Stereorama,	Dr. J. G. Hunt.
The Unity of the Human Species,	Jos. Thomas, M. D.
Study of Language,	Edward Parrish.
Education,	Jos. Thomas, M. D.

In addition to the above, four original essays have been read, three in poetry and one in prose. Ninety-five questions have been referred to members of the Lyceum, many of which were of an interesting character, and often called forth a free expression of individual views on the subjects referred to.

In the early part of the season, a correspondence was opened with some of the associations of a similar character in the neighboring sections of country, and the letters received have added interest and instruction to the meetings.

The Stereorama purchased one year ago for the illustration of History, Science and Art, has continued, in the hands of its custodian Dr. J. G. Hunt, to furnish entertainment on numerous occasions, which has been greatly enhanced by his appropriate remarks and explanations. The number in attendance during the season just passed has been greater than at any previous one, owing mainly, it is believed, to the active measures taken by the committee to procure suitable lecturers.

Review of "A Declaration," &c., published by order of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends (so called) held in Philadelphia in 1828. BY WM. GIBBONS, M. D.

[(Concluded from page 91.)

ARTICLE XLVII. "Belief," with them, "is no virtue; and unbelief no crime."

This, as quoted from Elias Hicks's sermon, without the context, amounts to a perversion of the speaker's meaning. Here follows the whole paragraph, which furnishes a satisfactory explanation.

"And when we come to this principle,—*this gift of grace*, this Light, there is no necessity for us to be careful about what we will believe, and what we won't believe; *because nothing can give us a true belief, but this Light.* It will give every one of the children of men, a belief sufficient to induce them to enter on the work of salvation aright. For, as this is the medium, and the only one, by which God continues with his rational creatures, there is no other way by which he gives them an evidence of what is right, and what is wrong; for he has set good and evil before us all, and left it for us to choose. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve.' Here, as you come to this, you need not trouble yourselves, or recommend to your friends what they must believe; that they must believe this or that; it is all nonsense; because a man cannot believe just what he wants to believe. He cannot believe any thing but what the Divine

Light gives him an evidence of; *and this he must believe; and he cannot resist it.* Here, then, we discover, that [*belief is no virtue, and unbelief no crime;*] because why? It is an *involuntary* thing to man. But when the soul is *willing* to be instructed by the grace of God, it will be *instructed;* and when it is instructed, it will have an evidence of the truth, and *it cannot resist it;* it is bound and *forced* to believe it; not from any compulsory measure, but from the clear force of the thing, because it is self-evident."—*Quaker*, vol. 1, pp. 145, 146.

In the third volume of the Quaker, page 94, we find a further explanation of this matter.

"For there is *no man or woman*," says Elias Hicks, "that *has ever done an act of sin*, but they have been *reproved for it.* This reprover, you know, was declared by Jesus to be the Comforter, the Saviour, the Deliverer of mankind from sin. He declared that he, the Spirit of Truth, when he should come, would 'reprove the world of sin.' And I know that you, my fellow-creatures, have known this witness, and have been reproved for sin; and *you are obliged to* BELIEVE *this evidence*, because you *know* it is your situation: and from this *evidence*, you *never can extricate yourselves*, and hence, it is not a *voluntary* act of the mind to believe. Then here we discover that our belief or unbelief, *merely as men and creatures*, is of no account; for what we have not evidence of, we cannot believe; and therefore *unbelief* in respect to *that* which *we have no evidence of* is *no sin.* But if we *continue* in those things which we have *evidence* are *wrong*, and have been reproved for, *this is sin.*"

ARTICLE XLVIII. "Elias Hicks says, "In those things which relate to our moral conduct, we all have understandings alike, as reasonable beings; and we know when we do wrong to our fellow-creatures; we know it *by our rational understanding;* WE WANT NO OTHER INSPIRATION THAN REASON AND JUSTICE." Again: If we *transgress against God*, or even against our fellow-creatures, the *act* hath its *adequate* reward, and *it* will make us sorry for what we have done; that is, we shall be losers, and gain nothing; for no man shall gain by doing evil." *Quaker*, vol. 2, pp. 258-9. *Decl.* p. 31.

The *unprejudiced* reader will, I think, be apt to ask, Where lies the criminality of the sentiments contained in the above extract?

The Declaration makes the following comment: "As regards morality, *they* want no other revelation than reason and justice: and when we transgress against God, the act will make us sorry for what we have done; that is, we will be *losers*, and gain nothing."

The first part of the discourse from which this extract is taken, and where it is found, treats upon *moral conduct*, the injury of others, giving way to a spirit of calumny, hatred, revenge, &c. And the speaker tells us, what we all know to be true, that reason [that is, right reason] and that *abiding* sense of justice, placed in the breast of every man, suffice to convict us of wrong, when we injure our neighbor.

The blessed Jesus wanted "no other inspiration than reason and justice" to convict the high professing Scribes and Pharisees of their enmity and injustice towards him. "And the ruler of the synagogue answered with indignation, because that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath day, and said unto the people, 'There are six days in which men ought to work: in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day.' The Lord then answered him and said, 'Thou hypocrite! Doth not each one of you, on the Sabbath, loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom satan hath bound, lo! these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day? And when he had said these things, all his adversaries were *ashamed.*" Luke xiii. 14, 15, 16, 17.

And in the case of the woman taken in adultery, they said to him, "Now Moses, in the law, commanded us that such should be stoned, but what sayest thou? This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him." "So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And they which heard it, being *convicted* by their *own conscience*, went out one by one, being at the elders, even unto the last," &c. John viii. 5, &c.

The authors of the Declaration make the few words which they quote the ground of a charge against the speaker of inconsistency, or of exalting reason at the expense of revelation,—than which, nothing can be more unjust; as the general tenor of this and other discourses of Elias Hicks plainly shows—to which we refer the reader, after giving the following quotations.

In page 261, he says, "So that here, all our happiness in time and eternity, depends on *inward* knowledge and right information, which we receive by *communion with our heavenly Father.*"

And in page 262: "Revelation is the first thing; the first as it regards earthly things: and so it is with the revelation of God, who is the Sun of heaven. God is the Sun of the spiritual world; and the Light and Life of that Sun show his will to us with the same plainness that the outward sun shows outward things, when our eye is single to Him, and when we look *within*, and keep *within;* for it is there that he makes himself manifest to us fully, although it be in the least degree: for

having first convinced us what is right for us to do, the moment we transgress, we feel it, beyond any thing that the light of the outward sun can do for us. And we never can get away from this sense, however wicked a man or woman may be: and however they may endeavor to shelter themselves under earthly things and delights, and as it were for a time drown the reprover's voice, and silence, as it were, or slay the *two witnesses* for God in the soul. And what are these two witnesses? They are revelation and reason in the souls of men."—*See also Berean*, vol. 3, p. 366.

ARTICLE XLIX. "If we *transgress against God*, or even against our fellow-creatures, the *act* hath its adequate reward, and *it* will make us sorry for what we have done," &c.

In this extract there is a figure of speech, which is frequently used in Scripture and in common parlance; that is, to speak of the *right* and *wrong acts* that we do, as *rewarding* or *reproving* us, as the case may be; when we mean the Divine Monitor, within us. Thus it is said, "I have done an act that gives me pain, or that gives me peace and satisfaction; or an act that makes me sorry and uneasy," &c. "What hast thou done that disquiets thee? or that affords thee so much satisfaction or pleasure?" These are common expressions which no one misunderstands.

This figure of speech is called "metonymy," by which one word is put for another, or the cause for the effect, and is *usual in all sorts of authors*. (Dictionary.) Thus, the apostle: "Every transgression and disobedience [receiveth] a just recompense of reward." Heb. ii. 2. And in like manner the prophet says, "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee." Jer. ii. 19.

Here, the words "transgression and disobedience" are used for the person by the apostle; and "wickedness," &c., by the prophet, instead of the Divine Monitor. So the "Sermon" uses the word "*act*" for the person, and the pronoun "*it*" for the Divine Monitor.

ARTICLE L. "He [the Almighty] has set good and evil before us, and *left us* to elect for ourselves."—*Quaker*, vol. 2, p. 259.

No *candid* reader would put the construction on the word "*left*" which the Declaration appears here to have given to it; and which I understand to be, that in leaving us to choose for ourselves, the Father of mercies *deserts us!!*

"And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the Gods which your fathers served, or the gods of the Amorites," &c. Josh. xxiv. 15. Here, Joshua *left them to choose for themselves.*

"And Elijah said, If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." 1 Kings xviii. 21.

In both cases, the plain meaning is, that the will was free, and a choice was "left" them, or given them; or they had the power or privilege of choosing for themselves.

Such then, is the conclusion of the catalogue of spurious charges laid against the Society of Friends; a conclusion which illustrates the character of the whole, and affords a clear evidence that the kind of criticism here resorted to, is the unsavory fruit of a spirit, the reverse of that which is "kind," and "thinketh no evil."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE DESERT LAND.

Suggested by the remark of a friend that she had been dwelling in the Wilderness.

Yes, the Wilderness seems cheerless—
But a dreary place,—
Yet we there behold God's goodness,
All his footsteps trace.

To the wand'rer in the desert,
Not through pleasant meads,
But o'er mountain,—through the valley,
Oft the pathway leads.

Yet upon the hoary summit
Holy angels bide—
Lo! their white tents thick and scattered
O'er its rugged tide!

Round the pilgrim band, the angels
Watch keep day and night—
With the weak and way-worn journey
Veiled from mortal sight.

Forty years the chosen people
Trod the desert sand,
Forty years they onward journeyed
Towards the promised land!

Lo! a barren waste they traversed,
Where no springs were found—
Where no waving harvests scattered
Smiling plenty round.

Yet Jehovah gently led them
Where no foot had trod;
By the fiery pillar guided,
To the mount of God!

Daily for his weary children
He a table spread;
In the desert, and *there only*
Gave them heavenly bread.

When they fainted at the noontide,
All the waters spent,
He beneath the palm's deep shadow
Bade them pitch their tent.

And from Elim's crystal fountains
Living waters gave—
Bade the stream to flow from Horeb,
Sweetened Marah's wave!

In the thorn-path, on the mountains,
Fairest flowers bloom;
Green oases in the desert
Banish all the gloom.

If the Father's loving presence
Only with us bide,
Fearless we may roam the desert,
He will safely guide!

He can give the heavenly manna—
Angels food—to eat;
Make the wilderness a garden—
Marah's fountain sweet!

A. R. P.

Thirty-Sixth Annual Report of the "Female Association of Philadelphia for the Relief of the Sick and Infirm Poor with Clothing."

In reviewing the labors of the past winter, and submitting to our members and the public a report of the same, we feel confident in the belief that the efforts of the Association have been attended with the most gratifying and beneficial results. For the welcome aid that has been extended by our friends and contributors, in valuable donations of both money and goods, we would return our sincere thanks, with the assurance that the means thus placed at our disposal have enabled us to extend our labors, thereby giving assistance to many whose destitute condition rendered them worthy objects of our sympathy and care. By furnishing sewing to those whose support is mainly dependent upon the needle, and distributing the clothing thus made among the aged, sick and little children, we realize the gratifying results that accompany a twofold charity.

The continued high prices of provisions and clothing, added to the entire suspension of Government work, have brought before us many new and urgent demands for assistance, which we have endeavored to meet, by dispensing judiciously the funds we have received.

During the past winter, 865 garments have been distributed; most of these were previously made by poor women, who were paid for their work out of the funds of the Association.

The annual Treasurer's Report furnishes a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Society the present season.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To Balance on hand		$ 54 70
Annual Subscriptions		395 50
Donations		319 00
Interest on Investments		239 58
		$1008 78
By Cash paid for Goods	$832 10	
" " Sewing	150 78	
" " Printing, &c	30 00	
		$1012 88
Balance due Treasurer		$ 4 10

E. J. Ferris,
3d mo., 1866. *Treasurer.*

Donations in goods and trimmings to the value of $67 45.

On behalf of the Association.

President—Helen G. Longstreth, 110 S. 17th St.
Secretary—Annie Caley, 1618 Sumner St.
Treasurer—Elizabeth J. Ferris, 937 Franklin St.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.—NO. I.

BY JACOB M. ELLIS.

"*The Association of Friends of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen*" having decided to place *eleven* teachers in the field of labor, and having found it impossible after the most diligent correspondence to obtain from some localities the definite kind of information that appeared to be requisite, before taking the responsibility of sending females away from their homes, (some of whom were anxiously awaiting being assigned a post of duty), I was deputed to proceed to Fairfax county, Virginia, for the purpose of forwarding, as far as practicable, the interests of the Association.

I was accompanied by Mary McBride, one of the teachers engaged, who was willing to locate at any point where a prospect opened of being useful. We left the city in the night train for Washington, where we arrived at six o'clock next morning, without any thing to notice other than the amusing scenes that an entire night passed in a railroad car is sure to develop. Here, some of the annoyances ever attendant upon travelling commenced. Our next point was *Vienna*, but in consequemce of being misinformed by the conductor, confirmed by the baggage agent in the depot, our baggage came very near being carried to *Richmond*, as when the error was discovered, I had but just time to run and exchange my check for the trunk, and arrange for its delivery at the *Vienna* train, its regular time of starting being *nine* o'clock.

After a short stroll, and a tedious sojourn in the office, as the time neared the above named hour, we were told that they had concluded not to leave *that* day until *eleven* o'clock! This gave time for a more extended walk, which we endeavored to improve to the best advantage. Upon returning, we found, to our dismay, a trunk had been sent to the platform instead of the office, (these being situated some distance apart), and there being no one there to receive it, it had been taken away again,—there was no certainty whether to the baggage office or the depot. Time pressed, and upon my claiming that the train, under the circumstances, *must* wait, I received a gratuity of *ten minutes*. Passing over the details of taking a pilot with me, hiring a wagon to convey us and the trunk, when found, back again, suffice it to say, we succeeded, with a little time to spare. This was very fortunate, as otherwise, the *Vienna* train running only three times a week, and First-day intervening, we should have been detained in *Washington* for three days. Our accommodations were only a freight or baggage car, with two or three rough benches for seats; but we did not murmur.

Upon reaching *Vienna*, the trunk was again something of an annoyance; but as we were not "on time," the difficulty was soon overcome. Oh! for an invention whereby travellers can get along without baggage! Very soon after our arrival, I walked to the camp, to call on Capt. James A. Ross, (with whom I had previously been in correspondence.) He had left for the day. He, however, called on me in the evening, and we had a full and free conference as to the wants and facilities of Fairfax county. Nothing but discouragements presented themselves for the future, and we retired heavy hearted; my own opinion being, that both of us would have to return to Philadelphia without accomplishing anything; and the unpleasant query again and again forced itself upon me, "How can I face my friends with such a result?"

Although the Captain coincided with me as to the fruitlessness of the undertaking, I determined to leave no stone unturned, and more particularly as he placed a four horse ambulance at my disposal, and generously offered to accompany me any and everywhere, and do what he could to forward the good object; and faithfully and fully did he redeem his word.

The next morning, "*Fairfax Station*," some nine miles distant, was first visited, and *desolation* is a tame word to define its condition. It is simply a station house and small store combined, with several colored families scattered round in log shanties, and some Irish families herding under a hill some distance off. The building appropriated for a school was all well enough, but I could not conscientiously ask any lady to locate there with all the repulsive surroundings, neither would I be willing to leave her there, upon her cheerfully proffering so to do. The Captain again thought with me, and then offered, if we could find a lot for the school house, and board for our teacher at "*Fairfax Court-house*," some four miles nearer *Vienna*, he would move the building there without expense to us.

The opinion had always been entertained that it would be almost impossible to establish a colored school at that place; to such an extent does the spirit of rebellion still exist. Thither, however, we went, and the necessity for a school was soon made apparent, as upon merely driving through it I counted *thirteen* children playing about, who would be made better off in a school; and if this number could be seen out of doors, there must be many more not in sight. Knowing there must be plenty of room there, our first application for board was made to a gentleman who is the proprietor of a large boarding-school. He met us very blandly, but his excuses for not accommodating us were as awkward as they were amusing. He was an Englishman; his daughter had married a Virginian, and they thought of the negro as other people did, (without, however informing us what that opinion was.) There might some feeling arise in the matter, and he did not think it would suit. Besides this, he had pretty much given up the establishment to his wife and daughter, (whom, however, he did not offer to consult.) When the John Brown raid passed through there he had eighty scholars, in consequence of which it fell off to twenty, &c., &c. A bitter repartee was at my tongue's end, but I wisely suppressed it.

Upon leaving, he gave us at our request the names of two or three in the neighborhood, who might possibly accommodate us. These all proved to be sound Union people. The first was the postmaster, who has a deep interest in our undertaking, would do all he could to forward it, but whose family is so situated they cannot take a boarder. A very cordial invitation, however, was given our teacher to mingle with them in social intercourse. He sent us to a widow lady, who has been thoroughly loyal throughout the war, and whose name our "Englishman" had already given us; and there we were successful. As to a site for the school house, time did not permit our attempting to procure one; but the Captain became so warmed up, that he declared, if refused, which would be very likely, military authority would be used to secure one.

Returning with far lighter hearts than when we commenced our ride, we had just time to take a slight lunch in lieu of dinner, when our faithful pilot was again at the door with his team, ready for our afternoon prospecting in a contrary direction.

The farm at Camp Wadsworth having been restored to its former owner, who has ordered off all the negroes on it, the breaking up of our school, formerly under the care of Mary K. Brosius, had become a necessity. We directed our attention to that point first, to look after a small house that had been purchased for us by her for a trifle, with the intention of removal to some other point, the demolition of which for that purpose had already been commenced. Having learned by a little experience that it would be useless to have a school room without board for the teacher, we drove to *Langley*, about a mile distant from the old camp. The first family we applied to stated they *could not*, and without knowing any thing about their political predelictions, we were inclined, from what we saw, to believe them.

The next was an ordinary country tavern, and though not very prepossessing in its appearance or surroundings, we thought it possible, if they were so disposed, the interior arrangements might be made satisfactory. But they had "*never taken boarders!*" The "*house was small and they had not room!*" Our third and last application in that neighborhood was to

another publican, who we certainly thought could make no objection on account of want of room, his house being large, and withal a very pretty and good one; but he had, he feared, "*already engaged too many boarders, so many, indeed, that they would very probably interfere with his transient custom!*"

And all this equivocation, if nothing worse, because some noble-hearted female, too noble to retaliate, should opportunity offer, is willing to sacrifice the comforts of home and all its endearments, for the purpose of lending her aid to stamp the seal of manhood on the brows of a long oppressed race.

The weather is now very cold here for the season, (the latter part of the Third month.) A portion of the afternoon we have travelled through one of the most severe blows and snow storms I have ever experienced. Circumstances preventing any further efforts, we drove back again about dark, having passed through a day of considerable fatigue.

The next day, saw a site selected for the school house at "*Fairfax Court-house,*" and the building at the "*Station*" sufficiently demolished to commence its removal to the first-named place. It is to be rebuilt on a little spot of ground facing the turnpike, and although there are no trees immediately shading it, there will be shade close by. The ground belongs to a Union man, but as the devastations of war have in many instances very much impoverished such as he, we have agreed to pay him a nominal rent annually for the use of it.

(To be continued.)

A MATCH FACTORY.

A match factory in Western New York is noted for the curious machinery used in the manufacture. 720,000 feet of pine of the best quality are used annually for the matches, and 400,000 feet of basswood for cases. The sulphur used annually for the matches is 400 barrels, and the phosphorus is 9,600 pounds. The machines run night and day, and 300 hands are employed at the works. 500 pounds of paper per day are used to make the light small boxes for holding the matches, and four tons of pasteboard per week for the larger boxes. Sixty-six pounds of flour per day are used for paste, and the penny stamps required by government on the boxes amount to the snug little sum of $1,440 per day.

There are four machines in use for cutting, dipping and delivering the matches. The two-inch pine plank is sawed up the length of the match, which is 2¼ inches. These go into the machine for cutting, where at every stroke 12 matches are cut, and by the succeeding stroke pushed into slats arranged on a double chain 250 feet long, which carries them to the sulphur vat and from thence to the phosphorus vat, and thus across the room and back, returning them at a point just in front of the cutting machine, and where they are delivered in their natural order, and are gathered up by a boy into trays and sent to the packing-room. Thus 1,000 gross or 144,000 small boxes of matches are made per day. The machines for making the small, thin paper boxes and their covers are quite as wonderful and ingeniously contrived as those that make the matches. A long coil of paper, as wide as the box is long, revolves on a wheel, one end being in the machine. It first passes through rollers, where the printing is done, from thence to the paste-boxes, where the sides and ends only are pasted; from thence to the folding-apparatus, where the ends are nicely folded and the whole box is pasted together and drops into a basket. A similar machine is at work at the covers, and thus 144,000 boxes per day are manufactured."

THE DOOR YARD.—We love neatness. Our eyes take in a stranger's house at a glance.—We pity the man who has a slovenly housewife. Wealth may cast her favors around him, but dirt and disorder will make his dwelling a cheerless abode. As we traverse the country, we look in upon the door yards. The door yard is the programme of the order of internal arrangements. The clean swept door sill and walk and the flowers, are no unmeaning indications, and we stop with a sense of comfort where we know that "order reigns."—*Cayuga Chief.*

So do we love neatness, and we are of the opinion that a housewife's devotion to it often keeps her *thin.* She frets, as she rolls the old barrels out of the door-yard—gives a lecture on having a place for every thing and putting every thing in its proper place, as she carries the spade, grubbing hoe, and divers other things to the tool house—does wish husband and boys would empty the chaff from their shoes some where but on the clean swept door sill; fumes because all the flowers she planted and trained are rooted up by the hogs or nipped off by the horses, and is indignant because all the grass is destroyed by the horses being brought inside the yard to water. The husband declares, as he comes in and puts his hat on the table where his wife is kneading bread and his coat on a chair, for her to hang in their proper places, that if he had such an untidy wife as neighbor somebody, that he *could not live.* The sons follow the father's example with hopeful precision; the mother sees it all, puts on a *worn out* countenance, and says nothing. She sees there is no *use* in talking.

If both husband and wife oftener had a taste for neatness and a regard for each other's taste and comfort, much discouragement would never be caused that now is, and cleanliness, order and neatness would be much more usual among

us both in the internal and external arrangements.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Tears are Nature's lotion for the eyes. The eyes *see* better for being washed with them.

ITEMS.

President Johnson has signed the loan bill.

CONGRESS.—Both Houses have passed the concurrent resolution prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol building and grounds. A resolution instructing the Secretary of the Senate to present the civil-rights bill, as passed by both Houses, to the Secretary of State, was passed. The Senate also passed bills to re-imburse Pennsylvania and Missouri for expenses incurred during the rebellion, and to amend the Agricultural College. The bill enacts that the time in which the several States may comply with the provisions of the act of 7th mo. 2, 1862, entitled "An act donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," is hereby extended, so that the acceptance of the benefits of the said act may be expressed within three years from the passage of this act, and the colleges required by the said act may be provided within five years from the date of the filing of such acceptance with the Commissioner of the General Land Office. A bill to equalize the circulation of the national currency was introduced. It provides for the retention of the amount in circulation at three hundred million dollars. New banks may be organized, but the circulation must be reduced to keep it within proper bounds.

HOUSE.—Among others, a bill was passed authorizing the coinage of five-cent pieces, to be made of copper and nickel. Also a bill to appropriate $25,000 for the temporary relief of the destitute people in the District of Columbia, to be expended under the direction of the Freedmen's Bureau. The Senate joint resolution for the transfer of funds appropriated for the payment of salaries in the Post Office Department to the general salary account of the War Department, was reported back from the Committee on Appropriations with an amendment and passed. The amendment provides that it should not be construed to increase the appropriations already made for services in the Post Office Department.

INDIANS.—The President has proclaimed a treaty made between the United States and the Winnebago Indians. This tribe convey to the Government all their right, title and interest in their present reservation in the Territory of Dacotah. In consideration of this the United States cede the land to them in Nebraska, and agree to subsist them for one year in their new homes, and furnish them with saw and grist mills, agricultural implements, guns, horses, and whatever may be necessary to their domestic comfort.

A treaty with the Bois Fort band of Chippewas was signed on the 7th inst., by Commissioners Cooley and L. E. Webb on the part of the Government. By this treaty the United States obtains the Vermillion lake gold fields, and the Bois Fort band a new reservation fifty miles further west. The Indians remain perfectly satisfied with the liberal spirit exhibited by the commissioners of the United States.

THE FREEDMEN.—The superintendent of the freedmen's bureau at the Sea Islands reports to the commissioner that the number of contracts made by him or the military authorities on Edisto and the other Sea Islands, during the 3d month 1866, was fifty-five, including 2,338 freed people. Many more contracts have been made which were not reported in season to be embraced in the report.

We learn that H. De Mareil, editor of the *Messager Franco-Americaine*, has established, with some assistance from the Government, upon a site of land, comprising one hundred acres, situated near Camp Barry, two-and-a-half miles from Washington, which was purchased by himself, a "Farm School" upon the model of similar institutions existing in France and Algeria.

At this institution, which comprises all the buildings and the appurtenances of both farm and school, two hundred colored orphan children will be educated and taught farming. The most liberal provisions have been made by H. De Mariel to insure the success of this charitable undertaking.

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THE Subscribers, Executors of Wm. Hopkins, of Samuel, deceased, will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, on Third-day, 24th of 4th Month, at 10 o'clock, A. M., (if *fair*, if *not*, the next *fair day thereafter*,) one of the most desirable farms on Deer Creek, Harford County, Maryland, known by the name of "Elberton," containing 110 acres, in a high state of cultivation, situated 2½ miles from Tide-Water Canal, and a half mile from the village of Darlington, convenient to various places of Public Worship, Mills, &c.; improved by a dwelling house and barn. Also, at the same time and place, a tract of land, principally wooded, containing 97 acres. Also, another tract of wood land containing 5 acres, ¼ mile from the village of Dublin. Also, 10 acres of wood land, 3 miles north of Dublin, all in said county and State. Also, at the same time and place 8 head of Stock Cattle, &c., &c.

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JOSHUA HUSBAND, } *Executors.*
SAML. H. MATTHEWS. }

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON, OF CANADA WEST.

(Continued from page 99.)

Having occasionally a few words to offer in public, the meeting of which I was a member, Yonge Street, after waiting deliberately, united with the Meeting of Ministers and Elders in the acknowledgment of my gift in the ministry. I had for some time thought if way was thus opened, enlargement would follow; though I had been instructed by a female minister, whom I much loved, and left in Pennsylvania, when I was about to start for Canada, not to seek great things for myself, and my life should be given me as a prey whithersoever I went.

I have thought for many years that there was too much looking for words, not only in those who spoke, but in the people, and have said in my heart the world has gone after the beast, our Society not excepted; and I have at times exemplified the feeling, Oh, inexpressible silence, muse His praise!

About this time there was still a great excitement in many minds on account of the Clergy Reserves. I felt less of it than formerly. Though from early life I have been a zealous friend to the civil and religious rights of mankind, and have thought with that eminent man, William Penn, "that we have civil as well as religious rights, and it is our duty to guard both; but how necessary it is in doing this that we do not mar our precious testimonies. I hope there are many among us who are found praying, as ability is given, "Thy kingdom come." Who are those who are to bring this about? Satan will not be found casting out Satan, but it must be the righteous who are attending to that excellent maxim taught by Jesus, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye the same unto them." "For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." This law of retribution is contained and abundantly set forth in both the Old and the New Testament. In the latter it is described, "That which we sow, that also shall we reap." If we sow to the flesh, (the gratification of the flesh being uppermost in the mind), we shall of the flesh reap corruption; but if we sow to the spirit, we shall of the spirit reap everlasting life. Greatly do I desire to be found walking in the spirit, not fulfilling the lusts of the flesh. Those who are thus found are they that know "Thy kingdom come," and are seeking the righteousness of that kingdom; and unto these all things necessary are added.

By this we may understand why it is said ye need not say, "Lo here or Lo there is the kingdom of heaven, for it is within you." And by attending to, and being brought into obedience into the manifestations of Divine life and light revealed in the soul, we find this kingdom cometh not by observation, but is that which produceth peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; and thus being kept from right and left hand errors, we are made proportionally to enjoy it.

Though at times we find but little fruit apparent, yet at other times, I humbly trust, there has been a taking root downward in increasing humility, and a bearing fruit upward to the praise and glory of God.

The knowledge of Truth is progressive, of which the Apostle bears testimony when he says, "When I was a child I thought as a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things." How many childish things we have to part with, and however much we may attain to either temporally or spiritually, we know only in part or prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect (heavenly knowledge) is fully come, then that which is in part shall be done away. I have no doubt that the faithful in all ages have experienced, according to their measure, somewhat of an increase of light, the light of the moon becoming as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as the light of seven days.

And I believe that Truth is so progressive that nations professing Christianity, as well as those considered by some as being comparatively in a state of darkness, shall see a great light, and the glory of the Lord will be revealed and rest upon them. "For he hath made of one blood all nations of men." He is indeed good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works. A part of the law is spiritual, for it is said, "He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack."

Being favored to feel that my mind was gathered in humble confidence to my Heavenly Father, I considered it would be right for me to visit my old friends at Fishing Creek and Muncy, and attend the Yearly Meeting to be held in Philadelphia. At our Monthly Meeting held the 14th of Third month, 1839, my prospect was submitted to my friends, and obtained their concurrence. I accordingly left home the latter end of the Fourth month, in littleness of feeling, having not much prospect of ministering to others, but rather looking to be ministered unto. I was very cordially received by my friends at Fishing Creek, more so than I had reason to expect. This manifestation of love and friendly feeling was a help to me. On my way my soul was in a deep state of abasement, and under much poverty, yet I could not feel that I was moving out from the direction of Divine counsel. In this state, with now and then a little light appearing, and a little strength afforded, I continued through the Yearly Meeting. During the meeting I suffered much from a severe pain in my leg and ankle. The meeting was, notwithstanding my peculiar situation, a very interesting one to me, and though I felt nothing of my own deserving or meriting love, yet I was a little comforted by that declaration, "Whom the Father loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." I have said, particularly since returning home, that it was all right.

I afterward attended our Yearly Meeting at Farmington, under much of the same feeling, though I was not supported with as much patience and cheerfulness as in Philadelphia and Fishing Creek. How much are my desires enlisted that the Lord's service may indeed be my greatest delight under the influence of His holy spirit, and that every performance in religious worship may come fresh from my soul.

First-day, 20th of 7th month, 1839.—Having returned from the accomplishment of the above visit, and recovered from an attack of the scarlet fever, with which I was seized soon after my return, I was to-day enabled to attend our little meeting, and once more associate with my brethren and sisters in a religious capacity. In our silent sitting, the awful responsibility which rests upon those who are called to speak to the people was peculiarly brought to my view; and I had a few words to communicate on the subject of Christ, as the object of the true Christian faith,—"Except ye believe that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." That He is thus exhibited as the object of faith and belief, is evident. Christ being the Light whereby we discover our sins, if we attend to it, and to the reproofs and convictions it works on the mind, it will bring us to repentance and desires for future preservation. The meeting ended with supplication and thanksgiving—thanks for continued mercies, and prayers for the continued goodness of the Heavenly Father.

First-day, 4th of 8th month.—In our meeting to-day, it appeared to me that most of us had come together without any offering. Under the law, if they came without any, they could not worship God acceptably; and if our minds are not prepared with the offering required of us in this our day, to wit, the humble and contrite heart, true worship cannot be performed by us. A little life appeared near the close of the meeting, but not sufficient to warrant communication.

7th of 8th month.—In our little meeting to-day, though but few attended, we were favored with the incomes of Divine grace, and a little encouragement was afforded to endeavor, through faith, to obtain the promise.

Eighth mo. 15.—I was favored once more to associate with my friends in our Monthly Meeting, and I rejoiced again in not only seeing, but feeling a near unity with those whom I had not seen for several months. The little meeting of ministers and elders yesterday, as also the meeting to-day, were truly owned by the great Master. The travellers Zionward were encouraged, a word of comfort was afforded to the tried and afflicted, and endeavors were used to animate the lukewarm and careless.

Eleventh mo. 17th.—I have mostly attended all the meetings, some to satisfaction and some otherwise. Though I have not been able to record much, my experience has been varied; but surely it is a favor that we know through these changes where our strength lies. In my humility, the Most High has been graciously pleased to manifest himself to my peace and edification.

Fifth mo., 1843.—In company with a friend, I paid a visit to a small settlement of Friends and other people several miles distant from any established meeting; and at the suggestion of said Friend, proposed having a meeting at Whit-Church on First-day morning, and at a school-house, a few miles distant, in the afternoon. Few besides Friends attended the morning meeting, but a considerable number of people were convened at the school-house. I felt satisfied that it was right for me to be there, though my mouth was closed as to any communication. My mind was clothed with peace in thus attending to the Key of David, which, when it opens, none can properly shut, and when it shuts none can profitably open.

Seventh mo. 15th.—About this time I was taken unwell with a disorder which affected my nervous system, and my mind was much depressed in consequence. I had to look about me to see whether *I* was prepared for the final change, but it seemed to me that I had not sufficiently died unto the world, and I was reminded of the saying of the blessed Jesus, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Those that are willing to give up all for Christ's sake, can only realize that the life we lose in this world will give us an inheritance with the saints in light.

Seventh mo., 1845.—Attended the Quarterly Meeting at Farmington, by appointment of the Yearly Meeting with other Friends, and trust, through Divine favor, I was preserved and enabled to keep my habitation in the Truth.

(To be continued.)

There are bridal moments of the soul; and not easily forgiven are those who would utter the secrets of its high intercourse with its Lord. There is a certain spiritual indelicacy in persons who cannot conceive that not every thing which is matter of experience and knowledge is, therefore, a subject for conversation.

There are some things in this world too low to be spoken of, and some things too high. You cannot discuss such subjects without vulgarizing them.

Thus when Elijah and Elisha went together from Gilgal to Jordan, the sons of the prophets came to Elisha with that confidential gossip which is common in those who think to understand mysteries by talking of them. "Knowest thou," they asked, "that the Lord will take away thy master to day?" "Yea, I know it: hold ye your peace."

God dwells in the thick darkness. Silence knows more of Him than speech. His name is secret: therefore beware how you profane his stillnesses. To each of His servants he giveth "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DAILY EFFORT.

When infirmities press upon us, and heart and flesh fail, and the stir of the elements within is like the roar of wild beasts in the desert, let us look to Christ our Rock, to the holy one of Israel our Redeemer. Let us remember what He has done for his children in past ages,—in *all* ages; how he has stood between them and death, when destruction seemed to threaten an entire extinction. When hunger pressed them, He gave them bread from heaven; when by thirst they were ready to famish, he cleft the rock and supplied their need. Notwithstanding the discontent and the repining spirit that prevailed among them, their wants were met, and their necessities relieved. But there was something required of them. In their great strait they must use their own energies. Enough was placed within their reach every day for that day; it came in small particles, like hoar frost, and lay all around, requiring labor and close attention, too, to gather it. They must be up and doing early to secure it, for when the sun was up it was soon dissolved and gone. If they overslept, or became absorbed in other things, they lost that day's provision, but they had no reason to complain; the fault was their own for neglecting to improve the right time—idling when they should have been at work. This manna was white,—the emblem of purity,—the size like coriander seed, small, requiring close attention to gather, the taste like wafers made of honey. Every day it must be gathered; every morning they must look to it in season. What was left over was worse than useless. O! how beautifully this applies to present duties, that open to individual minds, when light from above dawns upon the understanding, showing the way and work we ought to be engaged in, to procure sustenance for the soul! Small, perhaps very small and insignificant this work may appear, and yet our daily bread depends upon our prompt attention and cheerful obedience, for through this the inner man is fed with bread from heaven and receives present good, that strengthens, because it comes from God. The incomes of Divine Love are sweet to the soul and doubly precious, as the answer of Well done, received on the performance of some little duty.

Let us then pursue our allotted course faithfully, performing our present duties, putting no stone of stumbling in our brother's way; then we may pass through Jordan a united band, and rejoice in plucking the grapes of Escol and possessing fields and vineyards, knowing the power of grace to overcome human infirmity and transform the image of the earthly into the image of the heavenly.

4th mo. 3d, 1866. S. HUNT.

DYMOND ON FREE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

That this system possesses many advantages over a legal provision we have already seen. But this does not imply that even voluntary payment is conformable with the dignity of the Christian ministry, with its usefulness, or with the requisitions of the Christian law.

And here I am disposed, in the outset, to acknowledge that the question of payment is involved in an antecedent question,—the necessary qualifications of a Christian minister. If one of these necessary qualifications be, that he should devote his youth and early manhood to theological studies, or to studies or exercises of any kind, I do not perceive how the propriety of voluntary payment can be disputed: for, when a man who might otherwise have fitted himself, in a counting-house or an office, for procuring his after support, employs his time necessarily in qualifying himself for a Christian instructer, it is indispensable that he should be paid for his instructions. Or, if, after he has assumed the ministerial function, it be his indispensable business to devote all or the greater portion of his time to studies or other preparations for the pulpit, the same necessity remains. He must be paid for his ministry, because, in order to be a minister, he is prevented from maintaining himself.

But the necessary qualifications of a minister of the Gospel cannot here be discussed. We pass on therefore with the simple expression of the sentiment, that how beneficial soever a theological education and theological inquiries may be in the exercise of the office, yet that they form no *necessary* qualifications; that men may be, and that some are, true and sound ministers of that gospel without them.

Now, in inquiring into the Christian character and tendency of payment for preaching Christianity, one position will perhaps be recognized as universally true,—that if the same ability and zeal in the exercise of the ministry could be attained without payment as with it, the payment might reasonably and rightfully be forborne. Nor will it perhaps be disputed, that if Christian teachers of the present day were possessed of some good portion of the qualifications, and were actuated by the motives of the first teachers of our religion,—stated remuneration would not be needed. If love for mankind, and "the ability which God giveth," were strong enough to induce and to enable men to preach the gospel without payment, the employment of money as a motive would be without use or propriety. Remuneration is a contrivance adapted to an imperfect state of the Christian church: nothing but imperfection can make it needful; and when that imperfection shall be removed, it will cease to be needful again. . . . . .

Other modes of voluntary payment may be and perhaps they are adopted, but the effect will not be essentially different. Subscriptions may be collected from a number of congregations and thrown into a common fund, which fund may be appropriated by a directory or conference: but the objections still apply; for he who wishes to obtain an income as a preacher has then to try to propitiate the directory instead of a congregation, and the temptation to sacrafice his independence and his conscience remains.

There is no way of obtaining emancipation from this subjection, no way of avoiding this temptation, but by a system in which the Christian ministry is absolutely free.

But the ill effects of thus paying preachers are not confined to those who preach. The habitual consciousness that the preacher is *paid*, and the notion which some men take no pains to separate from this consciousness, that he preaches *because* he is paid, have a powerful tendency to diminish the influence of his exhortations and the general effect of his labors. The vulgarly irreligious think, or pretend to think, that it is a sufficient excuse for disregarding these labors to say, They are a matter of course,—preachers must say something, because it is their trade. And it is more than to be feared that notions, the same in kind however different in extent, operate upon a large proportion of the community. It is not probable that it should be otherwise; and thus it is that a continual deduction is made by the hearer from the preacher's disinterestedness or sincerity, and a continual deduction therefore from the effect of his labors.

How seldom can such a pastor say, with full demonstration of sincerity, "I seek not yours, but you." The flock may indeed be, and happily it often is, his first and greatest motive to exertion; but the demonstrative evidence that it is so can only be afforded by those whose ministrations are absolutely free. The deduction which is thus made from the practical influence of the labors of stipended preachers is the same in kind (though differing in amount) as that which is made from a pleader's addresses in court. He pleads because he is paid for pleading. Who does not perceive that if an able man came forward and pleaded in a cause without a retainer, and simply from the desire that justice should be awarded, he would be

listened to with much more of confidence, and that his arguments would have much more weight, than if the same words were uttered by a barrister who was feed? A similar deduction is made from the *writings* of paid ministers, especially if they advocate their own particular faith. "He is interested evidence," says the reader,—he has got a retainer, and of course argues for his client; and thus arguments that may be invincible, and facts that may be incontrovertibly true, lose some portion of their effect, even upon virtuous men, and a large portion upon the bad, *because the preacher is paid.* If, as is sometimes the case, "the amount of the salary given is regulated very precisely by the frequency of the ministry required,"—so that a hearer may possibly allow the reflection, The preacher will get half a guinea for the sermon he is going to preach,—it is almost impossible that the dignity of the Christian ministry should not be reduced, as well as that the influence of his exhortations should not be diminished. "It is however more desirable," says Milton, "for example to be, and for the preventing of offence or suspicion, as well as more noble and honorable in itself, and conducive to our more complete glorying in God, to render an unpaid service to the church, in this as well as in all other instances; and after the example of our Lord, to minister and serve gratuitously."*

Some ministers expend all the income which they derive from their office in acts of beneficence. To these we may safely appeal for confirmation of these remarks. Do you not find that the consciousness, in the minds of your hearers, that you gain nothing by your labor, greatly increases its influence upon them? Do you not find that they listen to you with more confidence and regard, and more willingly admit the truths which you inculcate and conform to the advices which you impart? If these things be so,—and who will dispute it?—how great must be the aggregate obstruction which pecuniary remuneration opposes to the influence of religion in the world!

But indeed it is not practicable to the writer to illustrate the whole of what he conceives to be the truth upon this subject, without a brief advertence to the qualifications of the minister of the gospel: because, if his view of these qualifications be just, the stipulation for such and such exercise of the ministry, and such and such payment, is *impossible.* If it is "admitted that the ministry of the gospel is the work of the Lord, that it can be rightly exercised only in virtue of his appointment," and only when "a necessity is laid upon the minister to preach the gospel,"—it is manifest, that he *cannot* engage beforehand to preach when others desire it. It is manifest, that "the compact which binds the minister to preach on the condition that his hearers shall pay him for his preaching, assumes the character of absolute inconsistency with the spirituality of the Christian religion."*

Freely ye have received, freely give. When we contemplate a Christian minister who illustrates both in his commission and in his practice, this language of his Lord; who teaches, advises, reproves, with the authority and affection of a commissioned teacher; who fears not to displease his hearers, and desires not to receive their reward; who is under no temptation to withhold, and does not withhold, any portion of that counsel which he thinks God designs for his church; when we contemplate such a man, we may feel somewhat of thankfulness and of joy; of thankfulness and joy that the Universal Parent thus enables his creatures to labor for the good of one another, in that same spirit in which he cares for them and blesses them himself.

I censure not, either in word or in thought, him, who, in sincerity of mind, accepts remuneration for his labors in the church. It may not be inconsistent with the dispensations of Providence, that in the present imperfect condition of the Christian family, imperfect principles respecting the ministry should be permitted to prevail: nor is it to be questioned that some of those who do receive remuneration are fulfilling *their* proper allotments in the universal church. But this does not evince that we should not anticipate the arrival, and promote the extension of a more perfect state. It does not evince that a higher allotment may not await their successors,—that days of greater purity and brightness may not arrive: of purity, when every motive of the Christian minister shall be simply Christian; and of brightness, when the light of truth shall be displayed with greater effulgence. When the Great Parent of all shall thus turn his favor towards his people; when He shall supply them with teachers ex-

* Christian Doctrine, p. 484.

* I would venture to suggest to some of those to whom these considerations are offered, whether the notion that a preacher is a *sine qua non* of the exercise of public worship, is not taken up without sufficient consideration of the principles which it involves. If, "where two or three are gathered together in the name" of Christ, there he, the minister of the sanctuary, is "in the midst of them," it surely, cannot be *necessary* to the exercise of such worship that another preacher should be there. Surely too, it derogates something from the excellence, something from the glory of the Christian dispensation, to assume that if a number of Christians should be so situated as to be without a preacher, there the public worship of God cannot be performed. This may often happen in remote places, in voyages, or the like: and I have sometimes been impressed with the importance of these considerations when I have heard a person say "—— is absent, and *therefore* there will be no divine service this morning."

clusively of his own appointment, it will be perceived that the ordinary present state of the Christian ministry is adapted only to the *twilight* of the Christian day; and some of those who now faithfully labor in this hour of twilight will be among the first to rejoice in the greater glory of the noon.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is unfaltering."

Biographical Notice of WILLIAM GIBBONS, M. D., *late of Wilmington, Del. Written by one of his Sons.*

James and Eleanor Gibbons, the parents of the subject of this narrative, resided in Chester county during the period of the American Revolution. They lived on the "Institution Farm," near West Chester, which was afterwards purchased from them by the Yearly Meeting, to found the Westtown school. Not long before the close of the Revolutionary war, they removed to Philadelphia, where James pursued the occupation of surveyor and conveyancer. He also taught school in "Friends' Academy," the building which is still standing in Fourth street below Chestnut.

The paternal ancestor, of James Gibbons emigrated from England to Pennsylvania, some years prior to the arrival of William Penn. But little is known of his history. He was, it is believed, a member of the Society of Friends. His descendants are numerous, and many of them now reside in Lancaster, Chester and Delaware Counties, and remain principally attached to the Society.

James and his wife were members of the Society of Friends. During the Revolutionary contest, whilst Philadelphia was occupied by the British, and the American army was encamped at Valley Forge, they shared largely in the sufferings of those who refused to take part in the struggle. Being within reach of the foraging parties of both armies, they were a prey to both, and were despoiled of nearly every thing that could be carried off.

James was a very unpretending man in his person and manners, though quite a linguist, and much attached to his books. One day, a foraging party was seen approaching the house, when the family had scarcely anything left that could be converted into food, except a valuable cow, which they had contrived, up to this time, to hide in the cellar. Now, however, the cow happened to be in the yard, and it was too late to secrete her. Accordingly, they made up their minds to part with their favorite animal. The officer in command of the party rode up to the door, and stationing his soldiers without, entered the house, and passed into the study, where James was sitting, surrounded by his books. The officer, who was an educated man, glanced his eye over the library, and observing a variety of books in the dead languages, enquired of James if he could read those books. On receiving an affirmative answer, he said, "You are a clergyman, I presume." "No," said James. "Are you a lawyer?" "I am not." "Then you are a doctor." James still answered in the negative, without manifesting any disposition to cultivate the acquaintance of his visitor. "What then is your occupation?" enquired the officer with some surprise. "A farmer," said James. On this, the officer, appearing somewhat astonished, took a seat and entered into conversation on the subject of the French and other languages. At the close of the interview, he withdrew with his men, forbidding them to touch anything on the place. Before night, however, another party came that way seized on the cow.*

During their residence in Philadelphia, in the year 1780, William was born. On the night of his birth, an older child, named William, who had been lying ill for some time, breathed his last. The mother gave to her new-born infant the name of him whose eyes she had just closed. William was the youngest of a large and number of children.

Soon afterwards, his parents removed to their farm in Chester County, where they continued to reside till it was sold for the purpose of a school. On the subject of education James Gibbons was deeply interested, and in order to promote the establishment of Westtown school, he sold the farm for a sum below its value, on condition that it should be appropriated to no other purpose.

* The trials encountered in those days by all who refused to take up the sword, we of the present generation can hardly estimate. Among other means adopted to gain subsistence for the armies, bands of soldiers were sent to the various farm houses, to thresh out the stores of winter grain and bear it off. While they were engaged in the work, they were quartered on the family of the farmer, and were often very annoying and insulting to the females of the household. A party of soldiers were sent on this errand to James's place. His wife, thinking it an imposition to be compelled to board them under such circumstances, determined that, at least, they should behave themselves decently while in her house. When they came in from their day's work in the barn, they found a large pot of boiling water over the fire, with an iron ladle in it. The idea soon entered their minds that the scalding water was intended to keep them in order—an idea which Eleanor took no pains to remove, and which was confirmed in their apprehension, by observing that she was a woman of uncommon energy and determination. The result was that they comported themselves with scrupulous propriety as long as they remained about the premises.

After parting with the Westtown property, James removed with his family to a farm at Dilworthtown, a few miles south of West Chester, where he spent the remainder of his life. He died in the year 1822, and his widow followed him to the grave in a few months. James was eighty-four years old, and his wife a few months younger. They had dwelt together in the marriage relation sixty years. Their lives were prolonged into a ripe old age, in which they enjoyed the full possession of their bodily and mental faculties. They were laid side by side in Friends' burying ground at Concord.

Early in life, William Gibbons evinced a fondness for mental pursuits. The facilities for acquiring knowledge were, at that period, extremely limited, in comparison with the present time. He managed, however, mainly by his own efforts, and with the aid of his father, who was fully competent to the task, to lay up a considerable store of knowledge, which became available to him through life. Engaging in the study of medicine, he graduated in the year 1805, and settled about five miles from Wilmington, near the present village of Centerville. A few years afterwards he removed to Wilmington, where he resided for the remainder of his life, continuing the practice of his profession.

In the year 1806, he was married to Rebecca Donaldson, the youngest daughter of John and Sarah Donaldson. She was a few years younger than her husband, and a woman of great activity and energy, and well qualified to share with him the allotments of a somewhat eventful life.

In early manhood, William Gibbons was the subject of deep and enduring religious impressions. His views on questions of religion were not *opinions* merely, but they resulted from close enquiry and serious meditation; they were solemn *convictions*. The principles and testimonies of Friends, he always regarded as of momentous importance in working out the design of man's creation. Believing those principles and testimonies to be in accordance with the example and precepts of Jesus, he strove to be faithful and diligent, in all the circumstances to which he was exposed, in maintaining before the world the character of a practical and consistent Quaker.

In the affairs of the church, he bore prominent part. His judgment was never hasty, but always the result of calm and deliberate reflection. Conclusions thus formed, he maintained with conscientious firmness. His words were few, and to the purpose.

The grand cardinal testimonies of Friends, he was zealous to promote, both within the pale of Society, and in the world at large. The religion which teaches universal love, and the entire incompatibility of war with the Divine economy, he pressed on the attention of the professed followers of Christ, as the only true religion. He regarded with great interest and satisfaction, the labors of many sincere and upright men, in various parts of the world, to promulgate the doctrine of peace, both as individuals and associated as "Peace Societies." With William Ladd, the distinguished and devoted advocate of universal peace, he enjoyed a personal acquaintance, esteeming him as an exemplary and self sacrificing Christian.*

Of the colored people, he was an early and constant friend. On numerous occasions he took a prominent part in movements on their behalf, in the Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings; in memorializing the state and national legislatures against slavery, and in diffusing correct information and proper feelings on that important question, both among Friends and throughout the community in general. He was for many years one of the most active members of the "Abolition Society" of the State of Delaware —a society which was the means, under Providence, of illustrating the parable of the Good Samaritan, in relation to a large number of persecuted and oppressed children of Africa. He was also one of the principal members of the "African School Society," for the education of colored people, through which hundreds of colored children, who were deprived of other means of instruction, have been taught the rudiments of education, and placed in a position where they could elevate themselves and their race. This society, in which he never ceased to take a deep interest, had in its charge, at the time of his death, two flourishing schools, one for each sex.

(To be continued.)

PRAYER.

All prayer is to change the will human into the will Divine; and that prayer which does not succeed in moderating our wish, in changing the passionate desire into still submission, the anxious tumultuous expectation into silent surrender, is no true prayer, and proves that we have not the spirit of true prayer. That life is most holy in which their is least of petition and desire, and most of waiting upon God: that

* About the year 1837, William Ladd, then travelling for the promotion of his favorite concern, called on William Gibbons, to whom he was an entire stranger, and, without formality, introduced himself, in connection with the object of his mission. He was received with coolness and suspicion; but after a short time, as the conversation opened, William Gibbons became more interested in his visitor, and meeting with an entire coincidence of sentiment in relation to the Christian doctrine of non-resistance, he invited a repetition of the visit. Out of this circumstance grew a mutual attachment, which continued till William Ladd's death. Wm. Gibbons was in the habit of alluding, with much interest, to their first interview, as above related.

in which petition most often passes into thanksgiving. In the prayer taught by Christ there is only one petition for personal good, and that a singularly simple and modest one, "Give us this day our daily bread," and even that expresses dependence rather than anxiety or desire.

From this we understand the spirit of that retirement for prayer into lonely tops of mountains and deep shades of night, of which we read so often in His life. It was not so much to secure any definite event, as from the need of holy communion with his Father,—prayer without any definite wish; for we must distinguish two things which are often confounded. Prayer for specific blessing is a very different thing from communion with God. Prayer is one thing, petition is quite another. Indeed hints are given us which make it seem that a time will come when spirituality shall be so complete, and acquiescence in the will of God so entire, that petition shall be superseded. "In that day ye shall ask me nothing." "Again I say not, I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you." The Divine wisdom has given us prayer, not as a means whereby to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we learn to do without them; not as a means whereby we escape evil, but as means whereby we become strong to meet it. "There appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him." That was the true reply to His prayer.—*Robertson.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 28, 1866.

Friends Travelling in the Ministry.—Elizabeth Comfort has obtained a minute from Falls Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, to attend the Monthly Meetings of Abington Quarter.

Mark and Rachel Palmer are her companions in the service.

As it is desirable that the Representatives and other Friends attending our approaching Yearly Meeting, should be comfortably provided for, during their stay in our city, (several Friends whose houses were open for that purpose having recently deceased or removed,) the committee who have the matter in charge, request those city Friends who have room, and are willing to accommodate strangers, to leave word at the office of Friends' Intelligencer, No. 144 N. Seventh street, as early as practicable.

Swarthmore College.—We are glad to inform the numerous inquirers in regard to the progress of this concern that the building has been commenced, and will be pushed forward during the coming summer and autumn with a view to getting it under roof before the next winter fairly sets in. The digging of the cellar, quarrying, hauling and laying the stone, the making and laying of the bricks, and the making of the necessary window-frames, have all been contracted for, at prices rather under than over the estimates. At the present enhanced prices of lumber, the building committee have thought it prudent to postpone the purchase of this material until it is absolutely required by the progress of the building.

Some Friends have thought it unwise to enter upon this work until the funds should be in hand to finish it; but the demand from all sources for the speedy supply of the educational facilities, which it is designed to furnish, and the general promise that when the work is begun and the funds for its completion are needed, they will be subscribed, have induced the managers to proceed as far as the money at their disposal, will allow.

In the meantime, the Committee appointed at the Annual Meeting, to solicit subscriptions are laboring to accomplish their part of the work, confining themselves especially to the city of Philadelphia. They propose, however, to extend their labors to New York and other sections of the country, throughout the current year, so that, if successful, the year 1867 may see the completion of the buildings and the organization of the School.

Meetings for the Consideration of the Testimonies held by Friends.—At the meeting on the 28th ult., that part of the Discipline was read relating to the establishment and arrangement of meetings, and the organization of women's meetings; followed by considerable expression on the advantage of social mingling among Friends. The benefit resulting from the familiar intercourse of the older and younger members was conclusively shown, and both classes were advised to do their part in effecting this object. A Friend remarked, that his venerable father impressed upon him when he was young, to turn towards his neighbor at the close of a meeting and extend to him the hand of greeting. This custom he had observed from youth to mature age, and he believed it tended

to promote kind feeling and to strengthen the interest we should feel for each other.

At the meeting on the 11th inst., the subject of a true Gospel ministry was introduced, by reading in relation to it from our Discipline and from the writings of Jonathan Dymond, who, a friend reminded us, was a Linen Draper, in the Southwest of England, probably in Exeter, and that he wrote a great part of his Essays in a little room adjoining his shop subject to frequent interruptions from customers, in the midst of his profound interesting speculations. With rare talents and exalted piety, he died before reaching the meridian of life, in the year 1828.

The social character of these meetings was adverted to, and the young, or those who desired more thorough information affecting our testimony to a free Gospel ministry, were invited to inquire concerning any point not fully understood. The question was then asked, Whether the writings of the Apostle Paul do not to some extent convey the idea, that he approved of ministers receiving pecuniary compensation? This led to an interesting and animated discussion, during which the Epistle to the Corinthians was alluded to by several, to show that while Paul admitted the custom, and argued that, under the church regulations, he, with the other Apostles, was entitled to compensation; and while he queried with them, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things;" and while he referred them to the law of Moses, which saith, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn,"—yet nevertheless he tells them plainly, "I have used none of these things, neither have I written these things that it should be so done unto me;" "for necessity is laid upon me: yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel;" and he continued, "What is my reward, then? verily that, when I preach the gospel, I may make the gospel of Christ without charge, that I abuse not my power in the gospel."

The sentiment was advanced that while our own ministers are looked up to as exponents of our opinions and definers of our faith, we cannot be firmly established on the ground of this great testimony: that according to the central idea of our profession, every member of the body, however humble, should seek after a qualification to judge righteous judgment; and while a spirit of caviling is to be avoided, an undue deference to the authority of the preacher, however worthy and gifted, should not blind us to the sense of truth and right which is vouchsafed to all who diligently seek it. Truth, it was said, is equally precious, whether conveyed to us from the gallery at the stated times appointed for religious meetings, or spoken by those making less claim to Divine authority, on other occasions; and we were encouraged always to keep our minds open to its reception, whether conveyed to us through instrumental means, or by the direct influence of the Spirit of Truth upon our minds: thus we should grow in grace and increase in that knowledge which will make for peace.

While some of the speakers appeared not clearly to discriminate between the system of a salaried ministry and the individual acting under it, others drew a definite distinction, and fully recognized that many who received pecuniary compensation for preaching were faithfully and conscientiously devoting their time and talents to the work; and although these accepted remuneration, the term "hireling" could not justly be applied to them. Many objected to the use of this term as opprobrious, considering that the words "compensated" and "salaried" more correctly and charitably expressed the class designated. Some thought the term "hireling ministry," appropriate as it might have been at the time it was first used, did not now convey a correct impression of the meaning intended. Others argued that it was Scriptural, and preferred retaining the old Saxon phraseology.

The exclusion of women from ministerial service, and the conferring of the gift of prophecy upon one alone, thus making a monopoly of the pulpit, to the spiritual disadvantage of numbers to whom a similar mission may have been entrusted, were shown to be objectionable features in the system.

A desire was expressed that, in the advocacy of this testimony, zeal should be tempered with knowledge, lest by an uncharitable and unjust censure some may be alienated, who, were the word seasoned with wisdom, might be induced to examine and consider for themselves. A circumstance was related which came under

the observation of the narrator. A Friend had an appointed meeting in a neighborhood where there lived a Baptist minister, who had been strongly prejudiced against Friends, and would not attend any of their meetings. On this occasion, however, he concluded to go. The subject treated of was a free Gospel ministry, which was so dispassionately and powerfully elucidated, that the minister was convinced of its truth, and on the next First-day morning told his congregation that he could no longer receive pay for preaching. He told them he was willing to remain in the parsonage adjoining the church, but that henceforth his own hands must minister to his necessities. He continued to live upon the premises and cultivate his farm, preaching only as the spirit gave authority.

As this was understood to be the last meeting, a proposition was introduced to adjourn until next fall, but it was finally concluded to bring this series to a close, with the probability, however, that they will be resumed another season. These meetings have throughout been well attended, and conducted in great harmony and courtesy. While there has been a freedom of honest expression, there has been no disposition to cavil at established truths, nor to remove the ancient landmarks. The influence exerted appears to have been salutary. In another column will be found the chapter from Dymond above alluded to.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day, the 12th of Fourth month, 1866, according to the order of Friends, HENRY K. SMITH to MARY, daughter of Amos and Anna Wilson, of Putnam county, Ill.

———, on the 12th inst., at Dunning's Creek, Pa., in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, ELI BLACKBURN and MARTHA PENROSE, daughter of Amos and Sophia Penrose, (deceased), of the same place.

DIED, of consumption, on the 11th of First month, 1866, ELIZABETH W. HEACOCK, in the 41st year of her age; a member of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends, Illinois.

——, of diphtheria, on the 25th of Third month, 1866, at the residence of her parents, in the City of Baltimore, LIZZIE, daughter of E. G. and Susan R. Penrose, in the 6th year of her age.

——, on the 15th of Fourth month, 1866, in Troy, N. Y., JOSEPH BRINTNALL, in the 95th year of his age; a worthy Elder of Troy Monthly Meeting.

The following notice of Joseph Walker, an esteemed member of New York Monthly Meeting, whose death occurred several weeks since, has been forwarded to us for publication :—

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE LATE JOSEPH WALKER.

The funeral of Joseph Walker, attended by hundreds of our citizens desiring to testify their respect to his memory, closed the earthly record of a life of singular excellence and beauty. His career has been one of noiseless and unobtrusive goodness, exhibited alike in the activities of business, in works of private and public beneficence, and in the retirement of his home, claiming no notice from others, and yet so proverbial in all our highest business circles for its exceeding purity and grace, that by the concurrent testimony of all who knew him, he has long been singled out as one of whom it could be said with the utmost fitness : "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."

Mr. Walker was a man of large ability as a merchant. He was cautious, systematic and circumspect, but his views were liberal and extended, and his sense of justice was uniform and inflexible.

But the great charm of his character was its benevolence. It was of that rare type which is not limited to specific acts of charity, though in these he was unwearied, but which irradiates and transforms the whole man—body, soul and spirit. It was in the glance of his eye, it was in the tone of his voice, it was in the gesture of his hand, so habitual as to seem like an impulse of nature, and so unselfish and pure as to wear in its minutest traits the marks of a high Christian culture. Those who met him in the ordinary intercourse of life were apt to carry away from every fresh interview a renewed sense of obligation for some unlooked-for courtesy or some kindness beyond their expectation ; while to any who brought special claims to his sympathy, his goodness was like an overflowing fountain to a thirsty man.

Such men confer more benefits upon the callings which they pursue than they can possibly derive from them in reputation or wealth or social esteem. It is to the honor of our mercantile community, that amidst all the rivalries and competitions of trade and enterprise, it can present the example of a life so elevated and faultless. Mr. Walker was a merchant and an underwriter, devoted, until his impaired health compelled his retirement, to the duties of a laborious and exacting business, and yet he filled up a measure of usefulness which could hardly have been surpassed if he had given his whole life to acts of charity. He is another of the many bright examples of high personal character and true Christian aims, which have adorned the annals of the commerce of New York, differing in nationality, in education, in modes of life and in the forms of belief, but

alike in their devotion to duty, in their sympathy with misfortune, and in the unselfish purity of their lives. "There are diversities of operation, but the same spirit." W. A. B.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.—NO. II.

BY JACOB M. ELLIS.

(Continued from page 111.)

No arrangements being yet perfected for a school to take the place of that formerly located at *Camp Wadsworth*, the matter claimed attention the last day of my stay. We drove to *Lewansville*, about a mile distant from the camp, near which one load of the lumber from the old school-house had already been carted.

Here, upon the second application for board for a teacher, and which, it was thought, was the last resource in that neighborhood, we succeeded. Having again visited Camp Wadsworth, to make further arrangements about the removal of the building, our horses' heads were once more turned, and we drove back to the Captain's quarters. Although my mission appeared to be nearly ended, I was determined not to leave for home without knowing definitely whether Martha A. Wright, for whom this school had been previously intended, would accept it, and the board selected or not, although the waiting for that information would lose one train, and cost either a drive of nine miles to *Fairfax Station*, to meet the *Washington* train, or the remaining another day in this vicinity. Here, then, our worthy Captain was ready for any emergency, and despatched an orderly on horseback to M. A. W., who lives distant about two miles, promising to remedy the delay by conveying me to the station.

In due time an affirmative answer was returned, and I was soon ready to bid adieu to my kind friends. I omitted to mention in the proper place the gratification I experienced in witnessing the mutual interest manifested in each other, between Mary K. Brosius and her former pupils, as well as others of the colored people at *Camp Wadsworth*. My narrative will doubtless be deemed by some too prolix and minute, but I have gone more into detail than would otherwise have been proper, were it not that I think Friends should know that it is not always an easy task to locate teachers, and because some have already felt uneasy with what appeared to be an unnecessary delay. The little that has even now been accomplished since leaving home, has consumed four days, and yet I am amply compensated for the expenditure of time in the belief that, our duty to the teachers we are sending away from home is not discharged until every responsibility resting on us is as fully considered as possible.

For much, I might say almost all, of the successful results that have been attained, are we indebted to Captain Ross. He was ever ready to second any suggestion or effort, and I desire to record my appreciation of his kindness and his services. To some of my acknowledgments of this character, his response was, that he was sufficiently rewarded with any success attained; that he was determined to have schools if possible, and must exert himself to that effect during the short time he would be likely to remain in service, as it is rumored his company is soon to be mustered out.

Nor can I close this portion of my narrative without an expression of gratitude towards the members of the family with whom we have boarded the past few days, and where I now leave Mary K. Brosius and Mary McBride,—the latter only temporarily, and the former as her home while on duty here. Truly loyal, frank open, and generous, conversant with some of our best authors, lauding some, and criticising others, one hours' intercourse made me at home with them, and I doubt not but their worth, industry and enterprise will meet with a merited reward.

The new school at Vienna, under the care of M. K. B., although opened only one week since, promises a success. Its existence is not so extensively known as it should be, and yet she had on one occasion *twenty-three* pupils, all anxious to learn.

It may be well to recapitu'ate a little as to our schools in *Fairfax County*, within a range of eight miles, viz:—

MARY K. BROSIUS, located at *Vienna*.
MARY MCBRIDE, " " *Fairfax C. H.*
MARTHA A. WRIGHT, " " *Lewansville*.

The two last named will doubtless be in operation before this appears in print, as the rebuilding at the "*Court House*" was to be completed *within a week*, and the other within the next. Funds have been furnished the teachers, and the requisite arrangements made to have the books, &c., they need, sent from Washington, to avoid delay. Desks and benches will also be furnished us free of expense, the Captain having a colored man in his regiment who is a carpenter. I ought to have mentioned that, so earnest is he on the subject of education, he has been teaching a school in his camp this winter, and, as some of his men show, with considerable success. I also omitted to state, that our two teachers, M. K. B. and M. McB., accompanied us in most of our rough prospecting rides. In reference to other teachers in the employ of our Association, it may be appropriate to say that we have *six* in South Carolina, from whom we are in the frequent receipt of interesting letters, showing a satisfactory progress in the good work in which they are engaged.

The weather has been exceedingly cold. On two successive mornings it had frozen so in my

room, that I was obliged to break a hole in the ice in my pitcher, before I could get any water, which froze almost immediately upon pouring it into the bowl. Vegetation does not appear to be any more forward here than at home.

No time was at command for visiting various points which have become noted in this section of country as being connected in some way or other with the late rebellion. We drove, however, over a portion of it where the army retreated during the disastrous battle of Bull Run: were in and examined some of the stockades, &c. Desolation has truly stamped its impress everywhere around us. The tillers of the soil are for the most part fenceless, and almost every other *less* that tends to impoverish man. Chimneys are to be seen without houses; charred stumps of trees; and indeed whole woods have been either cut or burned down. In most places in this section, so complete has this kind of desolation been, that there is not enough wood left to fence the ground. Efforts at resuscitation, however, are beginning to show themselves here and there; occasionally a short pannel of new fence may be seen, though in most instances there is nothing more than an impromptu one, made of the tops of pine trees driven down diagonally and crossing each other. Give them one year's crops, and teachers for *all*, irrespective of color, and a marked change will soon be apparent. I am certain, in the *North*, under the same circumstances, this change would have been developed long ere this.

Arrived at *Fairfax Station*, and finding I had considerable time to spare before the train would arrive, I spent a portion of it in visiting the colored families clustered there, giving them such counsel as I thought appropriate, and querying of them as to their prospect for the future when they leave here, which must take place sooner or later. Poor creatures, I had almost said they had no prospective future; not being in a condition to command any definite purpose, they know not where to go nor what to do. Two things, however, pre-eminently occupy places in their hearts: the possession of a cabin of their own, with a little spot of ground for a garden, and the means of education. One poor fellow, who has a wife and four children, is now offered *seventy-five* cents per day for his labor, and thinks he had better accept it for the present. He is now indebted to the proprietor of a small store at the station, to the amount of several dollars.

With this storekeeper I had half an hour's conversation. As he is the agent of the Railroad Company, I should suppose his proclivities were *Southern*. Though apparently very poor, I found him kind and good-hearted. When I went in, he was writing a letter for one of the colored women, who, he informed me, was also in his debt. I was glad to find there was some one to whom they could appeal in this desolate place. He alluded to the gradual increasing indebtedness of this class as one of the things he could not help. I ought to have spoken of some of the impositions that are practised on them. While at *Vienna*, I was present when two complaints were made to Captain Ross. *One* had purchased a horse, had paid the seller ten dollars on account, and the balance was to be given in work. Subsequently, a man came, and claiming the animal as belonging to his mother, broke open the stable and took the horse away. The poor purchaser had offered to say nothing about his labor if the money was returned to him. This had been promised, but for months had remained unfulfilled.

The other party had agreed to do certain work in a swamp and to the fence around it, and in which he was also promised a subsequent interest for the use of a house for himself and family. The owner now wishes to make some other arrangement about the work that has been done, and demands four dollars per month rent in *cash* for the time the house has been occupied.

These cases may seem to the general reader to be very trifling matters to put in print, but could they be present, and hear their simple unvarnished stories, as I did, they could not but be interested. Three more complaints of the like character were made the same day. Captain Ross made very careful notes of each case, and made special appointments to go and attend to them during the week. These things cost him much time and labor in riding all over the county, for the purpose of examining into and settling them, although the amount involved is frequently very trifling If any confirmation were wanting as to the necessity for a "*Freedmen's Bureau*," such cases as these will furnish it, as showing the *spirit* of oppression and injustice still existing, irrespective of the *amount* of fraud committed. May these poor creatures ever and everywhere find as faithful a protector!

Having now fulfilled the object of my mission as far as practicable, and feeling something like doing a little travelling on my own account, I took the night train at the "*Station*" at eight o'clock, and after changing cars at *Gordonsville*, at midnight, arrived at *Richmond* a quarter past five next morning. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I felt little or no inclination to sleep. The imperfect view I had of the country disclosed much of a continuation of the same desolate appearances, until some time before we reached Gordonsville. Previous to that, I had noticed but very few houses, and those were apparently the abodes of poverty. After leaving Gordonsville, the want of improvement was again apparent until we neared Richmond.

In the car I had quite an interesting conver-

sation with an intelligent gentlemen, who had himself been a slaveholder, and his father before him. I told him I had been an unconditional opponent of slavery all my life; while he assented to my view that both master and slave would be ultimately benefitted by the great change that has been brought about. On the suffrage question, he thought if the North would only wait a little while, their purpose would be as fully effected as they could desire; he himself would be entirely willing for it under a *qualification*, (reading, writing, &c.,) that when they reached a point of intelligence, where they would be competent to judge, it should be granted them, and the knowledge of this would be an incentive to exertion on their parts to attain this point of intelligence; expressing the opinion at the same time, that the *South* generally was prepared for this. At present, they were such an impressible people, that without sufficient knowledge, unprincipled politicians could, with the aid of intoxicating drinks, mould and shape their votes in any way they pleased.

He deplored the degeneracy of the Virginia Legislature as compared with past times, quoting, in his comparisons some of its antecedents, and altogether the interview was very pleasant if not instructive.

(To be continued.)

LIFE.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

"Perfect through suffering."—PAUL.

Must I suffer ere my spirit
Shall attain its highest goal?
Opens there no smoother pathway
To the upward struggling soul?
No—like seed that through thick darkness
Gropes its way above the sod,
So this soul of mine must ever
Struggle through the dark to God!

Light untempered pales the Blossom,
Suns unclouded blight the Grain—
So the Love that's winged with Wisdom
Calls His clouds and gives them Rain.
I, a Plant in God's great Garden,
Grain within His guarded Field,
Need I not, as well as Sunshine,
Rain to make me thrive and yield?

In the Day the great Earth wearies,
Sickens 'neath the burning Sun;
In the Night she rallies nobly
Till her strength is all re-won.
Dews fresh dropt from Nature's chalice,
Cool and quicken all her powers,
Fit her for another morrow's
Struggle through the sultry hours.

In the light my soul grows sickly,
Sluggish, faint—until, at length,
In the Dark how strong it struggles,
Battling for its bartered strength!
Tears, like dews, refresh and hallow
All its powers for noble strife;
Fit and nerve it for another
Upward effort into Life.

Life is Toil—He lives, He only,
Who, amid his daily cares,
Sees a mighty End upspringing,
Like choice Wheat among the Tares.
He who Patience gleans from Trial,
Strength from Struggle, Hope from Pain,
He twice lives—on Earth—in Heaven—
He who lives once, lives again!

—*National Era.*

LLOYD'S

(Concluded from page 93.)

The reading-room, which is next to the under-writers' room, is supplied with the commercial journals of all nations; and here may be seen from time to time the merchants of foreign lands, as well as our home capitalists, gleaning from unnumbered documents, written and printed, the information they want. An orderly, almost perfect silence, prevails, and waiters, who only whisper, are ever on the alert to supply the lists as they are called for, and the very last intelligence from any and every port on the seas, at an instant's notice. For in this spot is concentred all that is positively known concerning every civilized venture afloat, from whatever port it may have sailed and to whatever region it may be bound. Sail from whence it will, a vessel may be insured at Lloyd's, and in practice there is hardly ever a barque sailing from a Christian country that is not so insured in whole or in part. This is managed by the medium of a vast system of agency, which is ever active among all maritime peoples—the agents of the United Kingdom amounting to a hundred and fifty, and the foreign agents nearly doubling that number. It is from these agents, who write by every mail and telepraph every serious casualty, that that vast mass of intelligence is received which renders Lloyd's the never failing source of information on all marine matters.

The merchants' room, which is frequented by a different class of subscribers, not insurers, is under the management of a master, speaking several languages; is supplied with duplicates of the "books," and with the English and foreign newspapers, and is the centre of various mercantile transactions other than insurance. The captains' room, to which the readiest access is by the captains' entrance on the north side of the Exchange, is for the transaction of captains' business by appointment with their owners, and for sales and transfers of ships' and ship stores. It is, further, a commodious coffee and refreshment room, where the viands are supplied at moderate price. On the floor above the subscription rooms are the chart-room, the committee-rooms, and the various domestic offices.

The above is about as much as can be learned by a casual visit to this unique establishment, which certainly never had its like in any other age or country. It may be regarded as a colossal

institution for rendering the destructive forces of nature, harmless against the enterprise of commerce. In one respect it does this, for it prevents the diminution of what is literally "floating capital," and keeps the keels of commerce for ever gliding in their ocean path. But there is another and a grim side to this bold picture. Yon moneyed arbiter may underwrite the "Betsy Jane," and if she is crunched to atoms by the grinding ice-drift, or founders like lead in the bosom of the tempest, he may set her duplicate afloat with timbers as sound and a cargo as rich. But what of the thirty men and seven or eight boys, who started so merrily on their voyage four months ago—now perished for ever in those dismal gulfs? Can he underwrite them? can he set them afloat once more, and quench the mothers' sobs, and dry the windows' tears? It is a ghastly thought that the increase of our commercial marine is marked by concurrent increase of death by drowning, and the horrors of shipwreck. The proof of this is afforded by the books of Lloyd's, whose evidence is not to be gainsayed. We speak within the mark when we affirm that the loss of life by casualties at sea, reported at Lloyd's, averages not less than twelve hundred men and boys per year. Of these as many, probably, as four to five hundred form the crews of vessels sailing from our island ports every year, which are *never heard of again;* for it is a fact, that fifty vessels on an average annually leave our harbors, which never arrive anywhere, and the cause of whose total destruction remains for ever unknown. The next most fatal class are those which founder at sea, leaving survivors to tell the sad history of loss and suffering —and these amount annually to about two hundred and twenty. Almost as large a number are every year abandoned by their crews, who take to their boats to save their lives if possible. Those totally wrecked in the same space of time are about five hundred and seventy; while those driven ashore and partially wrecked are over twelve hundred. Serious damage by collision, in which vessels only save themselves from sinking, by running into the nearest port, occurs six hundred times, while various other casualties of less frequent occurrence, including casualties by fire, by ice, by pirates, etc., etc., raise the whole list to no less than three thousand in a single year, in sailing vessels alone. Among steamers the loss and damage, proportionably to tonnage, is not nearly so great, but still the array of accidents is a gloomy one.

The question naturally arises, on contemplating such a portentious list of calamities, what class of vessels is most liable to them? Out of the three thousand casualties recorded in Lloyd's books in a year, not more than sixteen are set down against vessels of seven hundred tons burden and upwards. The rule would appear to be, that the larger the vessel, or the more valuable the venture, the less liable it is to suffer wreck or accident. Not that there is any protective property in the mere element of size, but because in large vessels there will be found a well qualified commander and an efficient crew, while smaller vessels are often kept weak-handed from false notions of economy, and thus in the hour of storm and peril they are wrecked from the want of sufficient skill and strength on board to navigate them safely. It is of course impossible that the whole of our mercantile marine should consist of large vessels of great tonnage; in such vessels many branches of commerce could only be carried on at a ruinous loss, if at all. There must be small vessels for the coast, the European and the Mediterranean traffic; but there is no reason why they should not be as well manned and commanded as the monster merchantmen that trade with China and the Indies. We hold that a vessel of four hundred to five hundred tons, fairly manned, and free from the incubus of a deck cargo, inasmuch as she is more manageable, is safer in the narrow seas than one of two thousand; but the mischief is, that such vessels, being mostly commanded by men who are part owners, and who, heedless of their responsibilities, are interested in saving expense, seldom *are* fairly manned, and carry very little of the science of navigation on board. These are conclusions which, however unwilling we may be to arrive at them, we cannot escape, for "Lloyd's List" brings them home to us with irresistible force, speaking in facts which cannot be tampered with or eluded. The remedy, then, so far as a remedy is obtainable against the overwhelming loss of life at sea, annually suffered by this country, will come with a better educated class of sea captains, and crews of well-trained, disciplined, and well-paid seamen.

The total loss, either of life or property, cannot be accurately arrived at through the information concentrated at Lloyd's, as casualties must occasionally happen which do not get reported in their books. As to life we have given an approximation above; as to property it has been calculated that about 250,000 tons of shipping are lost every year. At the cost for building, of £10 a ton, this would give £2,500,000 as the money loss incurred by owners, or by the underwriters in the case of such vessels as are insured, every year for the vessels alone. If the value of the cargoes amount to only as much, then £5,000,000 sterling in value of the products of human industry are swamped in the fathomless ocean, and lost to the communities for whom they were designed. Verily there is room for underwriting, and reason enough why the underwriter should not feel himself on a bed of roses,

"When the stormy winds do blow, do blow—
When the stormy winds do blow."

"But" says the reader, "who is, or was Lloyd, the founder of this responsible and ubiquitous institution? you have not introduced us to him after all." Well, that is rather a difficult question. We can get at nothing like a detailed account of the man. Some two centuries ago he was described in a title-page as a "Gentleman well known for obliging the Public with the Freshest and most Authentic Ship News;" and forty years before that, he or his progenitor, was mentioned in the "Tatler;" and again, ten years before that he was referred to in a poem which had but an ephemeral existence. All search for him previous to the date of 1700 is vain, and who he was cannot be told at this time of day. The man himself has been forgotten for many a long year; but—*stat nominis umbra*—the shadow of his name does indeed stand, a beneficent power looming over land and sea; and it may be said, in poetical phrase,

"To brood o'er the waters wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night shadowed pole.

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

WHETHER CHOLERA IS CONTAGIOUS.

BY JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.

Within the present century, cholera, a disease indigenous in hot climates of the East, has, at various intervals, made its appearance in the temperate latitudes of Europe and America. It is now again exciting interest from its possible and perhaps probable approach to this country.

The experience of the last thirty or forty years has led a majority of medical men who had observed the disease to believe, that, as a general law, it is not contagious. In this belief I must individually remain, until evidence more satisfactory than any which has yet appeared shall justify an opposite conviction.

The great epidemics of 1830 and 1847 had a remarkable coincidence in the path which they pursued, and in the order and dates of their arrival in different cities. They seem to have followed certain great routes of travel, and to have avoided others equally frequented. According to Lesègue, they both visited consecutively, and in corresponding months, Tiflis, Astrachan, Moscow, Petersburg and Berlin. In 1831, cholera did not take the most frequented route from Berlin to Paris, but passed along the shores of the Baltic, crossed over to Sunderland, went down to London, and again crossed the channel and arrived in Paris about six months after its appearance in Berlin. A disease propagated by contagion of any kind would hardly have avoided the most frequented thoroughfares from Berlin to Paris, while it occupied half a year in going round by England.

The epidemic now or lately prevailing in Europe appears to date back at least nine months, at which time it existed among the caravans of pilgrims visiting or returning from the city of Mecca. In the middle of May last it was at Alexandria and Cairo, in June at Constantinople, Ancona and Marseilles, and in November at Paris, Havre and other European cities.

Thus it appears that cholera has now existed in Europe from three to eight months, among cities having constant commercial intercourse with seaports of the United States during which time thousands of passengers and tens of thousands of bales and packages have been landed in our maritime cities. If cholera were as contagious or portable as many believe it to be, it ought to have begun and perhaps finished its work in many of our seaports before this time.

Epidemic require two things for their introduction and extension. These are—first, predisposition in the inhabitants of the place visited; and, second, the arrival or presence of an exciting cause. This cause in some epidemics, such as small-pox, is contagion. In others it is an occult influence, not yet discovered nor understood, nor known to be controlled, except in some instances, by hygienic agencies. No country, I believe, has succeeded in keeping out cholera by quarantines, and no country, as far as we know, can produce it artificially or retain it after the predisposition has disappeared. In its own time it moves on thoroughfares where men are travelling, and spreads into cities where they are stationary, for no better known reason than that mankind are its necessary food, and that where there are no people there can be no cholera. But why, of two frequented roads or cities, it selects one and avoids the other, investigators have not yet been able to satisfy us.

The credit of having introduced the present epidemic into Europe is by a sort of popular acclamation assigned to the hosts of squalid devotees who perform an annual pilgrimage to Mecca. Yet we are told that "the cholera exists every year among the caravans of Musselmans arriving at the holy cities," so that their supposed mission of forwarding the cholera to Europe in most years fails to be performed.

Cholera, like influenza and some other migratory diseases, has usually but not always advanced from east to west. Of the vehicle in which it travels, or the course it is next to take, we know about as much as mankind knew of the cause of lightning before the discovery of electricity. Its conveyance and propagation have been ascribed to air, to water, to material foci, to electricity, to ozone or to the want of it. Of late, in consequence of the vast develop-

ment by the microscope, of the existence everywhere of minute living organisms, it has become more common to ascribe the arrival of this and other like epidemics to certain unseen "germs" which are called seeds or ova, cryptogamic or animalcular, according as the fancy of the theorist inclines him to adopt a vegetable or an animal nomenclature.

But in this, as in many other cases, it is easier to trace an analogy, or to assume a cause, than it is to prevent an effect. Although inquirers have been indefatigable in their attempts to enlighten the world on the means of ridding ourselves of the presence of the various offensive co-tenants of our globe, yet no crusade has yet succeeded in banishing from our fields and houses the unwelcome swarms of mosquitoes, worms, grubs and flies, which molest us with their annual presence; nor in suppressing the blight of grain, the potato rot, or the peach tree disease. Happily some if not most of these have their periods of abatement or disappearance, and this rather through the order of Providence than the agency of man. Cholera seems to abide in the same category. We know little of its exciting cause, and not much of its prevention, except, that by following in our personal habits the dictates of reason and experience, we diminish both the frequency and danger of its occurrence.

ITEMS.

Congress.—In the Senate a resolution was adopted to print four hundred thousand copies of the Patent Office Report; also a resolution appropriating $121,785 for fulfilling certain treaties with Indians on the Upper Missouri and Upper Platte rivers. A resolution to discontinue the branch mint at New Orleans and transfer it to Nevada was referred. The habeas corpus bill was considered and finally passed with some amendments. The bill to grant American registers to certain English-built vessels was reported from the Committee of Commerce and agreed to. A bill was offered providing for the establishment of melting and assaying offices at various points in the gold and silver regions of the Rocky mountain basins.

In the House.—A resolution was offered, as an amendment to the Constitution, to apportion representation according to the number of voters in the several States. The Committee on Military Affairs were instructed to inquire into the propriety of providing by law for the punishment of fraudulent claim agents. A resolution prescribing eight hours as the legal limit of a day's work in the District of Columbia was postponed. The Judiciary Committee were instructed to inquire what legislation was necessary for the confiscation of lands purchased by the rebel Government and used as prison camps. The bill providing for deficiencies in the appropriation for public printing was passed. Memorials of the Wisconsin Legislature asking Congress to give consent to the change in the route of the land-grant railway from Portage to Bayfield and thence to Superior, and asking a grant of lands to aid in the construction of such of the Portage and Superior railroad as extends from Fon du Lac to Ripon, were referred to the Committee on Public Lands. An invitation from the colored citizens of the District to the members of the House, to be present at the celebration of the anniversary of their emancipation, was presented and read.

The Freedmen.—The colored people celebrated the fourth anniversary of emancipation in the District of Columbia, in Washington city, on the 19th inst.

John Ely, Chief Superintendent in charge of Freedmen in State of Kentucky, writing to "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of Freedmen," says, "The Freedmen, as a class, are well employed in this State, and all who are able show a laudable disposition to aid and assist their poor brethren. All classes of them, old as well as young, evince a desire to learn to read and write; many schools have been established throughout the State, especially in the larger towns, all taught by black people, and supported entirely by contributions from the Freedmen themselves."

Under the civil-rights law, in a recent case in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, a colored man was placed on the witness stand; a new thing in that State.

EDWIN HALL & CO., 28 South Second St., would inform the Friends of this city, and those who contemplate visiting it, that they keep a large stock of goods adapted to their wants. Plain Silks, Neat style Silks, Neat style Poplins, Plain Poplins, Plain Mohairs, Neat style Mohairs, Neat style Lawns, with many other style of goods suitable for a neat plain taste. Plain style Shawls, Shetland Shawls, Barege Shawls.
42855512.

CLARK & BIDDLE, JEWELLERS, (*Successors to Thos. C. Garrett,*) No. 712 Chestnut St., invite attention to their large stock of American, English, and Swiss Watches, which they offer at the lowest gold rates. Also a fine assortment of Silver and Silver-plated Ware. Prices reduced to correspond with the heavy decline in gold.
428555123t.

THOS. M. SEEDS, HATTER, 41 N. 2d St. Always on hand, and made to order, a large assortment of Friends' Hats; as he makes a specialty of that part of the Hatting Business.
428, 55, 512 00.

B. A. WILDMAN, Dealer in House-Furnishing Goods. A general assortment of Tin, Iron, Wooden and Willow Ware, Japanned and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Spoons, &c., No. 925 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. 421 10t pf.

STOKES & WOOD, 702 Arch St., would respectfully call the attention of Friends to their large stock of Plain Goods. *The Dress Goods and Silk Department* contains all the new and choice styles of plain and medium fabrics, in silk and wool. *House Furnishing Department.* Linen Sheetings, Table Linens, Napkins, Towelling, Tickings, Muslins, &c. *Cloths and Cassimeres* for men and boys, in every variety. White Goods, including Book Muslins, Tarltons, &c.
Stokes & Wood,
702, Arch Street, Philadelphia.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A Boarding-School for Girls. The Spring and Summmer Term of this Institution, will commence 5th mo. 21st, 1866, and continue in session twelve weeks. For details see Circular, to obtain which, address the Principals, Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.
Israel J. Grahame,
tf. av n fr. 414. Jane P. Grahame, } Principals.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of Fifth month, 1866, and continue twenty weeks Terms, $85. For further particulars address
Henry W. Ridgway,
4766 t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

WM. HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North Ninth Street.—A general assortment of ready-made Coffins, and every requisite for Funerals furnished.
Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 311. ly. w a s m p.

NEW ARTICLES.—The Graduated Measure and Funnel combined, Russ' Scissor Sharpeners, Spring Scissors for Sewing Machines, the Clutch Brace, which does not require the bitts to be fitted or notched, the Vegetable Slicer, for beets, cucumbers, &c. For sale at the Hardware Store of
Truman & Shaw,
310tf. No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON, OF CANADA WEST.

(Continued from page 115.)

Eighth mo. 12th, 1847. To-day I laid before the Monthly Meeting a prospect of paying a visit, with a desire I might perform it in Gospel love, to that class of persons who have been disowned from Society, since the Separation, within the limits of our Half Years' Meeting, and obtained liberty from the Meeting to proceed therein. A few months after, I returned the minute, with the information that the visit had been performed as far as way opened, mostly to my satisfaction, and that I was cordially received by all the visited.

I have learned through much of my life that all the dispensations of Providence, whether of prosperity or adversity, are meted out to us by the Almighty hand that holds the golden balance in which is poised this or that the most calculated to keep us in a state of entire dependence on Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being, supporting us at times by consolation, and at times exercising our faith by trials; the latter being now, no doubt, in wisdom dispensed to us in this neighborhood, as we have been visited by sickness, and a lovely daughter has been taken away from her husband and little children,—one, too, who was very much the hope and comfort to our declining years. And within a few weeks after, my affectionate and loving companion was also removed. She had participated with me in the ups and downs of life for forty years, the latter part attended with increasing enjoyment, being blessed with a competency of this world's goods, our children all settled around us, and privileged with a meeting that has grown up since our coming into the neighborhood. I feel now more and more my dependence on that Almighty Power who giveth and can take away, and can therefore testify that through all the vicissitudes of life I can see the hand of Providence guiding me along. Divine mercy forgiving my many aberrations, and knowing in some degree that redemption that cometh through those visitations of love which have been marvelously extended to me a poor creature, and looking at the past, and feeling hope for the future, I can truly acknowledge with the Psalmist, "surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all my life long;" and may I so end that I may have the assurance that I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Having been favored to attend all our meetings for worship and discipline for some time past, with now and then a little strength afforded to minister in, I have often prayed that the Lord would still lead me in the way I should go. After a time a way was made for me (by providential occurences,) to take a second companion for my future life, and I was united in marriage with Mary H. Brownlow, of Philadelphia.

I have learned that happiness depends less upon external things than most men imagine:

may our happiness consist in doing the will of our Heavenly Father. Being much united together in gospel fellowship, we each are endeavoring to fulfil our respective duties.

Seventeenth of 4th mo., 1851. My wife and I laid before our Monthly Meeting a prospect we had of attending the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia and New York, and received their concurrence, and a minute of unity with us as ministers in esteem with them.

Seventeenth of 7th mo. We returned the minute granted us for the above mentioned visit, and informed the meeting it had been accomplished to our peace and satisfaction. And at the same meeting we opened a prospect of attending Pelham Half-Year's Meeting, and some of the meetings constituting the same, which we were enabled to perform to our satisfaction, and we hope to the honor of the Great Head of the Church.

God is our maker and our preserver, and I ever bear in mind that the spirit of God and the spirit of Christ are one, and whosoever believes in Christ and receives him as manifested in their own hearts, to these the Almighty will give power to become the sons of God.

Marvel not, said the blessed Jesus, that ye must be born again. We are all the children of God by creation, but none can truly call God Father but by and through the eternal spirit; and I believe a manifestation of this spirit, according to our different measures, is given to every man that cometh into the world. Every man hath this in himself, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well sin lieth at thy door."

Fifth mo. 22d, 1852. We may not expect to be exempt from trials in this life; they are extended to us for our purification. At this time we have met with a sore trial. My son, John E. Watson, living a little more than a mile from us, had his house, barn and much valuable property consumed by fire about midnight. Only a part of the family escaped, without having time to put on their clothes. Two hired men and two lovely daughters, one aged 8 and the other 10 years, perished by the devouring element. My son himself was considerably injured. He opened a door where the fire originated, and the flames burst upon him, burning him severely, and in his attempts to save his children he narrowly escaped with his own life. Afflictions are not joyous but grievous, but afterward they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are profitably exercised thereby.

We mourned, we wept, but not without hope that all things shall work together for good (even to us, though we feel unworthy of it) to all those who truly love God. "For God doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

It drawing near the time of our Yearly Meeting, in our tried situation we gave up all hopes of attending it, though I have rarely missed; but, as the time drew near, my companion and I felt our inclination so strengthened that we proceeded, and were met by our many friends with such sympathy and fellow feeling that the remembrance brings tears from my eyes while I record it. We had a very favored Yearly Meeting, and we could set our seals to this truth, that "God is the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in our varied tribulations." I may say of this meeting, we met in love, we parted in love, many of us greeting one another with the kiss of charity and affection.

After a considerable exercise of mind, I laid before our Monthly Meeting, on the 15th of 1st mo., 1853, a prospect that had for some time dwelt with me to pay a religious visit to the meetings comprising Farmington Quarterly Meeting, and as many of the families thereof as way might open for. In which concern I was joined by my wife. Much sympathy and unity were expressed, and we were allowed to proceed as truth may direct.

In our prospect in this concern we were mercifully preserved. It was a time to try our own souls, and those we were with. We visited all the meetings, and nearly all the families composing this large Quarterly Meeting, and a hope was felt at seasons that the trial of our faith would work experience, and experience hope. The love of God was abundantly evinced to ourselves and to those we visited, affording an evidence that our little labor of love would not be in vain in the Lord.

Being favored with usual health, we attended all our religious meetings to the beginning of the year 1855. Nothing occurred worthy of particular remark, save that we felt, in much humility, a little deepening in the root of life. The Lord knoweth them that are His. May our souls ever trust in Him to redeem from all iniquity.

Seventeenth of 5th mo., 1855. Myself and wife, with Joel and Sarah Hughes as companions, obtained the concurrence of our Monthly Meeting to pay a religious visit to Friends of Fishing Creek Half-Year's Meeting, which visit we were favored to accomplish to our mutual satisfaction, and we hope to the edification of the visited.

Those who are directed by infinite wisdom, will realize that peace which is past the understanding of men. May that peace be mine, and may it be thine, I would say to every son and daughter throughout the world; for those who are led by the spirit of God will be acknowledged to be the sons of God.

The Lord gives health, the Lord gives strength, both temporally and spiritually, for truly it may be said, "that in Him we live, and

move, and have our being." Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works; for His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting. Oh, that we may ever trust in Him who is the living God, the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe. "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." The Lord is Omnipotent in all His works of Providence. I see how I have erred, and how God, by his infinite goodness, loving kindness and preserving power, hath saved me. Surely, I may say all glory be to God. If an apostle said, "by grace I am what I am," how much cause have I to say by "grace *I* am what *I* am." God is unchangable; His mercy and goodness continue forever; therefore, poor worm Jacob is not yet consumed.

First mo. 16th, 1856. Oh, Thou all-wise and almighty one, bring to pass whatsoever will be for my good, both temporally and spiritually, that so I may be enabled to say the Lord reigneth. Cause, O gracious God, every thing Thou hast made to be subservient to Thy infinite wisdom and most holy perfection, that all may praise Thee, and say with myself at this time, "Thou art my God, I will praise Thee; Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee."

Truth leads into a oneness of principle, and very much of practice when taken generally; yet, in regard to the sacrifices we offer and the services we are called to perform, how varied are the allotments of each member of the church militant. There is force in the injunction, "Whatsoever the Master bids you, that do."

I have endeavored to keep my place, my habitation in the truth, and have been favored to attend all our religious meetings, and a little service has been given me.

There is a deficiency in the above account, owing to my having been attacked with something like paralysis, which for sometime benumbed my feelings and impaired my memory, but I have now some ability to relate the following incidents of my later life.

(To be continued.)

"It matters infinitely less what we do, than what we are. When we see old age restless in its infirmity; activity disappointed of its scope or instruments; and the most useful agents of society, the most indispensible members of families, paralysed by disease—we must remember that the work of life is our's still—the formation of a heavenly soul within us. If we cannot pursue a trade or a science, or keep house, or help the State, or write books, or earn our own bread or that of others—we can do the work to which all this is only subsidiary, —we can cherish a sacred and holy temper; we can vindicate the supremacy of mind over body; we can, here, as well as in heaven's courts hereafter, reveal the angel growing into its immortal aspect; which is the highest achievement we could propose to ourselves, or that grace from above could propose to us, if we had a free choice of all possible conditions of human life."

LETTERS OF LYDIA P. MOTT.

A few letters written some years since by our friend Lydia P. Mott, of Skaneateles, have been sent us by the friend to whom they were addressed. They have so revived in our remembrance her devoted, humble, cheerful spirit, that we do not doubt they will be acceptable to those who knew and loved her.

If material could be found for a memoir of one so devoted, and whose long life was chequered by many trials, through which cheerful faith and patience were maintained to the end, it would be both instructive and interesting.

SUMMIT, WAUKESHAW Co., WISC., 12th mo. 15, 1851.

Dear H.,—I am under the impression that I have replied to thy interesting letter, but as it is so long since I heard from Cincinnati, I feel very desirous of some tidings from my friends there; my attachments there suffering no diminution by the distance that sunders us. The blustering winds and driving snows have no power to scatter and lessen the warm influences of substantial friendship founded in congeniality of religious views, the firmest bond that can unite sincere hearts,—than gold more precious. California has her glittering pretensions, but vicious associations, whose base is paltry gold; disease and misfortune alike dissipate or alienate. Such has been the case in instances which have come to my knowledge, and the disappointed individuals have returned friendless and penniless, to lament over what they call a deceitful world!

To me the world appears better and better with advancing age, and I have daily cause to admire the numerous sources of comfort, under a sense of gratitude for its numberless blessings, which are new every morning, causing me mentally to exclaim with David of old, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." Among which blessings I number the sweet solace of true friendship. Young says,

"From friendship, fair, that flower of heavenly seed,
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy."

The greatest want I have experienced since quitting the loved society of dear Burlington, has been a friend of congenial views,—the cordial warmth and elevating spirit of a friend!

My dear affectionate nephew and wife are staunch Presbyterians, and their visitors are of

their church generally; of course there is no congeniality on religious topics; on the contrary, on my part, silence. Thus we avoid opposition. The superiority of Quaker doctrines and Quaker habits and manners never were higher in my estimation than they have been these two years past, raising an aspiration of deepest gratitude that I was early brought acquainted with Friends, and subsequently received into the bosom of Society amid spiritual nursing fathers and mothers.

Such, emphatically, were my devoted father-in-law, James Mott, and Rebecca Grellet, then Collins,—two pure and heavenly minds, with the most winning simplicity and gentleness of manner,—besides a host of public members of Society whose lives and doctrines won my ardent admiration. Among these were the Seer, Daniel Haviland, of prophetic gift, J. and J. Simpson, Peter Yarnall, John Cox, the Hoags, the Hallocks, Geo. Dillwyn, Jesse, the potter's boy, of fascinating eloquence, the thundering Hugh Judge, D. Offley, Arthur Howell, Saml. Emlen, (another Seer,) Job Scott, and, not behind any of them, the powerful Elias Hicks, beside such women as Rebecca Jones, Hannah Fisher, Esther Griffin and her two sisters, Naomi Halstead and Hannah Field, E. Coggeshall and hosts of both sexes whom I might enumerate, who adorned their profession and glorified God by a consistent walk, and the exercise of their various gifts. The recollection of all these worthies, and the remembrance that most of them honored my Robert and self by making our house their home, during Yearly Meeting week, bring a fresh sense of my shortcomings after so many bright examples of Christian virtue, self-denial and wisdom. Ah! my dear friend, were we the people we ought to be, the inhabitants of the world would yield to our influence, when viewing its peaceful and harmonious effects. Oh! that our young people, taught by their wanderings and deviation from our excellent discipline, (the purest code of laws on earth,) would return and build up our waste places, and once more cause the voice of thanksgiving and praise to crown our assemblies!

Skaneateles, 4th mo. 4, 1854.

Oceans may roll between, and mountains intervene between real friends, dear H., without changing the precious tie; and so, long silence may occur, as it has done between us the past season, and yet I trust the links in our chain are unbroken, nay unimpaired.

The winter here has not been severe, but it has been broken, and abounded with dark, heavy weather, which has kept me a prisoner to the house most of the time, the roads being neither fit for carriage or sleigh; indeed the only snow we had to make a sleigh run was for a few days last month. I had planned to make a visit to a cousin in Scipio, when, lo! our horse was taken lame, and all others were had in requisition. Confinement, however, has not impaired my health, which is more uniform than it was two years back. We have a piazza on two sides of the house, and I have made it a practice to walk on it daily when it has not actually stormed; and this exercise in the open air, and strict attention to my diet, have contributed, together with the kind care of my son, to preserve my health, which I can gratefully acknowledge is better than most persons at 79, which I can scarcely believe is my age, after all the bitter trials and severe losses I have experienced. Through all these I can humbly say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me," as they did the tried King of Israel, and I have never been forsaken.

How wonderful are the dealings of the All-wise with us through the chequered scene of human life! How often cast down, yet sustained!

I believe I told thee in one of my former letters that I had comfortable rooms, with my own furniture for our own use, and a spare chamber, and a first rate farmer's table to welcome thee to, if thou wilt come and visit us,—with a few valuable friends to introduce thee to.

Ah! dear H., the lack of such society as I have been accustomed to, and a good meeting, easy of access,—these are the things that I continually miss and deplore the want of. Frequently I pass not only days alone, but several weeks at a time, and not a familiar face enters my apartments; no well-known voice of by-gone days greets my ear, no hearty shake of the hand animates my frame, no society concerns kindle dormant sympathies, no earnest inquiries after old friends, no information of those left far away spoken of,—those who have been as bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—these, these I miss, for it is these that are the spice of life, and give a social charm which not mere victuals and drink, furniture and clothing, can impart. I crave society and relish it, and often recall those beautiful lines,

"Society, friendship and love, divinely bestowed upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove, how soon would I taste you again."

Dear friend, keep near thy children, cultivate society, keep active and useful as long as possible; a hermit's life is not enjoyment,—is not the life of a Christian. Intercourse with mankind, acts of kindness, prompted by seeing what is promotive of another's happiness or comfort, or even mere support, this is what ennobles our being and gives a zest to life. But I need not say all this to thee, nor need I admonish thee to seek out the hidden poor, for I am aware thou hast long practiced this, and had its sweet reward. I have lately been more

pleased with anecdotes of the bountiful charities of the great Dr. Johnson, than with his fine remarks, for words are easily uttered; but to give to the extent of our means to those who need our aid and sympathy, goes deeper, and must spring from the heart, unless it springs from the unworthy motive of human applause. When we let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth, then we are certain from whence the approval comes and its value. There is, however, a charity too much neglected,—that of reading to the sick and ignorant poor, as well as calling in to see how some dear, tried women get along with their little families, cheering them by manifesting an interest in their small concerns. The tenderness of thy nature, my dear friend, fits thee, I apprehend, for this blessed though humble office in no ordinary degree; and now that thou art unshackled from domestic cares, thou canst more readily attend to it. O how I should enjoy it could we go hand in hand together to some such places, and enter into the secret chambers of sorrow, with the hope of alleviating them. In the country, where we are miles off, and require horses and carriages and drivers to accomplish such a purpose, it is very difficult. I have endeavored during the confinement of this winter to employ myself in making a wardrobe of small garments, chiefly intended for a poor woman, which, trifling as the value is, has afforded me satisfaction while prevented entirely from acts of greater assistance. It is comfortable to recall to mind the beneficent approval of the widow's mite by the great Teacher.

All things wear a wintry aspect yet; no green foliage to bless our sight, nor much appearance of the return of spring, except the pensive note of the robins, the thump of the woodpecker on the old trees, and a few sparrows and other small birds flitting about.

My sight, though considerably impaired, still holds out, so that I continue to do my own and A.'s sewing. I am now engaged finishing some shirts for him, which I consider a great favor at my age, which, on reference to the record lately, I find to be 79 last month. Scarcely can I believe it. Young says,

"Since oft man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years;
And all mankind mistake their time of day,
Even age itself."

And yet how plainly we can reach the pages of our lives at times, as the leaves of a book. In looking over mine, how much I see of misspent time from inattention of that secret monitor which would have kept all right, all fit for heaven. Would that this doctrine were more believed and enforced on the youthful mind. The language now is, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and I hope I do repent of all my life that has not been spent in obedience to the inspeaking voice of divine grace. To keep to this is Christian perfection, to which we are all called; but O how far short of this I fall! This doctrine of Christ's is not enough preached. It is not even tolerated now-a-days by high professors—not held up as practical. O my beloved friend, living among other denominations increases my love for genuine Quakers and the pure doctrines they hold. Did they but live up to them, what lights they would be in the world!

The Castle, 1st mo. 30, 1856.

So I have fancied to call our little cottage on the hill at Skaneatles, where I should be much pleased to receive my dear, very dear friend, in my humble style, but with unchanged affection; and I flatter myself I could make her humble heart happy—for happiness we have both learned to know, does not consist in display or empty formality, but in the genuine expression of mutual love. This I trust has and will endure, though miles and mountains intervene between us. So also it feels to me it subsists between us and dear A. S. T., even as a threefold cord, which may not be easily broken. Last week I received a letter from her dated at Keokuck. She mentioned thee in connexion with the precious little meeting at Cincinnati, stripped and peeled as it is; and she is feeling the loss of a meeting to attend where her sons live. Perhaps it may prove to them as it did to a young friend of mine, who, after her removal to the West, was brought to feel the loss of those privileges which she had even dispised when in her power, and to write to her mother, on a page blotted with many tears, expressing that her estimate of religious opportunities was so changed that she felt as if she would be willing to go on her hands and knees, if she might again attend meetings. "How blessings brighten as they take their flight!" And well for those who learn to prize them while offered to their acceptance; well indeed would it have been for thy unworthy friend had she not slighted them to her irreparable loss, for "our *not* doing is set down among our darkest deeds," and we are too apt to forget that time lost can never be recalled. May we, then, who are monuments of long-suffering mercy, henceforth let the time past suffice, and double our diligence in the Lord's work, both to the stirring up of the pure mind and arousing the unthoughtful of the divine blessings. Truly I can say his mercies are new every morning, and call for daily gratitude and thanksgiving; for my health and that of my dear son have been renewed to my surprise, for I am able to perform my little house-work without fatigue. To be sure our domicile is small and our cooking simple; and I have long believed the true secret of the enjoyment of life was to endeavor to

lessen our daily wants, rather than to aim at enlarging them, for the contented mind has the continual feast.

My A.'s main business has been the past season to prepare a snug home for my winter of life, where I could feel as if I were under my own vine and fig tree, with none to disquiet or mar my tranquillity, and he has succeeded in getting it very comfortable. Suppose thou comes to our next Genesee Yearly Meeting, and visits me afterwards, and some of our little, little meetings, in which the face of a concerned friend is as iron sharpening iron, and quickens those feelings which are so apt to die in breasts left to the mere silence of our meeting devoid of a minister.

Friends are generally well, and, I indulge the hope, are waking up. Our Quarterly Meeting was well attended by our members 40 and 50 miles off, though at the most inclement state of the weather in last month.

Third mo. 11th, 1857.

Thy letter, dear H., was like a social call on a gloomy day, cheering my loneliness by bringing afresh to my rememberance so many who seemed to be lost in the gloom of this hard winter past. Thou and I have known the luxury of friends; they are as pearls cast in our pathway of life, and retain their value even to old age. This is the case with those I have so long valued; they are as precious as rare. Letters that give particulars respecting others, seem multiplied and warm the heart by many reminiscences, and with none more so than with dear A. and her J., with whom I sympathized and felt glad that they are located so near thee. Do revive me to them, as a voice near to the spirit land, for, dear H., I have grown very old this trying winter, and have many admonitions to keep on the look out, having lost much flesh, and very generally the clear use of my sight, though on bright days like the present I can see to write a little. The mention of Cincinnatti meeting recalls many calm hours wherein our spirits mingled with dear departed ones!

Precious A. S. T. must feel stripped indeed!! It is pleasant to hear that thy I. has so pretty and comfortable a home for thee to share with him and L.; but now I want him to turn his mind and means towards associating with other benevolent individuals in establishing an asylum for aged indigent widows and infirm aged old maidens,—classes that suffer peculiarly, because no family likes to provide for them in their dwellings. The great pattern, who said, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, while he had not where to lay his head," also said that whosoever provided for the least of one of the destitute poor, did it unto him,—an expression that I have felt the force of latterly in a manner I never did before.

A very small movement in such a cause is often blessed beyond all expectation! Spare furniture, old-fashioned things, with culinary articles, and indeed all needfuls, would gradually flow in, and a small building soon be furnished. The sympathies of good people in the country will provide fuel and articles of food, till a fund is raised for the permanent support of the institution. Very small beginnings of this benevolent character have, by the divine blessing, caused hundreds of the wretched and homeless to give thanks for a quiet home in old age and want, where none can cast them out destitute. O how wealth is squandered in costly balls and parties, that if rightly applied, would cause the widow's heart to sing for joy!

All classes in our highly-favored land increase in luxurious habits which violate the injunctions of the blessed Jesus to his followers. I repent of all my life that has not been spent in conformity to his holy principles and pure example. O my shortcomings, how they rise up in review before me! Oh, beloved, be faithful unto death, that the crown of life may be thine. Work whilst it is called to-day, and stimulate others to show their faith by their works also. O how short does my long life appear to me now. Whilst it continues, I hope to live in the rememberance of my old friends, and to hear frequently from thee, under the influence of that love which first united us.

LYDIA P. MOTT.

DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

Variety marks the works of God. It is impressed throughout the circumference of the natural, the animal, and the intellectual world. Above us we behold the dazzling brightness of the sun; the pale splendor of the moon; the mild twinkling of the stars, and the variegated colors which adorn the firmament of heaven. Around us the surface of the earth is diversified into a thousand beautiful forms, and in the animal, the vegetable, and the fossil kingdoms, no two individual productions are perfectly alike. Within us, upon the slightest examination, we discern our minds stamped with an original peculiarity. From senseless idiotism up to the sagacity of Newton, how numerous are the gradations of intellect! Minds are of various sizes. Their capacities, habits and views are never in strict conformity with each other. In some degree, therefore, diversity of opinion flows from the structure of our understanding. To fall out with this branch of the dispensations of God, is to arraign His wisdom. Doubtless he might have shed upon us such a degree of light, that we should have seen as with one eye, and have been altogether of one mind. But the Supreme Being has otherwise ordered it, and with becoming resignation let us acquiesce in the propriety of the appoint-

ment. Lord Mansfield, that ornament of the law, declares that "There is certainly nothing more unreasonable, more inconsistent with the rights of human nature, more contrary to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion, more iniquitous and unjust, or more impolitic than persecution."—*History of All Christian Sects.*

Biographical Notice of WILLIAM GIBBONS, M. D., *late of Wilmington, Del. Written by one of his Sons.*

(Continued from page 119.)

Whilst pursuing his medical studies in the University of Pennsylvania, he became deeply impressed with the enlarged and liberal views, and the practical benevolence of Dr. Rush, then one of the professors of that institution. This eminent man, in his lectures to the students, was concerned, when opportunity presented, to instil in the minds of his pupils sound moral sentiments, as well as to impart medical instruction. Among the subjects to which he frequently directed the attention of the students, was intemperance. In the moderate and habitual use of ardent spirits as a drink, and its frequent administration as a medicine, he traced the source of this alarming and destructive vice.

The lessons of Dr. Rush were not lost on his pupils. The seed sown by him took root in the hearts of many of his hearers, and in progress of time yielded an abundance of fruit. His lectures and publications on this subject were among the early causes which led to the great revolution that has taken place of latter years, in the habits of the community, with regard to the use of intoxicating drink.

The subject of this narrative, throughout the whole course of his medical practice, kept in view the admonitions of his excellent preceptor. It was his invariable rule never to prescribe intoxicating drinks as a medicine, when other remedies would answer the same purpose. He used frequently to refer, with much emotion, to instances which he knew, of individuals becoming drunkards through the agency of intoxicating liquor prescribed by physicians during the sickness or convalescence of their patients.

Deeply impressed with the danger of tampering with the intoxicating cup, and keenly sensible of the many sufferings visited on the human family through the vice of intemperance, it may well be inferred that he hailed with satisfaction the efforts instituted about twenty years ago, for the purpose of correcting the drinking usages of the community, and guarding the youth against the formation of a pernicious habit. He united with the first association organized with this design, in the State of Delaware, and served for a time as its presiding officer. Before this society he read a lecture on the effect of ardent spirits on the human constitution, parts of which he committed to the press. And though he afterwards ceased to take an active part in the society, yet his interest in the cause remained unabated. In regard to such associations in general, it was his desire that Friends should be left free to co-operate with them or not, as they felt at liberty; and that they should embrace every right opening to advance our testimonies, and promote the general welfare of the human family, either within the Society, or beyond its limits.

To cultivate the mind, and develop the faculties which distinguish man from the brute, he regarded as an imperative duty. By a diligent application of his leisure moments, he had gathered up an extensive fund of useful knowledge, which he was fond of imparting to others, especially to young people. The study of nature furnished him a source of much enjoyment, and he loved to trace, in the outward world, the evidence of wisdom and design on the part of a beneficent Creator. He was one of the prominent founders of the Delaware Academy of Natural Sciences,—an institution which was instrumental in diffusing a relish for intellectual culture, and diverting the minds of young persons from trivial and injurious pursuits, and inviting them to more substantial and ennobling occupations. In this association, he held, from the date of its formation, the office of President, frequently contributing, by essays and lectures, to the interest of its meetings. Some of these essays have been preserved. Among them are several on Meteorology, one especially of much value, consisting in part of tables of temperature, extending back for many years, from which deductions are made, to show what changes, if any, are taking place in the climate of the United States. It is probable that this essay, with some others, will be published.

Novel-reading he regarded as one of the most serious evils of the day. This opinion was not the result of prejudice or partial examination, but it arose from thorough philosophical enquiry, confirmed by long continued observation, He believed that the natural and inevitable consequences, on the impressible character of youth, of this kind of reading, with which our country is so profusely flooded, are to distract the attention, to weaken the powers of reflection, to corrupt the taste, to pervert the judgment, to stimulate the imagination to an unhealthy growth—in short, to enervate all the intellectual, and to deprave all the moral faculties. The study of nature, and the investigation of the laws and phenomena of the material universe, he looked on as a fit substitute for the dissipation of novel reading; and he believed that if children were properly trained in the exercise of their perceptive and reflecting faculties, they would discover, as they grow up, and in after

life, an exhaustless mine of instruction and enjoyment, in the pages of that diversified and magnificent volume which Providence has spread before our eyes.

In social intercourse he was entertaining and instructive. His conversation, though habitually cheerful and even sprightly, was never light and trivial. He never related an anecdote but for the purpose of illustrating a truth, or pointing a moral. His anecdotes were mostly biographical incidents, appertaining to the character of distinguished men.

In every movement calculated to affect the general welfare of the community, William Gibbons always manifested a lively concern. He was much interested in promoting the tillage of the soil, and improving the arts of husbandry. At a time when little attention was directed to the cultivation of fruit, he established a nursery of fruit trees at Wilmington, from which the surrounding country was first supplied with improved and choice varieties. He had an orchard of carefully selected fruits, the products of which it gratified him to share with his neighbors, and also with the birds, which he sedulously protected from the murderous aim of the sportsman. He was so much attached to the feathered songsters which nestled in the shady orchard, that, to avoid annoying them or driving them from their home, he would not allow a gun to be fired on the premises.

For many years, his pen was freely employed in defending the Society of Friends, and elucidating their testimonies and doctrines. This brought him in frequent conflict with the opinions and prejudices of religious professors of other denominations. For "modes of faith" he cared but little. He never judged men by their creeds. However widely they might differ from him, the difference gave him no anxiety, provided they were honest and conscientious, and evinced by an upright life the fruits of practical religion. The same toleration that he extended to others, he claimed for himself and the Society to which he was attached. It was chiefly when the character and doctrines of the Society were assailed and misrepresented, that he came forward to advocate and defend them before the world.

An extensive medical practice, in which he was engaged for forty years, brought him continually in contact with persons of various religious tenets. These individuals were frequently induced, by their regard for his professional character and his private worth, to inquire into the nature of Friends' principles, and the grounds on which they placed their testimonies. Though he never obtruded his sentiments on the notice of others, he was always ready to declare them to the honest inquirer, and to give a reason for his faith. On such occasions, whether he succeeded or not in making a convert to his views, he never failed to produce a salutary impression, manifesting that his heart was imbued with the Christian graces.

In defending what he believed to be truth, and condemning what he regarded as error, he never permitted motives of policy or interest to impose on him any restraint. Acting on the maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," he bore his testimony in direct, unequivocal language. Individuals who may have felt themselves at times implicated in his censure. could not but honor and esteem him for his honest and faithful discharge of apprehended duty. Many such persons, members of other religious persuasions, were among his most attached friends. The "Orthodox" Friends, with whom he had formerly enjoyed religious fellowship, he continued to cherish and to love, and it was a source of high gratification to him to feel that differences in religious profession had not disturbed the harmony of their social intercourse.

As a physician, he gained the affectionate regard of his patients, with whom he was ever ready to sympathize in their sufferings. To witness bodily pain, excited his keenest sensibilities. So far from becoming inured to scenes of pain and suffering, these scenes became more distressing to him as he advanced in life. When opportunity presented, he was mindful to direct the attention of the sufferer, languishing on a bed of sickness, to a source of comfort and of hope beyond the realms of time.

As a parent to whom was delegated the care of a large family of children, he was deeply impressed with the responsibility of his position, and discharged his duties to them with religious assiduity. The first child died in early infancy; but after that occurrence, the angel of death did not enter the threshold until he came to summon the head of the family. The flock was then thirteen in number, and most of them had grown up to adult life. The ties that bound him to his family were remarkably strong, and he often expressed his gratitude to Divine Providence for this extraordinary exemption from the visitations of death.

For a number of years, he had labored under the apprehension that his life would be terminated suddenly, by disease of the heart. Within a few months of his last illness, he had several alarming attacks, which confirmed him in that view. These attacks, however, passed off speedily, so as not in any great degree to interrupt his visits to the sick. His habits, both of body and mind, were very active, and he was industriously engaged in medical practice when the hand of sickness was laid on him for the last time.

(To be continued.)

ALL INVITED TO HEAVEN.

"Beheld, I stand at the door and knock; if *any* man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me." Rev. iii. 20.

Be it known therefore that every man is born for heaven; and that he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 5, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Rachel Wilson Moore has obtained from Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, a minute to attend New York Yearly Meeting.

OUR APPROACHING YEARLY MEETING.—Are we ready for it, and is it to be to us a time of spiritual refreshment? If in answer to the first inquiry, our consideration embraces only *externals*, we shall fall short of its full signification, that upon which depends in great measure our ability to answer satisfactorily the second question, "Is it to be to us a time of spiritual refreshment?"

We acknowledge the necessity of providing for our physical wants, and of seeing that all things are in order; but our inquiry points more directly to a preparation for the higher wants of the spiritual life. Let these wants be considered and ministered unto by an individual home-work which will so attune our spirits to the harmony of the Gospel of Christ, that when we come together in a Yearly Meeting capacity, there will be no jar, but we shall be "kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another."

"There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit, and there are differences of administration, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all. For to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit."

There is much comprehended in this Scripture testimony, and in this connection it is worthy of all acceptation. Some of the members of the church militant are called into very active and extended service in a wide spread field, and power is given them according therewith, and implements are placed in their hands fitted for the labor they are to perform. Others may have but a little corner of the great vineyard allotted them, wherein their service chiefly lies, and within which there is no room for the kind of implements wielded in the more extensive field. Herein let not one servant judge another, but let each perform his own service under the direction of the self-same spirit, which divideth unto every man severally as He will.

A practical acknowledgment of the great truth, "That one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," places us upon a ground which forbids the exercise of a spirit of harsh criticism and judgment. This spirit is at variance with true Christian charity, and will not be known among us if we come up to the feast, having made the needful preparation.

Let us then all see to it, that when the time comes we may be found ready—our spirits clothed upon with the preserving influence of Divine Love, which will be a shield of defence so effective, that no evil can find entrance among us. Then, standing in our respective ranks, as with shoulder to shoulder, we may happily realize the testimony as addressed to some formerly, "Ye are strong through the word of God, which abideth in you." And may we all remember the apostolic language, Those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves.

MARRIED, on the 5th of Fourth month, 1866, at the residence of Wm. P. Sharpless, under the care of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, JOHN S. PARRY, M. D., and RACHEL P. SHARPLESS, all of this city.

DIED, on the 3d of Fourth month, 1866, at his residence in Delaware Co., Pa., RANDALL PRATT, in his 65th year; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 11th of Fourth month, 1866, at Sandy Spring, Montgomery Co., Md., BEULAH N. JACKSON, daughter of the late Levin H. Jackson, of Lancaster Co., Pa., in the 58th year of her age.

——, on the 12th of Fourth month, 1866, at Riverton, N. J., LOUIS D. SENAT.

——, on the 14th of Fourth month, 1866, at Abington, ELLEN, wife of Chas. Bradfield, and daughter of the late Jacob and Elizabeth Mattes, in her 32d year.

——, on the 22d of Fourth month, 1866, JOSIAH BOND, in his 61st year.

——, on First-day morning, the 22d of Fourth month, 1866, of heart disease, WM. PENN, youngest and beloved son of B. F. and Mary C. Starr, aged 4 years and 27 days; members of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

DIED, on the 23d of Fourth month, 1866, JOHN BEDELL, son of Enos T. and Huldah H. Doron, aged 1 year and 10 months.

——, on Fifth-day, the 26th of Fourth month, 1866, in Philadelphia, WM. S. HALLOWELL, in his 66th year.

——, on the 26th of Fourth month, 1866, ISABELLA G. MAREE, wife of Napoleon Bancroft, aged 32 years.

The Executive Committee to promote Subscriptions to Swarthmore College will meet on Sixth-day morning, 11th of Fifth month, 1866, at 11 o'clock. Reports of the progress of this concern within different parts of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting are requested.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

From the Sunday-School Times.

THE TRIAL OF PROSPERITY.

We often speak of the trial which adversity makes of the hidden springs of character, but there is another arch inquisitor more searching still. Adversity may try a man's faith, and patience, and energy, but prosperity tries his whole nature. Many who can stand the test of the first, fall before the last. What strange developments it often makes of those who before had stood fair in their professions before the world! Hazael rejected with scorn the prophet's prediction of his great wickedness, but Elisha's answer was full of meaning when he simply said, "The Lord hath showed me that thou shalt be king over Syria."

How often have the tender-hearted become hardened and inured to scenes of oppression and cruelty when the power has been placed in their hands!

Pliny, the younger, seemed a marked example of all lovely and noble virtues. His benevolence to the poor, his espousal of their cause when pleading at the bar, and his generosity in never taking a fee, called down blessings upon him from thousands of households. His beautiful letters have awakened the deepest admiration at their spirit of benevolence and philanthropy. Yet this same man, when proconsul under Trajan, proceeded coolly to torture two Christian women, in a manner the most excruciating, in order to extort from them something to the disadvantage of Christians. Many were executed by his order for their adherence to the faith, and pity for their sufferings seemed excluded from his breast. How few, even of the most gentle hearted, are able to stand the test of absolute power!

Not only does worldly prosperity develop hidden, social traits to which the person was before a stranger, but it also shuts out too much of heaven from the soul, if it does not in the end shut out the soul itself from heaven.

"When I was in a low estate," said Pius Quintus, "I had some hopes of salvation; but when I was advanced to be a cardinal I greatly doubted; but since I came to the popedom I have no hope at all." It is a great help to contentment to keep ever in view the dying day, and estimate all things as loss that tend to make that day one of gloom and dread to us.

J. E. L.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AMONG THE FREEDMEN.—NO. III.

BY JACOB M. ELLIS.

(Continued from page 125.)

Arrived at the *Richmond* depot between 5 and 6 this morning, but as the steamer "*Milton Martin*" left a wharf at the extreme lower part of the city at the last-named hour, I had but just time to reach it comfortably. Much interest certainly does attach to the *James river*. The records of history will claim an importance for its various landings, attained at the terrible price of the devastation of war, that is fearful to contemplate, notwithstanding the glorious result of emancipation.

Not the least of these are *Bermuda Hundred* and *City Point*. At the last-named place, a day or two since, a large Government warehouse, situated on the wharf, was totally destroyed by fire, involving great loss. The splendid wharf itself had well nigh shared the same fate, built as it is, on piles, a considerable distance out over the river.

The upper portion of this river is, for its length and size, the most tortuous stream I have ever seen. The curves are very short, and one spot was pointed out to me, where, could we go in a direct line to a certain point, the distance was about *eight* miles, while by the river it was said to be about *twenty-five*. The famous *Dutch Gap canal* is an illustration of this. We reached one end of it about half past seven o'clock, and although it is certainly very much less than a mile in length, it took just twenty minutes to reach the other end, by following the river round. I heard some one remark in reference to it that "Butler had done one good thing, anyhow." I believe it is the purpose of the Virginians to make this canal available. Much anxiety is manifested by passengers to get a view of it, every one being on tip-toe long before it is reached.

Butler's "Look-out" also elicits considerable attention; and perched as it is on a commanding eminence, it must, with the assistance of a strong glass, have offered a good view of all the military operations of the surrounding country.

I was much chagrined to find that the boat in its downward passage does not stop at *Fortress Monroe*, but proceeds on to *Portsmouth* and *Norfolk*. Passengers who desire either to go to the Fortress, or to take the night boat for Baltimore, which many do, must land at Portsmouth, where they wait some three quarters of an hour, until said Baltimore boat touches there on her way up from Norfolk, and by which

they go back again to the Fortress. When I landed, I supposed I was in Norfolk, and should so have dotted it down, had I not some time after accidentally discovered a sign on the ferry house, "*Ferry for Norfolk.*" Had I have used my own judgment instead of making inquiries, I should have availed myself of the facilities of this ferry, and thus have been subjected to a day's delay instead of the two or three hours over which I was then grieving, as being a large slice taken out of a short afternoon, and particularly as Portsmouth appears to contain a little or nothing to interest a stranger. I strolled through it, and noticed in one of the store windows an engraving bearing the cognomen, "Burning of the rebel ram Arkansas;" a trifling matter, it is true; and yet, as the old adage, "straws show which way the wind blows," is often very appropriate, may not this be indicative of a better state of feeling than exists in some portions of the South—the word "*rebel*" being used in such a connexion thus publicly exposed.

At half-past four o'clock I re-embarked for *Fortress Monroe*, which was reached in about an hour, being eleven and a half hours since leaving *Richmond*. Some of my friends are cognizant of the fact that I have a niece engaged here as a teacher amongst the freedmen, (Susan F. Clark, one or more of whose letters were published in the Intelligencer some time since), who has been in the service some three years, and that our Freedmen's Association of Philadelphia on two occasions rendered that school some assistance. A desire to see her, and to witness the practical operation of the school, were the main promptings of my visit, though considerable interest is attached to the place itself.

Upon making inquiry of some colored persons, I found the school was about two miles up the beach, not readily found by a stranger, except by repeated inquiry; but I was fortunate enough to find a colored woman having two children in one of their schools, who offered to pilot me, as she had to pass it on her way home. As my coming was entirely unheralded, it may well be supposed my unexpected visit was the occasion of an affectionate and hearty greeting. I found that my relative, two other young ladies and a gentleman, have jointly *three* schools taught in three separate places; the combined number of pupils amounting to about two hundred and forty. Being anxious to see all I could, I made a hasty meal and accompanied them to one of their evening schools, composed principally of *adult* males and females, and a few boys some sixteen to eighteen years of age. Most of these are engaged in foundries or other heavy manual labor through the day, and some have to walk a considerable distance, and yet such is their thirst for knowledge, that they are found *here*, diligent and attentive.

Their exercises in *orthography*, *reading* and *arithmetic* were more than creditable; and as to their copy books, the whole of which I examined, I have never seen any thing to excel, if to equal them, in a school of that grade composed of *white* pupils. From what I saw, I formed a very high estimate of the thoroughness of their teaching, particularly of orthography and arithmetic, not being satisfied with the pupils being able to attain certain results by *rote*, but the sounds of the vowels in the one case, and the why and the wherefore, &c., in the other, must be given. A hearty interest appears to be taken by the teachers, and though subject to many privations, keeping house in a very primitive way, they form a happy group of earnest workers: laboring in the good cause from a sense of duty.

Upon making some inquiries of the male teacher, as to the physical condition of the colored population, he stated that while there were many cases of positive destitution, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions and various beneficial associations had done so much for them, and had in many cases made distributions with so little care, that the recipients had come to look for such charities as a matter of course, if not as a matter of right. It was his opinion this had been a great disadvantage to them, and had induced a spirit of improvidence amongst them. The subject is introduced here as a caution to our own friends, that in the distribution of what may be entrusted to them it may be done carefully and judiciously. He also instanced another trait in the colored people here, contrasting strongly and very unfavorably with what we have always heard of them from almost every other point; and a query arises, whether it may not in some measure have grown out of the lavish distribution just alluded to. It was this while they are kind to their teachers, and entirely respectful in their intercourse, the scholars manifest no regret whatever in parting with them when circumstances demand their removal to any other point, which he could not account for while in possession of the information from other localities, that under similar circumstandes strong manifestations of affection were exhibited, even to the shedding of tears. And further, that this want of a proper appreciation of benefits conferred, appeared to be too much of a prevailing disposition amongst the colored population of this place.

It was with sincere regret I parted with my friends—mentally desiring and believing, however, that their disinterested labors, as indeed all such labors of love, wherever found, might meet with their reward. I have never heard the population of *Fortress Monroe* estimated, but the place is very much larger than I supposed—quite a town, extending a considerable distance up the beach. The morning I left, rain

that had been previously threatening came down in earnest, continuing at intervals through the day. I enjoyed the ride *up* this beautiful river much more than *down;* possibly previous loss of sleep and fatigue had unfitted me for a proper appreciation of it.

Though consuming the greater portion of the day, it was not tedious, occupying as I did a seat in the upper cabin, or promenade deck, as it is sometimes called, alternately scribbling these hasty notes and making the most of the scenery around me. In due time arrived at *Richmond* again: of which more in my next.

(To be continued.)

TRAINING CHILDREN.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself these. You remember who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles, as to get good, healthy, happy children from diseased, lazy, and wicked parents.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you, and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them. There is no such play thing for grown-up children like you and me, as "weans,"—wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and will practice it every day in your own families. Here is a pleasant story out of an old book:—"A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do this. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all;' then cutting little wands out of the hedges as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle in their legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun. —*Dr. John Brown's Essay on Health.*

What is the nature of your inward spirit? Are you of those whose life exhales unceasing fragrance upon those that are around about you? And is your life such a life of love that every one who comes near you feels warmer and happier? Or are you full of selfishness and pride? Are you cold and forbidding? Are you hard? Do you bind burdens on men that you do not help to carry? Do you pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law?

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SUBMISSION.

When success has crowned our efforts, heaping up the golden store,
When ease rests within our dwelling, and fat plenty at our door,
When our larders groan with dainties, and our cellars flow with wine,
Then how easy 'tis to utter, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine."

When beside our cheerful fireside we behold no vacant chair,
But can gaze on childish faces, gathered nightly round us there,
With what quiet resignation, from the volume on our knee,
Can we read the invitation, "Suffer such to come to me."

But when changes come, and with them ease and plenty both have fled,
When the "Not my will, O Father," turns to cries for "Daily Bread;"
Then amid our want and sorrow, hunger's pinches, winter's chill,
Shall we bow in true submission to our Heavenly Father's will?

Or when Death, with icy fingers, lays upon our darling's head,
For the asphodels that crowned her, amaranthine wreaths instead,
In our hour of deep affliction, from the heart's Gethsemane,
Will the prayer not rise, "O Father, pass this bitter cup from me?"

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FOLLEN.

The flowers are gay at Follen now,
And green are all the trees;
I stand beneath their leafy shade,
And feel the summer breeze;
And every flower and every tree
Speaks to my lonely heart of thee.

The birds have come to Follen now;
They've built their nests in every tree;
All day I hear their little songs,
But 'tis a saddened melody.
Once every song in every tree
Was music sweet to thee and me.

The stream glides on at Follen now,
Nor dreams of Winter's ice and snow,
And from our window I can see
The vessels sailing to and fro.
On this dear stream—our "Follen Sea"—
How many sails I've had with thee!

The fields are ripe at Follen now,
And all the reapers reaping grain;
And, as of old, I hear them say,
"Please Heaven that it may not rain."
How oft, when they would troubled be,
I've heard them say those words to thee.

Sad are the days at Follen now—
How sad, thou can'st not know;
But I will smile and cheer my heart,
For thou would'st have it so.
And ever I will turn to thee,
For in spirit thou wilt be with me.

He who adopts a just thought, participates in the merit that originated it.

From the Reader.

BELGIAN BONE CAVES.

The explorations of the Belgian bone caves, which have been carried on for some time past by MM. Van Beneden and Dupont, have been referred to several times in the pages of *The Reader*. We have now to lay before our readers an account of the progress of the work up to the end of November last, and for this purpose we make use of a report recently presented by M. Dupont to the Belgian Minister of the Interior. We may premise that all the bone caves in this locality furnish indisputable evidence of one fact—viz., that the cave-dwellers were destroyed by a sudden inundation, which covered the whole of Belgium and the North of France, the evidences of which M. Dupont finds in the *limon* of Hesbaye and the yellow clay of the fields, and in the peculiar arrangement of the *débris* in the caverns. The cave at present under examination was discovered in May last, and is situated on the banks of the river Lesse, opposite the hamlet of Chaleux, about a mile and a half from the well-known Furfooz cave.

At an epoch long before that of its habitation by man, this cavern was traversed by a thermal spring. It is well lighted, is easy of access, and its situation is most picturesque. The number of objects found in this cave is enormous, and would appear to point to an extended period of occupation by these primitive people. The *grand trou de Chaleux*, as M. Van Beneden has proposed to call it, has also been subjected to the inundation, but the contents have been preserved almost intact, and this circumstance gives a value to the discoveries which was to some extent wanting in the Furfooz caves. According to M. Dupont's theory, the former inhabitants of the cave, warned by the dangerous cracks in the walls and ceiling, suddenly abandoned their dwelling-place, leaving behind them their tools, ornaments, and the remains of their meals. Soon afterwards the roof and sides fell in, and the pieces thus detached covered the floor. In this manner the remains have been preserved from the action of the waters, and have remained undisturbed until the present day. The unfortunate inhabitants doubtless saw in this occurrence the manifestation of a superior power, since the cavern does not appear to have been inhabited after this period, only a few worked flints and bones, probably the result of an occasional visit, having been discovered on the upper surface of the cavern.

An important point seems to be established by M. Dupont's researches—viz., the extended commercial relations of these primitive peoples. The flint which was used for the manufacture of their implements is not that of Belgium, but according to M. de Mortillet, was brought from Touraine. Several specimens of fossil shells, most of which had been perforated, probably for the purpose of being strung together, and worn as ornaments, were collected, and were submitted to M. Nyst, the well known palæontologist. He recognized most of them as belonging to the calcaire grossier of Courtagnon, near Rheims. Two species belonged the department of Seine-et-Oise. Some fragments of jet and a few sharks' teeth were from the same locality. "We cannot, therefore, deny," says M. Dupont, "the relations of these men with Champagne, whilst there is no evidence to show their connexion with Hainaut, and the province of Liege, which could have also furnished them with their flint."

Amongst other objects brought to light during the excavations was the forearm of an elephant, which appears to be that of the mammoth of Siberia, an animal which did not exist in Belgium at that epoch. "When we reflect that, till within a comparatively short time, these bones were looked upon as those of a race of giants, and gifted with miraculous powers, we cannot be surprised that our inhabitants of the cavern of the Lesse, whose civilization may be compared to that of those African nations who are sunk in the darkest depths of fetichism, attributed similar properties to those enormous bones which were placed as a fetich near their hearth."

Judging from the quantity of bones found in the cavern, the principal food of these cave-dwellers was the flesh of the horse. M. Dupont collected 937 molar teeth belonging to this animal, a number which corresponds to about forty heads, supposing each set of teeth to be complete. The marrow seems to have been in great request, all the long bones having been broken, so as to extract it. Most of them retain traces of incisions made by their flint tools. The large number of bones of water rats would also lead us to suppose that they formed a part of the food of these people, as did the badger, hare, and boar.

The number of objects obtained from this cavern is greater than that obtained from the whole of the caves previously explored. Of worked flints, in various stages of manufacture, 30,000 were collected. Besides these, M. Dupont obtained several cubic metres of bones of all kinds, the horses' teeth already mentioned, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous articles.

The facts acquired by the excavations at Chaleux, combined with those obtained at the Furfooz caves, form a striking picture of the early ages of man in Belgium. "These ancient people and their customs re-appear, after having been forgotten for thousands of years, and like the fabulous bird in whose ashes are found the germs of a new life, antiquity becomes regenerated from its own *débris*. We see them

in their dark, subterranean dwellings surrounding the hearth, which is protected by the supernatural power of immense fantastically-shaped bones, engaged in patiently making their flint tools and utensils of reindeer horn, in the midst of pestilential emanations from the animal remains, which their indifference allowed them to retain in their dwelling. The skins of wild beasts, having the hair removed, were stitched together by the aid of their sharpened flints and ivory needles, and served as clothing. We see them pursuing wild animals armed with arrows and lances tipped with a barb of flint. We take part in their feasts, where a horse, bear, or reindeer, replaces, on days when their hunting has been successful, the tainted flesh of the rat, their only resource against famine. Their trading extended as far as the regions now forming part of France, from whose inhabitants they obtained shells, jet, with which they delight to ornament themselves, and the flint which is so valuable to them. But a falling-in of the roof drives them from their principal dwelling, in which lie buried the objects of their faith and their domestic utensils, and they are forced to seek another habitation.

. . . We know nothing certain of the relation of these people with those of earlier times. Had they ancestors in this country? The great discoveries of our illustrious compatriot Schmerling, and those which Professor Malaise has made at Engihoul, seem to prove that the men whose traces I have brought to light on the Lesse, did not belong to the indigenous races of Belgium, but were the only successors of the more ancient population. I have even met with certain evidences of our primordial ancestors at Chaleux, but the trail was lost as soon as found. Our knowledge of these ancestors stops short at this point."

We have given in the above abstract an account of the most important feature in M. Dupont's report, which is of great interest. We trust that these explorations, which have been carried on at the expense of the Government, will be continued.

Philology tells us that there is no limit to the variation of dialect. The simplicity and intricacy of truth, as together revealed and reconciled in this branch of science, consist in the phenomenon, that while the original unity of all human speech is traceable in the actual presence or legible history of certain radical forms, the diversities of usage are as unlimited as the diversities of national, and of provincial, and even of individual character. It is now an indisputable truth, that every man, so far as he thinks for himself, makes his own language; although it must remain to be an indisputable blessing in a world which has been enlightened by any revelation of truth, that individuals are capable of adopting both their thoughts and their language, for the most part, "at second hand." So far as we speak intelligently or appreciatingly, we must speak originally, because thought is antecedent to language. And for the same reason we may speak intellegibly and yet not with perfect intelligence or appreciation of our words, when we are merely uttering borrowed thoughts.

WHETHER CHOLERA IS CONTAGIOUS.

BY JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.

(Concluded from page 128.)

Whatever may be the cause or vehicle of cholera, credulous and excitable persons are impatient of suspense, and are prone to cut a knot which they fail to untie. When an epidemic disease first appears, some coincidence is brought to light which is supposed capable of accounting for it. The arrival of a ship, the opening of a trunk, or the washing of a garment, are among the most frequently accepted causes. But as these events have happened a thousand times before, and apparently under like circumstances, without any known results, it has been thought necessary by some of our later writers to narrow the compass of actual exposure down to the reception of the morbid excretions of one individual into the digestive canal of another. The first impression made by this announcement must, if true, be one of relief, the danger not seeming likely to happen very often. But to the possibility of such danger we can never oppose an absolute negative, so long as we persist in eating smelts and flounders caught about the mouths of our drains, or even turnips, salads, and strawberries raised at Brighton. The risk, however, is so small, that most persons will prefer to take it rather than to deprive themselves of food or luxuries. Of the many sensation tales printed and reprinted about cholera, and the supposed instances of remarkable communications or arrestation, it is sufficient to say that they are frequently interesting, being fully as dramatic as they are probable.

In the same regard we cannot help noticing that credulity, and perhaps private cupidity, have caused much stress to be laid on the supposed preventive efficacy of what are called "disinfectants," a mysterious word which implies a thing assumed but not proved to exist. We have deodorizers, such as chlorine, charcoal, &c., which by their combinations render certain effluvia imperceptible to our senses. But that these are not *disinfectants*, there is most abundant evidence. The narrative, then, of the physician at Malta, who covered certain surfaces in vessels with oil, and had them "disinfected by chlorine gas," after which "no new cases occurred," is to be classed with other like

results, with which the medical press always abounds at the close of epidemics.

In clean and well-regulated cities of temperate climates, cholera is far from being the most formidable of epidemics. A greater part of its victims are the miserably poor, the worn out, the ill provided, and the intemperate, in whom this disease only anticipates the date, but does not greatly increase the annual or biennial number of deaths. Its mortality in our northern Atlantic cities rarely amount to one per cent. of the population in a given place or year, so that a man may reside through an epidemic in one of these cities with less risk than he can take a pleasure voyage to Europe. After having witnessed many cases of cholera in this and other cities, I am farther satisfied that it affords one of the easiest modes of exit from the world.

People who would avoid or prevent cholera, should cultivate equanimity, regularity of life and habits, cleanliness, salubrious exercise, temperance, and avoidance of all excesses. When they have done their duty in providing for the care of the sick, allaying public panics, and abating public nuisances, they may safely dismiss their apprehensions. Little good and some harm is always done by the indiscreet agitation of a subject which is to a great extent beyond our control. A single or sporadic case of cholera occurring in a village of a thousand inhabitants may attract little notice, and perhaps pass without record; but a hundred cases in a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants make an aggregate which generally causes some panic, though the proportion is exactly the same, and the panic equally unnecessary. It is possible that the supposed immunity of country districts in comparison with cities may be accounted for by the fact, that in the sparse population of country towns cases are less liable to be detected and published.

I may be excused for repeating the following remark from among some "Aphorisms" published by me about thirty years ago, when the disease was new and little known among us. "Should the cholera continue to prevail for three years throughout this continent, it would cease to interrupt either business or recreation. Mankind cannot always stand aghast, and the wheels of society at length would be no more impeded by its presence than they now are by the existence of consumption, of old age, or of drunkenness."

No person is qualified to speak of a Christian's life of joy until he has been in the inner circle of communion with God; and when once there he has been able to say, "Thou art my Father," and has heard God saying, "Thou art my son." No other joy is comparable with that which he experiences; none lasts so long; none is so sweet in the memory; none strengthens the soul so much; none has so little alloy, or leaves absolutely so little pain behind.

Remember, then, that "love is the fulfilling of the law."

Report of "The Women's Association of New York Friends for the Employment and Relief by Clothing of the Suffering Poor."

This organization has completed its fifth year, and the managers feel assured that the good resulting from it has been sufficient to induce those interested to continue their effort another winter—giving employment to the industrious poor. Although the falling off of the subscriptions and donations for the past year has been discouraging, we cannot but hope that the ensuing winter will find our Treasury better filled, and our committee strengthened by an increased energy of its members.

The distribution of work commenced First month 13th, and continued weekly until Third month 30th, during which time 296 garments were made by the poor women, for which the sum of $135.86 was paid.

Almost every applicant claimed our deep sympathy; and we have only to regret the small number of subscribers, and that there are not *more*, earnestly interested in promoting such a true and healthful charity, helping the poor to sustain a proper self-respect by industriously earning a living, rather than by making them mere recipients of alms.

This Association will resume its operations next autumn, and trust by a timely notice of its first meeting to elicit a larger interest in its worthy object.

HANNAH W. HAYDOCK, *Directress.*
JANE C. RUSSELL, *Treasurer.*
E. F. BUNTING, *Secretary.*

NEW YORK, 4th mo., 1866.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City contributions	522.00
" Friend of Camden, N. J.	1.00
" Friends of Makefield Monthly Meeting, add	9.50
" Maple Grove, Ind.	18.30
" Mt. Holly, N. J. Sewing Society	13.50
	$564.30

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer,*
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 4th mo. 21, 1866.

ITEMS.

CONGRESS.—The Senate adopted a resolution instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of providing against the importation into, and the transportation or manufacture of nitro-glycerine in the United States. The Cuba telegraph bill was taken up. The Senate refused to concur in the House amendment and called for a committee of conference. The bill for the admission of Colorado was taken up, which, after a long debate, was passed. A resolution was adopted to print

ten thousand copies of the communication of the Commissioner of Agriculture on the subject of the rinderpest; also one appropriating $2,100,000 to pay the expenses of collecting the revenue from customs. Bills and resolutions were offered to reorganize the clerical force of the Interior Department; the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill; for the coinage of new five-cent pieces; for the payment of loyal citizens in certain counties of West Virginia for stores furnished by them to the army. All were appropriately referred.

The House passed a resolution directing the Committee on the District of Columbia to inquire into the expediency of establishing the eight-hour system in the District; also a resolution requesting the President to cause to be communicated to the House the provisions in the amended constitutions of the Southern States, and all laws passed by such States since the close of the rebellion in regard to the freedmen. A joint resolution was passed authorizing the President to carry into effect such orders and regulations of quarantine as may be deemed necessary in aid of municipal or State authorities to guard against the introduction of cholera The Senate joint resolution making appropriations for the expenses of collecting the revenue from customs was referred to the Committee on Appropriations. The Senate bill to encourage telegraphic communication between the United States and the island of Cuba, the other West India islands and the Bahamas, was reported back, with amendments, from the Committee on Commerce, and passed.

THE FREEDMEN.—From a recent report made by the Rev. J. W. Alvord, General Howard's inspector of schools and finance, who spent three months among the freedmen and refugees in the performance of his duties, I gather some overwhelming facts.

* * * * *

In the eleven States lately in insurrection, including Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland and the District of Columbia, up to recent accounts, there were 96,299 colored children in course of education, in 762 schools, employing 1,453 teachers. In reply to a letter addressed to Gen. Howard, he informed me that there are six newspapers at the South conducted exclusively by colored men, and three in the North under similar management, while many others are supported by heavy contributions from the colored people. The rivalry is universal among the colored children to acquire education, the average attendance being nearly equal to that usually found in the North. In the District of Columbia the daily attendance of the whites is forty-one per cent., while the colored attendance is 75 per cent.; in the State of New York the daily attendance of the whites is 43 per cent., and in the city of Memphis the colored attendance is 72 per cent. Although there is a general prejudice against the education of the colored people among what are called the respectable classes, Mr. Alvord says nothing can defeat or greatly delay the mighty missionary movement. In the first place, the ignorant white population feel the salutary effects of these schools and newspapers, even while they object to them. The poor whites are excited by hearing negroes read while they are ignorant, and some of the religious denominations, seeing that the schools must go on, are beginning to say they will undertake the work themselves. As if inspired by some providential message, the whole mass, from Maryland to the Gulf, like a mighty army long perishing of thirst and suddenly beholding the waters of eternal life flowing at their feet, rush to their primers, books and newspapers, to their schools and their teachers. Clustering together at intervals of work, and meeting after their days of toil in their little cabins and wherever they can assemble, their industry is at once a loving and a holy sight.

J. W. FORNEY.

EDWIN HALL & CO., 28 South Second St., would inform the Friends of this city, and those who contemplate visiting it, that they keep a large stock of goods adapted to their wants. Plain Silks, Neat style Silks, Neat style Poplins, Plain Poplins, Plain Mohairs, Neat style Mohairs. Neat style Lawns, with many other style of goods suitable for a neat plain taste. Plain style Shawls, Shetland Shawls, Barege Shawls.
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428, 55, 512 00.

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STOKES & WOOD,
702, Arch Street, Philadelphia.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of 5th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address
HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 t 3367 pmnzz pain. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The Spring and Summmer Term of this Institution, will commence 5th mo. 21st, 1866, and continue in session twelve weeks. For details see Circular, to obtain which, address the Principals, Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.
ISRAEL J. GRAHAME, } Principals.
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☞Please send for a Circular. GEORGE GILBERT, *Principal.*
THOMAS GILBERT, } *Assistants.*
2 ws 13t 5wm wnfnd. M. LOUISE CLANCY, }

KENNETT SQUARE SEMINARY—FOR GIRLS.—The next session of this institution will commence on the last Third day of Second month, 1866. Inquire for Circular of
32 3m. 430. vmo. EVAN T. SWAYNE, Principal.

J. H. RIDGWAY & CO., COMMISSION DEALERS in Berries, Peaches, Apples, Onions, Sweet Potatoes, Round Potatoes, Butter, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, and every description o *Country Produce.* Office No. 125, Delaware Avenue Market, Philadelphia. Consignments solicited, and orders for shipping promptly attended to. 21013tvlvnzp.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON, OF CANADA WEST.

(Continued from page 131.)

I became much attached to a dear grandchild, with whose parents we lived, who would frequently, as I walked out for exercise, walk with me. He was taken poorly, and after lingering with a heart disease for some time, consumption followed, which soon closed his earthly existence. From the earliest part of his sickness he had thoughts of death and was much humbled in mind. He saw something sweet before him, and seemed to have a glimpse of future joys. Two of his schoolmates coming in the afternoon previous to his decease, he called them each by name, bade them farewell, and said he was going to a better world. I had frequently impressed upon his mind, that good boys if taken away would go to the good place; and during his sickness he said he had often remembered it. He took an affectionate leave of all, and died on the 17th of Third month, 1858, in the 12th year of his age.

Dark and gloomy times are permitted to come over us, to show us our own insufficiency, and from whom our help cometh.

"Learn of me," saith the blessed Jesus. We may be ever learning and not come to the knowledge of the Truth; and we may be ever learning and increase in knowledge, and this is when Christ teaches us, and we continue to learn of Him. Let not imagination nor the things of our own minds influence us, but what God is pleased to reveal in us and unto us; and what Christ by his spirit teaches us, that let us speak. We never can too well learn this lesson that God worketh in us to will and to do, of his own good pleasure, if we are submissive to the operations of his spirit.

When returning from our Monthly Meeting at Whitechurch, we went to visit a granddaughter of my son John; here I was taken suddenly very ill, and it seemed probable that my end was approaching. I continued ill many days, and many of my relatives and friends from home came to visit me. In this neighborhood were many Methodists, who, with their minister, also came to see me. I was several times called to give, in much meekness and fear, the reasons for the hope of eternal life that was in me, and had much to say in respect to the things of God, and have often wished since that at the closing period of my life I might have the same well-grounded hope. In looking back it has seemed good to me that I was thus afflicted, and in mercy preserved for further usefulness. What we know not at the time is made known to us afterwards.

It was not long after this that another trial was passed through in the removal of a dear granddaughter of my children Thomas N. and Clarina Watson, with whom we live. She was a lovely child, and was removed in the 8th year of her age, from all the evil to come, to join the angelic host in heaven.

We—my wife and I—have for some time been favored with tolerable health, and have attended nearly all our religious meetings. Our Yearly Meeting was this year (1861) held at Farmington. We felt loth to go, as we have a son who has been suffering for some time with consumption; but at his desire we went. We think it was one of the best we ever attended. I was led to consider the all-seeing providence of God, that he was omnipotent in all his ways, wonderful in all his works; and had to proclaim, "Shall not the Lord of all the earth do right?"

On our return home we found our son much as we left him; but he soon after declined, and in about two weeks he left us, in the 47th year of his age. For some time previous to his dissolution, he read every day a portion of Scripture, the New Testament in particular; and we have no doubt he was blessed with a visitation of Divine love, which led him to seek Christ, as revealed in himself, for eternal happiness.

I have often spoken on the divinity of Christ, and have written more or less on the subject; but I now feel it right to bring into view several portions of Scripture testimony to the same import, as corresponding with the evidence of the Spirit of Christ dwelling in myself.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not any thing made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

The apostle Paul said he would "preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who *created all things* by Jesus Christ." Eph. iii. 9.

"Christ, the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature: for by him were all things created that are in Heaven and that are on the earth, visible and invisible, whether there be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers. All things are created by Him and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." Col. i. "God hath spoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom He made the world." Heb. "Christ is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." Rev. Before Abraham was "I am," (the representation of Deity.) Jesus said of himself, "That the Father is in me and I in Him. I and my Father are one; and as to his eternal divinity." "Now glorify thee me with the glory I had with Thee before the world was." "No man can come unto me except the Father draw him." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth in me hath everlasting life." "Except ye eat of my flesh and drink of my blood, ye have no life in you." "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit and life. It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; believest thou this?" "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me, who am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know Him and have seen Him."

In 1862, my son, John Eves Watson, was in a declining state, and for many months was deprived of the power of speech. As the time drew nigh for the holding of our Yearly Meeting at Pickering, his health seemed so precarious that we dared not leave him; but he survived till two weeks after the meeting closed. He was conscious to the last, and though unable to express his feelings, we were made fully sensible that he was aware of the change that awaited him. Though it seemed hard for him to part with a beloved wife and dear children, yet he was made willing to submit; and we have no doubt that he has entered into rest. He was in the 54th year of his age, and much beloved by all who knew him. His funeral was large. I was enabled to speak on the occasion from the text, "I know that I have passed from death unto life because I love the brethren."

As age increases, the infirmities of body also increase; but I esteem it a great favor that though the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day, and though apparently left at times a prey to my own weakness, this is surely to let me know from whence my strength cometh. I am yet favored to attend the most of our little meetings at home, and now and then our Monthly Meetings at Yonge Street and Whitchurch, but infirmities of body prevented my attending the Yearly Meeting for this year (1863.)

Surely afflictions abide me, for I have now been stripped of my only remaining son, Thomas N., with whom I lived. Thus the last of my three sons has been taken, and all in a little less than three years; and now out of six children there are but two daughters left. Oh, I mourn, I cannot help mourning; surely with sorrow shall I go to my grave. But sorrow may endure for the night, (the season of affliction,) yet joy cometh in the morning, when God ariseth by his life-giving presence in the heart. There is a little consolation afforded in the assurance that my three sons each believed

in the light of Truth, inwardly revealed, and frequently brought their deeds to it, that it might be made manifest that through Divine Grace they were wrought in God. My last son was a little like myself, alive to the distress of all classes; his soul rejoiced with mine when he witnessed a releasement of mankind from the dominion of priestcraft, and from every thing like bigotry and oppression. He wanted man kept by Divine power in the image of Him who created him; for male and female created He them that they should enjoy happiness here, and in the end, eternal felicity.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. I write this under a feeling that there are not many steps to that period, when to me all outward works shall fail; and I have thought much at this time of that testimony, "That knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth." The knowledge which we obtain by reading the best of books and other religious publications, without religious feeling, and an earnest desire for divine instruction, and all that we obtain by the light of men instead of the light of God, is the knowledge which puffeth up; but charity, Divine charity, is that which edifieth; and these reflections lead me to adopt the language of the poet.

(To be continued.)

TRUTH ITS OWN POWER.

John of Goch, writing in the middle ages, thus distinguished truth:—"What a man says or writes is authentic, not because he who says it is great and honorable, but because what he says is true. For it is truth alone which every where evinces its efficacy and invincible force, and gives authority to all speakers."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON THE ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH.

The following selections from an anonymous pamphlet published in London, in the year 1824, with the above title, places the subject of which it treats in a more serious and striking light than it has been generally viewed. The author considers the command, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," upon the same level with that of "Swear not at all;" and argues, that, being of equal force and authority, there is an obvious inconsistency in the practice of many in the Society; that while they will not swear, but disown for it, there is no peremptory rule against accumulating all the treasures a Friend can reputably acquire; and that no little fondness for wealth is discoverable even among the leaders of the people. When we consider the increased temptations for indulging in fine houses, rich furniture, and the numerous superfluities which a state of riches places within the grasp of its possessor, there would seem to be much truth in the remark, "That if men grow rich in the Society, their grandchildren generally leave it."

An ancient Friend, (William Edmundson,) remarking upon the state of the Society in relation to this subject, says, "If any one weakness more than another may be termed the besetting sin of our Society, the pursuit and the accumulation of wealth, and the conformity to vain and expensive fashions which is consequent upon it, deserve that application. It lurks in every department of the church, and hides itself under so many specious and goodly disguises, that its real character is often scarcely suspected, even when it has taken almost exclusive possession of the heart. 'How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven,' is an exclamation which, though it fell from the lips of Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and who perfectly understood all the frailty and corruption of the human heart, seems to have lost all its force and application in the view of many. Their *conduct* is a direct and palpable contradiction to the Saviour's words, and to judge of his meaning by their actions we should reverse the text, and say, 'How hardly shall a *poor* man enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Labor, therefore, for the meat that perisheth, but not for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.'

Such is the practical exposition which results from their conduct, they go on year after year, augmenting their estates, and fearfully increasing their responsibility; while the desire after wealth becomes more and more intense, and goads them on to greater exertions to satisfy what is insatiable, till at last the messenger of death summons them before the bar of that tribunal from whose righteous condemnation of time misspent, of talents misemployed, and wealth injuriously hoarded, not all the untold treasures of a thousand worlds could possibly save them." S. B. F.

"Appeal on the subject of the Accumulation of Wealth, addressed to the Society of Friends, usually called Quakers, individually and collectively."

It is declared by a late writer, that "throughout the religious system adopted by Friends, there exists an unbroken harmony, a real adaptation of practice with practice, and of part with part; and no sooner is any one of our testimonies forsaken, than this harmony is interrupted, and the work is in some degree (whether greater or less) marred on the wheel." He also observes that "on two practical points," (war and oaths,) "Friends have been led to adopt a higher and purer standard of action, and one which appears to be more exactly conformed to the requisitions of the divine law, than that which generally prevails among Christians."

Again, "The religious system of Friends is bottomed on the unvarying principles of the law of God."

The estimable and amiable John Woolman says, "Wealth desired for its own sake obstructs the increase of virtue." But if the reader should not think the sentiment of this humble individual of sufficient authority on so momentous a question, he will at least be inclined to listen to what has been said by William Penn, a name forever connected with the good and the great of this world, for the wise and splendid actions of a life devoted to God and man. He was born in an elevated rank of life, but he forsook the allurements of wealth and ease for the accomplishment of duties connected with his religious views; and being of an acute and intelligent mind, and greatly conversant with men, we can scarcely find, in the annals of man, a higher authority than the sentiments of this illustrious individual. In his "Reflections and Maxims," he says, "Too few know when they have enough, and fewer know how to employ it." "But certainly he that covets, can no more be a moral man than he that steals." "It shows a depraved state of mind to carp and care for that which one does not need." "The generality are worse for their riches." "To strive to get and keep it (wealth) sordidly, is a sin against Providence, a vice in governments and an injury to their neighbor." "This (avarice) is the worst sort of idolatry, because there can be no religion in it."

And in his advice to his children, he says, "Be plain in clothes, furniture, and food, but clean, and then the coarser the better; the rest is folly and a snare. Therefore, next to sin, avoid dainties and choiceness about your persons and houses; for, if it be not an evil in itself, it is a temptation to it, and may be accounted a nest for sin to brood in."

But if we would take a wider range, and survey the writings of virtuous men of other persuasions, that is, of those whose "standard of action" has been less "high" and less "pure" than that of the Society of Friends, there would be no difficulty in collecting from them more than sufficient evidence to prove that, in the estimation of many wise men, great accumulation is unfavorable to virtue. Seneca, in allusion to the practice prevalent in his time, of poisoning those of whom it was desirable to get rid, says, "*Venenum in auro bibitul;*" alluding to the fact, that they who had great possessions were most liable to that species of destruction, when they drank out of gold. The celebrated Lord Bacon says, "Certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out." "The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul." "Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayst get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly." "I cannot call riches better than the *baggage* of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta*. For as baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared or left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit." An author of more modern times has observed, that "Avarice hangs like a dead weight upon the soul, always pulling it to the earth. We might as well expect to see a plant grown upon a flint, as virtue in the breast of a miser.

It were an easy task to multiply extracts of this tendency, even to satiety; but the writer is anxious to avoid a prolixity that might defeat the very objects of his solicitude. If then the mere moralist,—a man whose sensations are regulated, in the estimation of the religionist, rather by external decorum than by any higher impulse,—if the mere moralist views the ceaseless attention to the acquirement of wealth as being injurious to the better feelings, as destructive of that balance which it is his pride to maintain, by how much the more sensitive must he be, who, in addition to all the finer discriminations of the moralist, professes to be regulated in the totality of his conduct and conversation by higher and purer motives, by him whose "religious system is bottomed on the unvarying principles of the law of God."

This law, the Society of Friends must doubtless, as Christians, believe to have been promulgated by Christ himself; and if so, we must look into the records of the New Testament for it, where alone all that is pure in religion is to be found connected with all that is perfect in morals. And as it is conceded by the Quaker, that man cannot resort to a higher written authority for his government than is to be found in that book, he will doubtless consent that his conduct should be adjudged by the sayings of Christ, who declared himself to be "the way, the truth and the life," and who uttered, for the instruction and guidance of his followers, the annexed injunctions on the subject of accumulating wealth. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." (Matt. vi. 19.) "The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word." (Matt. xiii. 22.)

And to the young man who inquired of him, "What good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" and who could reply, that he had kept, from his youth up, all the moral obligations of the commandments propounded to him, the reply of the Founder of the Christian faith was memorable, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me." (Matt. xix. 21.) "Verily, I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter

into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xix. 23.) "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." (Matt. xix. 24.) "Take heed and beware of covetousness." (Luke xii. 15. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." (Luke xvii. 13.)

It must be acknowledged to be somewhat remarkable, that if we peruse the account of Lazarus and the rich man, with a view to discover why the one ascended into "Abraham's bosom," and the other "in hell lifted up his eyes in torments," the only part of the reply of Abraham to the appeal of the rich man, which related to their earthly circumstances, is couched in these terms: "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime received thy good things, and likewise Lazarus his evil things, but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." Are we then to conclude that the crime of the rich man was the possession of riches?

Clarkson says, "Quakerism may be defined to be an attempt, under the divine influence, at practical Christianity, as far as it can be carried. They who profess it, consider themselves bound to regulate their opinions, words, actions, and even outward demeanor, by Christianity, and Christianity alone. They consider themselves bound to give up such of the customs or fashions of men, however general or generally approved, *as militate in any manner against the letter or spirit of the Gospel.*" If this be Quakerism, and who will deny it? why, it may be asked, is it the practice of the Society, firmly and conscientiously to suffer all the pains and penalties annexed by man to the observance of some of the declarations of Christ, and on the other hand, voluntarily to set others at naught? His commands are, "Thou shalt not swear," and "Lay not up for yourselves treasures."

Gurney observes (p. 243) that obedience to the doctrine against swearing is "both justified and required; first, by certain plain, moral principles, and secondly, by divine commands of the most impressive and comprehensive character." And are the commands against the accumulation of wealth less impressive and less comprehensive? Both were delivered as commands; why, then, it may be asked, was obedience to the one insisted upon by that author as being essential to the Quaker, while the other occupies only a note appended to a chapter appropriated to the moral views of the Society? How comes it to pass, that the Society itself is still so rigid on the one point, and so lax on the other? Was it, that early persecution strengthened it so greatly in the former, that the breaking of the command is considered to be so heinous a sin against Christianity, that he who ventures so to do, and persists in the practice, is, by the laws of the Society, placed beyond its pale; while the latter command, viewed as we have already seen, merely as a *moral* point, has no disqualification annexed to it, even in the most flagrant instances? And how can this be explained? Is it that the "generality" of the early members having been, as is said by Barclay, in his magnanimous letter to Charles the Second, "poor and illiterate," and little versed in the book of human nature, never supposed the possibility that the "*true*, the *daily self-denying* Quaker"—"aiming, under divine influence, at practical Christianity,"—could ever seek to become rich, and, therefore, judged it useless to legislate on the subject beyond the pointed and early injunctions already quoted, "Let none strive nor covet to be rich?" &c.

And is it that when persecution ceased, the Quakers, finding the power of accumulating, and the sweets of ease, and the conveniences of wealth, suffered, almost without a struggle, the violation of the positive command and example of the Founder of their faith, as well as the consonant injunction contained in the "Epistle" of 1676?

What, in this case, is become of that "unbroken harmony," that "real adaptation of practice with practice, and of part with part?" Is not one of their testimonies forsaken, and thus this "harmony" interrupted, and "the work marred on the wheel?"

A Friend, or, to use the term which began in reproach, but is become familiar by usage, a Quaker, in reality wants less money, has fewer luxuries to gratify than other men. He admits no large parties, keeps no expensive company, does not frequent the theatre, loses no money at cards, has no extravagant furniture, or useless personal ornaments; for his aim is "more exactly conformed to the requisition of the divine law, than that which generally prevails among his fellow Christians," and he consequently aims at plainness of speech, and at that simplicity of behaviour and appeal, so conspicuously eminent in the great Founder of his religion, who wore a garment without a seam.

Yet it were vain to deny the existence of rich men in the Society, even though it is extremely difficult to define in words what a rich man is. Of this, however, we may feel assured that he who makes haste to be rich, who seeks to accumulate greatly, desiring to rise above that moderate possession which alone is agreeable to his faith, who has a large income and little demand on it, either by education or habit, who, possessing riches, cannot enjoy the elevation of rank and circumstance belonging to them, who cannot spend and will not dispense with them, such a man must be avaricious,—of the "earth, earthly,"—and is at open war with the declaration of the Lawgiver, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures," &c.

Now it may be observed, that the "Portraiture" of Clarkson, that ingenious historian of

Quakerism, has been read, and admired, and quoted; and its author has most deservedly been caressed by the Society, for his dignified labors in the cause of the abolition of the detestable trade in men. And this author, who will be acknowledged to have possessed great opportunities of seeing the Quakers in their homes, and their avocations, and pursuits, and to whom the faculties of close observation and discrimination will not be denied, has in that work this memorable passage, "The Quakers appear to me to be in danger of contracting *a money-getting spirit*, which is, as I conceive, *the worst feature that can exist in their character.*"

The same author observes that this "money-getting spirit, wherever it may be chargeable upon the members of the Society, seldom belongs to that species which is called avarice." What, then, is avarice as regards a a Quaker? If he seek more than he dare use, in other words, if he seek possession for possession's sake, if he seek to enrich his children,—to make them independent as it is termed,—is not this avarice, a greediness of wealth, a trusting in riches for some purpose definite or indefinite?

Clarkson further observes: "That *independence for children* is the general aim of the world, I know well. But I know, also, that Christianity has no such word as independence in her book. For of what do people wish to make their children independent? Certainly not of Providence, for that would be insanity, indeed. Of the poor, then shall I say? That is impossible; for how could they get their daily bread? Of the rich, then, like themselves? That would be folly; for where would they form their friendships or connubial connections, in which they must place a portion of the happiness of their lives? Do they wish to make them independent of society at large, so as not to do it good? That is against all religion. In short, it is impossible, while we exist in this life, to be independent one of another. We are bound by Christianity in one great chain, every link of which supports the next or the bond is broken."

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM JOHN WOOLMAN.

Remember, O my soul! the quietude of those in whom Christ governs, and in all thy proceedings feel after it!

Doth he condescend to bless thee with His presence? To move and influence to action? To dwell in thee and walk in thee? Remember then thy station, as a being sacred to God; accept of the strength freely offered thee; and take heed that no weakness, in conforming to expensive, unwise and hard-hearted customs, gendering to discord and strife, be given way to. Doth He claim my body as His temple? And graciously grant that I may be sacred to Him. Oh! that I may prize this favor; and that my whole life may be conformable to this character. Remember, O my soul! that the Prince of peace is thy Lord: that he communicates His unmixed wisdom to His family; that they, living in perfect simplicity, may give no just cause of offence to any creature, but may walk as he walked.

Biographical Notice of WILLIAM GIBBONS, M. D., *late of Wilmington, Del. Written by one of his Sons.*

(Concluded from page 136.)

On the 16th of the Fourth month, 1845, he was suddenly seized with symptoms of paralysis, which satisfied him that his earthly course was about to terminate. Anticipating the event, he was not unprepared for its approach. On receiving the summons, he instantly addressed himself to prayer. The physicians who were present, objected to his rising in bed. "I must," he exclaimed, "I must,—I feel it to be my duty." He continued on his knees for some time, with great fervency addressing the throne of Grace. His language gave evidence of the support and comfort he experienced from his trust and faith in God. "Oh, Lord! I praise thee! I desire to magnify thy name! Into thy hands I commit my spirit! Glory to God! he supports me!"

On concluding this earnest and solemn devotional exercise, he lay down quietly in bed. Observing one of his most intimate friends standing at the bed side, he grasped his hand, saying: "We have passed many pleasant hours together, but now they must all end." After this, his articulation became so much affected that it was difficult at times to understand him. It was evident, however, that his mind dwelt, almost without interruption, on the change that he felt awaited him. During the night he said to one of his daughters, after kissing her: "It will not be long—on earth no more." At another time he remarked: "Oh! it will soon be over. This poor, shattered body will then be at rest, and I shall be in that city, none of whose inhabitants can say, 'I am sick.'"

It was his anxious desire that he might have a clear vision of the state in which he was about to enter. On several occasions, during the first few days of his illness, he referred to this subject, apparantly disappointed in not being able to penetrate the veil which still shut him out from the immortal world. "I cannot *see* clearly," he would say, "but I *feel* the fulness of the glory of God." At one time he remarked, "There is nothing in my way, but I do not *see* as clearly as I would wish;" and afterwards seemed depressed, and remained in silent exercise for about half an hour. Then

arousing suddenly, he exclaimed in tones of triumph, "Rejoice! Oh come and rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep which was lost; and quoting from the Psalms, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits!" he requested to have the Psalm read to him. He had wrestled with the angel for the blessing, and had gained it.

On the day after his attack, he began to repeat to a friend, the quotation, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth," &c. Before he had concluded, his friend endeavored to anticipate him by adding, "and good will to men." "No, no," said he emphatically, raising his hand, "good will to *all* men." He frequently afterwards recited the same text, always in the same manner, laying great stress on the latter part.

During the whole course of his illness, which lasted nine days, he was almost constantly engaged in religious exercise, the general tenor of which was expressive of his gratitude to God for his mercies, and entire resignation to the Divine will. "I have no desire to live," said he, "I would be a burthen to myself and to all around me. But not my will, but thine be done!" When the physicians, on one of their visits, had a consultation, he requested to be apprized, without reserve, what was their view of his case. He was informed that they could see no indications of immediate danger, and that ample warning would probably be given, should an unfavorable result occur. "I am *willing* to live," he replied, "but I wish to get entirely rid of *self*, and to have no will of my own."

He frequently desired the Bible to be brought, and a portion read to him—mostly designating the chapter and verse. His selections were made from the New Testament, and once or twice from the Psalms. The first time, perhaps, when he made this request, it was objected to, because he had not slept for many hours, and his condition of body required rest. He was told of this, and advised to compose himself to sleep. "That is just what I want," said he; "my mind is excited and on the wing, and I wish to settle it." His request was immediately complied with, and whilst one of his children was reading to him, he sank into a refreshing slumber. Afterwards, whenever he renewed the request, it was instantly acceded to, partly with a view to the tranquillizing effects.

On the morning of Sixth day, two days after the commencement of his illness, he called his children to him one by one, and addressed to them, in the most affectionate and emphatic manner, the following, among other expressions: "Turn to thy heavenly Father, for thou wilt soon have no earthly one."—"Turn unto the Lord and he will turn to thee."—"Oh! leave the world. Seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and it will be well with thee."—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth. Money—wealth—nothing *earthly* can bring you happiness. Salvation is through Christ"—laying his hand upon his breast. "It is an inward work—Christ within, the hope of glory." Turning to his younger sons, he said, "Be kind to your mother!" and then looking round upon her, he wept aloud. The sundering of earthly ties seemed almost to overpower him; but again he rose above all, transported into higher and holier communion.

On Seventh day, 19th of the month, he appeared to be a little better. By noon, those of his children who lived abroad had all arrived, except one who was in the West, at a great distance. He had been very desirous to see all his children, and he looked round on them, remarking, "all here but one, and he so far away. I want to see him." He then prayed for his absent son, weeping much at the time. The presence of his wife and children during his sickness, was a great comfort to him; it gave him much happiness to have them constantly around his bed. On First-day, he said to a friend, "I thought it was opened to me yesterday that I should remain a little longer,—that the Master had more work for me to do; but now I have no confirmation of continued life, and I await his will." In the evening, he observed that it was First-day, and desired the family to be collected in his chamber, and the Bible read. He specified the portion: "He that would save his life shall lose it, and he that would lose his life for my sake shall save it," dwelling on the passage with marked satisfaction.

On Second-day he renewed the request that the physicians should state to him precisely their view of his case; adding that there was no danger of alarming him. In the afternoon, he prescribed for himself with much judgment, as he continued frequently to do the last few days of his illness. Alluding to his condition, he expressed a desire to be released from life.—"In case I should recover, I would only be a burthen to those around me." Much of his time was spent, as usual, in devotional exercise, and in offering religious counsel to his children.

Third day, he was evidently growing weaker. Speaking of Christ as the Saviour—the light and the life—he added, "not only the life, but the Resurrection." He then placed his hand on his breast and said: "The Resurrection is here; I know it is so—I feel it, and desire you may all feel it too. Blessed be God, for his love and mercy to his poor creature, man." He was deeply touched by the attentions of his physicians and friends, and spoke of them with strong affection.

On Fifth-day he appeared better, being more free from bodily pain and distress, so that some hope began to be entertained of his recovery. One of the physicians assured him that he was better, but he shook his head, and answered, "No." After resting a while very tranquilly, he said to his wife that he wished a plain, walnut coffin. And fearing that this was not understood, he asked for a slate, on which he drew the outline of a coffin; and thus satisfied himself that his wish in this respect was known. Soon afterwards, he waved his hand upwards, exclaiming, "Passing—passing away!" Notwithstanding the signs of amendment which others observed, and on which they began to build flattering hopes, he felt that the end was nigh. He was indeed passing away! In the night a change took place, and about sunrise next morning, after sinking quietly and gently for some hours, his spirit was translated to the mansions of rest.

The circumstances attending the last illness of William Gibbons were, in some respects, peculiar. Enjoying the perfect exercise of his mental faculties, his knowledge of the human frame enabled him fully to appreciate his condition, and to contemplate the course of disease, as it invaded the vital organs, and sapped the springs of life. The ties of family, which bind the heart to earth, are mostly sundered, to some extent, long before we reach the meridian of life. Death mostly singles out some of our loved ones, and bears them to the home eternal; as if in kindness to wean the traveller from this world of care, and invite him to a world of rest and joy. Not so with him. Save the first born, which, many long years ago, had been torn from its mother's arms, his flock was spared, until it numbered thirteen sons and daughters, several of them heads of families. And there they were, with their weeping mother, gathered around his dying couch. His affections were strong—no man could love his family more tenderly. But the time of parting was at hand—he knew it. At a single blow, all those ties, which had multiplied and strengthened with the lapse of years, were to be severed. The trial was severe. Even in death, his heart yearned on the patriarchal flock. But he asked not for the life of the body. He knew that a better life was in store for him. His pathway was not in the dark. He heard his Father's voice, and, in all confidence and resignation, he obeyed and followed. He died exulting over death—declaring the glory of the Christian's future, and beckoning the loved ones who wept around him to follow. May his hopes be realized! May they meet again, father, mother, children, never to part!

Augustine thinks that Stephen's prayer for his enemies was the great means of Paul's conversion. The patience and meekness of other Christians have turned all the injuries thrown at them into precious stones; the spirits of others have been raised in blessing God, when they have been loaded with reproaches from the world; they have bound them as an ornament to their necks.—*Flavel.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 12, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Ann P. Jackson has obtained from Birmingham Monthly Meeting, Pa., a minute to attend New York Yearly Meeting.

"LET THE SAME MIND BE IN YOU THAT WAS ALSO IN CHRIST JESUS."—During the progress of the late rebellion, much sectional and party feeling was stirred up. Love of country and of a stable government readily led to disapproval of those who would overturn it; and when to this was added sympathy and interest in a class whose liberties and rights seemed involved in the struggle, the indignation felt against our Southern brethren exceeded, in some minds, the bounds of Christian love and forgivenesss. Now that the occasion which called forth this animosity has passed, there is danger still, lest the sectional feelings then aroused, should continue to be felt and expressed.

Such is the influence of party spirit that many an individual too just and dispassionate to join in wholesale censure of any class, and independent enough to express charitable feelings towards the erring and mistaken, has been suspected of secret disaffection, and has had his name coupled with one of the opprobrious epithets which the spirit of party, whether in civil or religious society, is so ready to invent.

In the present case we have need to summon to our aid every corrective of this feeling which calm reflection can suggest. To put ourselves, by an effort of the imagination, in the place of those we condemn, and to remember how few comparatively of the inhabitants of the rebellious States were actively engaged in the struggle, and of those who were thus engaged, how many were drawn into it by other motives than a full approval—by the influence of popular opinion, so powerful for good or evil, truth or error.

It was, no doubt, a knowledge of this tendency

of party spirit to make men unjust to each other that induced the advice so often given to Friends to keep out of party heats and strifes.

In times of warlike commotion, such as we have recently passed through, there seems little for the advocates of peace to do but to stand firm and immovable upon their own principles, like the rock which, though motionless, breaks the force of the waves that beat against it. But when this state of things passes by, may they not actively use their influence to allay and soothe what remains of animosity and bitterness. This may be done, to a considerable extent, in the social circle by avoiding terms of opprobrium and all indiscriminate censure of any class, by construing favorably and charitably the sentiments of those who seem to be too slowly awakening to a recognition of the rights of all, and by remembering the patience of Him who waits long to be gracious to his erring children.

Died, on the 29th of Fourth month, 1866, Thomas L. Woolston, in the 57th year of his age; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 2d of Fifth month, 1866, Wallace Marshall, of Philadelphia.

The Annual Meeting of "Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" will be held on Fourth-day evening, the 16th inst., at 8 o'clock.

William C. Biddle,
Margaret A. Griscom, } *Secretaries.*

A General Meeting on the subject of Education, particularly in connection with the establishment of an Institution where Children can receive a first class education under the care of Friends, will be held on Third-day evening, the 15th inst., at Race St. Meeting-house. All interested in this important subject are invited.

Wanted, a few Nos. 39, 40 and 41, Vol. 22d Friends' Intelligencer, in nice order, for which full subscription price will be paid. Emmor Comly,
144 N. Seventh Sreet.

When a man has been faithful in the honest performance of his duty, he is thought better off if success attend him in this world. But if it so happens, in the providence of God, that these material results do not follow that performance, still he carries in his own mind the consciousness that he has tried to do what is right in the sight of God, rendering to everybody his due, contributing all he can to the general happiness and improvement, diffusing as much enjoyment and contentment as he can in the little circle of which he is the centre; with this consciousness he goes through life "happy as a king, though he may not be the king," ends it in felicity, and goes where there is an end of all those controversies, because there is but one God and one Father, before whom all his children are equal.— *Chief-Justice Chase.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AMONG THE FREEDMEN.—NO. IV.

BY JACOB M. ELLIS.

(Concluded from page 140.)

My last number left me in Richmond. As I had seen it some years since, in its palmy days, (if not a misnomer to apply that term to any place where the system of slavery, with its horrors and auction blocks, existed,) and where I had witnessed the sale of three human beings at public auction, like so many horses, accompanied in fact with more brutality and degradation (although there was no separation of families) than I ever saw at a horse market, I felt little interest in any thing else than what is called "*the burnt district*," with its devastation caused by the late war.

And truly never have I had such evidence of the destructive power of modern military inventions. It was a mournful sight, and a sad example of the results growing out of a departure from the golden rule of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us. I endeavored to ascertain the number of houses destroyed, but could not obtain the desired information; suffice it to say they number hundreds upon hundreds. In some places they have been replaced by buildings constructed entirely of wood, and very roughly; in others, the walls have been built of old bricks, a portion of which are rough-cast, while a number are good, substantial four-story stores, a few of which are of a very imposing character.

But enough remains untouched to stamp the reality of desolation over the whole "district." Whole blocks or squares have only the cellar walls standing, with piles of the old bricks in them awaiting the time of their resuscitation; in others again the bricks have been merely thrown in in heaps. One thing was clearly manifest; every brickbat appears to have been scrupulously saved, so very valuable has the article of bricks been with them. It must have been a terrible scene while this destruction was being carried on; and even after hostilities had ceased, as I was informed by eye witnesses, it was an almost sickening sight with the debris lying round, partially if not wholly blocking up some of the streets.

I strolled through its business thoroughfares, and the stores appeared to be well supplied with merchandize of every description,—the fancy as well as the useful; and where goods were marked, they appeared not to vary much in price from those of our northern cities. I noticed calicoes at from sixteen to twenty cents;

and in one window I espied a piece ticketed with the old-fashioned figures of "*twelve and a half cents!*"—at that time a price almost unknown with *us*. Although these things give some evidence of returning prosperity, the resuscitation must necessarily be slow; but it is to be hoped, as the lesson has been a bitter one, if slow, it will be none the less *sure*. As in many other places *South*, there is still a disposition here to keep alive the spirit of rebellion and hostility to the *North*, one little evidence of which was manifested by placards pasted all over the city, containing the words, "*Lecture and Readings—War Poetry of the South*"—as descriptive of the character of an evening entertainment.

Once more in the cars, I reached in due time Alexandria. As I was desirous to get some information as to the condition of schools here, and to inquire particularly after one visited by L. J. R. and myself last summer, then in want of a teacher, I sought the official of the Freedmen's Bureau having these matters in charge. My interview with him, though short, was very satisfactory, learning as I did that all their previous wants had been supplied, and that very excellent teachers had been sent,—I think he said from Massachusetts. Promising him a teacher from our Association, should one be needed, and a satisfactory opening offer, we parted, and I was soon in Washington.

It would be time misspent to attempt detailing the "*sights*" of this place. I spent a number of hours in it, visiting amongst other places the *Smithsonian Institution*, and having an interview with some of its officials on behalf of our *Friends' Library* of Philadelphia. Having been in Washington repeatedly, I found very little to arrest my attention. I, however, thought it right to report to GEN. HOWARD in person what we had done in reference to schools in Fairfax county; and, while there, I felt called upon to bear my testimony to the worth and disinterested services of Capt. Ross in behalf of the Freedmen; both of which were received with evident satisfaction. My mission was now fully ended, and my next point was *home*, which was reached in due time, and where, *of course*, I was warmly welcomed. If I have consumed too much time in my narrative, I hope to be excused. I have not *intended* to be tedious; but I saw and felt more than I have even attempted to express.

It may be well to add, that since my return I am in the receipt of two letters from Mary McBride, whom it will be remembered I accompanied first to *Vienna*, and subsequently to *Fairfax Court House*. She has met with considerable opposition and indignity, accompanied with threats of personal violence, the latter, however, confined to a plentiful throwing of stones at her, on one or two occasions, on her way to the school-house. Notwithstanding this, she perseveres with a firm and dignified determination, will not give up the work unless *forced* to do so by the "authorities," and has now *forty pupils* in attendance, with good progress. From the seeds thus sown good fruit must certainly be produced, and we cannot but desire her encouragement. Much sympathy has been felt and expressed for her in her trying position, accompanied with the hope and belief that the offenders themselves will ere long become ashamed of their conduct, and desist from annoying her; in fact, the last letter received narrates an occurrence or two corroborative of this opinion. Accounts from *Mary K. Brosius* also show that her new school is prospering, and likely to be productive of much good. Nothing has yet been heard from *Martha A. Wright*, but we have no reason to doubt her success also.

CONVERSATION.

BY MARY G. CHANDLER.

In an intellectual point of view, the correct use of words is of the utmost importance, if one would speak well. To attain this, it is necessary to have a distinct idea of the meaning of words, and then to endeavor to use such words as truly express the ideas of the mind. The use of pet phrases and words is entirely at war with correctness in this respect. With some persons, everything is pretty, from Niagara Falls to the last new ribbon; while others find, or rather make, everything nice, splendid, or glorious. It would be esteemed an insult to the understanding of any person to suppose that the same idea or emotion could be aroused in his mind by the sight of the sublimest work of nature as by a trifling article of dress; yet if he use the same term to describe it in each instance, he certainly lays himself open to such an imputation. Want of thorough education is an inadequate excuse for follies of this sort, because common sense combined with far less knowledge than may be acquired in a common school is more than sufficient to enable every one to use his native tongue with sufficient propriety to save him from being ridiculous.

There is one specious gift which is almost sure to mislead those who are largely endowed with it, and that is fluency. We listen with pain to one who speaks hesitatingly and with difficulty, and who is obliged to search his memory for words that will correctly represent his thoughts; but if, when the words come, we find they really tell us something worth waiting for, we feel far less weariness than in following the unhesitating flow of words that are but empty sound. There is always peculiar ease and pleasure in the exercise of a natural talent, and those naturally possessed of fluency

must of course find it hard to restrain the tide of words that is perpetually flowing up to the lips; but if they desire to converse agreeably, the effort must be made, and self-denial must be attained. The benefit derived by an over-fluent talker from self-restraint will be quite commensurate with the effort, no less than with the added pleasure of the listener, for he will gain in the power of accurate thought every time that he resists the inclination to utter an unmeaning sentence.

A clear and distinct utterance is another faculty that should be cultivated, for the effect of an otherwise interesting conversation may be seriously impaired, and perhaps destroyed, by a slovenly or indistinct articulation. Every word and syllable should receive its due quantity of sound, yet without drawling or stiffness; while the voice should be so modulated as to be heard without effort, and yet the opposite fault of speaking too loud be avoided.

Correct pronunciation is a very desirable accomplishment, though somewhat difficult to attain in its details, authorities are so various; but probably the most comprehensive rule that can be observed is, as far as possible to avoid provincialisms. A person's pronunciation can hardly be elegant if it reveal at once of what State or city he is a native; while freedom from local peculiarities is of itself a promise of good pronunciation, as it shows either that the individual has taken pains to weed out such peculiarities, or that he has been bred among those who have done so. The pronunciation of the best scholars in every part of our country is very similar, while the difference becomes more and more strongly marked between the inhabitants of the various States of the Union as we descend in the scale of education.

Do not fear to be silent when you have nothing to say. Do not talk for the mere sake of talking. To sit silently and abstractedly, as if one were among, but not of, the company in which one may chance to be, is discourteous; because it implies a fancied superiority, or an unkind indifference. Good manners require that in company one should be alive to what is going on, but this does not imply the necessity of always talking. There is, almost always, in a mixed company, some conversation to which a third person may listen without intrusion; but if this should not happen to be the case, it is far better to wait until something occurs that gives one an opportunity of talking to some rational purpose, than to insist that one's tongue shall incessantly utter articulate sounds whether the brain give it anything to say or not. This sort of purposeless talking exerts a positively injurious influence upon the mind, by leading it into the too common error of mistaking sound for sense, words for ideas.

Before quitting this important subject, there is a general view to be taken of it in its universal bearings upon Character, which places it among the most important branches of a wise education.

The true signification of education, according to one derivation of the word, is the bringing or leading out of the faculties. The best educated person is not he who has stored up in his memory the greatest number of facts, but he whose faculties have become most strengthened and perfected by what he has learned.

There are several studies pursued in our schools and colleges, such as Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, rather because they are looked upon as a kind of gymnastics, whereby the mental faculties in general are educated, or developed and invigorated, than because they bring a direct practical benefit to life; for of the numbers who exercise their faculties upon them, while in the schools, not one in ten makes any direct use of them afterwards. These studies require expensive books and teachers, and a greater amount of time than can be given by the majority of men and women; and moreover they cultivate the intellect without doing anything for the heart. Without in any degree questioning or undervaluing the great and varied benefit derived to the mind from these studies in added accuracy, strength, and richness, there is still room for wonder that Conversation, both as a science and an art, has no place in our systems of education; since its practice is a daily necessity to all, while its power, when wielded with skill, is second to none other that is brought to bear upon the social circle.

Our young girls are nearly all of them taught music with great expenditure of money, time, and labor; but whether we look to the cultivation of actual talent, to the improvement of Character, or to accomplishment as a means of making ourselves agreeable in society, how profitably could a part of this time and labor be employed in acquiring the power and the habit of accurate language, agreeable modulation, distinct utterance, and courteous attention; and it can hardly be doubted that a person who possesses the power of conversing well finds and gives more pleasure in society than a person skilled to an equal degree in music.

Conversation has, indeed, this advantage over all school studies; in order to obtain its best requisites, no books are needed beyond such as are accessible to all, while its best teachers are the suggestions of common sense, and the conscientious love of the true and the good. Still there are few persons whose efforts would not be crowned with a higher success if aided by the criticisim and the guidance of a competent instructor. Those who are competent

to self-instruction in this, as in all other accomplishments, are exceptional examples, and it may be doubted if even these might not have reached a higher excellence, aided by the suggestions of another mind. Properly cultivated, Conversation would have an influence in developing the whole being, of a kind and degree that could hardly be over-estimated. In its exercise, Thought and Affection have full play, while all the stores of Memory and the wealth of Imagination find ample field for display.

Conversation is so comprehensive in its manifestations and necessities, that it can reach its perfection only through the development of the whole being, moral as well as intellectual; and it will constantly become more finished in proportion as this development becomes more complete. Its universality, its hourly necessity, should impress us with its value; for the mercy of the Lord, as it gives light and air, sunshine and shower, seed-time and harvest, in short, all the essentials of physical development to the whole human race, so it supplies to all the power and the essential means for disciplining and cultivating the whole Character.

SANCTIFIED BY SORROW.

Open the shutters wide my child!
Though sorely we're bereft,
We may not shut the sunshine out,
Nor scorn the blessings left.

Thy father loved the sunshine well;
And we will love it too;
He called it each day's precious gift,
And every morning new!

The simple things he used to love
No bitter memories bring;
The trees, the grass, the early birds;
Oh! how he loved the Spring!

It gave new vigor to his frame,
New color to his cheek;
Ah! he has known that Spring, of which
Our's can but faintly speak.

No sable weeds for thee and me;
We need not lay aside
The garments, that were never meant
To nourish human pride.

Our simple garb forbids no joy
That's innocent and pure,
Nor will it mock the chastened grief,
That must with life endure.

We will not mourn beside his grave,—
Our eyes may never dare
To look beneath that grassy mound;
Why should we seek him there?

The spirits of the loved and good,
They say, are round us still;
And that they know our fond regrets,
And our submissive will:

And that our Father gives them leave
His ministers to be;
To draw our hearts through human love
To Heavenly purity.

It may be so; the poor heart clings
To shadows,—some would say;
But substance, too, when shadows come,
Cannot be far away.

Is that the little ones at play?
Their laughter do I hear?
Nay, chide them not; like morning dew
Is childhood's transient tear.

Light burthens suit their tender years,
And thou and I must try
To lay our mournful looks aside,
And smile when they are by.

But when they fold their tired wings
At evening, like the birds,
We'll speak of their dear father then,
With loving, cheerful words.

And they will kiss us tenderly,
And turn themselves to sleep;
And then, my daughter, we will have
Our quiet time to weep.

I fear I've too unmindful been
Of those who pine alone;
I scarcely knew what sorrow was,
Until I knew my own.

And we will seek these sad ones out,
Secluded though they be;
For we have more to give them now,—
A store of sympathy.

And thus, we'll try to live the life
Our Father will approve;
And they most truly mourn the dead,
Who live the life of love. S.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

GATHERING SEA-MOSSES.

HOW TO GATHER MOSSES.

Go to the shore at low tide, after a blow from the sea. The best time is after the moon falls, for the tides are lowest then. Examine narrowly everything on the sand and on the rocks, and take up with your stick (which you had better have stout enough somewhat to steady your steps in passing over slimy rocks) everything you see that looks nearest like *nothing*. Then fish all you can of the same sort from the waves. Pick for bright colors; but do not always reject dull ones. They often change to bright, or at least *deep* hues after pressing. Put them, with salt water, in your pail, and when you get home take a fine stick, or a large needle, and having poured your treasures into a bowl, slip a piece of paper under them, one at a time, and float and pick them out; then lift them carefully, gently, tenderly from the water, and hang them up to dry. When perfectly dry, place them between pasteboards and press them for several hours. The heavier the pressure the better. By the time they are done you will appreciate them, if no one else does. It is no easy task properly to do them. For amusement, to secure gifts for dear friends far away, &c., it is very well; but if one was obliged to chase and watch the sea, to be out in storms (for a stormy time is often best for this bus-

ness), and to "put on" mosses for a living, wouldn't it be arduous?

WHERE MOSSES ARE FOUND.

Mosses are found in all waters from pole to pole; but they abound much more on some shores than on others. In the boiling springs, in sulphur springs, amid the eternal snows of mountains, and almost everywhere where there is much moisture they are found. They are of all forms and sizes, some requiring the aid of a microscope to be seen by human eyes, and some of monstrous size, having stems larger than the trunks of the largest trees. These last are the growth of the depths of the Pacific —probably also of the Atlantic—ocean. Their leaves rival in size those of the palm.

The colors of sea mosses are green, olive and red. These colors are changed or modified by a variety of circumstances, and they are of all shades—from almost white to almost black. The green mosses grow in shallow water, and in both salt water and fresh.

Algæ is the general name for mosses of rivers, snows, springs and seas. Green is most common at the poles; olive in the temperate zones, and red in the tropics. This is true of species; but the individual may so abound in any latitude as to give to the careless observer a wrong impression. The olive algæ are found at half-tide mark; as they go deeper they become darker in hue. Red algæ love deep water, and we think they are particularly anxious to keep out of the reach of our hands and sticks. Boiling turns many of the mosses green, and deepens the red of others; this we discovered to our astonishment by a ludicrous accident. As the fine reds begin to decay they assume yellow tints. Many mosses, or plants, as they are, perhaps, more properly called, while under water, waving about with the flow of the tide, show brilliant colors, which they lose on being taken out. Many change color on being pressed. Exposure to wind and rain heighten the reds to brilliant scarlet or orange, and some of them, by being dipped into fresh water, become bright orange; while some of the browns, being dipped into fresh water, become purple or pink. They are generally of a very delicate appearance, and a novice is afraid to touch lest she spoil them. Some seem to be mere film, or slime, and it requires very great skill and patience to arrange them. But it pays for the trouble, as the finest ones are, when well arranged on paper, the most beautiful. Delicate and frail as they appear, they are too tough and strong to be safely pinched or pulled apart, in thinning them (as must be done so many) for pressing. They should be cut, or they will be likely to be ruined.

Algæ are, I believe, produced from the seed. They grow upon rocks—we see them at low tide—but not the finest ones, until the very lowest tides after the full moon. They are said to be different in distant seas, but this is without reference to latitude.

It was not alone to beautify the sea, and to busy and delight these women with long sticks, that algæ were formed. They serve for food and shelter to hoards of little animals, which are the food of fishes, Algæ also serve to purify the water. We see them freely discharge oxygen, in sparkling bubbles. They also serve for food for man and beast. The edible nests of China, some of which are worth their weight in gold, are made of algæ, and leaves of algæ are by some savages used for the purpose of keeping water fresh. Sheep and goats eagerly devour what is cast up on northern coasts. In fevers, what we people of the provinces call dalse is said to be very cooling. It is much used by them as an article of food. Children buy it as they would candy, and chew it raw. It is dalse, I think, that Scotch, Irish and Norway sheep and goats eat.

Every one knows what is done with Irish moss. To all readers who desire more particular information of mosses I commend "Harvey's British Algæ," which I never read, and "Kingsley's Wonders of the Shore," which I never saw; but which probably will much instruct you. As for me, I can stop to tell no more; the tide is out; I go a-mossing. A. M.

From the Leisure Hour.

A VOICE FROM EGYPT ON THE AGE OF THE PENTATEUCH.

To what age does the Pentateuch belong? Is it, as a whole, the production of Moses, or was it written, as some say, in much later times? Till comparatively recent times the uniform answer to this question has been, "The Pentateuch belongs to the age of Moses, not of Samuel, or of Ezra; and the book was written as a whole by Moses, or under his guidance. Speaking generally, it may be regarded as his work." Speaking generally, I repeat, for there are passages—Lamech's prophecy, for example, and Miriam's song—which Moses did not originate, but only insert; and there are other passages—the later names of places, for example, the list of some of the dukes of Edom, the account of his own death—which must have been added by another later hand. With such exceptions, the Pentateuch is quoted and referred to by all Jewish tradition, by our Lord and his apostles, by the Old Testament itself, from the book of Joshua down to the book of Malachi, as the book, the law of Moses, "the man of God." The law, (the system of justice and types) was given *through* Moses; grace and truth (the system of mercy and realities) came *to be through* Jesus Christ. (John i. 17.)

On the specific question of the authorship of the Pentateuch the monuments of Egypt have

of course nothing to say; but on the *age* of the Pentateuch they have much. Ask them *who* wrote it, and they are as silent as is now their own Memnon. Ask them *when* it was written, and immediately they become vocal, as when of old the rays of the morning sun struck the chords of the statue. On that question they seem to affirm distinctly that the book belongs to the Mosaic age, and must have been written by one familiar with Egypt, and while the facts of the Egyptian life were still fresh in the memory of the people.

The exact nature of the argument may be illustrated by a couple of passages, taken not from the monuments, but from Scripture. In Numbers xiii. 22, it is said, that "Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt;" and in Deuteronomy xi. 10–12, it is said of Canaan, "The land whither thou goest is not as the land of Egypt, where thou wateredst it with thy foot, but a land of hills and valleys, that drinketh water of the rain of heaven; * * the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even until the end of the year." Naturally it would be concluded that the writer and the first hearers of these words were familiar with Egypt, its cities and customs. To one who knew nothing of Goshen and the Delta of the Nile, the date of the building of Zoan would be no guide to the age of Hebron. The "foot-watering" of Egypt would have suggested no significant contrast to one who had no remembrance of the dependence of the country on this river; nor would the fact that the eyes of the Lord were upon the land from the beginning of the year to the end, have meaning for one who knew not how for months in Egypt the fields are apparently deserted of God, and have to be watered at the expense of exhausting and destructive toil. Add to this, that between the Exode and the reign of Solomon—from four hundred and fifty years [the common chronology] to six hundred and upwards—there was no intercourse between Egyptians and Jews; and the conclusion seems irresistible—these words were written by a man who knew Egypt; and for men who knew Egypt; that is, they were written in the age of the Exode itself.

This kind of proof, it will readily be seen, is not peculiar to Egypt, or to Scripture. About sixty years ago the unburying of Herculaneum and Pompeii brought to light remains which illustrate the customs of ancient Rome, and now serve to explain allusions and statements in ancient classic writers. In our own day, the researches prosecuted by Layard and others on the plains of Shinaar have done much to illustrate and confirm old chronicles of Assyrian life and history. Every museum of antiquities treasures up some relic to which men appeal for purposes of exposition or of defence; and now when attacks on the Pentateuch are renewed, and students are naturally looking for fresh evidence, Egypt supplies it. Error is refuted, and truth confirmed by her teaching.

The examples we have mentioned, though they give an idea of the nature of the argument, give no fair idea of its strength or impressiveness. For, first of all, as the argument is cumulative, and depends largely on the *number* of coincidences, no specimens can do justice to this quality. Then, further, these examples are taken entirely from the Pentateuch. The fact referred to, and the allusion to Egypt, are both given in one and the same passage. There is therefore wanting the obvious undesignedness which makes circumstantial evidence so conclusive to most minds. The facts in all their fulness include coincidences very numerous, and between documents completely independent. On the monuments of Egypt we have the private and public life of the Egyptian people depicted with the utmost minuteness. The scenes are as fresh as if they had been finished only a few years ago. They were not painted, moreover, to supply evidence, or to explain Scripture. The two most ancient records have come unexpectedly into our hands, the one written, the other painted; and if they confirm each other, the evidence, because incidental, is felt to be, on that very ground, the more impressive.

Let us take an example or two. In Palestine iron was the metal commonly used for implements of war. The Canaanites had chariots of iron. It was iron David prepared in abundance. There are still in Lebanon traces of iron works of very ancient date, large quantities of refuse being still to be seen at some distance from the mines, but in the neighborhood of oak forests, the wood of which was used in smelting. Yet, on the Exode, it is not of workers of iron we read, but of workers in brass, and they are mentioned again and again. Whether the brass were an alloy of copper and zinc, the brass of later times, or of copper and tin, the bronze of later times, the use of such a metal clearly implies considerable skill in metallurgy; and, in fact, it is the very metal of which ancient Egyptian weapons,—swords, knives, and even bows,—are generally made. For ages the art of tempering brass so as to make it elastic, was unknown; nor is it now easy to understand how the process was so perfect as it must have been in Egypt.

The Egyptians were long famous for their skill in archery, and naturally, Hagar, the Egyptian maid of Sarah, taught her son the art of her country, and Ishmael became an archer.

Quite incidentally we gather from the history of Joseph's imprisonment that there was wine in Egypt, and from the Psalms that vines were grown there. Herodotus, who lived for some

time at On, the residence of Joseph's wife, and who wrote four or five hundred years before Christ, states that vines were not grown in Egypt. The monuments, on the other hand, have several paintings of vine culture and of wine making. Drunken men, and even women, are seen carried home by head and heels on the shoulders of their servants, and yet the culture of the vine was evidently difficult. More laborers seem required to water the plants and dress the trees, than were required for any other kind of growth, and the branches were generally small. Hence, when the spies returned with "grapes of Eshcol," the size naturally filled with amazement a people who had been accustomed only to the grapes of the land of Ham. Hence, also, the narrative must have been written not in the age of Herodotus, but in the age of the monuments.

In the same history the baker is represented as carrying his basket upon his *head*. The usual way of carrying burdens in Syria was on the side, or on the back, or on the shoulders. On the monuments men are represented as carrying them in the way which the Pentateuch describes.

Glancing through the monuments there are several facts that strike an observer as significant. The variety of employments is remarkable. Here are agriculturists, shepherds,—a degraded class, apparently—fishermen, hunters, men of all trades, all working apart, and as distinct castes; and yet agriculture is evidently the favorite pursuit. Here is corn in abundance. In seasons of deficient harvests elsewhere, a journey to Egypt, the granary of the world, as it seems, is very likely to be the resource of a pastoral tribe, and that tribe will find there a subdivision of labor, and a degree of artificial civilization not common in purely agricultural countries, and certainly not common in Syria.

Surrounding the monarch, on some of these monuments, are various classes of rulers. Here are priests, anointed for their office by God and the king; warrior chiefs, second only to the monarch—the whole indicating social institutions unlike anything in those days in their vicinity. There was, in fact, nothing like it nearer than India. These are "the princes of the house of Pharoah."

In all these scenes, moreover, there is a freedom of domestic life very unlike the restraint of most Eastern nations. The women are generally unveiled, and seem to have as much liberty as in modern Europe. After the time of the Persian conquest (B. C. 350) this ceased in Egypt.

But there are other peculiarities in these paintings. The Egyptians are all beardless men, they and their servants. A few toil-worn men and a few mourners have their beards half-grown; and now and then the *rapidity* of the conquests of some great warrior—as of Rameses—is indicated by the state of his beard, which he has evidently had no time to remove. But generally their faces are quite smooth; and so Joseph "shaves" when summoned into the presence of Pharoah.

Here are men who seem to have been very odious to the Egyptians,—not from earliest times, indeed, but still from remote antiquity. They are seen crushed under the chariot-wheels of the kings; they are figured as supporters of vases and seats; they are dragged as slaves through the markets, and massacred without mercy. Sometimes they are painted on the soles of shoes and sandals, as the easiest way of treading them down. These are the shepherds, who were an abomination to the Egyptians, though not to the people of Arabia or Syria.

Here are chairs and chair-makers. Visitors *sit* at table in a way quite unusual in late Jewish history; not all, indeed, for at common meals the people sit on their limbs, which are doubled under them; but on great occasions chairs are used as stately and as formal as any in Europe. (Gen. xliii. 33.)

Here, again, is the gold chain of office; here the signet ring, which was presented to the man who was made vizier; here the white fine linen with which foreigners were clothed when they were naturalized, and became members of the Egyptian aristocracy.

Compare with these scenes the facts incidentally mentioned in Joseph's history (Gen. xli. 14: xl. 16: xlvi. 34) and the naturalness and consequent truthfulness of the narrative will at once appear. The history must have been written by one who knew Egypt, and who lived before the customs of the country had materially changed.

Such is a sample, and a very inadequate sample, of the facts which the Egyptain monuments disclose; and we shall rejoice if this brief notice succeeds in directing attention to the studies which cannot fail to throw light on all parts of Scripture, and which will be found to supply additional proof of the antiquity and genuineness of the books of Moses.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City contributions..... $316.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 5th mo. 5, 1866.

ITEMS.

THE PROJECTED RUSSO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH LINE.—The summary of a report drawn up by Col. Bulkley, chief of the expedition despatched to survey the route of the Russo-American telegraph line, contains the information that "The most distant regions to the north through which the telegraph line will be carried offer no serious obstacles either to the con-

struction or working of the line. The submersion of the cable can be effected very easily on account of the level and sandy sea bed, and the short length of the cable removes any apprehension relative to the working of the line. With respect to the land portion of the line, the posts will be as solid in the frozen earth as if they were fixed in stone, and as there are no woods to traverse, there is no danger from falling trees. The examination of the line in winter will be a comparatively easy matter, from the facility of travelling by sledges drawn by reindeers or dogs. To cross Behring's Strait, 178 marine miles of cable will be required; for the Gulf of Anadyr, 209 miles. The depth of the sea is so great that the cable can only be damaged by icebergs, which, however, never appear in Behring's Straits, nor to the south, on account of the northern current. Contrary to the opinion generally received, the native tribes inhabiting the sea coast are peaceable and honest, and hospitable in the highest degree. It is expected that in time they will be very useful to the undertaking. The numbers of the specimens of natural history that have been collected surpass all expectation. Operations will be resumed in the Spring."

CONGRESS.—The Senate called up the Post-Office appropriation bill, and after much discussion the following amendment, limiting the appointing power of the President, was passed. It provides that "no person exercising or performing the duties of any officials which by law are required to be filled by the advice and consent of the Senate, shall, before confirmation by the Senate, receive any salary or compensation for his services, unless he be commissioned by the President to fill up a vacancy which has, during the recess of the Senate and since its last adjournment, happened by death, resignation, or expiration of the term." A bill was introduced to reduce the rate of interest on the national debt and to fund the same. It provides for the issue of a thirty-year five-per-cent. gold bond, in which all existing and outstanding obligations of the United States shall be funded. It will be known as consolidated stock, and will be free from all taxation whatever, whether national, State, municipal, or local. By the saving of interest alone, it is expected that the debt will be paid off in thirty-five years. Referred to the Committee on Finance. The bill to authorize a telelegraph to Cuba was formally passed upon, and now waits the signature of the President.

The House, among others, passed the following bills: one making appropriation for the support of the Freedmen's Bureau; one to regulate the carriage of passengers in steamships and for the encouragement of emigration; and also the substitute for the original Niagara ship-canal bill. A resolution was adopted ordering an investigation into the alleged bounty frauds in New York; also one requesting the President to cause an investigation into the cases of alleged destitution among the people of Northern Alabama. A joint resolution to send on commissioners to Paris to make drawings of the patented machinery to be exhibited there, was laid on the table. The report of the conference committee on the Cuba telegraph bill was agreed to. The Senate bill for the admission of Colorado was passed. A resolution was passed congratulating the people of Russia upon the escape of the Emperor from assassination aimed at him on account of his liberal principles.

THE FREEDMEN.—The report of M. H. Cruikshank, commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Alabama, for three months, shows that relief during the 1st mo. was extended by that bureau, under the authority of the National Government, with the aid of the loyal citizens of the country, to 5,245 white persons and to 2,426 colored. During 2d mo., relief was afforded to 13,083 white and 4,107 colored people. During 3d mo., relief was extended to 17,204 whites and 5,807 colored. The report from the commissioner of Louisiana shows that there are in that State 114 schools for colored persons, 233 teachers and 13,000 pupils.

GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.—The subscribers, having taken the Store at N. E. cor. Sixth and Buttonwood streets, would call the attention of Friends and the Public generally to their Fresh stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, which they will sell at prices suiting the decline in gold. Good Country produce taken in exchange, at best market rates. CLAYTON E. HAINES,
512 19 2662. JOSEPH G. HAINES.

JOHN J. LYTLE, Seventh and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, has a variety of cheap and desirable goods, such as 7-4 White India Silk Shawls, Four dollars, worth $10.00; Colored Silk Cashmere Shawls, half price. Fringed Thibet Shawls, $3.50. All Wool De Barege, 37½ cts. Plain Dark Brown Lawns, 18¾ cts. Ponge Mohairs, 35 cts. Mode Silk Knit Mitts for Friends. French and English Lawns. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. 512 19 26.

EDWIN HALL & CO., 28 South Second St., would inform the Friends of this city, and those who contemplate visiting it, that they keep a large stock of goods adapted to their wants. Plain Silks, Neat style Silks, Neat style Poplins, Plain Poplins, Plain Mohairs, Neat style Mohairs, Neat style Lawns, with many other style of goods suitable for a neat plain taste. Plain style Shawls, Shetland Shawls, Barege Shawls.
42855512.

CLARK & BIDDLE, JEWELLERS, (*Successors to Thos. C. Garrett,*) No. 712 Chestnut St., invite attention to their large stock of American, English, and Swiss Watches, which they offer at the lowest gold rates. Also a fine assortment of Silver and Silver-plated Ware. Prices reduced to correspond with the heavy decline in gold.
428555123t.

THOS. M. SEEDS, HATTER, 41 N. 2d St. Always on hand and made to order, a large assortment of Friends' Hats; as he makes a specialty of that part of the Hatting Business.
428, 55, 512 00.

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CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of 5th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The Spring and Summmer Term of this Institution, will commence 5th mo. 21st, 1866, and continue in session twelve weeks. For details see Circular, to obtain which, address the Principals, Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.
ISRAEL J. GRAHAME, } Principals.
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Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 311. ly. w a s m p.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON, OF CANADA WEST.

(Concluded from page 147.)

The notes of our friend J. W. here close. The compiler saw him soon after the death of his last son, Thomas, and found him truly cheerful and resigned to the inscrutable ways of Providence. He was able, in company with his wife, to attend the Yearly Meeting in 1864, and the sweet amiability of disposition then evinced, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Until within a few days of his death his meetings at home were regularly attended; and on First-day, the 1st of First month, 1865, he was engaged in vocal testimony, expressive of a concern that those present might be more earnest in laboring after a firm establishment on the Rock, Christ Jesus, in the soul, and that they might take heed to and obey the secret impressions of what was right and what was wrong, testifying that these impressions emanated from that Divine power or principle by which all are saved. This salvation comes by obeying the still small voice spoken distinctly to the understanding of every rational creature.

In the evening he was attacked with what proved to be his last sickness. The following account was kindly furnished by one of his relatives, who was with him much of the time till his close: He says, "On hearing, Second-day, that he was taken very ill, I drove over to see him. As I entered the room, he reached out his hand and said, 'Dear James, all has been done for me that can be, and all that remains now is to bear my pain with patience.' And in this patient state he appeared to be much preserved, often remarking to his neighbors, as they came in to see him, 'that he was going home.'

"*Third day.*—This morning found him suffering greatly. His mind was much composed, and would flow out in extacies of love to those around him; and not embracing them only, but wishing well to mankind, the world over.—He was often heard in supplication to his Heavenly Father for strength to bear this severe trial with patience, and that he might not give way to murmuring. He often spoke encouragingly to those about him, giving much good and wholesome advice, which I doubt not will be long remembered. Taking his grandson, C. Watson, by the hand, he said, 'My dear grandson, be a good boy; be kind to thy mother and to thy brothers and sisters; and strive to live so that thou will feel kind to every one, and God will reward thee. And, above all, attend to the inshinings of Jesus Christ in thy own soul; for it is by attending to the manifestations of this light within, that cleanses from all sin, and purifies and fits us for the Heavenly Father's use;' with more to the same effect. The solemn stillness that appeared to pervade every mind present, manifested the power and influ-

ence with which the words were uttered, and made a deep impression on all.

"*Fourth-day.*—As it drew near meeting time, I said something about it being Preparative Meeting day, and that it was near the time to go. He remarked, 'Dear James, keep thy eye single to the light that shines within, and it will guide thee into all truth, and thus it will open to thy understanding all that is required of thee to do; if thee will be obedient to its manifestations, it will establish thee on the sure foundation, even the Rock, Christ Jesus. Persevere in the cause of Truth, and thou will become a pillar in the Lord's house that shall go no more out.'

"This afternoon, after passing through much suffering, he asked them to pray for him, that he might be released from this severe trial by a speedy dissolution of the body. And with a look such as only extreme suffering might induce, he turned to his wife and said, 'My dear, canst thou not pray for me?' She answered, 'We have prayed for thee. I have prayed for thee from the very depths of my heart. Oh, be patient, my dear, and it will all be well in the Lord's time;' then bowed her head for a few moments, and broke forth in a most touching supplication in his behalf, during which he lay perfectly quiet, and appeared to be strengthened at the close.

"*Fifth-day.*—His sufferings through the day were very great, and he remarked it seemed as though it would be too much for human nature to bear; but was, through mercy, enabled to say, 'Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.' This evening, he was favored with an unusually long spell of apparent ease, during which time his mind appeared to be absorbed in viewing and meditating on the never-ending glories of the celestial state. He came out of this with the expression, 'Oh, the beauty, the glory of that Heavenly sight! I would not have missed seeing it for a world.'

"*Sixth-day.*—He had not much to say, but what he did was very appropriate, and he recognized all that he had any acquaintance with. In the twilight of the evening, after passing through a severe season of distress, he exclaimed, 'What shall I do, my dear, it is so trying?' then in a few seconds said, 'Oh, how I pity those that put their trust in fine gold; what will it do for them in an hour like this? He then rested on my arm quite calmly and composed in mind, his eyes closed, and to appearance was wrapped in solemn meditation, his elbows resting on the bed, with his hands extending upwards, and moving as with a love-inspiring motion for several minutes. He then let them down, and said, 'It is finished;' and added, after a little time, 'I feel the world to be receding from me;' and, soon after, 'I feel my faculties are going.'

"*Seventh-day.*—All day he was gradually sinking; and his last words were those of endearment to his wife and brother. Toward evening, without a sigh or struggle, his immortal spirit took its flight, in the 86th year of his age."

The annexed tribute to his memory was written by a young friend in his neighborhood, and sent us for publication.

"Death has again been in our midst, and a great and good man has fallen. He was great because he was good, and good because he early submitted his will to the yoke of Christ. This lightened the burdens of vigorous manhood, and sustained him during his declining years.

"I know not how he was first induced to partake of the waters of life, for many and various are the means employed by our Heavenly Father to draw the minds of his children nearer to himself. It is of the beautiful effects of this dedication of heart, as exemplified in the life and character of this dear departed friend and father in Israel, that I would speak, sacred, though self-imposed, I feel this attempt to pay fitting tribute to departed worth.

"One of the early settlers of our favored country, he endured the struggles and privations of pioneer life; but obeying the injunction to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, the accompanying promise was in his case fully verified, for his wilderness home became one of beauty, and was surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of life.

"Here, with the devoted partner of his declining years, in the society of his children and grandchildren, in the midst of an endeared circle of friends and relatives, his days glided peacefully away; but one by one some of the tenderest ties which bound him to earth were loosened, and only a few months before his own decease, his last surviving son preceded him to the silent grave. In adversity's dark hour, he was enabled to feel the sustaining presence of the Power that wounds only to heal; and he passed from each ordeal firmer in faith and stronger in reliance on the arm of his Redeemer.

"And now he too is gone, and forever; no more can we look to him for guidance and counsel; no more shall we behold his venerable form in the house of prayer; no more shall we listen to those mild words of exhortation or entreaty; no more shall we feel the warm pressure of the enfeebled hand, speaking volumes of affection. But why do we weep? The long captive spirit has left the shackles of mortality, and we doubt not is resting in the bosom of its Father and its God.

"The mandate was neither unlooked for or unwelcome.

"'He had long been waiting for the day
Whose still twilight softly closing
Steals the trembling soul away.'

"And the morn that ushered in the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth, told of his peaceful exit from the shores of time.

"'Gently the passing spirit fled
Sustained by grace Divine.'

"How immeasurable the extent of the influence of such a life."

White Church, C. W., 10th mo. 25, 1865.

Circumstances may mould the external character into a becoming form, but *principle* alone, added to the severe discipline of the habits and dispositions, can make the man internally good. —*Rays of Light.*

APPEAL ON THE SUBJECT OF THE ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH.

Addressed to the Society of Friends, usually called Quakers, individually and collectively.

(Concluded from page 150).

But if they mean by independence such a moneyed situation as shall place their children out of the reach of the frowns and crosses and vicissitudes of the world, so that no thought or care shall be necessary for the means of their own livelihood, I fear they are procuring a situation for them which will be injurious even to their temporal interests as men. The matter then seems to me to be brought to this question, Whether it is better—I mean as a general proposition—to bring up children with the expectation of such a moderate portion of wealth, that they shall see the necessity of relying upon their own honest endeavors and the Divine support, or to bring them up with such notions of independence, that, in the pride and exultation of their hearts, they may be induced to account themselves mighty, and to lose sight of the power and providence of God? If we look into the world for an answer to this question, we should find *no greater calamity than that of leaving children an affluent independence.*

Such, then, are the opinions of a man of acute intelligence, and who has had very extended opportunities of observing human nature as it exists in society generally, who has especial introductions to the very bosom of the Society of Friends, and to whom must be allowed the credit of having acted in important affairs for conscience' sake.

The "money-getting spirit," in other words, the earthly-mindedness, of which this author feared the danger fifteen years ago, is most manifestly increasing with rapidity, and is much too generally prevalent; but it is not universal. Among the living members of the Society, it would not be difficult to point out notable exceptions to the too general rule, of men who have conscientiously abstained from seeking riches, but who are equally remote from that external and studious display of privation, for which we find no example but in blind devotees and shallow enthusiasts, of men whose bright example shines in their motto, adopted from the writings of the apostle, who said, "Let your moderation appear unto all men."

The word *moderation* is full of importance; but must be acknowledged to be devoid of practical illustration in the life of a Quaker, to whom are applicable the words of the poet: "*Dives agris, dives positis in fœnare nummis.*" May it not be said that such a man, whatsoever may be his external appearance, or the profession of his faith, must have swerved so greatly from the commands of his pattern and preceptor, so completely broken one link in the chain of "practice," that if the injunctions of Christ be binding upon his followers, it may reasonably be doubted, from the admission of Quaker authorities, whether he can be a real Christian at heart? But when we shall perceive such an one, one so remote from obeying the command against accumulation, living at ease, and enjoying every luxury, save that of external splendor, in the foremost rank, and by teaching publicly, or by active co operation in the "discipline" of the Society, saying to its members in the language of conduct, "Follow me," for I profess to "follow Christ," shall we not be tempted to hesitate, as doubting his fitness, and to reply to such an one, "First pull out the beam that is in thine own eye?"

But moderation, Christian moderation, may perhaps be allowed to be of various interpretation. He who has been nurtured in the expectation of riches, of being tried with plentiful estates, as Woolman expresses it, who has been delicately fed, and taught, never to help himself, when other help can be obtained—a being thus dependent must sacrifice much, even more perhaps, than Christian faith would demand, or Christian fortitude could bear, if he were at once to "give all to the poor," and bear his cross in absolute poverty and privation. But vast is the gulf between the one state and the other, and midway lies moderation, a moderation which, while it allows the comforts of life to the possessor, permits him to minister to the needy, and even to deprive himself of some personal luxuries, for the sake of sharing the "luxury of doing good" to others.

There have indeed been those in the Society who have furnished notable examples of moderating their own desires, and in very different ways. One remarkable instance of a truly great and rich Quaker must still be fresh in the memory of his survivors, who so moderated his living below his means, as to expend about one-tenth of his splendid income, and dispose of nine-tenths of it in well selected offices of kindness to his fellow creatures, both public and private. Peace to the memory of such a man! for he deserved while living the applause of the good, and multitudes partook of his bounty,

who never heard of the donor. But it may still be asked, whether, if this very man had been in his earlier days as much of a heartfelt Christian as he became in his riper years, he could have accumulated possessions so great as were his? But if his largesses were intended as an atonement, may we not say that it was complete.

Such a character presents an exalted view of vital Christianity; but let us turn to another instance of the same tenor, that is to say, illustrating also the force of religion upon the mind of the devoted; but in how diverse a proposition! There once lived, not far from London, a member of the Society of Friends, in the humble occupation of a mole-catcher; and he was lowly as was his occupation. This man, possessing extraordinary skill, was employed to clear the grounds of a rich man; and after succeeding completely, his demands were so exceedingly moderate—so very small—as to surprise his employer into the ejaculation, "Why, you cannot live upon so little; consider how long you have been here!" The reply became the man, though aged and a cripple, "Oh yes, I can, and give away a tenth too." This humble and humble-minded man the writer remembers to have seen with a benignant smile upon his countenance, which spoke that all was peace within.

Yet may it not be assumed that the zeal of this man in fulfilling what he esteemed to be his religious duty, erred, though on the side favorable to virtue, in not receiving so much as was his just due from his rich employer? A pocket so barely furnished as was his, was indeed too meagre for so enlarged a mind; and if he had received the reasonable reward of his labor, his bounty to those still poorer than himself might have been stretched beyond his limit of a tenth. Equally, perhaps, is to be regretted the conduct of another excellent man, whose name since he published it as an author, may be quoted without offence. John Fry, of Sutton Benger, in Wiltshire, retired from the cares of business with what he esteemed a competence, namely, the very moderate sum of one hundred and twenty pounds a year.

With an income so slender, and which would afford for a family, consisting of himself, his wife and a servant, a daily repast scarcely more luxurious than that of the Roman meal, "a radish and an egg," how cramped when he saw the necessitous, must have been the mind of a man of his benevolent feelings; but his motto seems to have been, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" and the extreme moderation of his desires will best be told by the following effort of his muse while he was yet in trade, and before his income had reached his own point of *competence:*

"As wishing will neither procure nor prevent,
I hope to continue my state of content;
And yield to my lot with a proper submission,
And think myself blessed in my present condition.
I'll not seek for riches because of their snares,
Nor yet for more business, because of its cares;
But thankfully use what bounty of Heaven
Has furnished as needful nor sparingly given,
A mind free from guilt, and possessing true peace,
Oh, these are the riches I wish to increase!
For a state betwixt ease and a constant employ,
Is the state I would choose, and the state I enjoy."

Hence, if these two illustrious examples of moderation may be deemed too severe, that of the philosopher who broke his pitcher when he saw a boy drink from the hollow of his hand, cannot be recommended to the Christian; but when, in opposition to such extreme privation, we see the owner of great possessions in a broad beaver and ample garments, studiously divested of ornament, the external badges of high professorship, and his spouse beside him in a diminutive bonnet of peculiar plainness, seated in a carriage of the most modern taste, and wanting little more than the splendor of emblazoned arms on the harness, and on the panel, to render it as conspicuously elegant as the most fashionable equipage in the park, surely the world will decide that such can scarcely be what they profess, *self-denying* Christians; for the world is not so easily deceived; it perceives that the possessors are worldlings at heart, and smiles at their self-delusion.

It is not, however, against the use of carriages, as altogether unbecoming the high professor, that these remarks are levelled, but simply against that incongruity of garb and accommodation, which too often is to be perceived. There may exist many substantial reasons for the possession; but its appearance should reasonably accord with the externals of the owner, and with his profession; it should seem rather for use than for show.

In the full persuasion that the moderation spoken of by the apostle, when he said to the Philippians, "Let your moderation appear unto all men," could not have extended on the one hand to vast accumulation, nor on the other to the deprivation of comforts and conveniences, such as may justly belong to the Christian without offence to the command, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures," let us advert to two of the various states in which Christian forbearance may be said to be put to the test.

Let us, in the first place, suppose—and the supposition is not without precedent—that a Quaker becomes possessed by patrimony, or by descent of some kind, of a fortune more than amply sufficient for his own reasonable wants. If in this case he involve himself in "the cares of this world," by entering into business or speculation to increase that which is already more than ample for supplying the moderate

desires of the true Christian, and if he so far outstep moderation, as to indulge himself in a large establishment, as regards his house, his carriages, and his number of servants, is not such a man chargeable with the offence of "covetousness?" Such an one, it is true, may be hospitable and indulgent to the poor, but he covets more than Christian moderation, even though his mansion should be less, and his carriages and servants less splendid and numerous than those of "Sir Thomas or My Lord."

Let us again suppose a Quaker, born in humble life, and educated in humble views, to be so circumstanced, that by the great extension of his commercial concerns, or by vast speculations, he has the power of enriching himself and his children, is he justified in so doing as a Christian? And even if he could boast with the young man formerly, that he had kept inviolable all the moral obligations from his youth up, yet would he not break one of the positive injunctions of the Founder of his religion, and would he not prepare for his children the wings spoken of by the historian Clarkson, who says that "it is undoubtedly true, though there are many amiable exceptions, that *the worst examples in it* (the Society of Quakers) *are generally among the children of the rich!* These presently take wings and fly away; so that, falling into the corruptive and destructive fashions of the times, their parents have only been heaping up riches, not knowing who were to gather them."

Now it is doing no injustice to the Society to assert that there are to be found within it many examples of both these cases. What, then, shall we say? But let us carry the supposition a little further, and imagine men thus offending in their own persons the Christian injunction against great accumulation, and preparing for their children the means by which they or their immediate descendants are to quit the standard perhaps for ever (for Clarkson says, that the Quakers themselves acknowledge, "that if men grow rich in the Society, their grandchildren generally leave it")—let us imagine that these very men (can they be termed heartfelt Quakers?) are themselves "elders or overseers" in its church, or officiate as ministers at its altar,—what, then, shall we say? Why, that while with one hand they pretend to steady and support the ark, they are, with the other, to use the words of Clarkson, sowing "the seeds of a regular and successive decrease" of that Society for which they pretend so much affection and regard; and is not this the least that can be said? But the example set by such men is even more pernicious to their own Society generally, than to themselves and their offspring.

Who is so self-confident as to suppose that he may not imitate the minister, the elder, and the high professor, of his own church? and thus, without seizing on the better part as a model for their conduct, the younger, or the weaker parts of the flock, seek to emulate them only in their wealth and their enjoyment, and thus drink in poison, fatal to "self-denial," from the very source whence they are taught to look for consolation and support.

Again: this class of the high professors in the Quaker church (that is, of those who, while they preach self-denial, and do actually practice it in their dress and demeanor, possess most worldly luxuries, and the means of obtaining them all), are stumbling blocks in the way of such of their members as, either from education or thoughtlessness, exhibit less of the externals of humility, but yet who do not gratify self more, in their houses, and furniture, and servants, and equipages. For these perceiving the self denial of the high professor, who is rich, to be partial and incomplete, and therefore only a "mixed obedience," do not scruple in thinking themselves justified in advancing one step farther in the course of indulgence, and of allowing themselves the additional gratification of more nearly approximating the fashions of the day in their external appearance.

And is not this advance upon the manners and maxims of the world, this progress to an amalgamation with it, which, though slight in the parent, is often complete in the child,—to be attributed, in great measure, to the influence and example of its affluent members? The children of the rich professor are rarely so obviously *correct* in their dress as their parents; who, allowing a trifle of that elegance which belongs to affluence and station, it is soon perceived and admired by the child, whose little feelings of ambition to vie with others finer than itself, are easily aroused; again something is allowed to youth by the parent, so that, taking the reins into his own hands, ere the dawn of manhood, he mingles with the world as one of its own.

Thus, assuming that there does in reality belong to "plainness of dress," that importance which the Quakers affix to it, are not the rich among them in some degree the cause of the spoliation of their own testimonies? for the "peculiarities of conversation and carriage" will soon follow, when that of "appearance" is lost. The influence of riches is enormously great, and the example of the rich spreads with the ease and rapidity of contagion.

And is it credible, that the mind of the man —whether priest or layman—which is so closely allied to the earth, as to be six days in the week pursuing with avidity the accumulation of wealth—eagerly pursuing old plans and devising new—shall, on the seventh, when he pretends (to use the language of Scripture, and to apply it as the preacher applies it) to "offer up himself a living sacrifice," so completely master

the imaginings of the rest of the week, as to forget them on the "First-day" in the meeting? And if he do not—if he bring the "money-changers into the temple,"—if forgetful of the nature of that spiritual worship, which is so conspicuous a feature in the system adopted by Friends, and of that essential shutting out of the earth and earthly things, in order to become recipient of heavenly—if he *there* continue to ponder, and plan, and contrive—is not this the worship of Mammon?

PROVIDENCE.

Those who sincerely desire to be in the stream of Providence will be carried onwards by it through every moment, to the end of life. There may be seasons of anxiety and doubt; there may be times of trouble and affliction; but all these things are overruled for the ultimate good of those who keep the Lord before them, and swerve not willingly from the path of duty. Be it our wisdom, therefore, as it is our duty, to submit to the laws of divine order, and all things shall work together for our good.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

"Little things, on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven."

It is very usual with us, who have advanced to the time of "the sere and yellow leaf," who are burdened with the increasing weight of years and responsibilities, and who realize to the full the poet's assertion, that this is a

"Changeful life;
So manifold in cares that every day
Brings its own burden with it;"

I say, it is very common thing for us to say to our children: "Ah, *now* is your happy time, *now* is your season of enjoyment, *now* you have nothing to trouble and nothing to annoy you, only to sing and play; oh, if *I* could but be young again!" etc. etc. To a great extent this is true. God, in his infinite mercy, has constituted childhood with a capacity for receiving pleasure from every trifle; and who can doubt this as he watches its free, joyous movements, hears its melodious laughter, or gazes on its sunny face? The cunning little ones seem to have found out the long-desired secret of "setting a trap to catch sunbeams."

Still, it has often struck us that the daily life of a child is not so happy as it might be. It stabs us to the very heart to see a little heedless offender roughly chidden, or even personally chastised, for an accident caused it may be by the superabundance of its joyous activity. Perhaps a curly-pated urchin, goaded on by the excess of his infantile curiosity, surreptitiously gives a prick to his elastic ball, "to see what makes it jump." The toy is spoiled, it is true, which is a great pity, but still worse is it to hear the upbraidings which are showered upon his defenceless head by mother or nurse. How much better would it be to reprove him gently for what can hardly be called a punishable act, or to take advantage of the same opportunity to give him a simple lesson in natural philosophy, which would never be forgotten. Or again, we have known severe correction to have followed the spontaneous confession of a fault, when the little culprit, at the expense of a vast amount of sensibility and timidity, has stammered forth the burden that has been lying on his mind for hours, only to be met by harsh and injudicious severity. What can such a parent expect as the result of his discipline, but future falsehoods, or sly attempts at concealment? This reminds us of an incident that happened to us the other day. While walking in the street, we passed two or three children in earnest conversation: their looks and tones attracted our attention, more especially the sentence uttered by one as we passed, "My mother never spoke a rough word to me." We involuntarily turned and looked at the boy. There he stood, a sturdy-looking little fellow, in fustian jacket and corduroy trowers, but with such a beaming, happy face, as is not often to be seen in a poor man's child. And who can wonder at the look of care and depression that is often visible in children who are snubbed, and twitted, and snapped at constantly? Of course we do not wish to imply that children are frequently placed in such unhappy circumstances; yet, how few parents can claim the compliment that Cowper pays to his mother, when he speaks of her

"Constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes."

When we think of the trifles, the very no-things, that will make a child happy for days and weeks, it makes one sigh to think how seldom they are bestowed on them. "Little things please little minds," we sometimes hear uttered with a half-contemptuous smile. Fathers and mothers, be thankful that is so! Be thankful that a handful of wild flowers, a ripe and ruddy apple, a few blocks of wood, or a peacock's feather, will make your child shout for joy, and cause his dancing limbs to bear witness to the lightness of his heart. We have known a child amused for a long winter's day, when cold and sleet have confined him to the fireside, by half an hour's patient instruction, some paper, and a pair of scissors; while his bright, intelligent eyes have borne testimony to his triumph over the miniature boats and ships that he has constructed. We repeat, that no work is easier or so well paid as the amusement of children.

"Their's is the sunshine of the breast;"

and many a gentle word, or encouraging caress

is treasured in their hearts, to be repaid at some future time by simple attentions in illness.

Never allow your children to be idle. Idleness is the root of all evil, and a child who is allowed to hang listlessly over the fire, and lounge about on easy chair or sofa, will assuredly be a burden in time to come. If he appears wearied of his toys, draw him kindly to you, and tell or read some simple story; if possible, get him to copy some animal or bird mentioned in it; show him how to fabricate a walnut-shell boat, or a fly-catcher, or an ornament for the bed-room candlestick, or some coarse netting for cabbage-nets, or some spills for lighting candles. And let him see that you value his work, by *using it.* Nothing damps a child's pleasure more, after he has completed some wonderful fabrication, which is to accomplish marvels in the domestic department, than to see it laid aside as useless, or smiled at superciliously. Use it, if it be possible; or, still better, assist him in making a more perfect one. It always seems more difficult to amuse boys than girls, because it is thought effeminate to instruct them in many things with which girls are acquainted. This we believe to be a grand mistake. We knew a family where all the children, both boys and girls, were taught knitting and netting. No one was allowed to make their marble bags for them, and certainly marvellous and gorgeous in the extreme were the colors they selected; still, they were more prized by them than any fabrications that could be purchased, besides encouraging a taste for industry and a love for domestic life. Our readers may smile, but this a fact. The boys hailed the winter evenings with pleasure, when they kept time with their busy fingers to the narration of some startling adventure, or school exploit, and, far from becoming "feminized," grew up domesticated in their tastes, and unlike the shiftless creatures men usually are in the items of buttons and strings. Always accept the home-manufactures of your boys, if urged upon you. Many a happy hour will be passed by your little son, if he knows that the rough piece of wood which he is so elaborately carving into some mythical and extinct animal will be accepted with a smile and treasured with love.

Give your children a love for nature. It was our favored lot to be brought up by a loving, intelligent, Christian mother, and never shall we cease to feel gratitude to her memory for the many pleasant hours her early lessons have insured us. From childhood we were trained to admire and love natural objects. What an ovation was performed in honor of the first violet, and what a joyous discovery it was to espy the first pale primrose of the season! Even after long years of sorrow and trial, a thrill of happiness returns at the recollection of these innocent pleasures; of the approval she never omitted to manifest at indications of a desire to solve any of the many wonders of leaf, and bud, and flower; of the pleasures with which she would survey our collections of variegated snail-shells, or the arrangement of all the varities of grasses we could collect. She also allowed us to feed caterpillars, (always, however, being most scrupulous as to the kindness with which they were treated,) and no words could describe our delight as we watched the wondrous change into chrysalis and butterfly, while she would take advantage of it to lead our thoughts to the still more wondrous transformation of the human body. The evening hours of an intelligent child might be profitably employed in arranging the shells, grasses, flowers, etc., collected during the summer, placing them carefully on paper or card, and writing the description of their classes, orders, or parts beneath. Live pets, also, deserve notice here, since tending, feeding, and nursing them afford great delight to children, and foster their kindly feelings.

By all means encourage brothers and sisters to love the same amusements. Of course those of an intellectual kind are meant, since we have no desire to transform our boys into women, or to make our girls romps. But, in the study of botany, or natural history, one may materially aid the other. The boy will exhibit more courage and dexterity in securing the prizes, which the "neat-handed Phillis" can more deliberately manipulate and examine; or the girl may make a very pretty drawing of the various butterflies, beetles, etc., which the boy may color; while the neatest writer may add the description. A charming little volume might thus be commenced at a comparatively early age, which both would enjoy to review as they progress, and mark the improvement they have made. Or, again, a boy who was clever as a carpenter might be directed how to form very pretty baskets and vases for holding the flower-pots in the drawing-room or garden, while the girl could cleverly decorate them with pine cones (split down the centre in order to be more easily glued,) which, if wished, could afterwards be varnished; or bouquets of flowers might be skeletonized and bleached at the sole expense of time and trouble, and thus a charming ornament for the parlor would be produced. Hundreds of these little employments will suggest themselves to the mind of any intelligent mother, and she will then be spared the annoyance of a listless, "What *shall* I do? I have nothing to do!" that too often degenerates into ill-humor and peevishness. Never mind how trival the occupation, so that it be but useful, and trains your child to an abhorrence of idleness.

Never think it too much trouble to answer your children's questions. How often do we hear the tart reply, "I'm sure I don't know, child; pray don't tease me when you see I'm busy!" This is

the surest way to stunt the growth of your child's mind. It is ths most cruel and ruthless conduct possible, thus to deny a child the information for which he craves, and to allow him to feel all the awkwardness and pain to which ignorance exposes him. Rather hail with joy these indications of a growing mind, and make the little inquirer happy by drawing him to you with a kiss, and as full and patient an elucidation as he may require.

Make your children happy in each other, encouraging them to feel that a pleasure enjoyed alone is only half enjoyed. If one of them buy only a farthing sugar-stick, teach him to feel a delight in offering a taste to all the rest. As far as possible, let their presents to each other be of their own manufacture—not purchases. Let the boys carve silk-winders, or make bone crochet hooks, or copy in their best style some favorite poem, transcribing it into a neat manuscript volume, perhaps adorned with original illustrations. Let the girls make bookmarks, satchels for schoolbooks, or a leathern cover for some favorite volume. Cherish the little outbursts of affection natural to them, Do not chide your boys for a few irrepressible tears at leaving home for boarding school; nor encourage "manliness" at the expense of brotherly affection, and do not grudge an hour bestowed upon a little pains-taking letter-writer or juvenile composer, who is anxious to give an account of various home details to the absent one. Let him write two or three sentences of his epistle each night, over-looked by an elder sister; the one will feel happy at being able to instruct, the other will be grateful at the sight of the letters that grow beneath his pen. By any means, at any expense of trouble to yourself, make home happy to your children; let it always remain in their memories as a type of all that is peaceful, loving, and attractive; let them constantly revert to it as a soothing remembrance in the hours of pain, sorrow, or privation, and let its associations be so hallowed and precious as to restrain them in temptation and strengthen them in trial. Yours is a noble mission; oh, parents! see that ye fulfil it with that wisdom and gentleness which shall prove you worthy of the dignity and honor it confers! —*The Leisure Hour.*

SWEET OLD AGE.

God sometimes gives to man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, *not* childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that thoughtful land of Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way, abide awhile to show the world a perfect manhood.

Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress, of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family, the neighborhood, that numbers among it one of these not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they and tolerant, and apt to play with little children; easy to be pleased with little pleasure.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 19, 1866.

Friends Travelling in the Ministry.—Arden Seaman has obtained a minute from Jericho Monthly Meeting, L. I., to attend Genesee Yearly Meeting, and to attend and appoint meetings within its limits as way opens.

Elizabeth Paxson has obtained a minute from Middletown Monthly Meeting to attend New York Yearly Meeting.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.—This body convened on Second-day, the 14th inst. The Meeting for Ministers and Elders held two sessions on the Seventh-day previous. On First-day all the houses were open for public worship, and the several meetings were largely attended. Many Friends are with us from neighboring Yearly Meetings, for five of whom minutes were produced. The representatives in the Men's meeting were present except seven; in the Women's, except six. Epistles were received and read from the five Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us, and these salutations of love were acknowledged to be of great value in preserving and strengthening the bonds which unite us in Christian fellowship. To essay replies as way may open Committees were appointed in both meetings.

Time will not admit of a more extended notice this week.

Swarthmore College Building.—The Northeast Corner-Stone of this edifice was laid on the 10th inst. Under the genial influence of a clear bright sky, a company of about 400 assembled to witness this important event. Seats had been arranged for the accommodation of part of the audience, and the meeting was opened by Samuel Willits, of New York, who was probably the senior member of the Board of Managers present. It was stated that letters had been received from several of our Friends, among whom were Edward H.

McGill, of the Boston Latin School, Mary S. Lippincott, Sarah Hunt and others. Time did not admit of the reading of all the letters, but we were informed of their purport; one from Samuel M. Janney was read, in which he says:—

"I regret that I cannot be present on that interesting occasion, but my heart is with you in the cause of education which the College is intended to promote. I trust that the institution will be founded on the inscrutable principles of truth and love, and that it will be a blessing to the youth of our Society and others who may share its benefits, not only in our day, but in future generations.

The improvement of the talents conferred by a bountiful Creator is a duty incumbent upon all, and in rearing the superstructure of knowledge, each generation must avail itself of the labors and discoveries of its predecessors.

It is the purpose of our higher schools and colleges to place within the reach of the student, the store of knowledge accumulated by the wise and good of former ages, and to assist in developing the intellectual powers and moral principles. In executing this great trust, the teacher of youth should ever remember that the development of the intellect, though highly important, is of far less value than the cultivation of moral excellence, and that the benign principles of Christianity can alone secure happiness here and prepare the soul for eternal felicity."

This was followed by an appropriate and interesting address from the President, Edward Parrish, some extracts from which will be found in another part of our paper.

A zinc box was then produced, into which were deposited many memorials of the present time, viz:—An impression of the seal of the institution, a piece of wood taken from the meeting house built by George Fox, a sprig of evergreen also from Swarthmore preserved in a hermetically sealed glass bottle, a photograph of the original plan of the building, abandoned on account of the expense, the first pamphlet in regard to the concern by Benjamin Hallowell, the first subscription paper and the various circulars that have been issued, the silver coins of the United States, postage currency, and stamps, a copy of Friend's Intelligencer and many of the leading papers of the day, photographs and autographs of the Managers, and many other Friends, and a few additional articles contributed impromptu. The box was then tightly sealed and consigned to the place prepared for it in the granite rock. With a solemn feeling we watched the closing of the case whose opening none of us should see, but generations yet unborn, when this edifice shall have fulfilled its object and crumbled into dust, may look with curiosity and instruction upon these types of a departed age, and from their contemplation learn a lesson of humility. When the company had resumed their seats, Dr. Thomas, of Philadelphia, delivered a brief and interesting address, which will be found in another column.

After further remarks by Wm. C. Biddle and others, a solemn silence succeeded and though no vocal prayer was uttered, yet desires were raised in many hearts that the Divine blessing might prosper this weighty and important undertaking. When the company separated, a short time was spent in rambling through the woods, in viewing the building preparations, and in enjoying the beautiful prospect from the College location. All appeared well satisfied with the day's duty and enjoyment.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.—We have received and read with interest the first number of this Monthly Journal for the Children. Its contents are, we think, calculated to awaken thought and impart information. "Draba Verna," a sketch of the earliest flowering plant of our country, and the description of the woodcock in "Natural History," are lively and interesting, and have a tendency to quicken observation in the youthful mind. In "Simplicity of Language," views and arguments are presented which it is well occasionally to offer to our young Friends. The reviews of juvenile books will bring to the notice of parents, works that might not otherwise arrest their attention.

There are so few magazines suitable to place in the hands of our children, that we welcome the advent of one which promises to present truth in a simple and attractive form, and we hope the editor will receive encouragement from Friends generally.

MARRIED, on the 19th of Fourth month, 1866, according to the order of Friends, JOHN W. PRICE, son of William M. and Sarah W. Price, to ELIZABETH FLOWER, daughter of Thomas and Phebe Flower, (the latter deceased,) members of Clear Creek Mo. Meeting, Putnam Co., Illinois.

DIED, of a cancer, which she bore with patience and resignation, on the 12th of Seventh month, 1865,

at her residence at Glen Cove, Long Island, PHEBE, wife of Henry Titus, in the 79th year of her age. In her death society has lost a faithful burden bearer. She was a steady attender of meetings until within a short time of her death, and encouraged her family in the attendance of them. At the time of her death she held the office of Elder, and for more than twenty years that of Overseer of Westbury Monthly Meeting.

DIED, on the 1st of Fifth month, 1866, at her residence in Ledyard, Cayuga Co., N. Y., PRISCILLA HAINES, in the 86th year of her age; for the last 56 years a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting. Her sickness was protracted, but she bore it with much resignation and even cheerfulness, evincing that her mind was stayed on God. She was much esteemed and beloved, not only by her particular friends and acquaintances, but by the community at large.

——, on the 24th of Fourth month, 1866, in Middletown, Bucks Co., Pa., in the 28th year of her age, ELIZABETH, wife of Robert B. Newbold, and daughter of Wm. W. and Anna Blakey; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

Extracts from the Remarks of EDWARD PARRISH, *on the occasion of laying the Corner-stone of Swarthmore College.*

About five years and a half have passed since the inception of the project which has taken form in Swarthmore College; about two, since we became possessed of this beautiful site; and now we meet to take the first formal step toward the erection of the edifice which is to embody our well-considered plans of building. In accordance with a time-honored custom, we propose to deposit in this most eastern corner of the centre building, a corner-stone, containing a receptacle, to be tightly inclosed, in which we shall deposit fitting memorials of the times in which we live, to the end that when, centuries hence, these massive walls shall be demolished or re-built, the antiquarian, who, with eager curiosity, shall explore our work, shall find something to add to that chain of facts by which men instinctively love to trace the progress of the ages. Before these walls shall crumble, every one of us, with our plans of domestic enjoyment and of personal aggrandizement, all our family and social interests and concernments, will be forgotten. The absorbing political questions, which now so tax the mind of the nation, will then have been solved by the lapse of time. No one living can predict, except with the eye of faith, that future which shall become the present before the tokens which we now deposit are removed.

It may teach us a lesson of humility to think that even our sectarian theories and prejudices —the faiths many and the forms many about which men contend, and with which they build up partitions in society, are transient even when compared with the stones and mortar which the stalwart mason cements into his solid walls.

The set phrases in which the theologian would confine the universal truths of God will cease to have their conventional meaning,—some of the words will become obsolete, perhaps the finest passages will sound quaint, to those, who, in some far distant time, will exhume this corner stone, and with curious interest seek to lay open its mysteries. Let none accuse us of personal vanity in depositing our photographs and autographs in this box. The comments they may elicit from those who next will look upon them will be harmless to excite our vanity or to wound our self-love; and in transmitting to posterity the lineaments of some who have shared in this work, we do but gratify in our successors what we all recognize as a harmless curiosity in ourselves.

This occasion marks another step toward the organization of Swarthmore College, with a full corps of Professors and teachers, and complete facilities for imparting sound and liberal learning; and it may be thought appropriate that a concise statement should now be given of the educational views which have influenced its originators.

Called by the unanimous choice of the managers, and without my own solicitation, to preside over its organization, I bring to the work one leading qualification of which I am conscious,—a thorough conviction of the utility, not to say necessity, of the establishment of our college, coupled with a high ideal of what such an institution ought to be.

That our attainment will fall far short of this ideal, is of course inevitable; but our ideal is not the less valuable that we cannot expect in our time to realize its complete attainment.

1. We aim to educate the sexes together. Each wing of our building will be separately allotted to one or the other—the collecting room, dining-room, library and class-rooms are for their joint occupancy. The grounds will doubtless be in some degree divided and appropriated for their separate use, while in many sports they will participate together. Impressed with the great loss resulting to society from estranging young men and women from each other, during the years that are especially devoted to their moral and intellectual development, we mean to seek after and follow the natural law of social and domestic intercourse, and to strip their converse as far as possible of any glowing halo of romance, to clothe it in a vestment of friendship and good sense.

2. We shall propose a high grade of intellectual attainment for those who seek our diploma. The idea incorporated into the first draft of our plan was that of an institution in which an education could be attained equal to that furnished by the best colleges in the land. While it is obvious that this standard can only be attained as the result of maturity in the institution, yet this high aim is essential to be kept in view from the very start. An Academical department will necessarily precede the opening o

the College classes, and will doubtless be a permanent feature of the institution. The standard of admission to this will be advanced as opportunity allows, and all the studies will be adapted to prepare the students for the collegiate course. Instruction in the art of teaching will be a desideratum, and in the future a model school will probably be opened to facilitate this important practical branch.

3. The relative importance to be attached in our College to the three main departments of mathematics, language and science, has already been somewhat discussed among those interested in its establishment.

While these considerations can only be fully determined when its faculty is organized, it has been generally understood among us that the study of those branches of science pertaining to the physical universe, which have been so rapidly advanced by modern investigations, and are so wonderfully adapted to develop the intellect and to increase our appreciation of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, will here have a place not yet conceded to them in colleges, established before they had reached their present magnitude and importance. Yet I trust none of us will be disposed to undervalue those abstract studies which are so wonderfully adapted to train and develop the reasoning powers, nor language, the study of which, as a means of mental discipline, has been so long esteemed, and the importance of which, as an aid to the appreciation and expression of great truths, none will dispute.

It is a false idea of education which limits it to any one class of studies, or degrades it to a mere utilitarian basis. Nothing is deserving the name which does not enlarge man's nature, and fit him for the enjoyment of elevating thoughts and ideas out of the range of business. And yet there is no honorable pursuit in life for which a man is not better fitted by that accumulation of knowledge, that power of classifying facts and ideas, and of deducing principles from them, which it is the object of a liberal education to depart. We claim a higher mission for Swarthmore College than that of fitting men and women for business; it should fit them for life, with all its possibilities. May those who shall hereafter guide its destinies be inspired with a love of learning for its own sake, and for the inestimable advantages it is capable of conferring, and may they never cease to couple in their system of training the highest intellectual culture with the development of the moral and religious elements of character.

4. The leading motive of those who have originated this movement has been what, in the familiar phrase of Friends, is called a *guarded* education. It is our desire to give its proper place to that feature of moral training—almost distinctive of the Society of Friends—which rests upon a recognition of the intuitive sense of right and wrong, implanted by the Creator in every rational soul. This, recognized in its full force, supercedes much of the religious instruction which is considered essential in most of the Christian churches. With it, the precepts of Christianity become vital and saving; without it, they are liable to lapse into formality and practical unbelief.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of education in its connection with the moral attributes of our nature; born on the confines of two boundless worlds,—a world of infinite joy, and a world of unmeasured sorrow, obligations reaching through all eternity attach themselves to the human soul from very infancy.

Great is the responsibility of the parent who essays to guide the infant mind in its first efforts to exercise that free agency which is the high prerogative of its nature; and scarcely less, that of the teacher, who is to pilot the intellect as it sets sail into the vast ocean of conflicting thoughts and opinions. Let both see to it, that through no fault of theirs a cloud shall obscure "that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "For," says the wise man, "the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and the reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

REMARKS OF DR. JOSEPH THOMAS.

In the very brief remarks which I propose to offer on the present occasion, I wish it to be understood that I am an "outsider," and consequently, though I feel a deep interest in the object which has brought us together, the originators of this great enterprise are in no wise responsible for anything that I may happen to say.

I need scarcely observe that I am far from desiring in any way to strengthen the barriers which divide the various denominations of Christians, yet so long as there are different sects, I rejoice that all are to be represented in the great cause of liberal education.

It is doubtless a good and glorious thing for our country, that we have everywhere elementary schools in which all, even the humblest, may acquire the rudiments of an English education; but what would Society be if we had nothing higher than these?

In my opinion, what we Americans have most to fear, is a dead level of mediocrity in the education of our people. In the economy of nature it is important that some portions of the earth's surface should be more elevated than the rest; for a country wholly destitute of mountains or hills can have in itself neither fertility nor beauty—all the fertility of Egypt is derived through the Nile from the mountains of central Africa—and I believe the influence of a superior class of educated men serves to give life and

spirit and efficiency to the knowledge of the masses.

Many persons seem to suppose that a moderate education, if joined with good common sense, is sufficient for all the purposes of life. It may be all that is needed for ordinary occasions, but not for the higher objects of our existence.

It is undeniably true, that while education in the United States is perhaps more generally diffused than in any other part of the world, there are in proportion to the whole number of our people fewer thoroughly educated men than, I will not say in any other country in Christendom, but certainly fewer than in any of the more enlightened countries of Europe, including, I might say, France and all the Protestant nations. Hence it has sometimes happened that works professedly of a learned or scientific character, but of the merest pretension, have met with great favor even among the most intelligent of our people. A single example may suffice. The principal doctrines of "Nott and Gliddon's Types of Mankind" were a few years ago accepted as undoubted truth by many of our most intelligent citizens and scientific men, and indeed were so accepted by the editor of Putnam's Magazine, one of the most respectable critical journals published in the United States, but I think no instance can be presented of a single scientific man or scientific journal of any standing in Europe having been taken in by the shallow learning and loose science of the work above named.

I trust I shall not be understood as seeking to disparage my country, for I am very proud of her,—I admit that she excels in many things; what I desire is that she should excel in everything.

We ought, I think, to be especially on our guard, that we be not deceived by the cry of utility which we hear on every hand. True, in its largest sense, the useful may include all that is most desirable for the human race, but it is too often limited to merely providing for our physical wants and necessities. In this sense it excludes the love of the beautiful and the cultivation of all those sentiments which constitute the chief glory of man. Such views if carried out would paralyze or destroy all that is noblest and most beautiful in the human character; they would in fact reduce the race of man to the condition of two-legged beavers—animals ingenious, sagacious, industrious, but nothing more. Happily the Creator has given us instincts that render it impossible for any people to carry such a system of utilitarianism to its ultimate results, but it may easily be carried much farther than would be consistent with the highest interest or happiness of mankind.

Those who pursue science and truth for their own sake, really do far more to promote the useful in the best sense of the word than those whose sole object begins and ends with utility. Does any one suppose that Sir Isaac Newton was influenced by mere considerations of utility when he made his immortal discovery of the laws which govern the universe.

I am one of those who believe that the importance of education in its truest and highest sense has never yet been overestimated.

We should my friends, I am convinced, commit a great mistake were we to suppose that the influence of such an institution as we are founding to-day will be limited to those only or chiefly who shall be educated within its halls. On the contrary, it will extend to the whole community—to the entire country. The founding of such an institution is indeed a distinct and emphatic annunciation to the world of our belief in the great importance of a high and liberal culture. It is a declaration of eternal war against the realms of ignorance and darkness; it is a proclamation to all mankind that we for our part have faith in light and science and truth, and do not fear to follow them whithersoever they may lead us.

In concluding, I would say that, although an alumnus of next to the oldest college in the United States, I do not on that account the less sincerely or less cordially wish a God-speed to this young institution, whose existence may be said to date from to-day. May its success be complete; may its career be long and glorious; may it prove to be a true and faithful foster mother to those committed to its care; and may it be instrumental in diffusing among its children and others the light, not only of true learning and science, but what is of far higher importance, of moral and religious truth.

PROMPTNESS IN DUTIES.

There is always a joy in duties performed, and promptness in the execution heightens that joy. To wait and look on a business we ought to do at once, enervates and disheartens; to arise and do it immediately, strengthens and enlarges the heart. Delay begets hesitancy and timidity; direct performance brings zeal and courage. They that wait upon the Lord renew their strength; but they that postpone till to-morrow present duties, are weaker for them then than to-day. Promptness in duties, then, gives greater strength for new duties. Enduring hardness as a good soldier in one campaign, qualifies the Christian for more manly feats in the next. We grow on food and exercise morally, the same as we do physically. Christian promptitude helps to develop that noble, full stature of character and life which the Gospel enjoins—gives grace to discipleship and energy and efficiency to the churches.—*Morning Star.*

Tranquil pleasures last longest. We are not fitted to bear the burthen of great joys.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In days of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State-House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in his own providence.
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,—
No faithless servant, frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the nine Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the Background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

THE CHOLERA AND ITS TREATMENT.

Letter from Dr. Hamlin—Observations in the East.

The following letter from Cyrus Hamlin, who has been for many years a resident in Constantinople, as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, appears in the *Christian Mirror*. It contains some useful hints:

* * * "Having been providentially compelled to have a good degree of practical acquaintance with it, and to see it in all its forms and stages during each of its invasions of Constantinople, I wish to make my friends in Maine some suggestions, which may relieve anxiety or be of practical use.

"1st. On the approach of the cholera, every family should be prepared to treat it without waiting for a physician. It does its work so expeditiously, that while you are waiting for the doctor it is done.

"2d. If you prepare for it, it will not come. I think there is no disease which may be avoided with so much certainty as the cholera. But providential circumstances or the thoughtless indiscretion of some member of a household may invite the attack, and the challenge will never be refused. It will probably be made in the night; your physician has been called in another direction, and you must treat the case yourself or it will prove fatal.

"3d. *Causes of Attack.*—I have personally investigated at least a hundred cases, and not less than three-fourths could be traced directly to improper diet, or to intoxicating drinks, or both united. Of the remainder, suppressed perspiration would comprise a large number. A strong, healthy, temperate laboring man had a severe attack of the cholera, and after the danger had passed I was curious to ascertain the cause. He had been cautious and prudent in his diet. He used nothing intoxicating. His residence was in a good locality. But after some hours of hard labor and very profuse perspiration, he had lain down to take his customary noon nap, right against an open window through which a very refreshing breeze was blowing. Another cause is drinking largely of cold water when hot and thirsty. Great fatigue, great anxiety, fright, fear, all figure among inciting causes. If one can avoid all these he is as safe from the cholera as from being swept away by a comet.

"4th. *Symptoms of an attack.*—While cholera is prevalent in a place, almost every one experiences more or less disturbance of digestion. It is doubtless in part imaginary. Every one notices the slightest variation of feeling, and this gives an importance to mere trifles. There is often a slight nausea, or transient pains, or rumbling sounds, when no attack follows. No one is entirely free from these. But when a diarrhœa commences, though painless

and slight, it is in reality the skirmishing party of the advancing column. It will have at first no single characteristic of the Asiatic cholera. But do not be deceived. It is the cholera nevertheless. Wait a little, give it time to get hold, say to yourself, 'I feel perfectly well, it will pass off,' and in a short time you will repent of your folly in vain.

"Sometimes, though rarely, the attack commences with vomiting. But in whatever way it commences it is sure to hold on. In a very few hours the patient may sink into the collapse. The hands and feet become cold and purplish; the countenance, at first nervous and anxious, becomes gloomy and apathetic, although a mental restlessness and a raging thirst torment the sufferer while the powers of life are ebbing. The intellect remains clear, but all the social and moral feelings seem wonderfully to collapse with the physical powers. The patient knows he is to die, but cares not about it.

"In some cases, though rarely, the diarrhœa continues for a day or two, and the foolish person keeps about, then suddenly sinks, sends for a physician, and before he arrives, dies.

COURSE OF TREATMENT.

"1st. *For stopping the incipient diarrhœa.*—The mixture which I used in 1848 with great success, and again in 1855, has during this epidemic been used by thousands, and although the attacks have been more sudden and violent, it has fully established its reputation for efficiency and perfect safety. It consists of equal parts by measure of—1. Laudanum and spirits of camphor. 2. Tincture of rhubarb. Thirty drops for an adult, on a lump of sugar, will often check the diarrhœa. But to prevent its return care should always be taken to continue the medicine every four hours in diminishing does 25, 20, 15, 10, 9, when careful diet is all that will be needed.

"In case the first does not stop the diarrhœa, continue to give increasing doses—thirty-five, forty, forty-five, sixty—at every movement of the bowels. Large doses will produce no injury while the diarrhœa lasts. When that is checked then is the time for caution. I have never seen a case of diarrhœa taken in season which was not thus controlled, but some cases of the advanced diarrhœa, and especially of relapse, paid no heed to it whatever. As soon as this becomes apparent, I have always resorted to this course. Prepare a teacup of starch, boiled as for use in starching linen, and stir into it a full teaspoonful of laudanum for an injection. Give one third at each movement of the bowels. In one desperate case, abandoned as hopeless by a physician, I could not stop the diarrhœa until the seventh injection, which contained nearly a teaspoonful of laudanum. The patient recovered and is in perfect health. At the same time I used prepared chalk in ten grain doses, with a few drops of laudanum and camphor to each. But whatever course is pursued must be followed up, and the diarrhœa controlled, or the patient is lost.

"2d. *Mustard Poultices.*—These should be applied to the pit of the stomach, and kept on till the surface is well reddened.

"3d. The patient, however well he may feel, should rigidly observe perfect rest. To lie quietly on the back is one-half the battle. In that position the enemy fires over you, but the moment you rise you are hit.

"When the attack comes in the form of diarrhœa, these directions will enable every one to meet it successfully.

"4th. But when the attack is more violent, and there is vomiting, or vomiting and purging, perhaps also cramps and colic pains, the following mixture is far more effective, and should always be resorted to. The missionaries, Long, Trowbridge and Washburn have used it in very many cases, and with wonderful success. It consists of equal parts of laudanum, tincture of capsicum, tincture of ginger and tincture of cardamon seeds. Dose, thirty to forty drops, or a half teaspoonful in a little water, and to be increased according to the urgency of the case. In case the first dose should be ejected, the second, which should stand ready, should be given immediately after the spasm of vomiting has ceased. During this late cholera siege no one of us failed of controlling the vomiting and also the purging, by, at most, the third dose. We have, however, invariably made use of large mustard poultices of strong, pure mustard, applied to the stomach, bowels, calves of the legs, feet, etc., as the case seemed to require.

EACH HAS HIS WORK.

All men cannot work in the same way. "There are diversities of operations." Upon the face of a watch you may see an illustration of my meaning. On that small space you have three workers; there is the second-pointer performing rapid revolutions; there is the minute-pointer going at a greatly reduced speed, and there is the hour-pointer tardier still. Now, any one acquainted with the mechanism of a watch would conclude that the busy little second-pointer was doing all the work; it is clicking away at sixty times the speed of the minute-pointer, and as for the hour-hand, *that* seems to be doing no work at all. You can see in a moment that the first is busy, and in a short time you will see the second stir; but you must wait still longer to assure yourself of the motion of the third. So it is in the church. There are active fussy men, who appear to be doing the work of the whole community, and others slower still. But can we

do without the minute and hour-pointers? The noisy second-hand might go round its little circle for ever, without telling the world the true time. We should be thankful for all kinds of workers. The silent, steady hour-hand need not envy its noisy little colleague. Each man must fill the measure of his capacity. Your business is to do your allotted work, so as to meet the approbation of the Master.—*British Standard.*

TORPIDITY OF ANIMALS.

They who are accustomed to witness merely the state of torpor into which many animals, both warm and cold-blooded, enter during the winter months of our northern latitudes, are hardly prepared for the fact that within the tropics a large number of other animals fall into an analagous condition through the heat and drought. We have the authority of Humboldt, supported by many observers, for the fact that in Venezuela and in the region of the Orinoco, "both land and water turtles, the colossal boas, and many of the smaller species of serpents, lie torpid and motionless in the hardened ground throughout the hot and dry season." The Indians often seek them in their retreats as articles of food, and Humboldt mentions that, on one occasion, a party in camp were astonished by a crocodile's breaking up his summer quarters in the enclosure where they were sleeping, and where the reptile had lain buried since the disappearance of the waters. We have ourselves seen the workmen in Guiana, while digging trenches in a garden for planting vegetables, throw out several specimens of a species of eel (*Synbrancus*), which had buried themselves, as is their habit, when the dry season approached, and which, after an imprisonment of two or three months, would have found their way out again with the return of the rainy season.

The "mud fish" (*Lepidosiren*) of the Gambia is one of the most remarkable animals which pass into a "summer sleep." Their habits in this respect have been long known, and Prof. Owen has described the peculiar structure of their respiratory organs, which enables them, though fishes, to breathe air, when water is no longer accessible, during the period of their confinement. M. Auguste Dumeril has recently communicated to the Academy of Sciences some interesting observations made by himself on some of these animals at the Jardin des Plantes. Balls of perfectly dry clay containing "mud fishes" were placed in a tank and water slowly added, so as in some degree to imitate the gradual moistening of the earth by the rain. In due time three of the fishes broke open their coverings and escaped. That they were not, even in the dried clay, wholly torpid, is shown by the fact that in one case, in which the ball was fractured, if the lining membrane were touched, the fish uttered a cry. After they came out they were fed with worms, were well nourished, and grew. M. Dumeril has had the good fortune to witness, for the first time in Europe, the process of going into "summer quarters." The two survivors began to show signs of preparation for their long sleep by secreting from the general surface of their bodies a large quantity of thick and viscid mucus, and soon after by burying themselves in the soft mud at the bottom of the tank. The water was then drawn off to the level of the mud and this allowed slowly to dry. In the course of time the mud became hard and cracked, and the moisture disappeared, leaving them in their dry case of earth.

After about seventy days they were exhumed alive, each surrounded by a sort of cocoon formed formed of the hardened mucus secreted by their skin, and serving as a protection against the too great evaporation of moisture from the surface of their bodies. As they entered the mud they left behind them a tubular trail of mucus, which formed a communication between the sack enclosing the fish and the outer air. During the greater portion of the period of their retirement no water can reach their gills; their swim-bladders, however, receive blood diverted by a special arrangement from the gills, and thus act like true lungs, which they in fact are. Thus we have a fish which is a water-breather at one period of the year, and an air-breather at another. In this last respect they make a close approach to the class of reptiles with which they have sometimes, though on insufficient grounds, been identified.—*The Nation.*

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

"Whatever is truly great and profound in moral or scientific life, makes its appearance, not with pomp and tumult, but in unostentatious silence. Its growth is slow and its root secret. A seed is cast forth, and often the sower scarcely lives to see it spring forth. But if there be true life in it, its day comes, and it springs up and waxes into a beautiful and umbrageous tree."—*Ullman.*

Under the accumulated difficulties of faith and practice, by which we are embarrassed in this sublunary state, we should meditate on the doctrine of a Providence, which administers the richest consolation. The dominion exercised by the Supreme Being over the works of his hands, is neither partial as to its objects, narrow in its extent, nor transitory in its duration. Unlike earthly monarchs, who expire in their turn and are successfully borne into the tombs of their ancestors, the King of saints liveth and reigneth forever and ever! Evils, indeed, have entered the world, and still continue to distress it. But these evils have not crept

into the system unknown to its great Author; and the attributes of Deity ensure their extirpation, Our rejoicing is—the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
Through the dark medium of life's fev'rish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise—
Oh, then! renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies,
For thou art but of dust—be humble and be wise."

Beattie.

ITEMS.

The German Polar Expedition.—The projected German Polar Expedition is to start on its voyage during the present month. It will consist of two exploring vessels, (small wooden screw steamers, of about four hundred tons, and eighty to one hundred horse power), with a sailing ship as a transport. The latter is considered important, because the small steamers cannot take a sufficient quantity of coal, and consequently would have to lose much time and go out of their course every thirty days to supply that want in some northern port. The voyage is to be completed in six months; but the transport vessel is to remain during the winter in one of the ports of Spitzbergen, in order to make meteorological and other scientific observations, for which purpose three competent men have offered their service—Dr. Fischer-Renzon for geology, Professor Kupffer for zoology, and the Austrian Ensign of the Marine Weyprecht for physical experiments.

The aim of the expedition is the exploration of the Arctic central region; special ends will be pursued by the investigation of the east coast of Greenland, the examination of the Gulf and Polar streams and their limits, the geographical survey of new coasts, should any be discovered, by the measuring of the depth of the sea, &c. The equipment and provision of the expedition vessels have been calculated for the term of two years. The expense is estimated at about one hundred thousand thalers, the greater part of which is to be covered by the Prussian government. The crews of the three ships will consist entirely of volunteers, as so many offers for service have been received by the commander of the expedition, Captain Werner, from sailors of all ages, that he has only to select among the best.—*The Evening Post.*

Congress.—In the Senate, the House resolution, congratulating the people of Russia on the escape of the Czar from assassination, was passed. The bill to authorize the coinage of five-cent pieces and the bill imposing a duty of twenty per cent. on the value of cattle imported into the United States, were passed. The post-office appropriation bill was taken up and the discussion of the amendment relative to appointments to office was resumed, and several times occupied the attention of the Senate. Finally it was passed as originally framed.

House.—The coustitutional amendment reported by the Committee on Reconstruction was several times under discussion, and finally passed, yeas 128, nays 37. A joint resolution providing for the exemption of crude petroleum from internal revenue tax was passed; also a resolution to regulate the time and fix the place for holding the United States Circuit Court in the Eastern district of Virginia.

The Freedmen.—The official reports of the assistant commissioners of the Freedmen's Bureau to the commissioner, now being received for the Fourth month, show a continued improvement in the relation between the white and black races in the States recently in rebellion. The freedmen seem to be gaining a more correct notion of their responsibilities as well as privileges in their new character of freemen; and where they conduct themselves inoffensively, the whites are becoming more disposed to treat them civilly and deal justly with them.

BEDDING and FEATHER Warehouse, Tenth St., below Arch. Feather Beds, Bolsters, Pillows, Mattresses, of all kinds; Blankets, Comfortables, Counterpanes, white and colored; Spring Beds; Spring Cots; Iron Bedsteads; Cushions, and all other articles in the line of business. Amos Hillborn,
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JOHN J. LYTLE, Seventh and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, has a variety of cheap and desirable goods, such as 7-4 White India Silk Shawls, Four dollars, worth $10.00; Colored Silk Cashmere Shawls, half price. Fringed Thibet Shawls, $3.50. All Wool De Barege, 37½ cts. Plain Dark Brown Lawns, 18¾ cts. Ponge Mohairs, 35 cts. Mode Silk Knit Mitts for Friends. French and English Lawns. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. 512 19 26.

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428, 55, 512 00.

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☞Please send for a Circular. George Gilbert, *Principal.*
Thomas Gilbert, } *Assistants.*
2 ws 13t 5wm wnfnd. M. Louise Clancy, }

KENNETT SQUARE SEMINARY—For Girls.—The next session of this institution will commence on the last Third day of Second month, 1866. Inquire for Circular of
32 3m. 430. vmo. Evan T. Swayne, Principal.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of 5th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address Henry W. Ridgway,
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BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A Boarding-School for Girls. The Spring and Summer Term of this Institution, will commence 5th mo. 21st, 1866, and continue in session twelve weeks. For details see Circular, to obtain which, address the Principals, Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.
Israel J. Grahame, } Principals.
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Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 311. ly. w a s m p.

NEW ARTICLES.—The Graduated Measure and Funnel combined, Russ' Scissor Sharpeners, Spring Scissors for Sewing Machines, the Clutch Brace, which does not require the bitts to be fitted or notched, the Vegetable Slicer, for beets, cucumbers, &c. For sale at the Hardware Store of
Truman & Shaw,
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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From the "Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their Friends." BY MARIA WEBB.

George Fox had planned a meeting house to be built on a piece of ground at Swarthmoor, which he had purchased for that purpose. He made his desires known through a letter to Thomas Lower, and soon after the date of that letter the work commenced. The Friends around aided with horses, laborers, and such material as their land furnished; with the exception of those contributions from willing hearts and hands, the expenses were all borne by himself. It does not seem that George Fox was ever at Swarthmoor Hall after the building of the meeting-house commenced, as we know, from his own statements, that he spent at intervals a great part of the years '87, 8, and 9 in and about London. To Kingston, with the Rous's, and to Gooseyes, with the Meades, whenever his failing strength demanded care, he retreated for a temporary rest. His religious services in London, and the business of the Society which centered there, claimed his most earnest attention during those years. But its organization was at length so satisfactorily established, that it is probable he had in view, should life be prolonged, retiring to Swarthmoor after the winter of 1690, to take rest and obtain the lengthened repose his declining years so much required. All his affairs indicated that he stood prepared for departure either final or temporary, as the Lord might direct. By a letter from his wife to her son and daughter Abraham, which now lies before me, I find that after having been with him several months, she had decided on returning to the North after the Yearly Meeting. She writes early in the summer of 1690, indicating her intention of being at home in the course of a few weeks. * * * * * *

During the short reign of James II., Quaker persecutions ceased. But when, in 1689, King William superseded his father in-law, the intolerant party in the English Episcopal Church again hoped to have their way in compelling conformity to their own religious establishment. William Penn, as one great obstacle to such plans being effectually carried out, was attacked with the most bitter accusations. His title to his American province was not only called in question, but a commissioner was appointed to proceed to Pennsylvania, to see what could be done towards abrogating the laws he had established there. False accusations arose on all sides, that declared him to be a Jesuit, a Jacobite, and a Popish revolutionist. The King was called on to take from him his Shangaray property in Ireland, and to confiscate his English estate, as well as to deprive him of his personal liberty. It is not to be supposed that King William, or those of his ministers who were men of sense, believed these false reports that for a time found place in the public mind; but it is certain that the Pennsylvania Assembly declining to raise troops for the war had annoyed them, and that they would gladly have found

some legal pretext on which to take the American province from Penn. Such was the portentious aspect of the surroundings of the Quaker legislator as the autumn of 1690 advanced.

In the Eighth month, old style (October of that year), Robert Barclay breathed his last. The Eleventh month witnessed the removal of another pillar from the Quaker Church, in the death of that "worthy elder," (the phrase by which he was often spoken of among Friends), through whose instrumentality the Society was mainly gathered. William Penn thus communicates the event :—

WILLIAM PENN TO MARGARET FOX.

"LONDON, 13*th of* 11*th mo.*, 1690 [January, 1691.]

"*Dear M. Fox*,—With the precious remembrance of thy unfeigned love in Christ Jesus, I am to be the teller to thee of sorrowful tidings, which are these ; that thy dear husband and my beloved friend, George Fox, finished his glorious testimony this night, about half an hour after nine o'clock, being sensible to the last breath. Oh ! he is gone, and has left us with a storm over our heads. Surely in great mercy to him, but an evidence to us of sorrows coming. He was as lively and as firm [as ever] on Fourth-day was a week at Gracechurch Street ; and also the last First-day, being the day before yesterday. But he complained after meeting of being inwardly struck, and lay down at Henry Goldney's, where his spirit departed. My soul is deeply afflicted with this sudden great loss. Surely it portends to us evils to come. A prince indeed is fallen in Israel to-day !

"I cannot enlarge, for I shall have to write to several to-night, and it is late. May the Lord be with thee and thine, and us all. Amen.

"I am thy faithful and affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM PENN.

(P.S.) "Now present :—Robert Barrow, J. Taylor, J. Vaughan, J. Rich, J. Boucher, S. Waldringfield, and myself. G. Whitehead and S. Crisp were here about two hours since. He died as he lived, minding the things of God and His Church to the last in a universal spirit."

Robert Barrow, in a letter to Henry Coward and some other Lancaster Friends, says :—

"Our ancient Friend, an honorable elder in the Church, George Fox, was this day buried, in the presence of a large assembly of God's people, supposed to be about 4,000 Friends. The meeting-house at Gracechurch Street could not contain them, nor the court before the door. Many living powerful testimonies were published in the meeting house and the graveyard, among tender hearts, watery eyes, and contrite spirits.

"The London Friends were very discreet, ordering all concerns relating thereto with great wisdom. There being six monthly meetings belonging to this city, six chosen Friends were appointed out of each monthly meeting, who were to carry the corpse, and none else. [They arranged] that his relations should go next ; that all Friends should go on one side the street, three and three, in rank, as close together as they could, that the other side might be left clear for the citizens and coaches.

"Last week George Fox was at the Quarterly meeting, the Second-day morning meeting, the meeting for suffering, and at two meetings for worship, beside the First-day morning meeting. He said he was as well at that meeting as he had been for a long time before. He began to be ill that evening about the fifth hour, and departed before the tenth hour the evening of Third-day following. I was with him most of the time, wherein he spoke many living powerful sentences to the tendering of the company present. There was no sign of any great pain, neither did he ever complain. Robert Widder's manner of departure and his were much alike, for I saw them both ; only George shut his eyes himself—he lay as if he had fallen asleep. One would have thought he smiled. He was the most pleasant corpse that I ever looked upon. Many hundreds of Friends came to see his face ; having the most part of three days to behold it before the coffin was nailed up."

Many testimonies were issued after the death of George Fox, illustrative of the remarkable features of his character, his life, and his mission. His wife wrote at some length. His step-daughters and their husbands put forth another document ; William Penn a third ; and Thomas Elwood a fourth ; beside an official testimony from the London morning meeting.

That from the pen of his friend Thomas Elwood, who was likewise the intimate friend of John Milton and of William Penn, shall be transcribed as being brief, full, and comprehensive. No man knew him more thoroughly than Elwood, on whom devolved the preparation of his journal for the press :—

"*Thomas Elwood's account of that eminent and honorable Servant of the Lord, George Fox.*

"This holy man was raised up by God in an extraordinary manner, for an extraordinary work, even to awaken the sleeping world, by proclaiming the mighty day of the Lord to the nations ; and publishing again the everlasting Gospel to the inhabitants of the earth, after a long and dismal night of apostacy and darkness. For this work the Lord began to prepare him by many trials and exercises from his very childhood, and having fitted and furnished him for it, He called him into it very young, and made him instrumental by the effectual working of the Holy Ghost, through his ministry, to call many others into the same work, and to turn many thousands from darkness to the light of Christ, from the power of Satan unto God.

"I knew him not till the year 1660; from that time to the time of his death, I knew him well, conversed with him often, observed him much, loved him dearly, and honored him truly. Upon good experience I can say he was indeed a heavenly-minded man, zealous for the name of the Lord; and preferred the honor of God before all things. He was valiant for the truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in laboring in it, steady in his testimony to it, immovable as a rock. Deep he was in Divine knowledge, clear in opening heavenly mysteries, plain and powerful in preaching, fervent in prayer. He was richly endued with heavenly wisdom, quick in discerning, sound in judgment, able and ready in giving, and discreet in keeping counsel. A lover of righteousness; an encourager of virtue, justice, temperance, meekness, purity, chastity, modesty, humility, charity, and self-denial; in all, both by word and example. Graceful he was in countenance, manly in personage, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, weighty in communication, instructive in discourse, free from affectation in speech or carriage. He was a severe reprover of hard and obstinate sinners, a mild and gentle admonisher of such as were tender, and sensible of their failings, not apt to resent personal wrongs, easy to forgive injuries, but zealously earnest, where the honor of God, the prosperity of Truth, and the peace of the Church were concerned. Very tender, compassionate, and pitiful he was to all that were under any sort of affliction; full of brotherly love, full of fatherly care; for indeed, the care of the Churches of Christ was daily upon him, the prosperity and peace whereof he studiously sought.

"Having fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith, his righteous soul, freed from the earthly tabernacle, in which he had led an exemplary life of holiness, was translated into those heavenly mansions, where Christ our Lord went to prepare a place for His servants, there to possess that glorious crown of righteousness which is laid up for, and shall be given by the Lord, the righteous Judge, to all them that love his appearance. Ages to come and people yet unborn shall call him blessed, and bless the Lord for raising him up. And blessed shall we also be if we so walk, as we had him for an example, for whom this testimony lives in my heart. He lived and died the servant of the Lord."

George Fox left directions as to the disposal of his property, written at different intervals, all in his own handwriting, which constituted a legal will, though not written in legal form. It was deposited eight years after his death in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, from whence a copy has been procured. He makes in his will various bequests to his friends and relatives; and gives many directions about his books and papers. But the grants of land in Pennsylvania, which he had from his friend William Penn, are not bequeathed therein or alluded to at all. This and other circumstances lead to the conclusion, that during his lifetime he conveyed his right to the greater portion of that American property to his three sons-in-law, John Rous, Thomas Lower, and Daniel Abraham; and that he directed them, when put in possession, to see that the smaller lots which lay in and near the city were transferred to the Friends of Philadelphia, to be appropriated according to specific directions, which he gave in writing. The history of this property, as communicated by Philadelphia Friends, to whom I recently applied for information, is as follows:

"In the year 1681, William Penn gave to George Fox a receipt for £25, which was to entitle him to a city lot in the newly-planned city, a liberty lot of sixteen acres in the suburbs, and a tract of 1,250 acres in the back lands of Pennsylvania. The £25 of purchase-money, being understood to be a necessary item to secure the legal transfer. There being no one in America interested in getting these lots of land located and properly conveyed to George Fox, nothing was done to perfect the possession until after his death. Some years after that event, Thomas Lower took measures to have them surveyed, and his father's directions concerning the way in which they should be used made fully known. At that time the city lot having been taken possession of by a settler, who built upon it, could not without much difficulty be obtained. But William Penn said the Friends might select twenty or twenty-five acres, according to the locality fixed on in the neighborhood of the city, instead of the sixteen, and the city lot, at first proposed, and it should be transferred to them in the name of George Fox. After much delay, that transfer was accomplished on the 28th day of Sixth month, 1705. For many years the land in question was merely occupied as pasture ground.

On the 13th of Twelfth mo., 1716, Thomas Lower wrote to David Lloyd, William Penn's deputy, concerning the occupation of the ground bestowed by George Fox. He says:—"George Fox gave it in the said writings unto the Friends of Philadelphia to be converted to these uses. . . To build a meeting-house for the use of Friends, and a school-house upon another part, and to inclose another part for a garden, and to plant it with all sorts of physical plants, for lads and lasses, to learn simples there, and the uses to convert them to,—distilled waters, oils, ointments, &c. The residue that belonged to the lot near Philadelphia to be paled about for Friends that come to the Meeting, to put their horses in." In this letter, Thomas Lower seems to be remonstrating with the

Friends for not having carried out the expressed wishes of the donor. They had doubtless built meeting-houses elsewhere before they got possession of the land in question, and had also probably such schools established as they deemed neeessary, hence no such erections up to that time had been made. As to the garden that was to be planted with all sorts of physical plants for the botanical studies of the lads and lasses of Philadelphia, the Friends of that day it is evident did not enter into the views of their honored and revered friend who presented the ground for that purpose. Had they understood the great value of such a botanical garden, with suitable appliances for teaching the qualities and medicinal uses of plants, they would probably have made more efforts to have carried out the plan he suggested.

In the year 1767, the heirs-at-law of George Fox, being the descendants of his brother John, several of whom had settled in Pennsylvania, came forward to claim all the ground in possession of the Philadelphia Friends, that had come through their great grand-uncle. On what plea they made the claim is not quite clear. My American correspondent thinks it was grounded on some informality in the transfer, that impaired the title, but from the existing state of affairs, it might probably have been from the non-appropriation of the grant to the purposes stated by George Fox. However, the Friends agreed to submit the case to a legal arbitration, which gave an award against them, according to which they had to pay the sum of £500 to the claimants for a clear title to the gronnd in question. In the early part of this century, by the joint approval of the five monthly meetings of Philadelphia, the ground thus obtained was all sold for building lots, except a portion which constitutes a part of the Fair Hill burial-ground, which is the property of the Green Street monthly meeting.

Thomas Lower, in 1715, purchased from Daniel Abraham, and John Rous's son Nathaniel, their claim to the American estate which was transferred by George Fox to the three brothers-in-law. In the letter before qoted, which Thomas Lower wrote to David Lloyd, in 1716, four years before T. L.'s death, he says he gives the whole of his American property to his grandsons, William Swan and Thomas Swan; the elder of whom he had sent "to the West Indies by a sober master," the other he intended to bring up "to some good trade when he hath been a while longer at school." I cannot find that either William or Thomas Swan ever came into possession of the property thus laid out for them by their grandfather. In 1738 Thomas Story wrote to Israel Pemberton, sen., requesting him on behalf of a young woman, a descendant of Thomas Lower, to whom the American estate belonged by inheritance, to have it surveyed; which Israel Pemberton attended to, and found that it measured full 1,300 acres, fifty having been allowed for public roads. The land had been entered upon without liberty by German emigrants, who would gladly have purchased from Israel Pemberton, but he was not authorzied to sell; and how the interest in it was afterwards disposed of, does not appear. However, when the French war broke out, in 1756, some Indian allies of the French came down on the people of the Octerara Creek, where this land was located, and having killed a few of the settlers, frightened the rest away.

We begin to be filled with the life of God when self is silenced in all its willings and desirings, and when we find that all desires to act from our own wills are dormant.

We are filled with the life of heaven just so far as we are emptied of our own, and find in us an utter inability to do good without Divine assistance.

Every man is an agent by whom God wills to bless others, according to the ability of the agent; and every order of fibres and fluids in him were created to the intent that it might be performed; but they are often perverted to very opposite purposes.—*Rays of Light.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE MINISTRATIONS OF THE MATERIAL WORLD.

These flow in upon us like heavenly benedictions. They salute us in the language of a Father's love, sometimes in the sweet and gentle whispers of the evening breezes, which soothe and invigorate, or in the morning dews, which refresh and gladden the heart. We may ever trust in Him, who "weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance," for He knows our state, and remembers we are but dust. In his great goodness he has provided for every condition, supplies plenteous and multiform, that all, various as they are, should subserve the necessities of his children. The firmament showeth his handiwork. He has decked it with gems that sparkle and shine, emitting a brilliance that speaks a power *divine.* All these invite us to come to Him who set them in their own orbits, and commanded them to run their course and minister to the enjoyment of intelligent beings, by gilding the arch above with brightness when the shades of night appear. He that gave us a keen relish for the beautiful, has abundantly supplied material suited to the most exquisite taste. Whichever way we turn the eye, we see something to admire. He has stationed his ministers at every turn,—around, above, and below,—inviting his children to partake of pure pleasures and innocent enjoyments,—to drink in the streams that

flow through channels of his own preparing, and which minister to their real wants, and never harm. The firmament that divides the waters from the waters, the vast expanse of blue ether that bears up the clouds, and stays the rain of heaven until the appointed time, when it descends in small particles and waters the earth, instead of coming as a deluge to sweep it away. How can we do other than magnify that Power that made and upholds all things, and through these ever-varying ministrations calls us home to himself. S. HUNT.

Fifth mo 1st., 1666.

THE NEW LIFE.

When all that has separated from God is taken away,—when every inordinate desire has undergone the process of excision so as to be reduced into its place, and to be put into entire position and agreement with the one overruling desire of conformity to God's will, then begins the new life in the higher sense of the term. The soul no longer possesses anything which it call its own, but may rather be spoken of as a *subject;* and instead of *possessing*, may be said to be *possessed* by another; God himself comes to it, and dwells in it, as in His holy temple. It is not only obedient to God, which is a high state of grace, even when it costs considerable effort to render obedience; but its obedience *is* rendered in such a manner so promptly and lovingly, that God may be said to be its life. The soul has become nothing in itself, but it has gained all things out of itself. Disrobed of the life of *nature*, it is clothed with the life of *grace;* it has lost the inspiration and life of the creature, but it has gained the life of God. And now, there is nothing that has God in it, but what is its delight. The sky expands with purer beauty; the flower opens with a sweeter fragrance; in the forest and on the river's banks it finds food for contemplation and holy love; it rejoices with those that rejoice, and weeps with those who weep; it is young and buoyant with the child, and wise and reverent with the aged; everything in human life is dear to it; it pities and forgives its enemies; like Him who is embodied in it, it does good to the evil and unthankful; tears are dried at its approach, and smiles bloom at the presence of its loveliness.

Those who have never experienced the transformations of thoroughly sanctifying grace, know but little of the purity, the peace, and the blessedness of such a soul. It has but little to say of itself; it has no dreams, no visions, no ecstacies. We mean to say that it makes no account of them separate from God. It lives by faith and not by sight. *Believing*, it asks nothing more. Its new life is all natural to it; a life which lives and acts of *itself*, without calculation and without effort. It is humble without knowing or speaking of its humility; it is divinely wise without analysing its wisdom; it is full of kindness and love apparently without any consciousness how kind and loving it is. It worships God even without formally thinking of God, because the kingdom of God is within it. It is not more full of faith than it is of holy simplicity. It is like a little child. —*Guion.*

From Meditations on Death and Eternity.

DEATH IS MY GAIN.

The human body with which we are invested on earth, is but the veil of the soul, and we should ever hold in mind this relation between soul and body, for this conception is not only true in itself, but is fruitful of important conclusions bearing upon life.

The Deity willed that the spirit of man should be capable of placing itself in communication with the non-spiritual existences, therefore it was enveloped in a refined earthly material, every part of which is vivified by the spirit. Through means of a tissue of nerves, so delicate as scarcely to be perceptible to the naked eye, and which interpenetrate the entire body, the soul holds command over the latter. Through the body the soul receives impressions from without, which tend to its improvement, and it gradually learns to avail itself of the body as an instrument of action upon the outward world. If the bodily veil be rent in twain, if the instrument be destroyed, the spirit loses its power over its former habitation, which becomes as foreign to it as all other earthly matter. This estrangement between soul and body is called death.

The body is a transparent covering of the soul. In all movements and changes, in repose as in action, we recognize the soul behind the appearances of the body. It is not the body that loves or is angered; it is the soul that speaks in thundering accents through the instrumentality of the voice, and which smiles in the merry glance of the eye; it is the shame felt by the soul that suffuses the cheek with blushes; it is the soul's courage, terror, longing, or suffering that is shown in the various expressions of its outward covering. For when the soul is separated from the delicate and mobile covering, which we call body—what becomes of the latter? It sinks down and lies like a discarded garment. It grows rigid like a marble statue, and we can hardly believe that these dead ashes have ever been animated by a higher essence.

It is not either the body that we love or hate in others, but the soul which is concealed behind its veil. It is the soul's loveliness that charms us; its wisdom or its virtue which inspires us with respect; its degeneracy that awakens our indignation. In the presence of the soul-abandoned corpse, all love and hatred

cease, for our friend or our foe has disappeared, and his discarded covering makes no more impression on us than any other dead matter.

Natural as it is that no one should love the body of another, but on the contrary, the soul that beams forth from it, as natural is it that each man should love the body in which his own soul is clothed. He seeks to protect and improve it, because the soul requires a worthy and efficient instrument; he endeavors to adorn and beautify it, because the innate and constant yearning of the soul for perfection and distinction, involuntarily passes over to that which is most intimately connected with it. The soul even strives, in the feeling of its own unworthiness, to cover its own failings by the beauty of its earthly veil; it tries to draw the folds of this more closely around itself, in order that it may not be seen in its ugliness—and of such persons we say that they present a false appearance.

The necessity that each soul should be clad in a veil of flesh, is one of the eternal ordinances of the Deity. Hence the deep and strong love of the soul for its body; hence that clinging to life which it is almost impossible to overcome.

But what is death? Nothing but the separation of the soul from its earthly covering. What becomes of the covering when discarded? Does it vanish from God's creation? No, it moulders into dust and ashes, and mingles with the rest of the earth, out of whose nourishing elements it was originally built up. It does not go out of creation, but remains in it available for other purposes. But what becomes of the unveiled soul? Does that vanish from God's creation? Oh, no! How could it be possible that the nobler element should cease to exist, when the baser one is imperishable? Are we to believe that it has been removed from the infinitude of created beings, because it has thrown off the veil through which alone it could reveal its presence to our senses? Nay, it lives! For even the dust in which it once enveloped itself is still in existence. It lives! For God is Creator, not annihilator! It lives! For the All-wise cannot have repented of the exalted purpose for which he called it into being.

And is the throwing off of this earthly veil so very painful? It is true the natural love of life which the Creator has implanted in us, makes us recoil from the thought of parting from our earthly covering; but the strength of the human spirit can conquer the terrors of nature. How many noble men have not met death in the cause of God, fatherland, faith or friends! *They* felt no fear of death. How many poor, weak, degenerate beings have not, driven by despair, voluntarily sacrificed a life that had become a burden to them!

The dying do not practise hypocrisy, and therefore from their features we may judge what is passing in their minds. This being the case, it would almost appear that a pleasurable feeling must be experienced when the spirit is leaving its mortal coil; for it has been frequently observed that the features of persons who are dying from painful diseases, at the last moment assume an expression of cheerful repose, and that even around the lips of the corpse a placid smile, left by the spirit in parting, lingers, and seems to say, "Ah, what blessed relief!"

But the imagination of those persons who attach too much importance to the body, and who therefore shudder at the idea that it is to be delivered up to destruction in the earth, makes death more terrible than it is in reality. Giving way to self-delusion, they even at times seem to fancy that the dead dust feels painfully its state in the earth, whereas in fact that which feels has hastened into a higher existence, and the corpse, the discarded veil of the spirit, is nothing more than insensible clay.

Parting from the habitual and pleasant relations of life, the loss of well-known pleasures, and separation from beloved friends on earth, may indeed be painful. But in these cases it is not death itself, but that which we leave behind us, that causes us to mourn. It is our undue attachment to the earthly goods which have only been lent to us, and were never intended to be our lasting possessions, that occasions the grief which we experience. It is therefore an imperfection of the soul, a want of true wisdom, which entails suffering, as does every fault. Yea, even the love we bear our friends may be reprehensible. Can we expect that the Deity will take our obstinate attachments into consideration, and alter His higher purposes to suit our views? And in what does the parting from our beloved in death differ from every other parting, even from the "good night" we wish our friends before we go to sleep?

Death may indeed be fearful to those who have entirely, or in great measure, neglected their immortal soul in this life, who—like the animals thoughtless of the future beyond the grave—have only taken heed for the well-being and enjoyment of their bodies; who have oppressed their fellow-men, or slandered and deceived them, in order to gain for themselves more honors, more riches, and more enjoyment; to whom it seems preposterous to restrain their sensual desires, their animal instincts, in order to strengthen the power of their souls; who call it folly to sacrifice earthly pleasure for the sake of virtue; who consider it silly enthusiasm to work for the good of others, when no thanks are to be reaped, or when persecution and great sacrifices must be encountered.

When the moment has come for such persons to throw off the earthly coil, the body they so much love, for which alone they think God has created them; when they are to part from the dust, for which alone they lived, to which they sacrificed all things, for which they committed so much injustice—to them indeed death must be terrible. For poor, unworthy, miserable, imperfect are their neglected souls, which have lost the sweet innocence of which they could boast in childhood, and which are now loaded with the burden of many sins. As they sowed in life, so they have reaped. For the eternal future of their spirit they never sowed.

(To be continued.)

"As the mustard seed becomes in time the strong and flourishing plant, so the feeble *faith* becomes in due time, under the fertilizing effects of the Spirit of God, the strong, and stable, and durable tree. Like the new-born infant, which can neither speak nor stand alone, but is carried in the arms of others, and lives upon nothing but the simplest aliment, feeding and crying occupying the earliest hours of life; such is, generally speaking, the true and genuine faith of the infant believer; an alternate state of hungering for the Word of God, and of sorrowing for sin; unable to stand alone, looking for the aid of stronger Christians to bear it up, glad of every little help to carry it forward in its infant course. But while this is the infancy of faith, if it be a true faith, every day and every hour is giving it strength, and bringing it forward into manhood; it does not lie in the heart like a stone, unchanged and unchangeable, but like a prolific seed in the fertile earth, realizing what St. Paul expresses when he says, 'The righteousness of God is revealed from faith to faith;' from one degree of faith to another."

CHORAZIN—BETHSAIDA—CAPERNAUM.

Before the morning sun overtopped the hills of Bashan, I was in the saddle. A ride of three miles westward along the shore brought me to the ruins of a large town. It was encompassed by such a dense jungle of thorns, thistles and rank weeds, that I had to employ some shepherds to open a passage for me. Clambering to the top of a shattered wall, I was able to overlook the whole site. What a sense of desolation was that! Not a house, not a wall, not a solitary pillar remains standing. Broken columns, hewn stones, sculptured slabs of marble, and great shapeless heaps of rubbish half concealed by thorns and briars, alone serve to mark the site of a great and rich city. The Arabian does not pitch his tent there, the shepherd does not feed his flock there, not a sound fell upon my ear as I stood amidst those ruins, save the gentle murmur of each wave as it broke on the pebbly beach, and the mournful sighing of the summer breeze through sunscorched branches; yet it is the place where Chorazin once stood. Chorazin heard, but rejected the words of mercy from the lips of its Lord, and he pronounced its doom, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin!" Matt. 11: 21.

After riding some three miles further along the lake, I reached a little, retired bay, with a pebbly strand, just such a place as fishermen would delight to draw up their boats and spread out their nets upon. Here were numerous fountains, several old tanks and aqueducts, great heaps of rubbish, and fields of ruin. Two Arab tents were pitched a little way up on the hillside, but I saw no other trace there of human habitation or human life; and yet that is the site of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter, James and John. Upon this strand Jesus called his first disciples. Like Chorazin, this city heard and rejected his words, and, like Chorazin, it has been left desolate. "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida!"

A few minutes more and I reached the brow of a bluff promontory which dips into the bosom of the lake. Before me now opened the fertile plain of Gennesaret. At my feet, beneath the western brow of the cliff, a little fountain burst from a rocky basin. A fig-tree spreads its branches over it, and gives it a name, Ain-et Tin, "the fountain of the fig." Beside it are some massive foundations, scarcely distinguishable amid the rank weeds; and away beyond it almost covered with thickets and thorns, briers, and gigantic thistles, I saw large heaps of ruins and rubbish. These are now all that mark the site of Capernaum. Christ's words are fulfilled: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell." Matt. 11: 23.

On that day I climbed a peak which commands the lake and the Jordan valley up to the waters of Merom. The principal scene of Christ's public labors lay around me, a region some thirty miles long and ten wide. When he had his home at Capernaum, the whole country was teeming with life and bustle and industry No less than ten cities with numerous villages studded the shores of the lake and the plains and the hill-sides around. The water was all speckled with the dark boats and white sails of Galilee's fishermen. Eager multitudes followed the footsteps of Jesus through the city streets, over the flower-strewn fields, along the pebbly beach. What a woful change has passed over the land since that time! The angel of destruction has been there.

From that commanding height, through the clear Syrian atmosphere, I was able to distinguish, by the aid of my glass, every spot in that wild region celebrated in sacred history or hallowed by sacred association. My eye swept

the lake from north to south, from east to west; not a single sail, not a solitary boat was there. My eye swept the great Jordan valley, the little plains, the glens, the mountain-sides from base to summit—not a city, not a village, not a house, not a sign of settled habitation was there, except the few huts of Magdala and the shattered houses of Tiberias. A mournful, solitary silence reigned triumphant. Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath in Galilee now. I saw how wondrously time had changed a prophetic sentence into a graphic reality.

"I will make your cities waste, saith the Lord; I will bring the land into desolation. I will scatter you among the heathen." "Upon the land shall come up thorns and briers, yea, upon all houses of joy, in the joyous city." "So that the generations to come of your children that shall rise up after you, and the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say when they see the plagues of that land, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?" Jer. 26; Isa. 32; Deut. 29.—*Porter's "Cities."*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 26, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Minutes have been obtained from Baltimore Monthly Meeting for the following Friends: for Samuel Townsend, Mary M. Needles and John Needles, the latter as companion, to New York Yearly Meeting, and for Rebecca Turner, as companion to R. Price, in attending Genesee Yearly and some other meetings.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—In addition to the information furnished last week, we may state the following particulars, referring our readers to the Extracts for a full account of the interesting proceedings. The meeting was about as large as usual and was attended throughout with remarkable solemnity and harmony of feeling.

On Second-day afternoon a Committee was appointed on the Treasurer's account. The proposition from Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting in relation to marriages, referred by last Yearly Meeting to the consideration of this, was introduced by the reading of the minutes, and after a free interchange of sentiment, was generally united with, and directed to the attention of the Quarterly Meetings through the Representatives, to be inserted in our Book of Discipline. A deputation from Women's Meeting informed that they had arrived at a similar conclusion. A proposition from Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, to make some change in the Queries, was also submitted to a committee.

On Third and Fourth days the meeting was occupied in a consideration of the State of Society as presented in the answers to the Queries, during which much harmony prevailed, and the expression gave evidence of a united exercise for the advancement of the Truth. On this day a mother in Israel made an acceptable visit. A Committee was also appointed in the case of an appeal from the judgment of Abington Quarter.

On Fifth day morning, the several meeting houses of Friends were opened for public worship and well attended; meetings were held in the north and south ends of the house on Race and Cherry Streets.

In the afternoon, the Minutes of the Representative Committee were read and their proceedings approved. The Quarterly Meetings furnished names of members of the Representative Committee, and also the names of Correspondents, in their various Monthly Meetings, all of which were directed to be published in the Extracts.

The Committee on the proposition from Philadelphia Quarter made a report favorable to the proposed change. The report was directed to be published in the Extracts for general information, and the whole subject was referred for final action another year.

The Committee on the Treasurer's account made a report which was approved, recommending that $2,000 be raised for the service of the Yearly Meeting this year, and the reappointment of William P. Sharpless as Treasurer.

The Committee on the Appeal confirmed the judgment of Horsham Monthly and Abington Quarterly Meetings.

The concern of the Yearly Meeting on the divided condition of those who are recognized as members of the Society of Friends was revived by the reading of the minute which referred the subject to the consideration of this meeting.

An interesting and harmonious interchange

of sentiment followed, and the clerk made a suitable minute recording the sense of the meeting, and recommending the subject to the individual feelings of Friends.

Sixth-day morning.—A memorial prepared by Haddonfield Monthly Meeting, approved by Haddonfield Quarter, concerning Mary G. Allen, was read, approved, directed to be recorded and published with the Extracts.

The Committee appointed to prepare and forward the address adopted last year, to the President and Administration, made a written report, which gave some interesting details of their visit to Washington, &c., which was directed to be published in the Extracts.

The Committee on Epistles produced one which was directed to be forwarded to the five Yearly Meetings, with which this is in correspondence.

A minute embracing some of the exercises was then read and united with, and a Committee was appointed to assist the clerks in transcribing and forwarding the Epistles and publishing the Extracts.

A period of solemn silence ensued, in which vocal supplication was offered, soon after which the Clerk read the closing minute, expressive of the gratitude felt for the love and harmony which had prevailed throughout the several sittings.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS.—Soon after the meeting was opened, the clerk made a few remarks in allusion to the removal by death of many who on similar occasions have assembled with us. A time of silence succeeded, during which supplication arose that nothing of a disturbing character might be permitted to affect our deliberations, but that harmony and love might be in us and abound to our strength and refreshment.

The representatives in attendance and the reading of the Epistles were noticed last week.

The proposition in relation to the accomplishment of marriage, left over from last year, was again considered and adopted.

A proposition from Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, suggesting slight alterations in the arrangement of some of the Queries, was referred to a joint committee, and subsequently laid over for further consideration, another year.

Reports from our several Quarterly Meetings and the Half-Year's Meeting, brought before us the state of Society throughout our boarders, and in many respects evinced much to encourage. The prevalence of love and unity among us; the care extended over those who need aid; the moderation observed at social and other entertainments; the punctuality exercised in the payment of debts and in the fulfilment of promises, and the general care to live within the bounds of individual circumstances, reasonably excited joy and gratitude.

On the other hand, the remissness, in many places, in the attendance of meetings, especially those held during the week; the disposition manifested by some to indulge in luxury and extravagance; the indifference to the important duty of securing a guarded education for the children; the want of concern for the advancement of the testimony to a free gospel ministry, and an indulgence to some extent, in the spirit of war, brought many under deep exercise, and frequent and urgent appeals were made, inciting to a more intelligent and faithful support of the vital testimonies of Truth of which we make profession.

At the last sitting on Sixth-day morning, an interesting and instructive memorial was read for our late beloved friend Mary Allen.

Throughout all the different sittings unusual harmony and love abounded, and it was the universal acknowledgment that it was good for us to have been together.

Epistles were forwarded to the five Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us.

DIED, on the 4th of Third month, 1866, at his residence in Newtown, Delaware Co., Pa., HENRY PRATT, in the 75th year of his age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

ERRATUM.—In extract from Samuel M. Janney's letter, last week, page 169, for "inscrutable principles" read *immutable principles.*

Instead of clutching to props which cannot elevate you, or if they do bear you up for a moment, must soon be withdrawn again,—the Gospel bids you grow against the Tree of Life and just as you grow up into Christ,—you will grow up into holiness and into happiness. And if you have not yet found an object to your heart's content,—if you feel that there is still something wrong with you,—that you are

neither leading the life which you would like to lead, nor enjoying the comfort which you think might be somehow got, be advised. Take the Lord Jesus for your friend. He is one in whom you will find no flaw. He is one of whom, if you really get acquainted with Him, you will never weary; and one who, if once you really go to Him, will never weary of you.—*Hamilton.*

GROWTH OF THE SOUL.

It is not more the nature of matter to attract than that of a soul to grow. Each step towards goodness leads to and facilitates subsequent advance, just as the force of attraction increases in the inverse ratio of the squares of the distance. The nearer, the stronger is the law for both. At the beginning of the moral life, when we make our first steps towards virtue, all seems weakness, doubt, and hesitation. At the climax of mortal goodness we see that the saint's footing stands secure on the angel's ladder, whose summit is lost in heaven's splendors. Though the clouds of death roll between us, we know that he is ascending still beyond our straining sight.*

Nor can there be any end to this ascension of the immortal soul. There is no reason whatever to doubt that the virtue of finite intelligences, being never capable of attaining absolute perfection, is infinitely progressive toward it. Through the infinite number of grades which divide the soul from such perfection, there is nothing to arrest its journey, but one degree must forever facilitate the attainment of the next with ever growing security and rapidity. As in mathematics, so in morals, there is an infinite approximation, an asymptote which as it is produced approaches continually, yet never reaches, the hyperbola. When the soul now grovelling in sin should have struggled up to better life, when the sinner should have become a saint, and the saint should have passed through all the gradations of excellence our imaginations attribute to the seraphic ranks of the noblest created spirits, at the highest pinnacle of the spiritual universe, he would not have reached perfection,—he would still see infinitely between himself and the holiness of God.

If we believe in this unbounded power of growth in the human soul, its capacity for endless progress, we cannot, I think, fail to recognize such capacity as the most important attribute of a finite intelligence. In comparison of the ideas of Godlike goodness, ineffable peace, purity, and magnanimity, which thus open to us as possible for us, all the delights of this life, the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, seem unworthy of a thought. We feel that the one thing real in this world of shadows is the state of the soul, its progress towards or its retrogression from this glorious bourn. And God, who sees even now down the far-off cycles of the future the blessed virtue to which the child of clay may, ay, *shall*, assuredly attain, must not *He* set forth that consummation so prominently as the end of his creation that in comparison thereof the pleasures of this life shall be accounted but as the toys of an infant, to the throne he shall inherit hereafter? Who will say Goodness seeks but the Happiness of the creature? It would not be goodness, but direst cruelty, which should set our happiness on earth before our virtue through all eternity.—*Intuitive Morals. F. P. Cobbe.*

* The old Druids held distinctly this great truth, that human life is a Progress from "Abred," the state of Evil to "Gwynvyd," the state of Knowledge and Felicity. "The Brahmans regard the present life merely as the conception of persons presently to be born, and death as a birth into a life of reality and happiness to those who rigidly philosophize."—Strabo, Lib. V. v. 712, from Megasthenes.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

TO-MORROW.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realms of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries aloud: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."

From the Evening Post.

LEARNING TO WALK.

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard;
But mother (you'd hardly think so)
Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry,
Kisses and plenty of love words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O! guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat!

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, O! give them rest.

George Cooper.

MANNERS.

BY MARY G. CHANDLER.

"There is something higher in Politeness than Christian moralists have recognized. In its best forms, as a simple, out-going, all-pervading spirit, none but the truly religious man can show it; for it is the sacrifice of self in the little habitual matters of life,—always the best test of our principles,—together with a respect, unaffected, for man, as our brother under the same grand destiny."—C.L. Brace.

"Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in."—Burke.

Manners are the most external manifestation by which men display their individual peculiarities of mind and heart; and unless used artificially to conceal the true Character, they form a transparent medium through which it is exhibited.

It has been sarcastically asserted, that few persons exist who can afford to be natural; and it is probable that, if the human race were to allow their manners to be perfectly natural, that is, were they too allow all the passions of the soul to display themselves without restraint in their Manners, social intercourse would become insupportable.

Among the merely worldly, the difference between an ill-bred and a well-bred person is that the former displays his discomfit, ill-humor or selfishness in his Manners, while the latter conceals them all under a veil of suavity and kindness. Selfishness prompts the one to be rude, and the other to be hypocritical, and each is alike unworthy of commendation.

Manners are the garments of the spirit; the external clothing of the being, in which Character ultimates itself. If the Character be simple and sincere, the Manners will be at one with it; will be the natural outbirth of its traits and peculiarities. If it be complex and self-seeking, the Manners will be artificial, affected, or insincere. Some persons make up, put on, take off, alter, or patch their Manners to suit times and seasons, with as much facility, and as little apparent consciousness of duplicity, as if they were treating their clothes in like fashion. If an individual of this class is going to meet company with whom he wishes to ingratiate himself, he puts on his most polished Manners, as a matter of course, just as he puts on his best clothes; and when he goes home, he puts them off again for the next important occasion. For home use, or for associating with those about whose opinion he is indifferent, no matter how rude the Manners, or how uncared for the costume. Perhaps the rudeness may chance to come out in some overt act that will not bear passing over in silence, and then the perpetrator utters an "Excuse me," that reminds one of a bright new patch set upon an old, faded garment. Not that such a patch is unworthy of respect when worn by honest poverty, and set on with a neatness that makes it almost ornamental. This is like the "Excuse me" of a truly well-bred man, apologizing for an offence he regrets; while the "Excuse me" of the habitually rude man is like the botched patch of the sloven or the beggar, who wears it because the laws of the land forbid nakedness.

The fine lady of this class may be polished to the last degree, when arrayed in silks and laces she glides over the rich carpets of the drawing room; and yet, with her servants, at home, she is possibly less the lady than they; or worse still, this fine lady, married, perhaps, to a fine gentlemen of a character similar to her own, in the privacy of domestic life carries on a civil war with him, in which all restraint of courtesy is set aside.

There is so much undeniable hypocrisy in the high-bred courtesy of polished society, that among many religious persons there has come to be an indifference, nay, almost an opposition, to Manners that savor of elegance or courtliness. If, however, Christian charity reign within, rudeness or indifference cannot reign without. One may as well look for a healthy physical frame under a skin revolting from disease, as for a healthy moral frame under Manners rude and discourteous; for Manners indicate the moral temperament quite as accurately as the physical temperament is revealed by the complexion. Selfishness and arrogance of disposition express themselves in indifferent, rude, or overbearing Manners; while vanity and insincerity are outwardly fawning and sycophantic. If Christian charity reign in the heart, it can fitly express itself only in Manners of refinement and courtesy: and the Christian should not be unwilling to wear such Manners in all sincerity because the worldling assumes them to serve his purposes of selfishness. Worldly wisdom ever pays Virtue the compliment of imitation; but that is no good reason why Virtue should hesitate to appear like herself. The best Manners possible are the simple bringing down of the perfect law of charity into the most external ultimates of social life. Until character tends at all times, and in all places, and towards all persons, to ultimate itself in Manners of thorough courtesy, it is not building itself a sure foundation. The ultimates of all things serve as their basis and continent; therefore must true charity of heart be built upon and contained within true charity of Manner.

When we are in doubt regarding the value of any particular trait of Character, we can generally find the solution of our difficulty by working out an answer to the question, How does it affect our usefulness in society? There are three modes in which we express ourselves

towards those with whom we come in contact in the family and social relations of life,—Action, Conversation, and Manners. The importance of ordering the first two of these expressions aright can hardly be doubted by any thinking being; but that conscience has anything to do with Manners would probably be questioned by many. Let us ascertain the moral bearing of Manners by the test just indicated.

What effect have our Manners upon our usefulness as social beings? Conversation is in general the expression of our thoughts; much more seldom do we express our affections in words. Manners, on the contrary, are the direct expression of our affections. They are to Action what tone is to Conversation. Many persons may be found who make use of falsehood in their Conversation, but very few who can lie in the tones of their voice. So, many persons can act hypocritically, but there are comparatively few whose Manners are habitually deceitful. Our words and actions are more easily under our control than our tones and manners; because the former are more the result of Thought, while the latter are almost entirely the result of Affection. Although few persons are distinctly aware of this difference, every one is powerfully affected by it. There is no physical quality more powerful to attract or to repel than the tones of the voice; and this power is all the stronger because both parties are usually unconscious of it, and so mutually act, and are acted upon, simply and naturally without effort or resistance. Thus conversation often owes its effect less to the words used than to the tones in which they are uttered. An unpalatable truth may come without exciting any feeling of irritation or opposition from one who speaks with a tone of voice expressive of the benevolent affections, and produce much good; while the very same words, uttered in a tone of asperity or bitterness, may exasperate the hearer, and be productive only of harm.

The artificial Manners and laws of social life are so overloaded with conventionalisms, and a knowledge of these is so often made a test of good-breeding, that much confusion of opinion exists regarding the requisites that constitute the true gentleman and lady. These titles belong to something real, something not dependent on the knowledge and practice of conventionalisms that change with every changing season, but to substantial qualities of Character which are the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

The foundation of good Manners is the sincere acknowledgment that we are all children of one great family, all one band of brothers, each having a right to receive from the rest all the consideration and forbearance that can be given him without diminishing the portion that belongs to the others. The rich complain of the envy and jealousy of the poor, and the poor murmur because of the arrogance and haughtiness of the rich; yet if those among the two classes who are guilty of these vices were to change positions, they would change vices too; for arrogance *in* the possessor and envy *towards* the possessor of wealth are but differing phases of a love for wealth based on the love for that consideration in society which it gives, and not for the power it yields of added usefulness.

(To be continued.)

A living soul! Have you ever had a vision of what a living soul may be, may do, may suffer, may know—the infinite capacity of life? I think sometimes, when I study the harmonies of this body of ours and the creation of the exquisite concords which, even through the dull menstruum of our sin-thickened senses are the springs of the intensest joys; of the rapture with which they shall one day fill the spirit, when these sensual films are shed, and the organ comes fairly into contact with its world.—*The Soul's Exodus.*

From "Harper's Monthly."

THE BURROWERS AT HOME.

The wonderful ingenuity evinced by many animals in the construction of their homes has led the naturalist to persevering researches in tracing out the haunts and ways of those not familiarly known.

It is not often that the lover of nature has opened to him such a rare and curious museum as is exhibited in the volume from which the materials of this article are drawn. The author tells of strange habitations, made without hands, beneath, above, and around us—burrowers, nests, and curious domiciles of every kind, in earth, air, and water. Nor are these presented to the mental vision merely, but are so clearly and elegantly illustrated, that we almost fancy that these strange dwelling-places are really before the eye.

It is impossible within the limits of a single article, to do more than present to the reader of the Magazine a few specimens of these homes—and these are selected from the Burrowers—whose secret localities are rarely noticed, much less investigated, by the ordinary observer.

Yet the burrow is the simplest form of habitation, whether it is in the ground, or in stone, wood, or any other substance.

Among mammalia, the *Mole* ranks first in the list of burrowers. This extraordinary animal, which is found both in Europe and America, forms a complicated subterranean dwelling-place, with chambers, passages, and other arrangements of wonderful completeness, It has regular roads leading to its feeding-grounds;

establishes a system of communication as elaborate as that of a modern railway, or, to be more correct, as that of the subterranean net-work of metropolitan sewers; and is an animal of varied accomplishments.

It can run tolerably fast, fight like a bull-dog, capture prey under or above ground, swim fearlessly, and can sink wells for the purpose of quenching its thirst.

Take the mole out of its proper sphere, and it is awkward and clumsy; but replace it in the familiar earth, and it becomes a different being —full of life and energy, and actuated by a fiery activity which seems quite inconsistent with its dull aspect and seemingly inert form. The absence of any external indication of eyes communicates a peculiar dullness to the creature's look, and the formation of the fore limbs gives an indescribable awkwardness to its gait.

We need not pity the mole for the dull life we suppose it leads below the ground. There it is happy, and there only can it develop its various capabilities. No one can witness the eagerness with which it flings itself upon its prey, and the evident enjoyment with which it consumes its hapless victim, without perceiving that the creature is exultantly happy in its own peculiar way.

The ordinary mole-hills present nothing particularly worthy of notice. They are the shafts through which the quadrupedal miner ejects the materials which it has scooped out, as it drives its many tunnels through the soil, and if they be carefully opened after the rain has consolidated the heap of loose material, nothing more will be discovered than a simple hole leading into the tunnel. But if we strike into one of the large tunnels, and follow it up, we come to the real abode of the animal.

The central apartment is a nearly spherical chamber, the roof of which is nearly on a level with the earth around the hill, and therefore situated at a considerable depth from the apex of the heap. Around this are driven two circular galleries—one just level with the ceiling, and the other at some height above. The upper circle is much smaller than the lower. Five short descending passages connect the galleries with each other, but the only entrance into the inner apartment is from the upper gallery, out of which three passages lead into the ceiling. It will be seen, therefore, that when a mole enters the house from one of his tunnels, he has first to get into the lower gallery, to ascend thence to the upper gallery, and so descend into its chamber.

There is, however, another entrance from below, by a passage which dips downward from the centre of the chamber, and then, taking a curve upward, opens into one of the larger tunnels.

The use of so complicated a series of cells and passages is extremely doubtful, since there is reason to believe that the owner, instead of retiring to his fortress to rest, often contents himself with lying in the high-road. Wonderful as is this subterraneous abode, it is not the only one constructed by this animal. A nursery is provided, more extended, though simpler, inlaid with dried grass, and intersected by many passages, so that the mother and young may easily escape from any apprehended danger. The walls of all these passages are rendered smooth and hard by the pressure of the mole's fur, so that the earth will not fall in after the severest storm.

The whole life of the mole is one of fury, and he eats like a starving tiger, tearing and rending his prey with claws and teeth, and crunching audibly the body of the worms between the sharp points. A mole has been seen to fling itself upon a small bird, tear its body open, and devour it while still palpitating with life. Nothing short of this fiery energy could sustain an animal in the lifelong task of forcing itself through the solid earth.

A battle between two moles is as tremendous as one between two lions, if not more so, because the mole is more courageous than the lion, and, relatively speaking, is far more powerful and armed with weapons more destructive. Magnify the mole to the size of the lion, and you will have a beast more terrible than the world has yet seen. Though nearly blind, it would be active beyond conception, leaping with lightning quickness upon any animal which it met, and rending it to pieces in a moment. Such a creature would, without the least hesitation, devour a serpent twenty feet in length, and so terrible would be its voracity that it would eat twenty or thirty of such snakes in the course of a day.

When fighting with one of his own species, the mole gives his whole energies to the destruction of his opponent, without seeming to heed the injuries which are inflicted upon himself, exhibiting an extraordinary amount of muscular power concentrated into a very small space.

The mole emerges from the earth with unsoiled fur. This cleanliness is due in part to the peculiar character of the hair, and partly to strong membraneous muscle beneath the skin, by means of which the animal gives itself a frequent and powerful shake.

There are many burrowing animals, but the mole is emphatically *the* burrower—the very type of a creature which is intended to pass the whole of an active existence under ground. He absolutely riots in the exuberance of animal spirits and muscular activity, passing through the earth almost like a fish through the water, and giving to its strange and apparently sombre life a poetry and an interest which we fail to

find in the lives of many creatures more richly endowed with external beauty.

Oh, disciple! have you not been wont to regard yourself as occupying, in the Saviour's mind, such a place as a star in the firmament or a leaf in the forest, or at best a sheep in the uncounted fold? If these be your notions, go back to Olivet. Hear the Divine Intercessor exclaiming, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all who shall hereafter believe through their word;" and hear Him promising, ere His feet sunder from its grassy slopes, "And lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world;" and recollect that He, who prayed thus, and promised thus, is He to whom all power is given.—*Hamilton.*

From Talk with my Pupils.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

BY ELIZABETH SEDGWICK.

It is a great blessing to live in the midst of beautiful scenery from which one can have daily draughts of refreshment to the soul, and find pleasant by-paths from the dusty highway of life; and it is delightful sometimes to go in search of what is lovely and grand in nature, that is beyond our own surroundings. *Pursuit* has a charm of its own that it superadds to every object pursued. It is well to enrich, as much as possible, the picture gallery of the memory. There is, besides, great benefit to mind and body, in occasional change of air, of scene, and of occupation.

From an early period in my life as teacher, I have had the habit of taking my pupils on an excursion at some distance, once every summer. The failure to do so has been a rare exception; and I have given them opportunities to become familiar with the high places of nature in our own vicinity, made for the purest worship, and with all her most attractive resorts and hiding-places.

I have been led to believe that, generally, the love of nature, like every other principle of the human mind, although it exists, requires cultivation for its development—I mean in a majority of instances. In some, it is so strong and vigorous, that it expands of itself. To be without it, is a great misfortune, for it is in fact, to be blind, in a most important sense—blind to the glory and beauty of God's wonderful works, to all he has made that can fill the soul with rapture, through the mere seeing of the eye; deaf to ten thousand voices that she utters continually to man—quickening in him what is best and highest in his nature, and helping to spiritualize it; and incapable of a communion through nature, with nature's God—with whom it is desirable that his creatures should be put, by every possible means, in conscious perceptible relation. It having been, therefore, my study to cultivate it in my pupils, I have considered all our excursions near and distant, as a part of this training; and I have seen its effect even upon our drivers, who have driven us frequently. They would often, of their own accord, point out beautiful scenes and objects.

I once sat by a brook with a very little child, who listened intently for a little time, and then said, in a soft, sweet voice: "Mother I love to hear the pretty water." Another little child, standing by the window at sunset, and listening to the wind, said: "Mother, what does the wind say to me?" She knew already that it had a language. There are a thousand pretty sayings of children about the moon and the stars. Perhaps one of the prettiest fancies was that of a child, who thought the stars were "gimlet-holes, to let the glory through." As in the infancy of the world, men are supposed to have had communion with God and the angels, which was afterwards lost; so in the infancy of man's being, he often possesses a consciousness of Nature's presence, and a relationship with her, which passes away, as he becomes engrossed with material life, unless cherished like one of the precious germs of his being. Wordsworth expresses something like this sentiment in the following lines:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily further from the East
Must travel still, is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

The child's heaven remains spread about him, its kingdom is close at hand, and he is invited "to come" into it, by the flowers all about him, by the shining of the stars, and the whispering of the wind. These constitute the alphabet of Nature's language, by which she reveals herself even to a little child, so that he may afterwards learn to read her book as a story, without an end—or he may become inattentive and indifferent to her, so that she will be to him a "sealed book," and even her glorious handwriting on the walls of the firmament shall have no more significance to him than an undecipherd hieroglyphic.

It is the spirit that giveth life. The man who has no love of nature lives in the midst of lifeless unmeaning forms, from which he is quite isolated, except for certain material purposes. He is not a part of Nature's harmonious whole, but a dry, cold unit. He fills his lungs with the air of heaven, and feeds himself on the fruits of the earth, and enlists the magic potency of the north star in the pilotage of his ships, and yet has no distinct recognition of

the wonderful circle of affinities of which he is himself the centre, linking him with Nature in all her ramifications, and subjecting him to her most subtle influences. He is glad of a bright sun, because it will ripen his grain; of clouds, because they will pour down rain for the same purpose. He is glad of day for labor, and night for rest. The sun is not the king of day, but simply light and warmth, and the facilitator of many plans. The clouds are not His "pavilion round about him" who made them, but rain-sifters. Night is not a peerless queen, with a coronet of diamonds upon her brow, but darkness; day is not an uncovering of the fair face of Nature, and the filling of her countenance with light and beauty, but the opener of workshops and factories, the uplifter of signals for labor, the appointer of task-work. He beholds, without emotion, the perpetually recurring miracle of the morning's dawn—the newly created day. Its freshness is not imparted to his soul; its marvellous beauty, as it gradually bursts into bloom, is not reflected there; its hymn of joy is not heard there; its anthems of praise to its great Author find there no response. He sees not how jocund it "stands on the misty mountain-tops;" how out of its glorious chambers it brings a garment of light wherewith to cover the earth. He has no fellowship with it—it does not bring a corresponding morning in his soul, nor enlarge it by its beautiful expansion; it awakens no gratitude within him.

But one who is in Nature's secrets, who is her lover, and to whom she is a friend and a revealer of God, has his own peculiar share in all her glories and beauties, and is elevated, refreshed and strengthened by them. They confer upon him a kind of state, which he will do nothing to dishonor, among the essential attributes of which are purity, refinement, and nobleness of soul.

Gratitude to God for making the world so beautiful ought to be inculcated. I am often made both sorry and indignant by hearing it spoken of as such a miserable place. Men can mar it to any extent; but God has made it lovely, and spread his tender mercies over it. No season is without its charm. In winter, nature does not die, but lies entranced in great pomp of state. Snow-covered mountains are transfigured, and their raiment is white and glistering. Others have a royal robe of blue, more magnificent than that they wear at any other period. The forms of the bare trees are so beautiful, that you are content not to have them "clothed upon." The fresh snow has the purity of the heavens from which it falls. The evergreens, which it touches but to adorn, stand as beautiful emblems of immortality; and the skies above are clear and gorgeous beyond the dream of a summer-worshipper. Notwithstanding my long observation of the fact, that in the dullest day, and when nature's aspect is most forbiding, some charm will be unexpectedly revealed, it has often surprised me to see a flash of her countenance, like that which an eye suddenly kindled darts over a human face.

The question of what use are the influences of nature, resolves itself into one, the irreverence of which will be easily acknowledged. Why did God, who does nothing in vain, make the world beautiful? and give to man the perception of beauty? As well ask, what need have earthly beings, whose material wants necessarily claim much of their time and attention, to be surrounded with all possible aids for the development of their spiritual natures. What need has selfish man, prone to be occupied with his own petty interests, of that which shall make him look away from himself? What need has plodding man, whose eyes are bent on the ground, to have them uplifted towards God? What need has sorrowing man to see God's love and pity expressed in beautiful symbols on every side of him? What need has artistic man for nature's exquisite models and rich materials? What need has weary man for refreshment procured without labor, that he can drink in with every sense? What need has the poor man of a banquet where no payment is demanded, and where no one shall say to him, "Friend give place"—because he is in his father's house? And lastly, What need has the solitary man of soothing companionship? In the great sense, there is but one mediator between God and man. Nature is also a mediator between him and his creatures, because she is a medium of influence from him, and of communion with him. Natural religion is the worthy handmaid of revealed religion; and many of the heathen, doubtless, have lived much nearer to God, in consequence of her ministrations, than they would otherwise have done. I have no doubt, too, that the asperities of religious creeds have been softened through her influences, and their bad effects in some degree corrected.

ITEMS.

The bill which has just passed both Houses, provides for a new five-cent coin, which shall weigh five grammes of the metric system. Three of them will weigh about half an ounce, or the weight of one single letter. It will also serve for weights at apothecaries or elsewhere. The act requires the withdrawal of all fractional notes of less denomination than ten cents.

The Internal Revenue Bureau gives notice to assessors and collectors, that the joint resolution for the exemption of crude petroleum from internal tax or duty, took effect from and after the 9th inst.

Congress.—Among others the following bills were passed in the Senate; one prohibiting the carriage of nitro-glycerine, under certain conditions, and one to provide quarantine measures against the introduc-

tion of the cholera. The bill to fix the time and place of holding courts in Virginia was passed and now awaits the approval of the President.

HOUSE.—The bill to authorize the use of the metric system of weights and measures in the United States was passed. The measure is not compulsory, but merely permissive. Standard weights and measures in accordance with the system are to be furnished to the Governor of each State. Post-office business with foreign countries is to be computed according to weight in grammes. The Committee on Public Lands were directed to report upon the feasibility of planting the Western prairies with timber, or aiding private individuals and companies in the work. A bill was reported providing for the safety of the lives of passengers on steamships. Among other provisions, it contains a section to prohibit the transportation of nitro-glycerine on steamers, ships, boats or wagons which convey passengers, under a heavy penalty. If it is so carried, and death results, the persons offending may be convicted of murder, and punished accordingly. An amendment was proposed to the bill from the Reconstruction Committee. It provides for equal and universal suffrage. The Senate amendments to the post-office appropriation bill were concurred in. The bill to amend the organic acts of the Territories was passed. One section provides that there shall be no denial of the elective franchise on account of color, while all legislative enactments conflicting with it are declared null and void. The Senate bill to authorize the coinage of five-cent pieces was concurred in. The Judiciary Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of altering the laws so as to forbid the abrogation of office at the pleasure of the appointing power. A resolution was passed for the appointment of a committee to examine into the causes and incidents of the Memphis riot.

The bill passed by Congress to admit Colorado into the Union as a State has been vetoed by the President.

THE INDIANS.—The Governor of Idaho has addressed a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, informing him of the massacre of some sixteen friendly Indians, near the mouth of Moore's creek, on the Boise river, by a party of citizens of Ada county. He concludes by saying that there were but two grown males, the rest were Indian women and children. The immediate settlers, miners, protested against the murder, and their statements I shall send you in a few days, showing that the Indians were defenceless and peaceable. If anything will serve to bring on a general Indian war it is such acts as these. I have gathered the rest of the tribe and placed them under the protection of the military of this post. The excitement runs high, and I have all I can do to carry out my instructions against the depraved moral sentiment evinced towards the poor savages. Things look stormy just now, but when the road to the Indian country becomes passable I shall quiet the troubled waters. In no case that I have examined have I found the "Red man" the aggresor, but invariably the trouble springs from some fiendish outrage of "bad white men."

THE FREEDMEN.—Recent reports received by the Commissioner of Freedmen's Affairs represent that, notwithstanding the many impediments in the road of the freedmen, they are conducting themselves in a manner to meet the approval of all loyal men in the South.

The assistant commissioner of the freedmen's bureau for the State of Alabama has informed the Mayor of Selma "that the chain-gang, as a mode of punishment for freedmen, must be discontinued; unless this is done the authorities will be proceeded against under the civil-rights bill. The assistant commissioner is determined to put a stop to a punishment wherein so gross a distinction is made on account of color."

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

In addition to the account furnished last week, we take the following from the Extracts of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting:

The following report from the Committee appointed, to consider the proposition from Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting was read, deliberately considered, and referred to the consideration of the Meeting next year.

"*To the Yearly Meeting:*

"The Joint Committee of men and women Friends, appointed to consider the proposition brought up on the reports from Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting in relation to a change in the Queries, having nearly all met and deliberately considered the important subjects therein contained, unite in recommending its adoption as follows.

Omit from the Fifth Query the words, "Do their children freely partake of learning to fit them for business, and are they and other Friends' children placed among Friends."

Also omit all the annual Queries and the paragraph preceding them on page 93, and substitute as follows, immediately following the Ninth Query.

Tenth Query.—How many schools are there established for the education of our youth, superintended by Committees of the Monthly or Preparative Meetings? What is the number of pupils? How many are members, and how many not members have one parent a member? Are the teachers in membership with Friends? And do they, with their pupils attend our mid-week meetings?

Eleventh Query.—Are Friends careful that their children, while acquiring a literary or business education, are not placed in situations where they may be drawn from our principles and testimonies; and do they provide school instruction for those who need aid in obtaining it?

Twelfth Query.—What changes have been made in the times or places of holding Friends' Meetings? And what new meetings have been settled?

Thirteenth Query.—Are the Queries addressed to the Quarterly, Monthly and Preparative Meetings read, and answered therein as directed?

Also on pages 88 and 89 of our Discipline substitute the words "All the Queries" for "the nine Queries."

The Committee to examine and settle the Treasurer's account produced the following report, which was united with, and William P. Sharpless, therein named, is appointed Treasurer. The Quarterly Meetings are requested to forward their quotas as early as practicable.

"*To the Yearly Meeting:*

The Committee appointed to settle the Treasurer's account, report having examined the same and comparing it with his vouchers,

find it correct, leaving a balance due to the Treasurer, of $288.81, the quotas being all paid in.

They propose raising the sum of Two Thousand Dollars, ($2,000) for the ensuing year.

They are united in proposing William P. Sharpless, to serve the Meeting as Treasurer, the ensuing year.

The concern of the Yearly Meeting on the divided condition of those who are recognized as members of the Society of Friends, was revived by the reading of the minute which referred the subject to the further consideration of this Meeting.

An earnest exercise prevailed, that, although honest differences of sentiment exist among Christian professors, we may ever cultivate Christian love and sympathy toward all, and particularly toward those who are called by the same name, who labor for the promotion of the same testimonies, and for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

We should especially cherish harmony and Christian brotherhood among ourselves, that so we may become a strong and united band, always remembering, that unless we have the Spirit of Christ, and manifest in our intercourse those peaceable dispositions which lead unto brotherly kindness and charity, we can lay no claim to be called by His name.

The Meeting united in recommending the subject to the individual feelings of Friends.

The following minute with some of the exercises of the Meeting was read and united with.

In coming together on this occasion, our minds have been solemnized in the reflection that some of the fathers who were accustomed to meet with us, have been removed; and under this solemn feeling, the Meeting entered upon a consideration of the important subjects which were presented.

The unity and brotherly love which have prevailed throughout the several sittings have been truly encouraging, harmonizing our feelings, and baptizing us by the one spirit into the one body.

The important duty enjoined by the first query, was renewedly felt to be of binding obligation, and if rightly appreciated, will prove a means of our growth in spiritual things, and strengthen us in a love for the brethren. It was impressively urged upon the young men that they should not only attend our meetings on First-days, but also those in the middle of the week, and for discipline. Those who have long felt the importance of this obligation, and whose age and experience qualify them for the service, were incited to the necessity of giving practical evidence of their interest in the young nd inexperienced, by visiting them in the love of the Gospel, and extending the hand of help and encouragement.

Our dear youth were reminded that the concerns of the Society must soon devolve upon them: and affectionate invitations were extended to them, to unite with their elder brethren in a faithful maintenance of our religious testimonies.

The duty of parents, in the moral and religious education of their children, was impressively adverted to.

While maintaining the spirituality of true religion, let it not be forgotten that external helps have been mercifully provided; and while guarding them against pernicious publications let such reading be liberally furnished as will tend to strengthen the intellectual, moral and religious nature.

The frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures was especially recommended to all our members.

These invaluable writings, so marvellously preserved to us, are accepted by Friends, in common with all Christian sects, as a standard by which religious doctrines are to be tested and proved; and whatever errors of translation they may contain, they are, and ever have been, a comfort and strength to all who read them with a single eye to that witness for God in the soul of which they so abundantly testify. While we do not regard them as the Word of God, we have ever held that they were "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." We were exhorted to guard against improper criticism, or lightly speaking of, or in any way depreciating them, lest we lay the foundation of irreverence or disbelief.

We are encouraged to hope that the testimony on the subject of spirituous liquors is generally appreciated by our members, although it is feared that their use as a drink is on the increase in the community, and earnest appeals were made that all, and particularly our dear youth, should maintain a watchful care against this insidious enemy, which has blasted the hopes and ruined the prospects of many a promising young man, who has been almost imperceptibly beguiled into the practice. The most effectual means of preservation from this and other evils is habitual watchfulness unto prayer. "Watch and pray continually, lest ye enter into temptation."

While we are recommended to habits of industry and economy, in order that proper provision may be made for our families, a fear was expressed that the accumulation of wealth may prove an insiduous and grievous snare, leading to the sin of covetousness, which, while it closes the heart against the charities of life, leads both ourselves and our children to an un-

due love of the world, to the exclusion of the love of God and our neighbor.

In view of the sad breaches made by the spirit of war, the Meeting was led into exercise for the faithful maintenance of our testimony to the peaceable nature of Christ's kingdom. Notwithstanding our deficiencies, the influence of Friends is believed to have been important in keeping alive this testimony during the trying period through which we have recently passed; and earnest desires were expressed that we might all seek for a qualification to bear aloft the standard of the Prince of Peace before the nations.

Evidence was furnished of the religious concern that has been manifested towards those of our members who entered into the strife; and we are comforted in the assurance that tender care has been, and continues to be, extended towards them.

In the treatment of all offenders it should ever be borne in mind that the object is to restore; and overseers, and other concerned members, should seek and wait for a qualification, in a meek and patient spirit, to bring back those who have wandered from the fold.

A Committee was appointed to assist the Clerks in transcribing and forwarding the Epistles, and in preparing, publishing, and distributing the extracts.

LITTLE THINGS.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and powers; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; it is a promise, redeem it—it is a shilling, hand it over; you know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to children; they will mark it sooner than any one else; and the effects will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

"The worst evils" (says the proverb) "are those that never arrive." By way of practical counsel to all borrowers of trouble, I would say —Face the real difficulties and troubles of life, and you won't have time for practising the art of self-tormenting. The most contented people in the world are those who are most occupied in alleviating with Christian heart and hand the sorrows that flesh is heir to. Visit the homes of ignorance and poverty and vice, and in the face of the terrible realities you will there witness, your own petty cares will seem as nothing. The anxieties of the fancy will vanish altogether, while you will be far more able to bear those burdens which, though real, will seem light by comparison.—*Our Own Fireside.*

The following Essay by Henry B. Hallock, and read at one of the conferences held by Friends in New York, has been sent us by the author for publication:

To every one to whom the cause of Truth is dear it must be a source of deep regret that the standard of righteousness that was so nobly upheld by our fathers, has in these latter days, been allowed to trail in the dust; and the question naturally arises, why is this so? Why is it that those principles that were by them esteemed so highly, are by us considered of so little worth? Why is it that the meetings for discipline that they established, and did so much to uphold, are by us so much neglected? Why is it that our meetings for worship, that with them were so full of life and power, appear to be losing their hold upon the hearts of our members?

For many years past the answer to the first query of our discipline has been something like this: "Our First-day morning meetings are attended by most of our members, while those held in the afternoon, and in the middle of the week, are much neglected." The reasons for this are obvious. Living as we do in a commercial city, where, during the week, the time of many of our members, from early dawn until late at night, is devoted to business, it is only natural that when First-day afternoon arrives they should feel that it is not only their privilege, but a Christian duty, to call their families around them and give them that attention that is denied them during the week. Again, there are those among us who, being confined during the week in close, illy-ventilated, apartments, believe that having attended meeting in the morning, they have done all that is required of them in that respect, and feel at liberty in the afternoon to go out upon the hills and enjoy the beauties of nature, invigorating both body and mind by drinking in the pure atmosphere of the country.

The neglect in the attendance of our meetings for discipline, as well as of those for worship in the middle of the week, is owing in part to the fact that they are held at an hour of the day when men of business have least leisure, and partly to the circumstance that many of our younger members being clerks, do not feel it to be their duty to sacrifice the interest of their employers to their own, even for so worthy an object as that of attending meeting.

There are doubtless many among us who feel deeply the sacrifices they are obliged to make

in this respect, and would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to attend, but who believe that they have no choice in the matter. Another reason why our meetings are not better attended is, that they are wanting in interest. Were we really and truly a spiritually minded people, were the objects of the invisible world as real to our minds as those of the outward creation, were humility, purity and faith as tangible to us as wealth, pleasure and power, we could sit together in silence and know of being refreshed and strengthened. But such is not the case! hence the necessity for ministers.

Our ministers may be divided into three classes: First, those who are sincere in their desire to do good, but have mistaken their calling. The ministration of such generally consists in quotations from the Scriptures and long rambling discourses without life or profit. Another class are those who, having received the Gospel traditionally, preach from the intellect, and consequently do not reach the heart. Often well versed in the Scriptures and the doctrines of the Society, as held by early Friends, and having a good command of language, they are able to please the ear by a repetition of beautiful and well selected words, but which—not proceeding from the inner life of the speaker,—do not reach that of the hearer.

Thanks be to God, there is still another class who, though small in numbers, are mighty in power. These are they who, through faithfulness, have become partakers of the Divine nature, and are thus prepared to speak to the condition of the people. These are they who recognize the fact, that even the sublime doctrine of the "inner light," if preached traditionally, degenerates into a mere religious dogma. These are they whose daily lives illustrate the virtues that they teach. Even when no word is spoken, we feel that it is indeed a privilege to meet with such, for we know that there is a power for good in the influence of their bright example.

Admitting that God is unchanged and unchangeable, and that Truth in all ages is essentially the same, it is nevertheless a fact that each age has its own peculiar work to perform, and cannot follow blindly in the steps of its predecessor.

The great and besetting sin of the present age is worldliness. Born into a world of exceeding beauty, surrounded on every hand by objects calculated for the gratification of the senses, gifted with intellect and affections, the very exercise of which is a joy unspeakable, it is no wonder that these things take deep root in our minds. It matters little in what way it manifests itself, whether in the acquisition of wealth, the love of society, a fondness for literature and the fine arts, or any other; it is worldliness still, and consequently opposed to the self-denying religion of Jesus Christ.

Now the Apostle has said, that "the natural (or worldly minded) man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." Seeing that this is so, we need in the ministry more spiritually minded men and women, who, meeting us on this low ground, will be enabled through the power of the Highest to hold up to view the beauty of holiness as exemplified by the life and character of the Divine Master, and thus lead us, step by step, up into the purer atmosphere of a more spiritual life. The Apostle Paul understood this, when, in his letter to the church at Corinth, he said: "I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal; even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither are ye yet able."

Jesus himself recognized this want when, after inquiring again and again of a disciple if he loved him, he said in language so full of tenderness, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs." It is to be feared, that it has been for the want of food suited to their condition that so many precious lambs have been lost to the fold.

As individuals, and consequently as a society, we have suffered a deep loss by the rejection of the Divine Master as our example. How rarely in our households, or in our meetings, is the name of Jesus so much as mentioned; and even then, it is more for the purpose of illustrating some favorite doctrine than to lead us to follow His example, by pointing out the sublime beauty of His self-denying life. In our anxiety to avoid the great error of worshipping Him as God; in our fear lest we should admit the power of His blood to cleanse us from sin; we have passed to the other extreme, and His name is seldom mentioned among us. Many of us know and acknowledge with deep gratitude, how pregnant with good is the example of a truly devoted, self-denying parent. How often, in the dark hour of temptation, we have been led to recall the memory of such an one, and how it has strengthened us to bear our trial with fortitude and come out scathless.

If the example of a frail being like ourselves is so powerful, how much greater would be that of the pure and spotless one? Could we keep ever before our minds, even a faint conception of the majesty and sublime benignity of His character, how poor would appear our unworthy aims. Contrasted with the nobleness and Divine earnestness of His life, how abject would appear a life entirely devoted to the things of this world. It would appear almost impossible to habitually contemplate His character with

out a growing love for Him, and an ever-increasing desire to follow in His footsteps. It is true, that a state that requires an outward example is not the highest state, but it is also true that as the little child needs the supporting hand of its mother to steady its tottering footsteps while gaining confidence in its own powers, so, the child, in the knowledge of Divine things, needs the support of outward example while acquiring faith in the sustaining power of the inward principle. In this way we should come to realize more and more the necessity of practical righteousness.

Instead of standing apart as a peculiar people, and placing our dependence upon a strict adherence to the traditions of our fathers, we should go out into the world, and show our faith by our works.

The formation of the "Freedmen's Relief Association" was a step in the right direction. Throughout the length and breadth of our society, the young were rejoiced to find this one channel of usefulness opened to them. But we need not stop here.

Notwithstanding all that has been done by Christians of other denominations, there are still thousands of children at our very doors who need assistance and instruction in the first principles of morality.

A little attention to these, by the establishment of mission schools, would not only benefit them, but would serve to place our society where it was originally built—upon the broad foundation of practical righteousness. But this is not all. Were our children taught that it is absolutely wrong to squander money on personal adornment, while there is so much suffering in the world, and were they not only taught this, but did they know that money thus saved would be applied for the instruction of the ignorant and the elevation of the fallen, there would be less complaint of the violation of our Discipline in regard to simplicity.

So true it is that the Christian virtues, like the stones in an arch, mutually support and sustain each other; and it is only when every virtue is in its place, performing its proper office, that the arch is complete, through which we may pass calmly and serenely into the Land of Promise.

God cannot be absent from any thing that is holy, however remote, however insignificant it may be. In the nature of things it is impossible. From the first moment of the soul's restoration to purity, however cast-out and wretched it may have been before, it recognizes the approach of the Divinity. From that memorable hour, it enters into a divine companionship, which neither time, nor place, nor power, nor selfish men can delay or separate. God's love to a truly purified being is infinite, and nothing short of infinite power could keep Him, even for a moment, from a most intimate and essential union with such a holy soul. No matter in what *outward* condition that soul may be; no matter how unhonored and unknown among men, it has no sooner become purified in the baptism of holiness, than it shines infinitely more brightly to the omniscient eye than the purest and brightest star of his own glittering firmament.—*Upham.*

EXTRACTS FROM "PATIENCE OF HOPE."

"There is a sadness in all Idealism; it lifts the soul into a region where it cannot now dwell; it must return to earth, and it is hard for it to do so but at the shock of a keen revulsion—the dashing of the foot against a stone. But in no life does the secret of all tragedy, the conflict between the will and circumstance, so unfold itself as in that of the Christian; he, of all men, feels and mourns over that sharp, ever-recurring contrast of our existence,—the glorious capabilities; the limited attainments of man's nature and destiny below. For his possibilities are at once more glorious and more assured than those of other men; yet, as regards actuabilities, he among all men must be content to have the least to show. And this, if we examine deeply, will be found at the root of all sincere fanaticism. It is the agony of the spirit, its strict, convulsive embrace of some glorious truth, the soul's first love, for the sake of which it refuses to perceive the limitations to which all things here have been made subject. We say Quakerism has decayed and dwindled; but why? Even because the wide and loving principles it promulgated in an age of dreary spiritual exclusivism have been, since the days of the early Friends, (the first apostles of so many a holy cause), gradually and silently incorporated into the thoughts of Christian men in general. *They*, as Howitt says, have missed being a great people, but the truths they so simply and perseveringly advocated have *not* failed of their mark.

"The Christian life is no drama planned to correspond with certain prescribed unities of time and situation; but, *because it is a life*, it is too solemn, too real a thing to be bounded by any such limitations. The Bible prescribes no fixed routine of religious experience, and I know not how to express my sense of the crudity, I would also say cruelty, of such religious writings as insist upon certain phases of feeling as being essential to every true conversion; thus making sad the heart of the righteous whom God has not made sad. '*The gods*,' said the wise heathen, '*give not all things to men at all times.*' Have Christians yet to learn that certain feelings are only proper, say rather, are only *possible*, to certain stages of experience? *That when we are able to receive such things*

we do receive them, and until then must be content to wait, *abiding in the truth*, growing up in it from day to day, but forcing nothing either upon themselves or others.

"How careful should we guard against the passing of a religious truth into a religious conventionalism! The deepest expressions of feeling, as when St. Paul, seeing so far into his own nature, and into God's purity, *is able* to call himself the chief of sinners, becomes *false*, *commonplace*, when taken up by those who do not feel, but merely repeat them—when they are out of all harmony with the life and consciousness of the speaker. We may apply this also to the crude admonitions so often addressed to afflicted people; the set phrases in which, without any consideration of his fitness to receive such sayings, the sufferer is referred to the will of God, the love of Christ, for compensation. Yet the loss of a felt, experienced good, even of an earthly kind, can only be made up for by a comfort equally felt and experienced; *and how can that be a comfort which has never been a joy?*"

DEATH IS MY GAIN.

(Concluded from page 182.)

Even when in the full enjoyment of health, the unrighteous man cannot at times help blushing at his own depravity. In the midst of his evil-doing he is obliged to confess to himself that he is acting in a manner which he cannot justify either to God or to man. But his soul, though feeling what is right, is conquered by the power of his sensual being, to which long habit has given the mastery. But when the power of the senses declines with the strength of the body, when self-delusion is no longer possible, and the soul recognizes itself in all its hideousness—then what must be his state? With what feelings must *he* look to the future, who has lost *all* upon earth, and who has nothing to hope from eternity?

How different the condition of the wise and noble spirit, which knows its duties and fulfils them, and honors the high purpose for which the omnipotence of God called it into existence. How different the condition of the Christian, who has gained full ascendancy over his lower nature, and ever places the claims of the soul above those of the body; who understands the deep import of the words, to live in Christ.

To him death is a gain. How could it be a loss to him? To him who has made the divine thoughts of Christ his own, neither this earth, nor his own house, nor village, nor city, is his true home. He is conscious that he was not born to be for ever attached to the clod of earth which he cultivates to satisfy his earthly necessities, but to be a citizen of the eternal and infinite realm of God. In his eyes it is not this short life on earth which is the most important, but the life in the entire divine creation. The universe is his Father's house, and God, who dwells therein, is his Father, and every soul in it is bound to him by the ties of brotherhood.

To him death is a gain. For what loss does the soul sustain in death? It only throws off its heavy earthly veil; it only changes its garment; it receives from the Father of love a more beautiful raiment, instead of the cast-off vestment, which its altered circumstances have rendered useless. The soul remains what it was, God remains with it, the divine universe with all the wonders of creation, remain. What does it lose? The friends and relatives whom it loved on earth? Oh, no, they are still in the house of the Father, they are still bound to it by the same ties of brotherhood as before, though they cannot communicate with it any longer through earthly means. Nay, its loved ones are not lost to it. That cannot be lost which is in the hands of God.

Or can it be said that this sublunary life is full of roses, and has no thorns? It is true that with the change I lose many pleasures, but then also I shall be placed above many fears and many sorrows. Tears will never be shed by me again, for sweet is the fate of liberated souls!—Is this earthly life so full of unmixed happiness that we should wish it to endure for ever? Why do persons of very advanced age so frequently long for rest, for dissolution, for liberation, for removal into the better life? and why among thousands and thousands of people, is there not one, who, if the choice were given, would begin life over again if its course were to be exactly the same? Well then, what great loss can this life be in reality, when there are so few to whom it has through its whole course brought sufficient happiness to induce them to wish it to remain for ever as it was? Is it not rather a gain for souls, who can with confidence resign themselves to it, to go over into another and a better world? After all what are the terrors of death? Merely the terrors of a childishly timid imagination. The same God, O Soul, that divests thee of one garment, will invest thee with another.

He who knows how to live with Christ, will also know how to die joyfully with Him. (1 Cor. xv. 31.) He dies each time he lifts his thoughts to God and forgets all earthly matters. He dies each time he communes in spirit with his departed loved ones, and feels that he is with them. For in such solemn moments this world is to him as if it were not. He is in the presence of God, in the presence of those he loved. He is what his soul will be when it has been uncoiled from its earthly veil; only not in such great perfection as it will be when it shall be able to communicate with God and the loved friends, in a new vestment, and

as it were, through means of more glorious instruments.

Death is my gain; for what is the purpose of my life on earth? Like all mankind, I am destined to live eternally; all nature teaches me this, and therefore, even here below, I am to live for eternity; and all my longing is for a better, higher existence. It is with this in view that I labor to improve myself; it is with this in view that I endeavor to adorn my spirit with every virtue. That which I become through Christ, that is, through following His divine example, that shall I be on yonder side the grave. It is therefore death that leads me to the desired goal. Through it, I reach what I have been ever striving for; through it I become what I was destined to be.

Death is my gain. I exchange a less perfect garment for a more perfect one, exchange a lower seat, in the great paternal house of the universe, for a higher one; I exchange an inferior degree of happiness for a state of bliss, of which my limited earthly faculties can as little form a conception, as the lowly worm in the dust can form a conception of the joys that may vibrate in the bosom of rational man. I proceed from a necessitous state into a world of overflowing plenty, where a drop becomes an ocean, and a spark of light becomes a sun.

Death is my gain. Why should my soul be alarmed at the unknown road along which it has to travel? Is the path I have to wander here below better known to me? Is not each succeeding hour of my life shrouded to me in impenetrable darkness? Do I know what will happen to me the next moment? Whither I shall go? And yet I live through each of those hours, and each becomes light to me as soon as I live in it.

And equally light will be the hour that succeeds that of death. The unknown road will be made known to me as soon as I enter upon it. Why then should I recoil from it with a shudder? Is it not the same as has been trodden by the dear ones who have gone before me? Why should I not be rejoiced to follow in the path of those souls who will ever be precious to me? Perhaps in the very moment when the earthly veil falls from my spirit, I shall recognize those dear ones, whom I believed so far removed from me, and shall learn that they were always nearer to me, than in my earthly state I had any conception of.

Yea, verily, death is my gain! It is closer union with the Father of spirits; it is reunion with my glorified loved ones, for whom my soul is yearning; reunion with those for whom to this day my wounded heart bleeds, my eyes weep. Reunion! Renewed possession! Renewed life! O ye, whom God's hand directed towards me, and linked to me in his creation! To find you again! To love you again! To be ever united with beloved and glorified souls! What bliss in this thought! God gave you to me: God, the most exalted love, inspired us with this love, which death cannot destroy, and which binds the mortal, as with invisible bonds, to the inhabitants of the higher world! God does not destroy that which is holy, which is good—for it is his own work! And love is the highest good which souls can acquire in their mutual intercourse. It is because He is Himself Infinite Love, that God has peopled the universe with living souls.

Death is my gain! May this be my last sigh on my bed of death; and may the thought of the love of my Creator, and of the dear ones that have preceded me into another life, be the last that occupies my soul, ere the veil falls from it. When it drops, my spirit shall at once be in those realms of glory which they entered before me.

Therefore, O Christ, O divine Revealer of the Father, be thou my life, for without Thee, to die were to see my soul enter into destruction! O God enlightened Teacher, I will think Thy thoughts, I will walk according to Thy divine doctrines. I will contemplate from Thy elevation all earthly matters. With Thy love I will love my brethren, with Thy zeal endeavor to spread joy and happiness around me. With Thy courage I will overcome every obstacle to virtue, and will master myself so as to be able to act justly, nobly, divinely. With Thy patience I will bear every ill of life, with Thy wisdom and moderation enjoy its pleasures. With Thy faith I will walk meekly and trustingly in the ways of Providence, and through thine eyes I will look up to eternity as to my Father's house, and to God as to my Father.

For if Christ be my life, death is my gain.

LAWS OF HEALTH GOD'S LAWS.

It is wonderful how views of life depend upon exercise and the right management of the physical constitution. Nor is this, rightly looked at, any cause for perplexity, though it seems so at first; for though we might be inclined to view it as a degradation of our higher nature to find it so dependent upon the lower, and hope and faith and energy resulting from a walk or early hours, yet, in fact, it is only proof that all the laws of our manifold being are sacred, and that disobedience of them is punished by God. And the punishment in one department of our nature of the transgressions committed in the other—as, for instance, when mental gloom comes from uncleanliness or physical inertia, and, on the other hand, where ill-health ensues from envy or protracted doubt—is but one of the many instances of the law of vicarious suffering. We are, as it were, two; and one suffers by what the other does. I cannot acquire the sickly taste of admiring the delicacy

of ill-health. Beauty, in my eyes, depends much upon association; and the delicacy that calls up one's knowledge of morbid anatomy, and suggests the thought of disordered functions and abnormal states and physicians' attendance, never affects me with a sense of beauty. This may be an unfashionable view; but I am certain it is a sound and healthy one, fresh from nature's heart. I admire the beauty which God made—health—immeasurably above the counterfeit which man procures.—*Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 2, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—William Dorsey obtained a minute from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting to attend New York Yearly Meeting.

Ann Weaver obtained a minute from Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, to attend Genesee Yearly Meeting, and to appoint meetings going and returning therefrom.

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING has been in session this week. As soon as the Extracts are furnished us we will give some account of its proceedings.

GENESEE YEARLY MEETING will be held in Canada the present year. It will convene on the 11th inst.

We would ask the friend who sent the interesting railroad incident to give us his authority for the account.

MARRIED, on the 24th of Fourth month, 1866, in Loudoun Co., Va., THOMAS EDMUNDSON, of Richmond Monthly Meeting, Ind., and MARY ELLEN BIRDSALL, a member of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting.

DIED, on the 18th of Fifth month, 1866, at her residence in West Chester, Pa., SUSAN H. HICKMAN, widow of Benjamin Hickman, in her 73d year; a member of Concord Monthly Meeting. This dear and faithful Christian has through life furnished abundant evidence of her fitness for the kingdom of eternal peace and rest. Her sympathies were always alive for the poor and suffering, giving bountifully for their aid and comfort. Although the most of her life her health had been delicate, this feeble constitution she endured with resignation. During her last sickness, her advice to her children was truly impressive: "Act honorably in the sight of thy Heavenly Father." "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at thy door," were the last words syllabled forth by the dying lips of this Christian mother.

——, on the 5th of Fourth month, 1866, of paralysis, SUSAN ANN BIRDSALL, wife of Samuel Birdsall, in the 46th year of her age; a member of New York Monthly Meeting. Her sickness was protracted, but she bore it with resignation, and even cheerfulness. Her sympathies were alive for the poor and the distressed, often affording them relief. Verily she had her reward, in the glorious prospect which opened to her when she drew near her end, and the peaceful close with which she was favored.

DIED, on the 28th of Fourth month, 1866, in Danby, Vt., JONATHAN HILL, a worthy and beloved member of Danby Monthly Meeting. On the morning of the 19th, he, with his wife, attended meeting as usual, but before meeting closed he was taken with a severe chill, which proved to be the commencement of his last illness. Being unable to reach home, they stopped at the house of his brother-in-law, where he was carefully cared for till his death. A distressing circumstance attending his sickness was the illness of his beloved wife, which prevented her ministering to him. Retaining perfectly his consciousness, he left this precious consolation, "that in looking over the past he saw many misses, but he believed they were all forgiven, and that he saw nothing in his way." During his illness he requested to be lovingly remembered to all his friends. Thus has passed away in calmness and with the seal of perfect peace a consistent Christian, a kind neighbor and friend, a tender brother, and a loving husband; having nearly completed his 60th year.

——, on the 15th of Fifth month, 1866, MARY K., youngest child of Dr. Albert H. Smith, and granddaughter of Charles Kaighn, of Philadelphia, aged 14 months and 18 days.

——, on the 14th of Fourth month, 1866, near Whitemarsh, Montgomery Co., Pa., SARAH S., wife of George M. Wilson.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

The members of Friends' Social Lyceum propose having their *Third Annual "Reunion"* at Swarthmore, near Westdale Station, on the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad, on the 16th of Sixth month, 1866. If unfavorable weather should prevent the excursion, it will take place on the succeeding Seventh-day, (6th month 23d,) at the same hour.

Delegates have been invited from various Literary Associations, and a general invitation is extended to Friends in the city and country.

The cars leave Thirty-First and Market Streets, West Philadelphia, at 7.20, 9 (*Special Train,*) 11 A.M., and 2.15 P.M.; returning, will leave Westdale for the city about 2.40, 5.55, and 8.05 P.M. Those residing along the line of the Baltimore Central and West Chester Railroad will arrive and depart by the regular trains,—all of which will stop at Westdale Station on this day.

Excursion tickets may be had of any of the Committee, or at the Depot previous to the departure of the trains, at Fifty cents each; Children, half price. Corresponding rates from other points.

Literary Exercises will be held at 10 A.M. and 3 P.M.

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE, 509 Commerce St., J. MORGAN COOPER, 203 Market, JACOB M. ELLIS, 325 Walnut, CHAS. A. DIXON, 715 Market, JOS. L. HANCOCK, 33d above Baring, HENRY BENTLEY, S. E. cor. Third and Chestnut, HENRY C. HAWKINS, 1024 Chestnut, REB. T. BUCKMAN, 645 N. Eighth, HOWARD GOURLEY, 523 N. Seventh, CLEMMONS PARRISH, 800 Arch, ALFRED MOORE, 331 N. Sixth, T. H. SPEAKMAN, 26 N. Seventh, J. M. TRUMAN, JR., 717 Willow,

Committee on Arrangements.

SILENCE.

If the tongue does the talking, it has also been abundantly talked about. It has been denounced from the earliest times, and by the best and wisest of men. Inspired sages have compared it to "a sharp razor working deceitfully;" to "sharp arrows of the mighty with coals of juniper." And by later inspiration it has been described as "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," more untamable than the fiercest beast or the deadliest reptile. So has the Bible magnified the power of the tongue for evil, that an apostle declares that the religion of a man who does not bridle his tongue is vain; and so decisive is its influence upon character that the same sacred teacher affirms the man to be perfect who offends not in word.

The mere possession, therefore, of the faculty of speech, involves a terrible power and a corresponding responsibility. The man who can talk, though he may be able to do nothing else, may divulge a secret on which may hang the fate of empires. A tongue that moves without grace or reason may overthrow the plans of the highest reason. The "little member" not only "boasts," but *does* "great things"—great evil and great good. The good, however, can only grow from diligent culture. The loving and well-desiring heart must lay its influence on the tongue, and the intellect must drill its natural and easy recklessness into order and care; must show it that even greater care is needful in spending our words than our money; that we are as much God's stewards and almoners in the use of our tongues, as in the use of hand or mind.

To understand this strange and wilful little member, to bring it under discipline and enable it to serve its purpose, its motions must sometimes be checked, rest must be prescribed, and careful, deliberative dissection resorted to. Only thus can be learned and acquired the grace of silence, and of tempered reticent speech.

The grace of silence challenges respect even in its lower forms. It is still a grace when it is not spiritual. Not all silence indeed; for there is a silence which comes of cowardice, which is born of shame, and drags a man down below the level of a faithful watch dog. A raven will not speak when he sees the highest truths dragged in the mud, and will silently breathe his cowardly lips in a traitorous smile while his best friends are traduced. And even a fool may be taught the trick of silence, as a parrot the mimicry of speech. The silence of prudence and discretion is quite another thing. It is not simply an over-dignified and plainly self-conscious constraint, which always puts on a look of wisdom made ridiculous by a sprinkle of complacency and condescension. It is good, hearty, interested listening that has caught the flow of our neighbor's speech, or having sincere respect for his character, need not and would not simulate an interest in his thoughts. It is a natural, unconscious listening which lends power when the time comes for speech.

Indeed, there is a sort of speech in conversation which wears an air of silence; which is exceedingly like a pure movement of the intellect; which is so quiet, so thoroughly natural, that one never thinks of it as brilliant, or the reverse, or even as talk at all. We have only received thoughts, or rather, perhaps inspiration. Our friend has only opened his breast and allowed us to read; or, to change the figure, we have quaffed without hearing the ripple of the fountain. The silence which is followed by such speech as this is power. As the silence was speaking, so the speaking is silent; the weight of each is in each.

Silence, however, is not only a noble art which nature accepts at the hands of culture; it is also a Christian grace. Whoever has schooled his tongue into perfect order, and finds it as easy to be spoken to as to speak; whoever feels, in a promiscuous conversation, where controversies runs high, no heat of the brain stirring up the prurience of speech, no hurry to squeeze into the gaps of the talk, no strong impulse to trip up and prostrate some incautious interlocutor, but is willing and able coolly to await his turn, and when it comes even to throw it away if some one else has made his contribution needless, is an extraordinary person, and if he feels no envy of his competitors, or chagrin for himself, he is a Christian. His silence is power over himself, and he is "able to bridle the whole body."

But Christian silence has even a higher sphere than this. It is one of the forms of devotion. We supplicate, we speak in many forms, in prayer. But is there not a time to wait for God to speak? Having invited the Lord into his tabernacle, and thrown open the doors and windows, are we not to listen for his footstep? And if we feel his kingly tread upon our lowly floor, are we not to allow him to be quietly seated that we may hear the music of his voice speaking to the ear within?

Yes, there is a silence which is devotion. It is not thinking; it is not even the form of thought which we call meditation. It is only a quiet, calm, collected listening, to know what God, the Lord, will say to us. It is analogous to what we note in the minds of great discoverers in the field of science. The great key ideas of the world have not been thought out, but they have been *suggested* to patient, quiet souls, and thought out afterwards. They have heard the voice of nature, because they were patient and persistent listeners. God's works are an image of himself. Having spoken to God, we should often silently listen for his answer.—*The Methodist.*

ANIMAL GRAFTS.

The possibility of engrafting one part of a living animal on another portion of the same animal, has long been recognized as a physiological fact, and underlies the whole practice of "plastic surgery." A lost nose or an unsightly opening in the face may be, in a great degree, remedied, at least as far as appearances go, by such an operation. But in these cases the old connections are not wholly destroyed until the new ones are established. The skin out of which the substitute for a nose is made is allowed to retain an attachment to, and derive nourishment from, the forehead, until it forms a union with the parts with which it has been newly brought in contact, and only then its old connections, becoming unnecessary, are divided. Completely severed fingers sometimes unite when carefully brought together, and teeth which have been knocked wholly out will re-unite with their sockets when replaced. Individual tissues, as parts of a muscle, nerve, etc., have been from time to time transferred from one animal to another, where they have formed an organic union and lived.

The recent experiments of Bert in grafting, more than eighty in number, and for which he has received a prize from the Academy of Sciences in Paris, are the most complete hitherto recorded, and some of his results show a greater persistence of life in separated parts than had been previously supposed possible. They consisted chiefly in transplanting the tail, or other parts, of one animal into or beneath the skin, or into the cavity of the abdomen, of the same or of another animal. The following will serve to illustrate the nature as well as some of the results of Bert's observations. The tail of a rat was cut off, a portion of its end was deprived of its skin, and then inserted into an opening on the back and secured in place; a complete adhesion of the parts followed, and the tail was sufficiently nourished in its new position. In another case a piece of tail 2.5 centimetres long, from which the skin had been removed, was inserted under the skin of another rat so as to be completely covered in; the wound soon healed. Two months afterwards, by manipulating through the skin, one of the vertebræ of the transplanted part was fractured; about three months from the beginning of the experiment the rat was killed, and the fragment of tail had not only formed an organic union with the surrounding parts, but had grown from 2·5 to 9 centimetres in length, and the fractured portions had united, showing that its life was fully maintained. In like manner, the foot of one rat, from which the skin had been removed, was inserted under the skin of another, where it formed a union and increased considerably in size.

The following experiment has an important bearing on the physiology of nerves, since it adds another fact in evidence that nerves are more indifferent as conductors than has generally been supposed. The prevailing view has been that sensitive nerves only conduct impressions inwards to the nervous centres, and motor nerves from the centres outwards. The curious experiment of Vulpian, though as yet it has not been often repeated, tends to show that this is not true. He divided the motor and sensitive nerves of the tongue, and, crossing them, united the ends of the first with those of the second. After the union was complete he was able to excite muscular contractions by stimulating the sensitive nerve, which readily transmitted impressions made upon it to the motor nerve. It will be seen that in this case the sensitive nerve acted in a direction opposite to that in which it ordinarily acts. Bert engrafted the tip of a cat's tail into her back, and, after the union was completed, severed it at its base, so that it then hung from its tip and received its nourishment in a direction the reverse of the natural one. The sensibility of the tail was at first destroyed, but at length returned after a union had been formed between its nerves and those of the body. When it was pinched she defended herself in the usual way. Here, too, the nerve transmitted its impressions in a direction the reverse of the natural one, the tail having been turned end for end.

The time for which a part may retain its vitality after being separated from the body was also investigated, and, if Bert's observations are to be trusted, is much longer than has been supposed hitherto. Two young rats had each a piece of its own tail four centimetres long, and an equal piece of the tail of another and adult rat, engrafted into its body, after the parts had been detached from their living connections for twenty-four hours; during this interval the parts were kept in a glass tube inverted over water. They formed a union in their new places, and the immature tails increased in size. Successful grafts were made in other cases after the separation had lasted in one instance for twenty-six hours, in another three days, and in another eight days, the respective tails being enclosed during these periods in tightly corked tubes, and kept at a moderate temperature. He has shown by a series of experiments that the maintenance of a steady and moderate temperature during the period of separation is important. In parts kept at a temperature of from 50° to 54° F. the vitality persisted for several days; at 68° for seventeen hours; and at 86° only seven hours and a half. That the parts had fairly formed a living connection in the above instances was shown not only by their adhesions, but by the aid of injections, which proved that the blood vessels of the body and the graft communicated with each other.

Bert has not been successful in engrafting parts of a given animal on to another of a different genus.—*The Nation.*

WASTED TIME.

BY NEURY MORFORD.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thoughts of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;
Alone with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,—
There glooms one shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb,
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been,
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving ever our meed to win,
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from nought that the world could do,
Fearing nought but the touch of crime,
Laboring, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame and tears,
And washes away all things beside?
Who shall give us the strength, e'en now,
To leave forever this holiday mime,
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,
The things that *die no* life renew;
But e'en from the rust of this cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through:
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with a strength sublime,
And makes each year outdo the last,—
There is no Wasted Time.

Beware of Peter's word;
Nor confidently say,
"I *never will* deny thee, Lord;"
But, "Grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is, to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
That trusted in his own.

Oh, disciple! have you not been wont to regard yourself as occupying, in the Saviour's mind, such a place as a star in the firmament or a leaf in the forest, or at best a sheep in the recounted fold? If these be your notions, go back to Olivet. Hear the Divine Intercessor disclaiming, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all who shall hereafter believe through their word;" and hear Him promising, ere His feet withdraw from its grassy slopes, "And lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world;" and recollect that He, who prayed thus, and promised thus, is He to whom all power is given.—*Hamilton.*

MANNERS.

BY MARY G. CHANDLER.

(Concluded from page 188.)

The ill-bred fashionist sails haughtily into the shop where she obtains materials for her adornment, and with a supercilious air purchases her ribbons and laces of a sulky girl, who revenges herself for not being able to wear the costly gauds, by treating as rudely as she dares the customer who can; and as they look upon each other, the one with scorn, and the other with envious hate, we see in both only the very same littleness of feminine vanity, which in its narrow-minded silliness believes that the first requisite of a lady is costly garments.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that in our higher society there are no good manners, none that are really good in essence and purpose, as well as in form; and it would be an equal mistake to suppose that in all society of lower caste there is either a want of true refinement or an envy and distrust of all that is above it; but it is also true that there is a magic circle known as "genteel," and a perpetual antagonism prevails here between those who are within and those who desire admittance, but are refused; as there are literary circles where contentions and envyings arise between pedantic scholarship and assuming ignorance.

The ill-breeding so often complained of in the intercourse between the different classes of society, and by none more indignantly than those who exercise it most, results from the factitious value set upon the externals of life by those who estimate them in proportion as they give distinction among men, and not as they increase the means of happiness and usefulness in this world, and so prepare us for the usefulness and happiness of the world to come.

Those among the poor, the ignorant, and the vulgar, whose hearts are burning with envy and hatred; and those among the rich, the learned, and the fashionable, who are rendered arrogant and supercilious by their possessions, are alike unconscious of the true worth of the blessings that excite the covetousness of the one class and the exultation of the other. Each party values man for his possessions, and not for the use that he makes of them; for what he has, and not for what he is. Where this is the case, mutual aversion, ultimating itself on both sides in acts of discourtesy, will ever keep alive a spirit of antagonism among the various classes of society; and this will disappear in proportion as so-

ciety becomes sufficiently Christianized to perceive and acknowledge that every human being is worthy of respect so far as he fulfils the duties of his station; and that we cannot be discourteous even towards the evil and the unfaithful, without indulging feelings of pride and disdain that are incompatible with Christian meekness.

In the social intercourse of equals, and in domestic life, ill-temper, selfishness, and indifference, which is a negative form of selfishness, are the principal sources of ill breeding. Where the external forms of courtesy are not observed in the family circle, we are almost sure to find perpetually recurring contention and bickering. Rudeness is a constant source of irritation; because, however little the members of a family regard politeness, each will have his own way of being rude, and each will probably be disgusted or angry at some portion of the ill-breeding of all the rest. Rudeness is always angular, and its sharp corners produce discomfort whenever they come in contact with a neighbor. Politeness presents only polished surfaces, and not only never intrudes itself upon a neighbor, but is rarely obtruded upon; for there is no way so effectual of disarming rudeness as by meeting it with thorough politeness; for the rude man can fight only with his own weapons.

Indifference of manner exhibits a disregard for the comfort and pleasure of those around us, which, though not so obtrusive as rudeness, shows an egotism of disposition incompatible with brotherly love. If we love our neighbor as ourself, we cannot habitually forget his existence so far as to annoy him by neglecting to perform the common courtesies of life towards him, or interfere with what he is doing by not perceiving that we are in his way.

If we would be thoroughly well-bred, we must be so constantly. It is not very difficult to distinguish in society between those whose manners are assumed for the occasion and those who wear them habitually. The former are apt to forget themselves occasionally, or they overact their part, or, if they succeed in sustaining a perfect elegance of deportment that is really pleasing as an effort of art, they always want the grace of naturalness and simplicity which belongs to the manners of those who have made courtesy and refinement their own by loving them. It is only when we act as we love to act, that our manners are truly our own. If we cultivate the external forms of politeness from an indirect motive, that is, for the love of approbation, or from pride of character, it is the reward we love, and not the virtue; and if we gain this reward, it is only external and perishable; and is of no benefit to our character, but the reverse, for it ministers only to our pride. If, on the contrary, we cultivate politeness with simplicity, because we believe it to be a virtue, and love it for its own sake, we are sure of the reward of an added grace of character, which can never be taken from us, because it is a part of ourselves; and though we may enjoy the external rewards if they come, we shall not be disturbed if they do not; because these were not the motives that induced our efforts.

Politeness, where it is loved and cultivated with simplicity for its own sake, gives a repose and ease of action to the moral being which may be compared to the comfort and satisfaction resulting to the physical frame from habits of personal cleanliness. The moral tone is elevated and refined by the one, as the animal functions are purified and renewed by the other.

As in civil life liberty to the whole results from the subjection of the evil passions of all to legal enactments, so in social life every individual is free and at ease in proportion as all the rest are subject to the laws of courtesy. Ease and freedom are the result of order, and it is as incorrect to call rude manners free and easy, as to call licentiousness liberty. No man is truly free who allows his sphere of life to impinge upon that of his neighbor. Fluids are said to move easily because each particle is without angular projections that prevent it from gliding smoothly with or by its companions; and in like manner the ease of society depends on the polish of each individual. If the units of society seek their own selfish indulgence, without regard to the rights of the neighbor, the whole must form a mass of grating atoms in which no one can be free, or at ease.

Indifference, ill-temper, selfishness, envy, and arrogance, all positive vices, are the characteristics that ultimate themselves in ill manners. Rudeness is, as it were, the offensive odor exhaled from the corrupt fruit of an evil tree; and he who would be a branch of the true vine must remember, whenever he is tempted to do a rude thing, that he will never yield to such temptation unless there is hidden somewhere upon his branch fruit that should be cut off and cast into the fire.

The Christian gentleman and lady are such because they love their neighbor as themselves, and to be a thorough Christian without being a gentleman or lady is impossible. Wherever we find the rich without arrogance, and the poor without envy, the various members of society sustaining their mutual relations without suspicion or pretension, the family circle free from rivalry, fault-finding, or discord, we shall find nothing ungentle, for there the spirit of Christianity reigns. He who is pure in heart can never be vulgar in speech, and he who is meek and loving in spirit can never be rude in manner.

From the Evening Post.

PROSPERITY OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

The people who believe that freedom has ruined the Southern States are fond of referring to the sad condition of affairs in Jamaica, as if it was to be taken without question for a test experiment of the effect of releasing negroes from bondage. But, somehow, they never allude to the other British islands, in all of which slavery was abolished at the same time.

Now the fact is that Jamaica is but one of about twenty islands held by Great Britain in the West Indies, and is the only one of them all in which any serious social convulsion has taken place. It is the largest of them all, and contained the greatest number of slaves, but its area is less than two-fifths of the whole, and its population numbers 377,433, while the other islands number 450,851. In density of population it falls far below several, having only 60 to the square mile, while Dominica and St. Lucia have 80, Tobago 95, Monserrat 150, Grenada and St. Vincent above 200, Antigua and St. Christopher's about 350, and Barbadoes 820 people to the square mile. None of these islands present the social evils which appear in Jamaica, and which some people imagine will presently appear in our southern States.

Take, for example, the island of St. Christopher's. With a population of 23,177 souls on an area of 68 square miles, making above 340 to the square mile, the average annual export of sugar for the six years 1852 to 1857 was 6,960 hogsheads; and for the six years ending with 1863 it was 9,735 hogsheads, an increase of 28½ per cent. Tobago, with an area of 144 square miles and a population of 13,208; making 94 to the square mile, was supposed to be in a declining state. But this has changed for the better, so that the annual export of sugar, which was 55,180 cwt. before 1858, is now 64,837 cwt., an increase of 17 per cent.

Even Barbadoes, with a population of 135,939 on one hundred and sixty-six square miles of ground, making 819 to the mile, the only colony where population really presses on the means of subsistence, yet holds its ground as a happy and prosperous community. Mr. Thomas Harvey, an English Quaker of great benevolence and sound judgment, says of it: "When I visited that colony in 1837, its production was believed to have reached its utmost limits, and was the wonder of all inquirers. Since then it has increased its export of sugar, sixty or seventy per cent., and this little island exports and imports respectively to the value of a million sterling."

After giving a variety of other facts, especially concerning Guiana and Trinidad, he writes:

"Our colonies are steadily, thought it may be slowly, advancing, and if profits are less extravagant, they are less uncertain than in the times of slavery. The educational, moral and religious state of the population is very fluctuating, and, in some aspects, discouraging; and their civilization is yet of an imperfect, immature kind. How could it be otherwise? Are they not in as hopeful a state as could be expected from those who are only removed by the space of less than a single generation from a state of slavery."

The truth is that the experience of Jamaica is exceptional in regard to the results of emancipation; and every honest inquirer, who wishes to trace things to their real causes, will look for the explanation of the Jamaica troubles among the circumstances in which this differs from the other islands, the chief difference being in the fact that in Jamaica the owners of the old estates were generally non-resident, and the management of plantations, as well as of the government, fell into the hands of a venal and almost irresponsible set of persons, as agents and attorneys for the absentee proprietors.

Lady Maxwell wrote—"Time would fail me to tell of the numberless manifestations of divine love and power. I have, though deeply unworthy, been favored with such wonderful lettings into Deity, as no language can describe or explain; but the whole soul dilates itself in the exquisite enjoyment; so refined, so pure, so tempered with sacred awe, so guarded by heavenly solemnity, as effectually to prevent all irregularity of desires. These, with every power of the mind, bow in holy subjection before Jehovah. Surely the feelings of the soul on these memorable occasions are nearly similar to those enjoyed by the heavenly inhabitants. I have it still to remark, that all my intercourse with God the Father is strongly marked with that superior solemnity and awe which lay and keep the soul in the dust, yet raised to that holy dignity which flows from a *consciousness of union with Deity.*"

Society cannot exist unless a controling power upon the will and appetite is placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be of it without. It is ordained, in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Passions forge their fetters.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, habitually and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and rough-hew the habits that form it.

A man of sense may artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.

From the Reader.

ON THE INVISIBLE RAYS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

We are so accustomed to associate the word *ray* with the idea of light, that the term dark, or invisible, or obscure rays, stimulates the imagination by its strangeness. And such is more particularly the case when we are told that the major portion of the radiation of the sun itself is of this invisible character. This great discovery was announced sixty-five years ago by Sir William Herschel. Permitting a sunbeam to pass through a glass prism, he formed the colored spectrum of the solar light; and carrying a small thermometer through its various colors, he determined their heating power. He found this power to augment gradually from the violet to the red; but he also found to his surprise, that the calorific action did not terminate where the visible spectrum ended. Placing his thermometer in the dark space beyond the red, he found the heating power there to be greater than in any part of the visible spectrum.

Sir William Herschel concluded from his experiments that besides those rays which, acting separately upon the retina, produce the sensation of color, and the sum of which constitutes our ordinary sunshine, a vast outflow of perfectly invisible rays proceeds from the sun; and that, measured by their heating power, the strength or energy of these invisible rays is greater than that of all the visible rays taken together.

This result was questioned by some and confirmed by others; but, like every natural truth that can be brought to the test of experiment, the verity of Sir William Herschel's announcement was soon completely established. Forty years after the discovery of those invisible rays by his father, Sir John Herschel made them the subject of experiment. He made an arrangement which enabled him to estimate the heating power of the spectrum by its *drying* power. Wetting by a wash of alcohol, paper blackened on one side, he casts his spectrum on this paper, and observed the chasing away of the moisture by the heat of the rays. His drying paper presented to him a *thermograph* of the spectrum, and showed the heating power to extend far beyond the red.

By the introduction of the thermo-electric pile Melloni created a new epoch in researches on radiant heat. This instrument enables us to examine, with a precision unattainable with ordinary thermometers, the distribution of heat in the solar spectrum. Melloni himself devoted some time to this subject. He had made the discovery that various substances in the highest degree transparent to light, were eminently opaque to those invisible heat-rays. Pure water, for example, is a body of this kind. Only one substance did Melloni find to be equally pervious to the visible and the invisible rays namely transparent rock-salt. And though the researches of MM. De la Provostaye and Desains, together with some extremely suggestive experiments executed by Mr. Balfour Stewart, show conclusively that Melloni erred in supposing rock-salt to be *perfectly* transparent, it must be admitted that, in this respect the substance approaches very near perfection.

Abandoning prism of glass, which had been always employed previously, Melloni made use of a prism of rock-salt in his experiments on the solar spectrum. He was thus enabled to prove that the ultra red rays discovered by Sir William Herschel formed an invisible spectrum, at least as long as the visible one. He also found the position of maximum radiant power to lie as far on one side the red as the green light of the spectrum on the other.

Dr. Franz of Berlin subsequently examined the distribution of heat in the solar spectrum employing for this purpose a flint-glass prism. He showed that the inaction of the ultra-red rays upon the retina did not arise from the absorption of those rays in the humors of the eye; at all events he proved that a sensible portion of the invisible rays was transmitted across the eye ball of an ox, and reached the back of the eye. Professor Muller of Freiburg afterward examined very fully the heat of the solar spectrum; and representing, as Sir William Herschel also had approximately done, by lines of various lengths the thermal intensity at various points, he drew a curve which expressed the calorific action of the entire spectrum.

At various intervals during the last ten years Professor Tyndall has occupied himself with the invisible radiation of the electric light; and to the distribution of heat in its spectrum he directed attention in a discourse given on the evening of Friday, the 20th, at the Royal Institution. The instruments made use of were the electric lamp of Dubosq and the linear thermo-electric pile of Melloni. The spectrum was formed by means of lenses and prisms of pure rock-salt. It was equal in width to the length of the row of elements forming the pile, and the latter being caused to pass through its various colors in succession, and also to search the space right and left of the visible spectrum, the heat falling upon it, at every point of its march, was determined by the deflection of an extremely sensitive galvanometer.

As in the case of the solar spectrum, the heat was found to augment from the violet to the red, while in the dark space beyond the red it rose to a maximum. The position of the maximum was about as distant from the extreme red in the one direction, as the green of the spectrum in the opposite one.

The augmentation of temperature beyond the

ed in the spectrum of the electric light is sud-
en and enormous. Representing the thermal
ntensities by lines of proportional lengths, and
recting these lines as perpendiculars at the
laces to which they correspond, when we pass
eyond the red these perpendiculars suddenly
nd greatly increase in length, reach a maximum,
nd then fall somewhat more suddenly on the
pposite side of the maximum. When the ends
f the perpendicular are united, the curve be-
ond the red representing the obscure radiation,
ises in a steep and massive peak, which quite
warfs by its magnitude the radiation of the
uminous portion of the spectrum.

Interposing suitable substances in the path
f the beam, this peak may be in part cut away.
Vater, in certain thicknesses, does this very ef-
ectually. The vapor of water would do the
ame, and this fact enables us to account for the
ifference between the distribution of heat in
he solar and in the electric spectrum. The
omparative height and steepness of the ultra-
ed peak, in the case of the electric light, are
uch greater than in the case of the sun,
s shown by the diagram of Professor Muller.
o doubt the reason is, that the eminence cor-
esponding to the position of maximum heat in
he solar spectrum has been cut down by the
queous vapor of our atmosphere. Could a solar
pectrum be produced beyond the limits of the
tmosphere, it would probably show as steep a
ountain of invisible rays as that exhibited by
he electric light, which is practically uninflu-
nced by atmospheric absorption.

Having thus demonstrated that a powerful
ux of dark rays accompanies the bright ones
f the electric light, the question arises, "Can
e separate the one class of rays from the
ther?"

(To be continued.)

Where the treasure is, there will the heart
e also.

THE DARK AGES.

As to the degree of darkness in which these
ges were really involved, and as to the mode
nd degree in which it affected those who
ved in them, I must express my belief that
has been a good deal exaggerated. There
no doubt that those who lived in what are
enerally called the "middle" or "dark" ages,
new nothing of many things which are familiar
us, and which we deem essential to our com-
rt, and almost to our existence; but still I
ubt whether, even in this point of view, they
ere so entirely dark as some would have us
ppose. I dare say you have observed that,
a certain state of twilight, as soon as you
ve lighted only a taper in your chamber, it
ems quite dark out of doors; yet, perhaps,
u have only just come into the house out of
that which, if not broad daylight, was never-
theless such good serviceable twilight as that,
while you were in it, you never once thought
of darkness, or of losing your way, or not being
able to see what you were about; yet, I say,
as soon as ever you lighted, were it only a rush-
light, in your chamber, all the look-out was
darkness. Were you ever so misled as to open
the window, and tell the people in the road
that they would certainly lose their way, or
break their shins—nay, even to condole with
triumph over those inevitable consequences of
their wandering in pitch-darkness? I very
much doubt it; but if it ever did happen, I
feel quite confident that, if from being at a loss
for an exordium, or for any other reason, you
had been obliged to wait with your head out
at the window until your eyes had recovered
from the glare of your own little candle, you
would have seen that there was really some
light abroad; you would have begun to distin-
guish houses and highways, and sober people
going about their business, which showed they
could see enough for common purposes, and
you would have held your tongue and drawn
in your head, rather pleased that you had not
exposed yourself.—*Maitland.*

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City contributions	$277 75
" Mary M. Thomas, Valley	4 00
" Friends of Wrightstown, Pa	8 50
	$290 25

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 5th mo. 26, 1866.

ITEMS.

PROGRESS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The new Atlantic cable is now coiling at the rate of two miles an hour in the tanks of the Great Eastern. Manufacture and stowage go on concurrently, and at the moment one part of the great wire is receiving its elementary coating of Chatterton's compound, or perhaps spun at Birmingham, other portions are laid down in the great ship ready for the final paying out. Tests both of insulation and continuity are ceaselessly put by the electricians. The old cable on board is for this purpose connected with the new, and messages have been transmitted through a total distance of one thousand five hundred and six nautical miles. It is estimated that in the event of a fault arising in the new cable it will be discovered instantly and be localized, and the process of paying out reversed to that of picking up, within a very few minutes of its occurrence. The whole machinery for both paying out and picking up has been repeatedly tested; the latter is entirely refitted with two high pressure boilers, and will now be of from five to seven and a half times the strength of the breaking weight. Now, proficiency in picking up at great depths is recognized as a necessity in submarine telegraphy, and every provision has been made to make such picking up easy and safe on board the Great Eastern. Last year it could only be done from the fore part of the ship; this year

matters will be so arranged that the cable may be brought in as well as paid out at the stern; and the saving of time and complications is obvious.

DISASTROUS CREVASSES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Very serious breaks on the levee of the Mississippi near Morganza are flooding the two richest parishes of Louisiana, and thus postponing that demonstration of the increased value of negro labor, with freedom annexed, which in that district the crops of the current year were expected to furnish. The loss in other particulars will be incalculably large. The New Orleans Crescent says: 'The great West Baton Rouge crevasse has already submerged a large portion of our richest agricultural parishes. For weeks now the flood has rushed through that formidable opening, working its resistless will on a wretched and hopeless population. Crops have been swept away, and families driven from their homes. The lateral outlets, filled to the utmost of their discharging capacity, have risen above their banks, and threaten to burst through the feeble barriers which restrain the violent waters. And now comes this Morganza crevasse to complete the sum of misfortune by the tremendous reinforcement of superfluent waters which it brings to the work of destruction. In a short time, the whole country from the mouth of Red river down, and between the Mississippi and the Teche, will be submerged."

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, the House bill amending the postal laws was passed. A committee of five was appointed to examine into the affairs of the national banks. A bill was passed providing for the acceptance of the collection of botanical plants presented to the government by F. Peck, a clerk in the Department of Agriculture. The collection embraces about two thousand plants collected in several different States, and the donor proposed to present them to the department, in order to form a nucleus around which might be gathered specimens of all the different plants found in the United States.

In the House, a concurrent resolution to appoint a committee to investigate the action of the Freedmen's Bureau was adopted. The Senate amendments to the House bill for the disposal of public lands for homesteads to actual settlers in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Lousiana, Arkansas and Florida were non-concurred in, and a committee of conference was asked for. A resolution was adopted directing the Secretary of the Interior to inform the House how much money has been appropriated for the erection of school houses and the maintenance of schools in the different Indian agencies in the Dacotah Indian superintendency, together with the present condition of such agency, and the manner in which the business of the superintendency and agency has been conducted. The Senate joint resolution to prevent the introduction of cholera into the United States was passed. A bill was introduced to encourage the growth of forest trees on the Western plains. It was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

THE FREEDMEN.—Commissioners Steadman and Fullerton, on their tour through the South, have held conferences among the colored people, who unanimously express the desire for the retention of the Freedmen's Bureau. Freedmen's schools are in successful operation in 15 large cities in Alabama, and in them more than 10,500 pupils are taught. From the report of the Assistant Commissioner in Texas, we learn that there are in that State 42 day, 29 night, and 19 First-day schools, with an average attendance of 4,600 pupils. There are also some 20 private schools. The Christian Recorder says: "According to the May number of the *American Freedmen*, we find that during last year, in the South, for the benefit of Freedmen 307 schools and 773 teachers have been sustained, and over 40,000 pupils educated by the various societies of the North. The amount of contributions to these societies was over $700,000; and it is estimated that altogether they have spent not less than 2,000,000."

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THOMAS GILBERT, } *Assistants.*
2 ws 13t 5wm wnfnd. M. LOUISE CLANCY, }

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4766 t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 9, 1866. No. 14.

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William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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Memorial of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting of Friends, concerning our deceased Friend, MARY G. ALLEN. *Endorsed by Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting, held at Evesham, Ninth month 14th, 1865.*

As the memory of the righteous is blest, we believe it right to issue the following testimony concerning our deceased Friend, Mary G. Allen. She was the daughter of Cortland and Isabella Taylor, of Burlington county, N. J. She was born 4th of Twelfth month, 1794.

Her father, though not a member, attended Friends' meetings, and united with them in the support of some of their testimonies, especially that against war. At his invitation, she willingly accompanied him on these occasions where she became deeply interested, and ever retained a vivid recollection of the ministry she heard. She evinced, in early life, an unusual seriousness, with a desire to be a Christian. Her mother, who was a pious Baptist, observing this, desired she might join in profession with her. She frequented Baptist and Methodist meetings, and endeavored to participate in their devotional exercises, and to be edified by their ministry and prayers; but her language was: "I have seen beyond salaried ministry, formal prayers, water-baptism, and other dogmas of their faith, and cannot unite in membership with them."

Her mother and the Baptist minister, (who often visited them) sympathized with her religious exercises; but the latter finding all his arguments to induce her to join his sect, unavailing, relinquished his efforts, telling her he was now willing to give her up into the hands of the Lord, "which," she says, "I accepted with joy."

Her constitution was frail from infancy, and she endured much physical suffering through life, being often brought so low that her life was dispaired of. At these seasons, she was favored with patient resignation, though impressed with the belief that she should be raised for further service in the Church. She had a firm belief in the interposition of an over-ruling Providence, strengthened by her own experience. On one occasion, whilst sitting with a companion under a tree, she felt an impression that they must leave immediately. Very soon the tree was struck by lightning. Soon after this occurrence, she attended a meeting of Friends, in which a female minister arose with these words: "If the morning of thy days be wasted, what will the afternoon produce?" "This," she says, "wrought powerfully on my feelings, convincing me of the mingling of spirits, and confirming my belief in the immediate interposition of Divine Power."

From that time she became a sincere seeker after Truth, and, we doubt not, was favored to build upon the sure foundation, "Christ Jesus, the Rock of Ages."

In her early childhood, at one time she heard a remark that they were likely to have a scarcity of food for their family, when she

said, she went out of the house and knelt down and prayed to her Heavenly Father that she might always have enough for herself, her family and friends, and she then received a promise that her prayer would be granted. It was the prayer of faith; of a little child answered by her Father in Heaven. She was often heard to say the promise had been fulfilled.

She believed it would be right for her to become a teacher, and she obtained an education, paying for it after she had earned the means by teaching. She taught school fifteen years. When her pupils needed correction, it was her practice to sit down with them in silence, to try to discover who was in fault. The effect was salutary upon them, and they were bound to her by ties of affection and gratitude.

She believed it right to attend Friends' Meetings, though she had to walk four miles, under bodily suffering and mental exercise, but found great comfort therein. In conformity with her convictions, she felt required to dress plainly; but a dear sister speaking lightly of her religion and her dress, caused her some close trials. She was received a member at Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, in the year 1819. Her first appearance in the ministry was at Upper Greenwich Meeting, in the year 1823. While under the preparing hand for this service, she had many deep baptisms, and her reluctance to appear in public, prolonged her season of trial. During this period, she met at a Friend's house, that worthy Elder, Lucy Ann Evans, to whom she was an entire stranger.—When she sat down in the room, Lucy looked at her and said, "I have received an evidence that thou art one who has been preserved by the immediate interposition of Divine Providence to bear testimony to His cause, and why dost thou withhold? Do not all the powers of thy mind belong to Him, and to Him alone? It arises in my mind, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. Dear friend, in the love of the Everlasting Gospel, I entreat thee to let the time past suffice, and yield obedience to the openings of Truth on thy mind." This admonition, delivered in the power of Truth, met the witness, and was "as a nail fastened in a sure place."

In the year 1831, she was married to our Friend, Samuel Allen, and became a member of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting. She was acknowledged a minister in the year 1842. She was diligent in the fulfilment of religious duties, which led her to make frequent visits within the limits of our own and neighboring Yearly Meetings; and she was often engaged in visiting families, a serviee for which she seemed well qualified, as she was led to speak convincingly to individual states. Abundant testimony is furnished by Friends and others where her lot was cast, of their appreciation of her Gospel labors. She ever directed her hearers to a reliance on the Holy Spirit and an attention to its revealings, as the alone way to secure peace and happiness in this life and in that to come.

She was an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, guardian and kind neighbor; and being of a "meek and quiet spirit," she gained the love and esteem, we believe, of all who knew her. She was the faithful friend of the poor and sick, and by her industry and economy, always had means to administer where needed. She was an example in plainness and moderation, walking in the way of self-denial, and bearing the cross. She sympathized deeply with the oppressed slaves, and for years avoided participating, as far as she could, in anything that would tend to prolong their bondage. Being a promoter of "Peace on earth and goodwill to men," she mourned over the desolating war in our land, endeavoring to bear a faithful testimony against any participation therein. "I dare not," she remarked, "read newspapers, or look at any military parades, lest I countenance war, or participate in the excitements of the day."

She was taken ill in Fourth month, 1864, while on a visit at some distance from home. On arriving at home, she remarked she felt better, adding, "My own chamber feels like a palace;" and next morning, "That she had passed a pleasant and happy night." Observing the anxiety of her daughter, she remarked "This was her last sickness; she saw that it *would be* before she was taken ill," and told her husband. "They had lived in love, and in the unity of the spirit." She gave affectionate counsel to different members of the family and others who visited her, encouraging to faithfulness, and to a firm trust in a gracious God. She enjoined it upon all to dwell in love, repeating to her family, "Love one another, as I have loved you." She was much engaged in commemorating the goodness and mercy of her Divine Master, and in silent prayer. To a Friend she said, "I have looked over my past life and feel no condemnation. I have endeavored to serve my Heavenly Father faithfully, and to be a whole Christian; and I am now assured that I have not followed cunningly devised fables, adding, "I see a brightness beyond the grave that no language can describe." Again, "My Heavenly Father has taken care of me through life, and has been my support through much sickness and suffering, and my faith is strong in Him;" which was verified in her patience and cheerfulness throughout her extreme sickness, as no murmur escaped her lips. She desired messages of love to her absent friends, saying, "I love everybody."

The evening preceding her close, a change was perceived, and on the following morning her husband went to her bedside, and found her sinking, though, being able to converse, she gave him renewed and full assurance that she was ready to be admitted to her Heavenly Father's rest.

She gradually became weaker, and on the afternoon of Sixth month 1st, 1864, she passed away as one falling into a sweet sleep, and was gathered, we doubt not, "as a shock of corn fully ripe."

On the 4th of the month, her remains were taken to Friends' Meeting-house at Haddonfield, where a solemn meeting was held, attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbors. Testimonies were delivered on the occasion, after which the interment took place.

CLAYTON LIPPINCOTT, } *Clerks.*
MARY W. LIPPINCOTT, }

"I will go in the strength of the Lord."—Thou might say, "I am not equal to what is required of me; I feel that I have no spiritual ability for occupying such and such a position; but then, dear friend, what about the "strength of the Lord? The Psalmist's "I will go," was a determination made with reference to His strength. Oh! let ours be the same, and there is little doubt that we shall be upheld and strengthened in the might that cometh from above. "I can do all things," said the Apostle, 'through Christ which strengtheneth me."

THE POWER OF GOODNESS.

I love to walk through a library full of old books, the works of mighty men who once shook the ground under them, yet all forgotten now; and I think how rich-minded the human race is when it can afford to let such intellect lie, and never miss that wealth. But goodness is hid much oftener than great intellect. I do not mean that it is hid in its action, but from men's sight. But for each man of this stamp, there are several women. There is no town but has many sisters to every Lazarus, generous mothers kindly aunts, faithful friends, whose footsteps are like those of spring, flowery to-day, in some weeks fruitful,—those who leave tracks of benevolence all through the cold and drifted snow of selfishness which piles the streets of a great metropolis. It is these persons, women and men, who carry on the great movements of mankind. . . . . .

The topstone of yonder monument is only the highest because it rests on every block underneath, and the lowest and smallest helps hold it up; only the foundation was laid with great and sore toil, while the capstone was hoisted to its place amid the shouting of multitudes. It is in this way that all the great humanities are carried forward. They advance most rapidly in New England, because we have more men and women of this stamp amongst us than elsewhere are to be found in the world. Nobody knows the power of a good woman, in the quiet duties of her home, where she is wife, mother, sister, aunt; and in the neighborly charities of the street and village she sets afoot powers of excellence which run and are not weary, or walk and never faint.

You and I may not have much intellectual power; perhaps our thought will never fill the world's soul, nor guide the world's helm; we may not have reason enough to dig down to the roots of things, nor imagination enough to reach up to the fruits and flowers, nor memory to reach back to the causes, nor prophetic power to reach forward to their consequences. But all the little space within our reach we can occupy with goodness, and then the whole house will be filled with the fragrant beauty of our incense, which we offer towards man, and which steals up as a welcome sacrifice towards God. In a wintry day, I have sometimes found a geranium in some poor woman's kitchen, and it filled the whole house with its sweet fragrance. So it is with this goodness. Piety is the root of all manly excellence, and it branches out into a great many things. How you and I can increase this goodness in ourselves, and then in the world; for, though the bodily power is capable of great increase and development, and you see the odds between the thrifty hand of the mechanic and the clumsy hand of the Irish clown; though the intellectual power is capable of wondrous culture, as you see how the use which the well-bred scholar makes of his intellect, differs from the clumsy attainment which the poor ignorant man can only reach,—yet neither the cunning hand nor the cunning brain of man is capable of such immense development of those moral, affectional, and religious faculties whose fairest, sweetest blossom is what we call goodness. And what you and I set on foot for ourselves, ere long belongs to the whole world. This is the precious privilege which God gives us, that when we attain it for ourselves, we win it for the whole human race; and though when we go thitherward we carry the fragrance of our flower along with us, its seeds drop into the ground, and live forever on the earth to bless mankind.

Remember that God is no curious or critical observer of the plain expressions that fall from his poor children when they are in their closet duties; 'tis not a flow of words, or studied notions, seraphic expressions, or elegant phrases in prayer, which take the ear, or delight the heart of God, or open the gate of glory, or bring down the best of blessings upon the soul; but uprightness, holiness, heavenliness, spirituality and brokenness of heart—these are the things

that make a conquest upon God, and turn most to the soul's account.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AND ORTHODOX FRIENDS IN IOWA.

Last autumn a brief account of Friends in the prairie land was published in the Intelligencer. At the same time some notice was made of the Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends and their liberality in permitting two of our members to sit in their Annual Meeting. It was with sorrow to a number of Friends here that a different state of feeling was manifested in the East. Since that time we have been visited by one of their ministers, and his companion, who by request sat in our Monthly Meeting in the First month, and after some service, requested that the meeting might close with open shutters; which request was complied with, and the service was acceptable to all; and so it was on the the following First-day morning in our regular meeting for worship. This body of Friends is composed of ten Quarterly Meetings, and is in correspondence with London Yearly Meeting. Salem Quarterly Meeting is held in the southern part of Henry County, twenty miles from Prairie Grove, where our new Quarterly Meeting is proposed to be opened in the Sixth month. Two Friends in the ministry from our meeting, feeling weightily impressed to make a visit to some of their Meetings, opened the prospect to the Monthly Meeting, and received minutes expressive of unity. They arrived at Salem on the evening previous to the Quarterly Meeting, and informed some Friends of their feelings. On the following morning a conference of several of the active members of Society was had, and just before entering the house we were met by a goodly number, in a kind, and even cordial manner, one of whom said, "Feel yourselves at home among us Friends."

In the meeting for worship, after a few minutes spent in silent waiting, one of their ministers, in a very impressive manner, said, "If any man minister, let him do it with the ability that God giveth. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God, for where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. 'Quench not the Spirit.'"

The visitors were both impressed to utter what was upon their minds, which was followed by a brief testimony from one of their number, confirming what had been said. After supplicating the throne of grace, a proposition was made to proceed to the business of the Quarterly Meeting. While the partition was still open, one of the ministers informed the meeting of our concern to sit in their Meeting for Discipline. It was responded to in the affirmative by a very large number of voices on both sides of the partition. A friend in the ministry who had been absent on an extensive religious visit, then returned his certificate and gave an interesting account of his journey, after which the shutters were closed.

We found there had been a revision of the Discipline and a change made in the manner of answering queries, as well as in some other things. A copy of the Discipline being presented to one of us, I will transcribe some portions thereof that I think may interest the readers of the Intelligencer.

We concluded there must have been about five hundred members present on this occasion. On First-day morning, the day following, the commodious house was filled to its utmost capacity. The same freedom was exercised as on the day previous, and, as Friends sometimes used to say in seasons of divine favor, "truth reigned over all." A precious-spirited female minister from Ohio, followed in testimony confirming what had been expressed. So that there was no jar, but rather a Pentecostal feeling, where the love of Christ seemed to have free course to the humbling and comforting of our souls. As a Quarterly Meeting, they have a number of their young people, away in the South, teaching the freedmen.

One pleasant feature in the Meeting for Discipline was to see so many young persons taking an active part in the services of Society.

First-day schools are established throughout their borders, for the instruction of the precious children—a subject well worthy of our emulation.

May the walls of separation be more and more broken down; may bigotry and intolerance be subjugated, until at last the flocks may come to recognize the one fold, under the one blessed Shepherd and Bishop of souls. J. A. D.

Near Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 5th mo. 15, 1866.

Extracts from the Revised Discipline of the Iowa Yearly Meeting of (Orthodox) Friends (1865).

PRAYER.

"We would by no means encourage formal prayer." "Let not the delusive idea that the gift and duty of public vocal prayer is confined to ministers. We are sorrowfully impressed with the belief that, for this and other causes the motions of the Spirit have been much suppressed, and by repeated quenchings, the love which was once warm, has grown cold, and blindness and poverty have ensued, to the great loss and peril of individuals, and the leanness of the Church.

"Prayer is the indispensable duty of all, both old and young, and we do affectionately entreat all to yield to the power of God, when His Spirit prompts them to give vocal expression before others to the yearning of their souls in prayer."—*Pages.* 21, 22.

PLAINNESS, &C.

"We would advise our members to avoid

their conversation the use of the titles 'Master' and 'Mistress,' and the application of the name of heathen deities to days and months; the use of the plural pronoun 'you' instead of the singular, and the objective pronoun 'thee' instead of the nominative 'thee.'

"True civility and due respect one to another and to the world are enjoined by our holy religion, and we desire all our members to show forth these Christian graces in their conduct and conversation."—*Pages* 26, 27.

TOBACCO.

"Seeing that the use of tobacco is repulsive to good taste, and generally injurious to health, requiring a needless, and, in the aggregate, an enormous waste of labor and money, we do therefore earnestly and affectionately encourage all our members who indulge in it to take up the cross, and discontinue and discourage a habit so disgusting and so generally fraught with evil, if it can be done without injuring their health. And it is believed if Friends prayerfully consider the subject, they will feel themselves conscientiously restrained from the use, production, or sale of the article, except for medicinal purposes."—*Page* 25.

SLAVERY.

"As from late political changes, Slavery has been abolished in nearly all the United States, and millions of our injured fellow men, are just emerging from the abject degradation produced by this cruel system, we commend their physical, moral and religious condition to the continued interest and care of our members, with a view to their elevation to the capacity of enjoying all the rights and privileges of civil and Christian societies, with desires that they may be made more generally rich partakers of that knowledge which is life eternal."—*Page* 34.

RIGHTS OF MEMBERSHIP.

"It is the earnest desire of the Yearly Meeting that all our dear youth may espouse our profession by convincement at an early age, and it shall be the duty of Monthly Meetings to extend kind, Christian care to them, by committees, to this end."

RECEPTIONS INTO MEMBERSHIP.

"If the request comes from Men's Meeting, the approbation of Women's Meeting also should be obtained; if before Women's, that of Men's Meeting. And it is our desire that when a small or larger number of individuals, who may reside remote from any Monthly Meeting, may be awakened to a sense of their spiritual wants, and may incline to embrace the doctrines of the Gospel, as held by us, that ministers, elders and overseers, and other Friends, should under such advice and encouragement as in the wisdom of truth they may be enabled to do, in order that they may be well informed in Christian doctrine; and if at any time such individuals desire to be admitted into full membership with us, the Friends who have extended care as aforesaid should inform the Monthly Meeting most convenient; and such meeting, after extending proper care, may be at liberty to receive them into membership collectively; or should the Monthly Meeting desire assistance, the case may be forwarded to the Quarterly Meeting for advice and assistance before final action."—*Pages* 39, 40.

RELEASE OF MEMBERS AND RELINQUISHMENT OF RIGHTS.

"When any member requests to be released from membership, the Monthly Meeting should grant or record such release, after the proper care to reclaim them proves unavailing.

"Any member joining another religious denomination, and continuing satisfied therein for two years, thereby relinquishes his right in our own."—*Page* 41.

MEETINGS FOR DISCIPLINE.

"As the service of our Meetings for Discipline pertains especially to our own members, it is advised that they be kept select, as a general rule, yet discretionary authority is conceded to Meetings for Discipline in reference to admitting others.

"We do earnestly exhort that none be deterred from the faithful exercise of their gifts, either in Meetings for Worship or Discipline, on account of their youth. And in the important appointments in the Church, let the dictates of the Spirit and the religious growth of individuals be considered rather than age or activty."—*Page* 48.

MARRIAGE.

"When any of our members become satisfied to join in marriage with one not in membership with us, the same procedure may be allowed as when both are members, the Monthly Meeting noting the fact of non-membership on its records.

"Monthly Meetings are encouraged to visit, by committees, our members soon after their marriage, for their help and encouragement, at this important period, as much depends on the early adoption of religious habits."—*Page* 79.

UNANSWERED QUERIES.

"In order to realize the benefit of serious self-examination, and to induce an earnest concern for the good of others, the four following queries are to be read in our Meetings for Discipline, to be then seriously considered, but not answered.

"1st. What is the religious state of your meeting, and is there among you evidence of a growth in the truth?

"2d. Are you individually giving evidence of true conversion of heart, of love to Christ

and self-denying devotedness to Him, and of a growing preparation for the life eternal?

"3d. Do you exercise a judicious, religious care over your younger members, manifesting an earnest concern that, through the power of divine grace, they may all become established in the faith and hope of the Gospel?

"4th. Do you maintain a watchful care against conformity to the world; against the love of ease and self-indulgence, or being unduly absorbed by your outward concerns to the hindrance of your religious progress; bearing in mind that 'here we have no continuing city?'"

Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.—Did we sufficiently regard this blessed admonition, "Be pitiful, be courteous," what suffering we should spare ourselves and others! How would the old road of life be disarmed of its asperities; how would its rough places be smoothed, and how many of our bitterest cups be sweetened!

"Be pitiful, be courteous," not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward; not only to them who may be on our own level in outward position and circumstances, but also to our brethren and sisters who have to maintain themselves by the sweat of their brow, but who are the very bone and sinew of the social frame.

WHO ARE THEY THAT ARE OF THE TRUTH.

The first qualification is to *be* true: "He that is of the truth heareth my voice." Truth lies in character. Christ did not simply *speak* truth: he *was* truth; truth through and through; for truth is a thing not of words, but of life and being. . . . The next qualification is integrity. But by integrity I do not mean simply sincerity or honesty; integrity rather according to the meaning of the word as its derivation interprets it—entireness, wholeness, soundness; that which Christ means when he says, "If thine eye be single or sound, thy whole body shall be full of light."

This integrity extends through the entireness or wholeness of the character. It is found in small matters as well as great; for the allegiance of the soul to truth is tested by small things rather than by those which are more important. There is many a man who would lose his life rather than perjure himself in a court of justice, whose life is yet a tissue of small insincerities. We think that we hate falsehood, when we are only hating the consequences of falsehood. We resent hypocrisy, and treachery and calumny, not because they are untrue, but because they harm us. We hate the false calumny, but we are half pleased with the false praise. It is evidently not the element of untruth here that is displeasing, but the element of harmfulness. Now, he is a man of integrity who hates untruth *as* untruth; who resents the smooth and polished falsehood of society, which does no harm; who turns in indignation from the glittering, whitened lie of sepulchral Pharisaism, which injures no one. Integrity recoils from deceptions which men would almost smile to hear called deceptions. To a moral, pure mind, the artifices in every department of life are painful: the stained wood, which passes for a more firm and costly material in a building, and deceives the eye by seeming what it is not, marble; the painting which is intended to be taken for a reality; the gilding which is meant to pass for gold; and the glass which is worn to look like jewels, for there is a moral feeling and a truthfulness in architecture, in painting, and in dress, as well as in the market-place, and in the senate, and in the judgment-hall.

"These are trifles." Yes; but it is just these trifles which go to the formation of character. He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles, will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit, rather than of will. You cannot, in any given case, by a sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincerity. And it is a fearful question, and a difficult one, how all these things, the atmosphere which we breathe in our daily life, may sap the very foundations of the power of becoming a servant of the truth. Life becomes fictitious, and it passes into religion, till our very religion bases itself upon a figment, too. We are not righteous, but we expect God to make believe that we are righteous, in virtue of some peculiar doctrines that we hold; and so our very righteousness becomes the fictitious righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, instead of the righteousness which is by faith, the righteousness of those who are the children of the kingdom of the truth.

Once more. He is qualified to be the subject of the king who *does* the truth. Christianity joins two things inseparably together—acting truly, and perceiving truly. Every day the eternal nature of that principle becomes more certain. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from acting; to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly. It is a danger to which, in a refined and polished age, we are peculiarly exposed. The romance, the poem, and the sermon, teach us how to feel. Our feelings are delicately correct. But the danger is this: feeling is given to lead to action; if feeling be suffered to awake without passing into duty, the character becomes untrue. When the emergency for real action comes, the feeling is as usual produced; but, accustomed as it is to

rise in fictitious circumstances without action, neither will it lead on to action in the real ones. "We pity wretchedness, and shun the wretched." We utter sentiments, just, honorable, refined, lofty,—but, somehow, when a truth presents itself in the shape of a duty, we are unable to perform it. And so such characters become by degrees like the artificial pleasure grounds of bad taste, in which the water-fall does not fall, and the grotto offers only the refreshment of an imaginary shade, and the green hill does not strike the skies, and the tree does not grow. . .

Again, it is perilous to separate thinking rightly from acting. He is already half false, who speculates on truth and does not do it. Truth is given, not to be contemplated, but to be done. Life is an action, not a thought; and the penalty paid by him who speculates on truth is, that by degrees the very truth he holds becomes to him a falsehood.

There is no truthfulness, therefore, except in the witness borne to God by doing His will, —to live the truths we hold, or else they will be no truths at all. It was thus that Christ witnessed the truth. He lived it. He spoke no touching truths for sentiment to dwell on, or thought to speculate upon. Truth with Him was a matter of life and death. He perilled his life upon the words he said.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

The Epistle from the Yearly Meeting of Women Friends of New York, received and read at the late Yearly Meeting of Women Friends held in Philadelphia.

Dear Sisters,—Through the matchless goodness of our Heavenly Father, we have once more been permitted to meet at our annual assembly, and to transact the concerns thereof with harmony and due deliberation. Once more the table of the Lord has been spread for us with rich dainties, of which we have partaken to our spiritual refreshment. Your acceptable epistle, with those from other Yearly Meetings, have been received, and we have been filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good, that He still preserves unkroken the bond of sympathy and love which unites us together in sweet Christian fellowship. There is but one way to secure an entrance into the Heavenly kingdom, and this is the path of humility and self-renunciation; and look to but one true guide, to whom we must look with a single eye for safe conduct in the way He leads us, whether it be through sorrow and tribulation, or into pleasant pastures beside the still waters. If we are humble and teachable, willing to learn of Him who alone can unfold to us the treasures of light and knowledge, He will open springs in dry places, and rivers in the wilderness. Then let us not become weary by the way, and be beguiled into a false rest, or drawn aside by the alluring temptation of an easier path than that our heavenly guide leads into. But moving forward only as He goes before, let us do whatsoever He bids us, even though we may be required to bear the cross under deep exercise. He can make hard things easy and sweeten the bitter cup. We feel deeply the necessity of more earnestness, more devotion to our Master's work, more dwelling apart from the spirit of the world, and more searching of our hearts, that we may discover, and by divine aid root out, all that His righteous controversy is against, and dedicating ourselves anew to the dignified and noble cause of Truth, be enabled to bear up the great testimonies for which our fathers gave up their worldly good and their reputation among men. Knowing that time is short, let us work while it is yet day.

The neglect in the attendance of our religious meetings, as reported in the answers to the queries, brought a deep travail of spirit over many minds, and tender appeals were made to all, particularly the young, to renewed diligence in the performance of this important duty, also, that when assembled, we should seek for Divine assistance, that our creaturely will may be reduced, and in this humble, dependant state, wait on the Lord, who has promised to crown with his presence every assembly gathered in His name. Then be not discouraged by the smallness of the number, the lack of gospel messengers, distance, or inclement weather.

We were earnestly exhorted to a more frequent and prayerful perusal of the Holy Scriptures, believing, as we do, they were given forth by inspiration of God, and that they are profitable for doctrine, for reproof and instruction in righteousness, and that the traveller Zionward is often comforted and encouraged by the precious promises recorded therein; and if we cannot comprehend all parts of them, let us patiently wait for the holy anointing to open them, so as to be of deep instruction to us, as many devoted servants of the Lord have realized.

We have been favored with the company and labor of several dear friends from yours and other Yearly Meetings; and although we have at times felt discouragement because of the deficiencies in our midst, yet we have at this time been furnished with renewed evidence that Joseph is yet alive, and fervent desires have been begotten that he may as of old become a fruitful bough, whose branches may run over the wall.

We have been made to rejoice that the sound of war has ceased in our afflicted country, and humble petitions have ascended to Him who rules the storm, that He will work mightily in every soul to the rooting out of every element of strife and contention, that the dove may go

forth bearing the olive branch of peace to all future generations.

With the salutation of love we remain your sisters.

Signed on behalf and by direction of the Meeting by

RACHEL HICKS, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 9, 1866.

DIED, on the 18th of Third month, 1866, in Mount Holly, N. J., ELIZABETH ANN, wife of Joseph L. Worrell, in the 31st year of her age. She expressed her willingness to depart, in hope of a glorious immortality.

——, on the 23d of Third month, 1866, at the residence of her daughter, in Horsham Township, Montgomery Co., Pa., RACHEL ROBERTS, SR., in the 85th year of her age.

——, on the 30th of Fifth month, 1866, AMOS PEASLEE, in the 86th year of his age; a Minister of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia held at Green Street.

——, on the 23d of Second month, 1866, at his residence near Medford, New Jersey, DANIEL BATES, in the 67th year of his age; an Elder and diligent attender of Medford Monthly Meeting of Friends.

Thus has passed away from earth to the mansions of blessedness, a devoted husband and father, one esteemed by all who knew him. Whilst we mourn his loss, we are not without hope, for we have the comforting assurance that all is peace with him. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

——, on the 24th of Fifth month, 1866, near Jacobstown, N. J., PHEBE, wife of John Brown, aged 68 years.

——on the 27th of Fifth month, 1866, at his residence near Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., WM. HALLOWELL, aged 82 years and 3 days; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 31st of Fifth month, 1866, in Philadelphia, MARY P. L. HEATON, in her 76th year.

——, on the 1st of Sixth month, 1866, at Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., RACHEL C., eldest daughter of Hector C. and Mary T. Ivins, in her 16th year.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

The members of Friends' Social Lyceum propose having their *Third Annual "Reunion"* at Swarthmore, near Westdale Station, on the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad, on the 16th of Sixth month, 1866. If unfavorable weather should prevent the excursion, it will take place on the succeeding Seventh-day, (6th month 23d,) at the same hour.

Delegates have been invited from various Literary Associations, and a general invitation is extended to Friends in the city and country.

The cars leave Thirty-First and Market Streets, West Philadelphia, at 7.20, 9 (*Special Train,*) 11 A.M., and 2.15 P.M.; returning, will leave Westdale for the city about 2.40, 5.55, and 8.05 P.M. Those residing along the line of the Baltimore Central and West Chester Railroad will arrive and depart by the regular trains,—all of which will stop at Westdale Station on this day.

Excursion tickets may be had of any of the Committee, or at the Depot previous to the departure of the trains, at Fifty cents each; Children, half price. Corresponding rates from other points.

Literary Exercises will be held at 10 A.M. and 3 P. M.

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE, 509 Commerce St., J. MORGAN COOPER, 203 Market, JACOB M. ELLIS, 325 Walnut, CHAS. A. DIXON, 715 Market, JOS. L. HANCOCK, 33d above Baring, HENRY BENTLEY, S. E. cor. Third and Chestnut, HENRY C. HAWKINS, 1024 Chestnut, REB. T. BUCKMAN, 645 N. Eighth, HOWARD GOURLEY, 523 N. Seventh, CLEMMONS PARRISH, 800 Arch, ALFRED MOORE, 331 N. Sixth, T. H. SPEAKMAN, 26 N. Seventh, J. M. TRUMAN, JR., 717 Willow,

Committee on Arrangements.

Applications for Teachers among the Freedmen may be addressed to the Secretary of the Education Committee, Jacob M. Ellis, 606 N. Seventh St., Phila.

WANTED, a few Nos. 39, 40 and 41, Vol. 22d Friends' Intelligencer, in nice order, for which full subscription price will be paid. EMMOR COMLY,
144 N. Seventh Sreet.

TOO MUCH READING.

F. W. Robertson says in one of his letters:

"I never knew but one or two fast readers, and readers of many books, whose knowledge was worth anything. Miss Martineau says of herself, that she is the slowest of readers, sometimes a page in an hour; but then, what she reads she makes her own. Do impress this on E——. Girls read too much, and think too little. I will answer for it that there are few girls of eighteen who have not read more books than I have; and as to religious books, I can count upon my fingers in two minutes all I ever read, but then they are mine.

"Sir Erskine Perry said the other day that, a fortnight ago, in a conversation with Comte, one of the most profound thinkers in Europe,—Comte told him that he had read an incredibly small number of books these last twenty years, I forget how many—and scarcely ever a review; but then, what Comte reads lies there fructifying, and comes out a living tree with leaves and fruit.

"Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing, for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant, whilst thought is poured in, and runs through, a clear stream, over unproductive gravel, on which not even mosses grow. It is the idlest of all idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other. I do not give myself as a specimen, for my nervous energies are shattered by stump oratory, its excitements and reactions, but I know what reading is, for I could read once, and did. I read hard, or not at all,—never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution."

ALMIRA FALES.

The following sketch of this admirable woman who has for the last two or three years distributed among the Freedmen in Washington clothing and supplies sent from Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen, we take from the New York Independent.

WASHINGTON, May 1866.

There is a cottage on Fourth Street which looks as if it had strayed away from a New England village. Vines climb its lattices; trees are putting forth leaves to shelter it; flowers fill its garden with fragrance; its rooms are full of sunshine, content and love. Do you wonder that it looks lost amid the comfortless tenements of Washington? This *cottage orneé* is the happy home of one of the most remarkable women of our time. She never painted a picture, nor carved a statue, nor wrote a book, nor lifted up eloquent voice to vindicate the rights of women—her just claim to be man's equal before the law. She has simply used the woman's right which the most selfish man would not deny her—the right to forget herself, and to devote her whole being to the service of others.

The most distinguished and discriminating travellers who visit this country are astonished at the universal intelligence and superiority of American women. Among the masses of the people, there are more women who speak and write correctly, even eloquently, than men. A stimulating climate, a stimulating school-system, a stimulating press, stimulating institutions of every sort, acting upon the sensitive brain of the American woman, pervade her with all the ambition and unrest which is so marked a characteristic of the American man. With a few exceptions, the prizes of ambition lie open to her. Thus we find her everywhere reaching after them, goaded on, wearing out. We find her on the lecture-stand, in the dissecting room, even in the pulpit. Her statues stand in our galleries; her pictures hang upon our walls; her books are cherished in our libraries; her winsome wisdom, and brave, true thoughts reach our brains and linger in our hearts. At what lavish expenditure of life, at what cost of nerve-power, and of heart-joy, are these prizes often won?

Publicity to a woman, never a blessing, is often a bane. If she offends as an artist, it is her misfortune to be assailed as a woman, because, as a woman, nothing can be so sacred to her as her womanhood. That fame is a curse which soils the loveliness of the womanly name by thrusting it into the grimy highway, where it is wondered at, sneered at, lied about, by the vulgar, the worldly, and the wicked. The woman who finds herself the cynosure of a home, who sees in her children her choicest treasures, finds in her husband the satisfaction of her heart and the crown of her ambition; who, in the sweet amenities of life, in unostentatious benevolence, finds occupation and a career; whose deep and quiet culture of every power makes her the meet wife and mother of men—she is the happy woman. All are not born to this perfect heritage. There are women endowed with gifts so dominant that they dare not turn from their uses; women impelled by fate to an exceptional career. Humanity needs such women, or God would not make them. He creates his sibyls as well as his seers. He gives them the prescient soul and the divining eyes which penetrate the mystery of life and the secrets of all hearts. He creates them, not for their own joy, but for the world's service. Remember this, happy woman by your fireside. Look on her with eyes of tender ruth; speak gently of this sister-woman, whose lot, if loftier, is so much lonelier than your own. Though your life seems meagre and spiritless, do not envy her her splendid isolation. There may be many to admire, and a few to love her; but, so far as her being is exceptional, it is solitary. She looks down, measuring the path between her and the grave, and feels that she must walk it alone. If this woman loves, fame holds no compensation for what she has missed. If the child by your side looks into your face with the lonely eyes of genius, shield her as you never shielded another, and yet you cannot avert her destiny. But if you have a pert and clever little daughter you can save her from a false life. You need not train her for the world, you need not educate her for display. Ostentation is the curse of our American life. Few afford to do what they do quietly. Few are content to live simple, contrite, loving lives. Our home-life is not sweet, and sheltered, and holy, as it should be. Everybody is trying to make a display of something. Emulation in petty things is as rampant in women as in men. If a woman don't write, or paint, or preach, she must lead something—fashion, perhaps; and the object of her life is to see how many bits of pasteboard she can have left at her door in the course of a year. The average young lady leaves school filled with one ambition—to "catch" lovers, and boast of her conquests. To this business she consecrates every power. The delicate bloom of girlhood, how soon it is brushed from her soul! At twenty she is old in art, if not in sin. The innocence of youth is dead and buried. What a dowry she brings to her husband! The fragments of a heart never deep or true, a passion for admiration, a hunger for conquest which he will never satisfy. The law of her life, she obeys it, to bring to his home desolation, if she does not cover his name with disgrace. How the country

needs a deeper and quieter culture for women; a culture which, while it trains every faculty for noble use, perfects her womanhood, making her more than ever the lover and keeper of home, the gentle minister of the erring and afflicted. No matter what her intellect, the crowning excellence and glory of woman must be goodness. Man, torn with conflicting ambitions and passions, fights her battles and his own in the great arena; but, at the end of the conflict, turns always to her, his sanctuary and his safety. The arbiter of his fortune, the saviour of his purity, the unerring instincts of nature teach her that she lives in this world, not only to give him his life, but to spend her life for him! The most grandly endowed woman, looking up to her God, feels rich, not in genius, but in her wealth of tenderness, in her capacity for sacrifice and devotion, which is at once the cross and crown of her womanhood.

I have left my Fourth-street cottage a long way back, and have been saving its occupant, not to hold her up as a perfectly harmonious woman, but as one of a small band of American women who have proved themselves to be great in self-forgetfulness and heroic devotion. Such women, always doing, never think of pausing to tell their own stories, which, indeed, can never be told; yet the hint of them can be given, to stir in the hearts of other women a purer emulation, and to prove to them that the surest way to happiness is to serve others and forget yourself.

This woman that I see is tall, and not fashionably dressed. She is not young, yet her face bears traces of great beauty, and her large blue eyes yet beam with the brightness of youth. Those hands—what a story they tell! Poor hands! darkened and hardened by work, they never shirked any task, never turned from any drudgery, that could lighten the load of another. Dear hands! how many blood-stained faces they have washed, how many wounds they have bound up, how many eyes they have closed in dying, how many bodies they have sadly yielded to the darkness of death!

After a life spent in benevolence, it was in December, 1860, that Almira Fales begun to prepare lint and hospital stores for the soldiers of the Union, not one of whom had then been called to take up arms. People laughed, of course; thought it a "freak;" said that none of these things would ever be needed. Just as the venerable Dr. Mott said, at the woman's meeting in Cooper Institute, after Sumter had been fired: "Go on, ladies! Get your lint ready, if it will do your dear hearts any good, though I don't believe myself that it will ever be needed." Since that December Mrs. Fales has emptied over seven thousand boxes of hospital stores, and distributed with her own hands over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of comforts to sick and wounded soldiers. Beside, she supplied personally between sixty and seventy forts with reading matter. She was months at sea—the only woman on hospital ships nursing the wounded and dying men. . . . Thousands of heroes on earth and in heaven gratefully remember this woman's loving care to them in the extremity of anguish. The war ended, her work does not cease. Every day you may find her, with her heavily-laden basket, in hovels of white and black, which dainty and delicate ladies would not dare to enter. No wounds are so loathsome, no disease so contagious, no human being so abject, that she shrinks from contact, if she can minister to their necessity.

An electric temperament, a nervous organization, with a brain crowded with a variety of memories and incidents that could only come to one in a million—all combine to give her a pleasant abruptness of motion and of speech, which I have heard some very fine ladies term insanity. "Now don't you think she *is* crazy, to spend *all* her time in such ways?" said one. When we remember how rare a thing utter unselfishness and self-forgetfulness is, we must conclude that she *is* crazy. If the listless and idle lives which we live ourselves are perfectly sane, then Almira Fales must be the maddest of mortals. But would it not be better for the world, and for us all, if we were each of us a little crazier in the same direction? M. C. A.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Are you joyous at this season of buds and blossoms? Have you spaded your flower-beds, made the earth mellow and sown your seeds? If the ground is properly prepared, and the florist has given you *good* seeds, then with the blessing of a kind Providence in sending the early and the latter rain, mingled with sunshine, you may look first for the green leaf, then for the bud, afterward the blossom and then the seed fully ripe.

But weeds may spring up among them, which if permitted to grow will take much of the strength of the soil, and your plants will be smaller and less beautiful. Therefore watch closely, lest your first labor be lost, and your anticipated enjoyment end in disappointment.

And, while thus hopefully laboring, did you ever think that those little plants were a type of yourselves? That the daily watching, weeding and cultivating was repeated every day by your anxious parents? Yes, you are their immortal plants, warmed by the sunshine of love and watered by the dew of affection. And *here* too comes a labor for you; to receive and improve these precious blessings, that they may bring forth fruit of gentleness, kindness, for

bearance and love. Not love to *one* alone in the household, but let all feel that they share a common affection; not that alone due to a parent or one who takes the place of a parent, but such as should flow through the family circle. Be not selfish, but generous; extend the social circle, and embrace all who have a deep interest in your welfare, and would offer a word of admonition for your good. Thus may you shed a light upon those whose childhood has long since passed away, and their sun is fast setting. Let them catch the watchful eye as it casts about for their comfort, and feel that the vacant chair at the table or the fireside would gladly be long deferred. These have passed through the season of buds and blossoms, have borne their fruit, and are now waiting for the Great Husbandman to gather them into his sacred garner. Neglect them not, during this period of waiting. E. H.

THE GREAT WORSHIP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The Thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of the prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

To be furious in religion, is to be irreligiously religious.—*Penn.*

From the Evening Post.

SCATTER SEED.

In the furrows of thy life,
Scatter seed!
Small may be thy spirit-field,
But a goodly crop 'twill yield;
Sow the kindly word and deed,
Scatter seed!

Sun and shower aid thee now,
Scatter seed!
Who can tell where grain may grow?
Winds are blowing to and fro,
Daily good thy simple creed,
Scatter seed!

Up! the morning flies away,
Scatter seed!
Hand of thine must never tire,
Heart must keep its pure desire;
While thy brothers faint and bleed,
Scatter seed!

Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground;
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter seed!

Spring-time always dawns for thee;
Scatter seed!
Ope thy spirit's golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give to thee thy meed.
Scatter seed!

GEORGE COOPER.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

IN THE HEMLOCKS.

Most people receive with incredulity a statement of the number of birds that annually visit our climate. Very few even are aware of half the number that spend the summer in their own immediate vicinity. We little suspect, when we walk in the woods, whose privacy we are intruding upon,—what rare and elegant visitants from Mexico, from Central and South America, and from the islands of the sea, are holding their reunions in the branches over our heads, or pursuing their pleasure on the ground before us.

I recall the altogether admirable and shining family which Thoreau dreamed he saw in the upper chambers of Spaulding's woods, which Spaulding did not know lived there, and which were not put out when Spaulding, whistling, drove his team through their lower halls. They did not go into society in the village; they were quite well; they had sons and daughters; they neither wove nor spun; there was a sound as of suppressed hilarity.

I take it for granted that the forester was only saying a pretty thing of the birds, though I have observed that it does sometimes annoy them when Spaulding's cart rumbles through their house. Generally, however, they are as unconscious of Spaulding as Spaulding is of them.

Walking the other day in an old hemlock wood, I counted over forty varieties of these summer visitants, many of them common to other woods in the vicinity, but quite a number peculiar to these ancient solitudes, and not a few that are rare in any locality. It is quite unusual to find so large a number abiding in one forest,—and that not a large one,—most of them nestling and spending the summer there. Many of those I observed commonly pass this season much farther north. But the geographical distribution of birds is rather a climatical one. The same temperature, though under different parallels, usually attracts the same birds; difference in altitude being equivalent to the difference in latitude. A given height above the sea level under the parallel of 30° may have the same climate as places under that of 35°, and similar Flora and Fauna. At the head-waters of the Delaware, where I write, the latitude is that of Boston, but the region has a much greater elevation, and hence a climate that compares better with the northern part of the State and of New England. Half a day's drive to the southeast brings me down into quite a different temperature, with an older geological formation, different forest timber, and different birds,—even with different mammals. Neither the little Grey Rabbit nor the little Gray Fox is found in my locality, but the great Northern Hare and the Red Fox are seen here. In the last century a colony of beavers dwelt here, though the oldest inhabitant cannot now point to even the traditional site of their dams. The ancient hemlocks, whither I propose to take the reader, are rich in many things beside birds. Indeed, their wealth in this respect is owing mainly, no doubt, to their rank vegetable growths, their fruitful swamps, and their dark, sheltered retreats.

Their history is of an heroic cast. Ravished and torn by the tanner in his thirst for bark, preyed upon by the lumberman, assaulted and beaten back by the settler, still their spirit has never been broken, their energies never paralyzed. Not many years ago a public highway passed through them, but it was at no time a tolerable road; trees fell across it, mud and limbs choked it up, till finally travellers took the hint and went around; and now, walking along its deserted course, I see only the foot-prints of coons, foxes, and squirrels.

Nature loves such woods, and places her own seal upon them. Here she shows me what can be done with ferns and mosses and lichens. The soil is marrowy and full of innumerable forests. Standing in these fragrant aisles, I feel the strength of the vegetable kingdom and am awed by the deep and inscrutable processes of life going on so silently about me.

No hostile forms with axe or spade now visit these solitudes. The cows have half-hidden ways through them, and know where the best browsing is to be had. In spring the farmer repairs to their bordering of maples, to make sugar; in July and August women and boys from all the country about, penetrate the old Barkpeeling for raspberries and blackberries; and I know a youth who wonderingly follows their languid stream casting for trout.

In like spirit, alert and buoyant, on this bright June morning, go I also to reap my harvest,—pursuing a sweet more delectable than sugar, fruit more savory than berries, and game for another palate than that tickled by trout.

June, of all the months, the student of ornithology can least afford to lose. Most birds are nesting then, and in full song and plumage. And what is a bird without its song? Do we not wait for the stranger to speak? It seems to me that I do not know a bird till I have heard its voice; then I come nearer it at once, and it possesses a human interest to me. I have met the Gray-cheeked Thrush (*Turdus aliciæ*) in the woods, and held him in my hand; still I do not know him. The silence of the Cedar-Bird throws a mystery about him which neither his good looks nor his petty larcenies in cherry time can dispel. A bird's song contains a clue to its life, and establishes a sympathy, an understanding between itself and the admiring listener.

I descend a steep hill, and approach the hemlocks through a large sugar-bush. When twenty rods distant, I hear all along the line of the forest the incessant warble of the Red-eyed Fly-catcher (*Vireosylvia olivacea*,) cheerful and happy as the merry whistle of a school-boy. He is one of our most common and widely distributed birds. Approach any forest at any hour of the day, in any kind of weather, from May to August, in any of the middle or eastern Districts, and the chances are that the first note you hear will be his. Rain or shine, before noon or after, in the deep forest or in the village grove,—when it is too hot for the thrushes, or too cold and windy for the warblers, —it is never out of time or place for this little minstrel to indulge his cheerful strain. In the deep wilds of the Adirondac, where few birds are seen and fewer heard, his note was almost constantly in my ear. Always busy, making it a point never to suspened for one moment his occupation to indulge his musical taste, his lay is that of industry and contentment. There is nothing plaintive or especially musical in his performance, but the sentiment expressed is eminently that of cheerfulness. Indeed the songs of most birds have some human significance, which, I think, is the source of the delight we take in them. The song of the Bobolink, to me, expresses hilarity; the Song-Sparrow's, faith; the Bluebirds, love; the Cat-

Bird's, pride; the White-eyed Flycatcher's, self-consciousness; that of the Hermit-Thrush, spiritual serenity; while there is something military in the call of the Robin, and unalloyed contentment in the warble of the Red-eyed Vireo.

This bird is classed among the flycatchers, but is much more of a worm-eater, and has few of the traits or habits of the *Muscicapa* or the true *Sylvia*. He resembles somewhat the Warbling Vireo (*Vireo gilvus*,) and the two birds are often confounded by careless observers. Both warble in the same cheerful strain, but the latter more continuously and rapidly. The Red-Eye is a larger, slimmer bird, with a faint bluish crown, and a light line over the eye. His movements are peculiar. You may see him hopping among the limbs, exploring the under side of the leaves, peering to the right and left,—now flitting a few feet, now hopping as many,—and warbling incessantly, occasionally in a subdued tone, which sounds from a very indefinite distance. When he has found a worm to his liking, he turns lengthwise of the limb, and bruises its head with his beak before devouring it.

As I enter the woods, the Slate-colored Snow-bird (*Fringilla Hudsonia*) starts up before me and chirps sharply. His protest when thus disturbed is almost metallic in its sharpness. He breeds here, and is not esteemed a snow-bird at all, as he disappears at the near approach of winter, and returns again in spring, like the Song-Sparrow, and is not in any way associated with the cold and the snow. So different are the habits of birds in different localities. Even the Crow does not winter here, and is seldom seen after December or before March.

The Snow-Bird, or "Black Chipping-Bird." as it is known among the farmers, is the finest architect of any of the ground-builders known to me. The site of its nest is usually some low bank by the road side near a wood. In a slight excavation, with a partially concealed entrance, the exquisite structure is placed. Horse-hair and cow-hair are plentifully used, imparting to the interior of the nest great symmetry and firmness as well as softness.

(To be continued.)

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

OUR CELLAR POPULATION.

It is a well established scientific fact that light is absolutely essential to the growth of animals as well as of plants. When we desire the unnatural development of a plant, as for example chickory or celery, we cover it up from the effect of light. If we wish to secure an abnormal secretion of fat in an animal, like the pig, we feed it in a half darkened pen. Only mushrooms, fungi, infusoria, monads, diatoms, poisonous weeds, hybrid plants, unnatural monsters, lurk and flourish in dark places.

It is known that vegetables which begin to sprout in cellars send forth poisonous shoots. Draper has shown that under the influence of the luminous rays, plants give off oxygen gas and destroy carbonic acid. They exhale oxygen in the light and assimilate carbon. A plant is the child of the sun, depending upon it for its birth, nutrition and growth. Respiration is the gentle combustion of carbon and of hydrogen, analogous to that which takes place in a burning lamp.

In respiration and vegetation it is the atmospheric air that furnishes the oxygen and the carbonic acid; but the substance of the animal, its very blood, supports the combustion, and if the loss incurred is not restored by food the oil will soon be wanting in the lamp, and the animal will perish, as the lamp goes out when its oil is exhausted. But food alone, either for the plant or animal, is not sufficient to sustain life. The plant cannot secrete its food in the dark, and it has been found that respiration cannot be healthfully carried on without the light.

A long series of observations have been made by Moleschott to show that the same animal, placed alternately in the dark and in the light, gives off one-third more carbonic acid from its lungs in the light than it does in the dark, and that its growth and strength are in direct ratio to the amount of the respired gas. A plant becomes white and fragile in a cellar, and a twining plant forgets its nature in the dark, and grows up a straight stalk.

The observations made upon plants and animals apply to man. The same laws of growth obtain in his case.

Where a plant will not grow man will not grow. Where a lamp is extinguished the lamp of life will also go out. There are other causes which render subterranean dwellings unhealthy —these are the dampness, the foul gases from sewers, and the lack of ventilation. It has been found that a close proximity to surface water exposes persons fatally to the attack of such diseases as the cholera. There needs no law to prevent the farmer and gardener from sowing their seed in places where it will not grow, but a law to prevent landlords from sowing the seeds of disease and nourishing a sickly, perishing class of population, by shutting them up in unwholesome cellars, may well merit our attention.

Business men need to be cautioned against the dismal, damp, dingy, dungeon like offices, down town, out of which can be seen to issue every day pale, cadaverous, nervous people, who pay enormous rents for these holes, and larger doctor's bills, while they are working hard to support their families. If sunlight

were for sale, and everybody knew its value, it would bring a high price on 'Change, but being cheap, and its value not understood, no one will pay a dime for a single ray.

Let those who love darkness and are willing to pay for it enjoy it to their satisfaction; but it is a public injury that men, taking advantage of the poverty and necessities of their fellows, should sell darkness and disease, as they are sold, at high rates, to the thousands who in this city live in cellars.

ON THE INVISIBLE RAYS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

(Concluded from page 207.)

One way of doing this would be to cut off the luminous portion of the decomposed beam by an opaque screen, allowing the non-luminous portion to pass by its edge. We might then operate at pleasure upon the latter;—reflect it, refract it, concentrate it. This would be a perfectly philosophical way of detaching the light from the heat, but with our present means we could not thus obtain a quantity of heat sufficient to produce the results intended to be exhibited before the conclusion of the discourse. Another plan consists in following up a mode of experiment initiated by Sir William Herschel. He examined the transmission of solar heat through glasses of various colors, through black muslin and other substances, which intercepted a large portion of the solar light. Melloni subsequently discovered that lampblack, and also a kind of black glass, while perfectly opaque to light, transmitted a considerable quantity of radiant heat. In Professor Tyndall's "Lectures on Heat," given at the Royal Institution in 1862, and since made public, experiments with these bodies are described. It was while conversing with his friend Mr. Warren De la Rue, in the autumn of 1861, on the possibility of sifting, by absorbents, the light of a beam from its heat, that Professor Tyndall first learned that carbon was the substance which rendered Melloni's glass opaque. This fact was of peculiar interest to him, for it and others seemed to extend to solid bodies a law which he had detected two years previously in his experiments on gases and vapors, and which showed that *elementary* gases were highly transparent, while *compound* gases were all more or less opaque—many of them, indeed, almost perfectly opaque—to invisible radiant heat. The enormous difference existing between elementary and compound gases, as regards their opacity to radiant heat, is illustrated by the following facts:—For every ray intercepted in a tube four feet long, by a certain measure of air, oxygen, hydrogen, or nitrogen, transparent ammonia strikes down 7,260 rays, olefiant gas 7,950, while transparent sulphurous acid destroys 8,800.

In Professor Tyndall's first experiments on the invisible radiations of the electric light, black glass was the substance made use of. The specimens, however, which he was able to obtain, destroyed, along with the visible, a considerable portion of the invisible radiation. But the discovery of the deportment of elementary gases directed his attention to other simple substances. He examined sulphur dissolved in bisulphide of carbon, and found it almost perfectly transparent to the invisible rays. He also examined the element bromine, and found that notwithstanding its dark color, it was eminently transparent to the ultra-red rays. Layers of this substance, for example, which entirely cut off all the light of a brilliant gas flame, transmitted its invisible radiant heat with freedom. Finally, he tried a solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon, and arrived at the extraordinary result that a quantity of dissolved iodine sufficiently opaque to cut off the light of the mid-day sun was, within the limits of experiment, absolutely transparent to invisible radiant heat.

This then is the substance by which the invisible rays of the electric light may be almost perfectly detached from the visible ones. Concentrating by a small glass mirror, silvered in front, the rays emitted by the carbon points of the electric lamp, we obtain a convergent cone of light. Interposing in the path of this concentrated beam a cell containing the opaque solution of iodine, the light of the cone is utterly destroyed, while its invisible rays are scarcely, if at all, meddled with. These converge to a focus, at which, though nothing can be seen, even in the darkest room, the following series of effects may be produced:—

When a piece of black paper is placed in the focus, it is pierced by the invisible rays, as if a white-hot spear had been suddenly driven through it. The paper instantly blazes without apparent contact with anything hot.

A piece of brown paper placed at the focus soon shows a red-hot, burning surface, extending over a considerable space of the paper, which finally bursts into flame.

The wood of a hat box similarly placed, is rapidly burnt through. A pile of wood and shavings, on which the focus falls, is quickly ignited, and thus a fire may be set burning by the invisible rays.

A cigar or a pipe is immediately lighted when placed at the focus of invisible rays. His Royal Highness the Comte de Paris performed this experiment at Professor Tyndall's lecture.

Disks of charred paper placed at the focus are raised to brilliant incandescence; charcoal is also ignited there.

A piece of charcoal suspended in a glass receiver full of oxygen, is set on fire at the focus, burning with the splendor exhibited by this sub-

stance in an atmosphere of oxygen. The invisible rays, though they have passed through the receiver, still retain sufficient power to render the charcoal within it red-hot.

A mixture of oxygen and hydrogen is exploded in the dark focus, through the ignition of its envelope.

A strip of blackened zinc-foil placed at the focus is pierced and inflamed by the invisible rays. By gradually drawing the strip through the focus, it may be kept blazing with its characteristic purple light for a considerable time. This experiment is particularly beautiful.

Magnesium wire, presented suitably to the focus, burns with almost intolerable brilliancy.

The effects thus far described are, in part, due to chemical action. The substances placed at the dark focus are oxidizable ones, which, when heated sufficiently, are attacked by the atmospheric oxygen, ordinary combustion being the result. But the experiments may be freed from this impurity. A thin plate of charcoal, placed *in vacuo*, is raised to incandescence at the focus of invisible rays. Chemical action is here entirely excluded. A thin plate of silver or copper, with its surface slightly tarnished by the sulphide of the metal, so as to diminish its reflective power, is raised to incandescence either *in vacuo* or in air. With sufficient battery-power and proper concentration, a plate of platinzed platinum is rendered white-hot at the focus of invisible rays; and when the incandescent platinum is looked at through a prism, its light yields a complete and brilliant spectrum. In all these cases we have, in the first place, a perfectly invisible image of the coal points formed by the mirror; and no experiment hitherto made illustrates the identity of light and heat more forcibly than this one. When the plate of metal or of charcoal is placed at the focus, the invisible image raises it to incandescence, and thus prints itself visibly upon the plate. On drawing the coal points apart, or on causing them to approach each other, the thermograph of the points follows their motion. By cutting the plate of carbon along the boundary of the thermograph, we may obtain a second pair of coal points, of the same shape as the original ones, but turned upside down; and thus by the rays of the one pair of coal points, which are incompetent to excite vision, we may cause a second pair to emit all the rays of the spectrum.

The ultra-red radiation of the electric light is known to consist of ethereal undulations of greater length, and slower periods of recurrence, than those which excite vision. When, therefore, those long waves impinge upon a plate of platinum, and raise it to incandescence, their period of vibration is changed. The waves emitted by the platinum are shorter, and of more rapid recurrence than those falling upon it, the refrangibility being thereby raised, and the invisible rays rendered visible. Thirteen years ago, Professor Stokes published the noble discovery that by the agency of sulphate of quinine, and various other substances, the ultra-violet ray of the spectrum could be rendered visible. These invisible rays of high refrangibility, impinging upon a proper medium, cause the molecules of that medium to oscillate in slower periods than those of the incident waves. In this case, therefore, the invisible rays are rendered visible by the *lowering* of their refrangibility; while in the experiments of Professor Tyndall, the ultra-red rays are rendered visible by the *raising* of their refrangibility. To the phenomena brought to light by Professor Stokes, the term *fluorescence* has been applied by their discoverer, and to the phenomena brought forward at the Royal Society, and at the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall proposes to apply the term *calorescence*.

It was the discovery, more than three years ago, of a substance opaque to light, and almost perfectly transparent to radiant heat—a substance which cut the visible spectrum of the electric light shortly off at the extremity of the red, and left the ultra-red radiation almost untouched, that led Professor Tyndall to the foregoing results. They lay directly in the path of his investigation, and it was only the diversion of his attention to subjects of more immediate interest that prevented him from reaching, much earlier, the point which he has now attained. On this, however, Professor Tyndall can found no claim, and the *idea* of rendering ultra-red rays visible, though arrived at independently, does not by right belong to him. The right to a scientific idea or discovery is secured by the act of publication, and, in virtue of such an act, priority of the conception as regards the conversion of heat-rays into light-rays, belongs indisputably to Dr. Akin. At the meeting of the British Association, assembled at New Castle in 1863, he proposed three experiments by which he intended to solve this question. He afterwards became associated with an accomplished man of science, Mr. Griffith, of Oxford, and jointly with him pursued the enquiry. Two out of the three experiments proposed at Newcastle by Dr. Akin are quite impracticable. In the third it was proposed to concentrate by a large burning mirror the rays of the sun, to cut off the luminous portion of the radiation by "proper absorbents," and then to operate with the obscure rays. Dr. Akin employed in his experiments a mirror thirty-six inches in diameter, but he has hitherto failed to realize his idea. With a mirror four inches in diameter, the radiant source with which his researches had rendered him familiar, and a substance which he had himself discovered, to filter the beam of the electric lamp,

Prosessor Tyndall obtained all the results above described.

ITEMS.

The President has approved the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to make and carry into effect such orders and regulations of quarantine as may be deemed necessary and proper in aid of State or municipal authorities, to guard against the introduction of cholera into the ports of the United States.

ALPINE ITEMS.—M. Blatter, one of the three meteorologists who have passed the winter in a part of the Matterhorn, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, for the purpose of taking observations, has just descended to the village of Meiringen. He reports that his brother and himself enjoyed excellent health, while their companion, an Italian, suffered severely from the climate. The greatest cold had been 19½ degrees below zero, Fahrenheit; as recently as the 24th of March, the temperature was 23 9-10 R. The average throughout the winter was 16 deg. R. (4 below zero, Fahrenheit.) Their provisions had consisted of meat from the Valais, dried in the air, which had remained almost perfectly sweet. The only living creatures the observers had seen were choucas, (a kind of jackdaw,) which flew around the hut without the slightest timidity.

CONGRESS.—A bill was introduced into the Senate, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands, to donate public lands to the several States which may provide agricultural colleges for the education of colored persons. The joint resolution in regard to railroad communication was taken up as it passed the House, and, after discussion, passed as amended. The act continuing in force the Freedmen's Bureau was received from the House and referred to the Military Committee.

In the House, among many other bills and resolutions, the following were adopted: A resolution directing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of abolishing all but one district court in the United States in all States which are entitled to no more than seven members in Congress; also one recommending a change in the system of paying drawbacks on imported goods. The bill to continue in force and amend the Freedmen's Bureau bill was passed.

INDIANS.—Advices from Fort Laramie say that the Indians are congregating there in large numbers to attend the pending treaty at that place. About twenty thousand are already there, chiefly from the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux. Their destitution makes them anxious for peace, but they strenuously claim that the territory along the Smoky-hill route must be left to them for herding grounds, and it is thought that unless this is done they will continue to be troublesome. Their condition at the fort is deplorable in the extreme.

THE FREEDMEN.—A most favorable measure for the Freedmen has passed both Houses, and now awaits the President's signature. It extends the provisions of the Homestead law over the public lands of the late rebellious States, giving eighty acres to each actual settler, without distinction of color, and reducing the price to be paid for each patent to $5.00. It also provides that these lands shall be disposed of in no other way.

The Freedmen's Bureau has recently received from the Southern States highly satisfactory accounts of the operations of its officers and the whites and the freedmen. With a few exceptions, they work harmoniously together. The condition of the cotton and grain crops is flattering, and it is believed that the yield of the former will be much larger than the exhibit of last year. This is owing principally to the successful working of the paid labor system of the freed race. In some portions of the States great destitution prevails to such an extent that the supply of rations on hand is inadequate to the emergency.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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A BRIEF MEMOIR OF ISAAC PENINGTON.

He was the eldest son of Isaac Penington, nany years an alderman of London, and, for wo years successively, mayor of the city. He vas born about the year 1617: his education vas suitable to his quality amongst men, having he advantages of the schools and universities f his own country, joined with the conversation f some of the most considerable men of his me. He arrived at manhood, at a period hen England was agitated with the tempest f civil commotion, by means of the discord be- ween Charles I. and his Parliament; and as ie father of Penington was himself a warm artisan, in a conspicuous station, and intrusted ith concerns of considerable importance, the n, had his temper inclined him, might proba- y soon have risen to eminence in the repub- . But he refused the greatness and glory of e world, and chose rather a life dedicated to ligion and retirement. Having received im- essions of piety very early, they had so good effect upon him, that he was preserved from e evils of the age, and became the wonder of s kindred and familiars, for his awful life and equent retirements, his declining company, at might interrupt his meditations, and his ing disposed to a life of mourning. Yet this rrow did not flow from a sense of former vices, he was inclined to virtue from his child- od; but with Habakkuk, from the dread he d of the majesty of God, and his desire to d a resting place in the great day of trouble. In the midst of which exercises, nothing gave ease or comfort but the smiles of God's countenance upon his soul.

About the year 1648, he married Mary, the widow of Sir William Springett, a religious woman; but he continued in a seeking state for some years after; till at length he was convinced of the principles of Truth as professed by the people called Quakers, and joined himself to this society about 1658, being then forty-one years of age. Neither his worldly station, the most considerable of any that had closed with this way, nor the debasement it brought upon his learning and wisdom, nor yet that reproach and loss which attended his public espousing of it, did deter him from owning and embracing it. Thus parting with all, he received a new stock from heaven, wherein the Lord prospered him; the dew of heaven rested upon his branch and root, and he grew rich and fruitful in heavenly treasure, full of love, patience, and long suffering, and exemplary in his duty to God and men.

As it was given to him to believe in Christ, so he had also to suffer for his sake; his imprisonments were many, and some of them long, which he underwent with great constancy and quietness of mind; first in the year 1661, in Aylesbury gaol, for worshipping God in his own house; and endured great hardship for seventeen weeks, in a cold incommodious room, without a chimney, great part of the time in winter; from which usage his body contracted

so great a disorder, that for several weeks after, he was not able to turn himself in bed. He was imprisoned five times after this, on account of his religious profession; and being of a tender constitution, was in danger of losing his life from the hardship he endured. Thus through many tribulations did he enter the kingdom, having been long exercised, tried, and approved of the Lord. As his outward man grew in years, his inward man grew in grace, and the knowledge of his Redeemer; for it was observable among them that knew him in his declining time, that when the candle of his natural life burnt dimmer, his soul waxed stronger, and like a replenished lamp, shone with greater lustre; his profession being adorned by a life of piety and virtue, and the constant practice of what he recommended to others. Many were the gifts God honored him with, which he made use of, to the praise of the great Giver. Being thus fit to live, he was prepared to die, which was in the sixty-third year of his age, in the 8th month, 1679.

This truly experienced man having given some brief sketches of the deep exercises and conflicts which his soul passed under, in his search after and attainment of the knowledge of the way, the truth and the life, it may be acceptable and instructive to many, thus to view and ponder his steps as expressed in his own language.

"My heart from my childhood was pointed towards the Lord, whom I feared, and longed after from my tender years; wherein I felt, that I could not be satisfied with, nor indeed seek after the things of this perishing world, which naturally pass away; but I desired true sense of, and unity with, that which abideth forever. There was somewhat indeed, then still within me, even the seed of eternity, which leavened and balanced my spirit almost continually; but I knew it not distinctly, so as to turn to it, and to give up to it, entirely and understandingly.

In this temper of mind I earnestly sought after the Lord, applying myself to hear sermons, and reading the best books I could meet with, but especially the Scriptures, which were very sweet and savory to me: Yea I very earnestly desired, and pressed after the knowledge of the Scriptures, but was much afraid of receiving men's interpretations of them, or of fastening any interpretation upon them myself: but waited much, and prayed much, that from the Spirit of the Lord, I might receive the true understanding of them, and that he would chiefly endue me with that knowledge, which I might feel sanctifying and saving. And indeed I did sensibly receive of his love, of his mercy, and of his grace, which I felt still freely to move towards me; and at seasons when I was most filled with the sense of my own unworthiness, and had least expectations of the manifestation of them.

But I was exceedingly entangled about Election and Reprobation, having drank in that doctrine, according as it was then held forth by the strictest of those that were termed Puritans; and as then seemed to be very manifest and positive, from *Rom.* ix. &c., fearing lest, notwithstanding all my desires and seeking after the Lord, he might in his decree have passed me by; and I felt it would be bitter to me to bear his wrath, and be separated from his love for evermore: yet if he had so decreed, it would be, and I should, notwithstanding these fair beginnings and hopes, fall away and perish at last. In this great trouble and grief, which was much added to, by not finding the spirit of God so in me, and with me, as I had read and believed the former Christians had it, and in mourning over and grappling with secret corruptions and temptations, I spent many years, and fell into great weakness of body; and, often casting myself upon my bed, did wring my hands and weep bitterly; begging earnestly of the Lord daily, that I might be pitied by him, and helped against my enemies, and be made comformable to the image of his Son, by his own renewing power. And indeed at last, when my nature was almost spent, and the pit of despair was even closing its mouth upon me, mercy sprang, and deliverance came, and the Lord my God owned me, and sealed his love unto me, and light sprang within me: which made not only the Scriptures, but the very creatures glorious in my eye; so that every thing was sweet and pleasant and lightsome round about me. But I soon felt that this estate was too high and glorious for me, and was not able to abide in it, it so overcame my natural spirits. Wherefore, blessing the name of the Lord for his great goodness to me, I prayed unto him to take that from me which was not able to bear; and to give me such proportion of his light and presence, as was suitable to my present state, and might fit me for his service. Whereupon this was presently removed from me; yet a savor remained with me, wherein I had sweetness, and comfort, and refreshment, for a long season.

But my mind did not then know how to turn to and dwell with that which gave me the savor, nor rightly to read what God did daily write in my heart; which sufficiently manifested itself to be of him, by its living virtue, and pure operation upon me. But I looked upon the Scriptures to be my rule, and so would weigh the inward appearances of God to me, by what was outwardly written; and durst not receive anything from God immediately, as it sprang from the fountain, but only in that mediate way. Herein did I limit the Holy One of Israel, and exceedingly hurt my own soul, as

fterwards felt, and came to understand. Yet he Lord was tender to me, and condescended xceedingly, opening Scriptures to me freshly very day, teaching and instructing, warming nd comforting my heart thereby. And truly, e did help me to pray, and to believe, and to ove him and his appearances in any: yea, to ove all the sons of men and all his creatures, ith a true love. But that in me, which knew ot the appearances of the Lord in my spirit, ut would limit him to words of Scriptures rmerly written,—that proceeded yet further, nd would be raising a fabric of knowledge out f the Scriptures, and gathering a perfect rule, s I thought, concerning my heart, my words, y ways, my worship; and according to what thus drank in, after this manner, from the criptures, I practised, and with much seriousess of spirit, and prayer to God, fell a helping build up an independent congregation, herein the savor of life and the presence of od was fresh with me; as I believe there are me yet alive, of that congregration, who can stify.* This was my state, when I was smitten, roken and distressed by the Lord, confounded my worship, confounded in my knowledge, ripped of all in one day, which it is hard to tter, and was matter of amazement to all that eheld me. I lay open and naked to all that ould inquire of me, and strive to search out hat might be the cause the Lord should eal so with me. They would at first be jealous at I had sinned and provoked him so to do; t when they had scanned things thoroughly, d I had opened my heart nakedly to them, do not remember any one that ever retained at sense concerning me. My soul remembreth the wormwood and gall, the exceeding tterness of that state, and is still humbled in e, in the remembrance of it before the Lord. Oh! how did I wish, with Job, that I might me before him, and bowingly plead with him; r indeed I had no sense of any guilt upon me, t was sick of love towards him, and as one plently rent from the bosom of his beloved! h, how gladly would I have met with death! r I was weary all the day long, and afraid of e night; and weary also of the night season, d afraid of the ensuing day. I remember y grievous and bitter mournings to the Lord. ow often did I say, *Oh Lord why hast thou rsaken me? Why hast thou broken me to ces? I had no delight but thee. My heart s bent wholly to serve thee, and thou hast even fitted me* as appeared to my sense, *by many deep exercises and experiences for thy service. Why dost thou make me thus miserable.*"

(To be continued.)

Never too Late to Mend.—As it is never too soon to do good, so it is never too late to amend. I will therefere neither neglect the time present nor despair of the time past, If I had been sooner good, I might, perhaps have been better, if I am longer bad, I shall, (I am sure,) be worse. That I have stayed a long time idle in the market-place deserves reprehension; but if I am late sent into the vineyard, I have encouragement to work, "I will give unto this last as unto thee."

ANCIENT AND MODERN FRIENDS.

The following remarks, which were written by a member of our religious Society about thirty-five years ago, may, I think, be profitably perused at the present time. For it must be apparent to all, that a sad degeneracy has indeed spread over us, when we recur to the language of Isaac Pennington in describing the faithfulness of Friends in his day. "Let it be looked at over England," he says, "which of us so much as mind these things? Nay, the Lord knows that the love of these things is daily rooted out of our hearts more and more, and *we are a people whom the world cannot charge with covetousness or love of the world, wherewith all sorts of professors hitherto have been too justly chargeable.*" S. B. F.

"It is well for us who have the privilege of membership in the Society of Friends, frequently to look back at the origin of our religious institutions, and to contemplate 'the great fight of afflictions,' the long and painful sufferings through which our forefathers passed, and by the patient endurance of which they purchased for us those privileges and that liberty of conscience which we now enjoy. It is to be feared that we set too lightly by the profession of Quakerism, and estimate both its principles and its advantages far below their real importance.

"Could we see a living exemplification of the zeal and perseverance which characterized Friends in the beginning,—witness their constancy, and even cheerfulness, when subjected to the cruel ordeal of the scourge or the stocks—the unshaken firmness of innocent prisoners languishing in noisome dungeons, for conscience' sake, during periods of from three to nineteen years, separated from their bereaved and helpless families, and forbidden to contribute aught toward their support—the faithfulness of women and children in facing the tempest of persecution, fearless of suffering, in order that they might maintain their religious meetings when all the men were im-

* In another part of his writings, wherein he alludes to this particular season, he says, "But there was somewhat wanting, and we mistook our way, for whereas we should have pressed forward into the spirit and power, we ran too much outward into the letter and form; and though the Lord in many things helped us, yet, therein he was against us, and brought darkness, confusion and scattering upon us."

prisoned, and the joy and peace with which others triumphantly met an ignominious death, rather than violate their testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus,—if the spirit of the world has not blunted our sensibilities, and rendered us indifferent to the things which belong to our everlasting peace, the prospect must surely put us to shame, and sharply rebuke the lukewarmness and apathy of the present day. The profession of Quakerism is now rather respectable than otherwise; and as such we are willing to embrace it to a certain extent; but we take care not to render any of its peculiar characteristics strikingly obvious in our conduct, and rather retire into the shade, as though we felt a little ashamed of our religion, than nobly and fearlessly act out its requirements. How delicate and refined have we become—how studious of mode and polish—how eager to approach as near as possible in our houses and furniture and persons, to the customs of the world, for fear we should be thought narrow and bigoted, or looked upon as mean and old fashioned.

"What would a Fox, or Burrough, or a Whitehead think of the liberal and modish Quakers of the present day—so squeamish of obtruding their principles on the world, and so tender of coming in collision with the prejudices of other professors? They would look with amazement at the magnificence and costliness of our establishments, at the sumptuous style of our living, at the luxurious ease in which our lives are passed, and the courtly compliance and graceful air with which we shake hands with the world; and when they cast a retrospective glance over the years of toil and hardship *they* spent in the service of the Gospel,—how poor and mean was their outward entertainment; the contempt and scorn they met with from the high professors of their day; the homely simplicity of their houses, and dress, and manners; the boldness and magnanimity with which they asserted and suffered for the truth; the industry they practised and the ardor they felt in the cause of Christ,—they would turn away from us with sorrow as a fallen and degraded people—'a people whose oppressors are women and whose children rule over them'—who have sold their birthright for money and their spiritual inheritance 'for a thing of nought.'

"Of those who read these lines, there are probably some who will laugh at what they consider the absurdity of my observations, and affect great surprise that any one should be so unreasonable as to expect Friends of this enlightened and improved age to live the simple, self-denying lives of their early predecessors. With such my business is not at present. I address myself to those, and probably they are much the most numerous class, who will concur with all I have said, and rise from the perusal of it with the acknowldgement that a mournful degeneracy has indeed spread over us, and a consciousness that they are contributing, by their example and habits, to increase and perpetuate it.

"But when they turn their thoughts on their manner of life,—on the great extent of their business, on the abundance of their wealth, and the uselessness, in a religious sense, with which they spend their days,—if conviction and condemnation for a little moment seize their minds, and give rise to some desires for a greater conformity to what their judgment approves, yet there are so many palliatives and opiates at hand, that the smarting of the stroke is quickly allayed, and they fall back with even stronger attachments than before into the old track.

"The views of mankind, say they, are modified by the change of times, and the degree of strictness and simplicity which marked the lives of the early Quakers is not to be expected now. The general style of living is more expensive, and we must yield to the current; this increased expense demands larger resources and more extensive business, and these again absorb so much of our time and attention, that we find little or none to devote to the pursuits of religion or the concerns of the Society. We regret that circumstances impose this necessity on us, but it is a law which we cannot escape. Some find a plausible excuse for the grandeur in which they live, by alleging that their estates are large, and they may as well distribute their income in the form of expenses as in any other mode; while others make the excess of their incomes an argument for going on hoarding and accumulating wealth; and though they may reprobate a worldly spirit, and make a show of liberality by some handsome donations to benevolent objects, and would be greatly offended at being thought avaricious, yet secretly their money steals upon their affections, and there is a lurking satisfaction and complacency as they count over the hundreds and thousands which are annually saved to be invested in good security.

"Far be it from me to discountenance honest industry, or that prudent foresight which would provide for the wants of sickness and declining years; but it cannot be denied that the inordinate desire of accumulating wealth is one of the crying sins of our Society; that it withers and blights the liveliness of our religious feelings, cramps our benevolent enterprise, swallows up our time and affections to an unwarrantable degree, and prepares the way for that selfish feeling which so extensively prevails,—'wherein all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's.' But we see these evils—lament them for a moment

pass an encomium on the disinterestedness and self-denial of the primitives, and then, like the hearers of the word, we 'go on our way and forget what manner of men we are'"

"*What will it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*" By J. JACKSON.

"What will it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" These words of Jesus have been presented to the view of my mind as being full of instruction, and worthy of our individual consideration. When we consider that every accountable and immortal being that is brought into existence, is the immediate offspring of its Divine author, we shall not wonder that Jesus should have placed the value of the soul higher than even the possession of the whole world. *To be*, and to know that we are in possession of an immortal spirit, is to have an evidence of that link in the great chain that connects the present with the future, and unites man to his Maker. We have received our spiritual nature immediately from God. It constitutes the germ of immortality and eternal life, which, under the blessed influence of the gospel of Christ, is capable of unlimited growth and enlargement. Taking this view, we shall see the force of the expression of Jesus, "What will it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" It is a question of vital importance to our present and future well-being, to know that we are in *possession* of a nature that does not die, when the tabernacle in which it is contained shall return to the dust from which it was taken; and it is equally important that we should improve a gift, bearing upon it the proof of divine origin. If we read attentively and understandingly the beautiful parables of Jesus, we shall find that many of them have a direct reference to this subject; that through these he endeavored to instruct his disciples in the nature of the growth of the immortal spirit, from the state of a germ in which it was bestowed, to that state in which it becomes perfected in the knowledge of its author.

When Jesus compared the kingdom of heaven to "a grain of mustard seed," or to the "seed that a sower went forth to sow," or a "little leaven hid in three measures of meal," he represents it as something small in its first appearance, but which is capable of being cultivated and improved, by the continual addition of the experience of the things belonging to that kingdom. The grain of mustard seed, unless it were placed in a position favorable to its growth, would be of no further value than a single grain, but we see it contains within itself the elements of its own reproduction. When the soil upon which it falls is prepared to receive and nourish it, it is then that it brings forth the stem, the branches, the blossom, and finally the fruit fully ripe, and this process is continually repeated. Thus the outward world furnishes an illustration of the growth to be experienced by our spiritual nature, until that germ of the Divine life, which is immediately bestowed by the Author of our being, and which constitutes us beings, "made in the image of God," has expanded and brought forth those fruits of "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit," in which the apostle declares the kingdom of heaven consists.

We shall lose our own souls, so far as the enjoyment of those things is to be realized, if we neglect this kind of culture, for our spiritual nature can only expand and yield these fruits as it is cultivated and improved.

These parables of Jesus are akin to the figure of the Garden of Eden, in which man is placed, with authority to dress and keep the trees of the garden, and partake of the fruit of all except the "tree of the knowledge of evil." Thus we have parables and figures throughout the Scriptures, all pointing us to the improvement of a treasure that we have in "earthen vessels," and as this is improved, we advance from one mansion of the Heavenly Father's house to another, for according to the testimony of Jesus, it is declared, "In my Father's house are *many* mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may be also."

The professed belief among Christians is, that the soul cannot be saved without Christ, and if this doctrine were carried out in practice, we should see wonderful illustrations of this growth to which I have alluded, in the knowledge of the Lord spreading from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth. If men really believed that their salvation depended on their likeness to Christ, all the wrongs and evils of unrighteousness would cease, and the kingdom of God would come on earth as it is heaven.

But unhappily men do not in reality believe that they are to be saved by their likeness to Christ, so much as by their opinions concerning him. Hence the great doctrine of salvation by Christ, and the soul's advancement from stature to stature, till it attains to the state of a "man in Christ Jesus," is not fully understood; and in consequence, the fruits of the spirit, which are love, peace, joy, charity, and all the heavenly virtues, do not correspond with the great profession of religion that is made among men.

We know these fruits will appear wherever men witness salvation by Christ; but while they are depending on their *opinions* concerning a Saviour, they will never be brought out of darkness into the light of the gospel day;

neither will the church ever be brought out of the wilderness of lifeless forms and ceremonies, to behold the beauty of that temple where God is worshipped in spirit. Upon this subject, men are losing their own souls, or at least giving them up to the keeping of others. Look over the religious world, and see how many thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow beings are taught to look for their spiritual bread, their knowledge of God, of Christ, of the kingdom of heaven, to the teachings of men. Resting satisfied with a name to live, and persuading themselves that their opinions concerning religion, Christ and God are true, and therefore they have accomplished all they have to do, in the work of the souls advancement, and relying upon the testimony of others for authority, are willing to leave unread the great volume of truth which Christ opens to his followers. Happy would it be for the professors of Christianity, if they would seek for higher evidence of the presence of Christ, than the declarations of men; then they would find the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," verified in their own experience. . . . .

While we are in possession of an immortal soul, he dwells near us, and the language that was uttered formerly remains to be as true now as it was then: "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man will hear my voice and open unto me, I will come in and sup with him, and he shall sup with me." If we rest satisfied with other men's opinions, we cease to be thinking beings, we cease to ask, that we may receive; to knock, that it may be opened unto us; and failing to inquire for ourselves, our understandings are not opened to comprehend the sublime realities of the kingdom of heaven. We should not separate the word *Christ* from the word *power*; they are and ever have been the same thing. He is spoken of as the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," opening the path of duty before him, warning him against evil, and justifying him for doing good. He is the power that enables man to resist temptations, to overcome evil, to go on his way from glory to glory. We should confine our views of him to the operation of this power within ourselves, that we may have such an evidence of his presence, as will enable us to say from living experience, "I know that my Redeemer lives, and because he lives, we shall live also."

In the parable of the sower, Jesus illustrated the goodness of the great Husbandman, in the universal distribution of the good seed, the seed of a spiritual nature; and it is for us to say, whether that seed shall fall upon stony ground, by the way-side, among thorns, or upon soil prepared for its reception and growth. Let all the energies of our minds, instead of being converted into swords and spears, be converted into ploughshares and pruning-hooks, to cultivate the ground for the reception and growth of this seed, in a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Then we shall see that the value of the soul increases as it expands in the knowledge of its Author.

Our views of the Divine mind should not be such as to shut him out from the present life, leading us only to anticipate a knowledge of Him when we shall have passed beyond the limits of time. Oh, no; he is not far from every one of us, seeing that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

That same benevolent Being who has spread out before us the visible world as a monument of his wisdom, power and goodness, has also furnished to his rational, intelligent creation, a witness of himself. We are, therefore, called to a knowledge of God and Christ now; such a knowledge that will regulate our thoughts and conduct, purify the heart, sanctify the affections, and elevate the soul into the enjoyment of the Divine harmony here, and lay the foundation of a well-grounded hope of its continuance in the world to come. . . . .

We should embrace the religion of Jesus, because it puts us in possession of the joys of heaven in the present as well as the future world. But I have no idea of people being driven to embrace religion, or any system of belief or opinion (as is often the case) through fear of judgments to come, for this only tends to drive men into darkness and error.

Religion should be held up, and especially to the young mind as something that is cheerful and joyous in its character; something that shall make it happier every day and every hour; something that shall preserve it from all evil and secure to it all that is good. I have no faith in that dark and gloomy theology which terrifies the mind of the child, by insisting upon its total depravity, and the absence of a pure and undefiled spirit; that holds up to it a fear of death and of imaginary torment beyond the grave, to frighten it into religion.

Religion should be held up to the view of the child in the language of Jesus: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It should be represented as a path shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; such a view will correspond with the soul's advancement from one mansion of the heavenly Father's house to another; and our minds should ever be impressed with the conviction that the moment we turn aside from this path we are on the downward course—a course strewed with briars and thorns, and which, if it is pursued, leads through all the wanderings of folly, misery, and wretchedness, and finally to ruin. In presenting these views of religion I shall not be understood, that it ever leads

the indulgence of any hurtful thing. It will control every passion, and set bounds to the indulgence of every propensity belonging to the animal nature of man, and a moment's reflection will satisfy us of the hurtful tendency of improper indulgence in these. The view I wish to convey is, that religion, in regulating our lives, and bringing the animal propensities under the control and dominion of the spiritual man, will deprive us of no real good; but that it will render life a scene of enjoyment; it opens to us the creation of God, as springing from its author, and invites us to look upon his works as the monuments of his infinite wisdom and power: it invites us to look within ourselves for the traces of his omnipotence and omnipresence; that in the spirit's sanctuary we may hold communion with a Being whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, but who condescends to dwell with the pure in heart, the humble and contrite spirit. Oh! my friends, could we keep such views of religion before us, and contemplate the nature and value of the immortal soul, we should be encouraged to press forward till we experience those joys and blessed realities which the righteous of all past time have witnessed, by walking by the same rule, and minding the same thing. Like the beloved Son, we shall also, as we are led by the spirit of God, become "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." We should then experience a likeness to Christ, in the state of meekness, humility, love, universal charity for all mankind, and an enlarged philanthropy to which we shall have attained. Love to God and to our fellow-creatures would be the secret spring of all our actions, and all our works would correspond.

When mankind come to embrace these views, there will be fruits of righteousness, peace on earth, and good-will to men, such as the world never yet has witnessed, for this doctrine has for its object the growth of man's spiritual nature, from the germ-like state in which it was bestowed, until it prepares him to enjoy the society of saints and angels in the kingdom of heaven.

DR. JOHN KITTO.

"O misery, thou art to be my only portion! Father of mercy, forgive me if I wish I had never been born! O that I were dead, if death were an annihilation of being; but as it is not, teach me to endure life—to enjoy it, I never can."

Had these words been written by a man who had passed through many years of suffering, who had seen all his hopes destroyed, and all his loved ones perish, who was worn by multiplied cares and enfeebled by manifold trials, whose only hope of rest or peace was in the grave—though we could hardly, even then, think them right—we might still consider them as the natural expressions of a heart, sunk in hopeless despair. But when we are told that they were written by a mere boy, by one who had not yet passed "youth's sunny season," who still heard the whispers of hope in his soul, who had laid bright plans for a life of usefulness, if not of happiness, it is difficult to believe that what we read is true. And yet these were words penned during his boyhood by Dr. John Kitto, who became in after years one of the most noted Bible students whom England has numbered among her men of learning. One can readily imagine that at the time of writing such lines as these he must have felt himself in unusual trouble. And well he might; for to be poor, friendless, ill-treated, and, besides this, totally deaf and almost dumb, as he was, is to be in a condition which God in his mercy has called few others to experience. The boy's whole history was a sad one, but it may teach us a lesson which we need to learn. Until he reached his twelfth year, he had been able, like other children, to hear the voices of his friends, the sweet songs of the birds, and all the pleasant sounds with which the air is filled. But at that age his ears were closed never more on earth to be opened. He lost his hearing by an accident which happened in this way:

It was towards the close of the day. From the morning until then the child had been working with his father, whose trade was that of a mason, and who was engaged at the time upon the roof of a building of more than average height. It was the duty of the boy to ascend again and again the ladder which reached from the ground to the roof, as he carried to his father the materials required for use. Already he had mounted many times; soon his task would be ended, and he would go home to enjoy the evening meal and the rest made sweet by labor. But truly we know not what an hour or a moment may bring forth. Just as his work was almost finished, just as he had gained the highest round of the ladder for nearly the last time, his foot slipped, and he fell a distance of many feet to the pavement below. He was found there lying senseless, was carried home and for two weeks knew nothing. When he awoke from his long sleep a strange stillness was around him, he could see the moving lips of those around him, but not a word that they spoke was he able to distinguish, his sense of hearing being destroyed. It was not long before, forgetting, perhaps, the sound of language, and unable to perceive whether he spoke correctly or not, he lost, in a measure, the power of speech, and could make himself understood only by signs or writing. This sudden affliction was indeed great, but the old saying that "troubles never come singly" was in his case to be verified, and he was called to farther sorrow. His grandmother, with whom he had

previously lived, dying, left him without a home. His father, a man of dissipated habits, failed to provide for his son, and the deaf mute was sent to the work-house. There he was taught the art of making shoes, and was, after a time, apprenticed by the work-house authorities to a shoemaker. This man proved to be a most cruel master, who struck the boy when he made a wrong stitch, pounded his head with a hammer upon slight provocation, and ill-treated him in many ways. It was during this trying apprenticeship that the boy penned the lines found above, which express a degree of misery almost impossible to be realized by those, who, in comfortable homes, enjoy the kindness of the friends who are dear to them, and who possess, in all their perfection, the faculties of which the young shoemaker was deprived. Yet, even in the midst of his griefs, he found companionship and consolation in reading and study, for of these he was very fond, and all his leisure moments were devoted to self-improvement;—for this boy, whom no one could expect to become any thing more than a tolerable mechanic, just able, perhaps, to earn his daily bread, living and dying in the obscurity in which his lot appeared to be cast, had already determined to make himself all that he could, and had dreamed of one day writing books which should cause his name to be known and honored.

His extraordinary intelligence was not destined to remain long unnoticed. It attracted the attention of some gentlemen who procured his release from his apprenticeship, and raised a fund to enable him to continue his studies. As his friends supposed that there were few occupations which he could pursue, it was proposed that he should learn the art of printing, which he soon thoroughly mastered. Having acquired it, he was engaged as a printer for a missionary station on the island of Malta, for which place he accordingly sailed.

His work there, though faithfully performed, was unsatisfactory to his employers, who quarreled with him because his spare hours were passed in study, and very soon dismissed him. Upon his return to England he was engaged as tutor to the sons of a missionary about leaving for Persia. With them the young man travelled for the space of three years, eagerly seizing the opportunities which were frequently offered of becoming familiar with the places mentioned in the Scriptures.

Returning once more to his native land, Mr. Kitto devoted himself entirely to literature, and in twenty years (from 1833 to 1853) composed twenty-one books, some of which were of great size, and treated of subjects requiring profound study. At length, at the age of fifty, his overtasked brain gave way, and then, when his work was done, God called him to himself.

The trials of his youth had their compensation in the universal esteem in which he came to be held in after life, and, though to him they were grievous, for us their recital is full of instruction, since they show us what obstacles may be overcome when one has once determined to improve all the talents which have been committed to him. If a poor deaf mute could do so much and so well, what should be expected of those whose faculties are unimpaired, and whose advantages are better by far than his? All may not have the abilities which he possessed—all may not become authors, or make their names famous among men—but all may do something to honor God who made them, and whom it is their duty to serve. Our talents may be many or few, our gifts of one sort or another, but we all have at least one talent, one gift which may be of use to our fellow-men. It may be no more than the power to speak kindly, to "weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that do rejoice," or to give a cup of cold water in the Master's name; but whatever can be done, let us do, and our reward shall be sure. It may be one gift or it may be another that we are called to employ—all have not the same; but of one thing we may be certain—our work upon earth will not be rightly done unless we make of ourselves, our time, our opportunities, *all that we can.*—*Christian Intelligencer.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 16, 1866.

Friends Traveling in The Ministry.—Daniel Griffin and his companion, David Halleck, attended Salem Quarterly Meeting on the 7th inst., with minutes from Amawalk Monthly Meeting, dated Fifth month 11th. These minutes embrace most or all the meetings of that quarter.

Martha Sheppard obtained a minute from Salem Monthly Meeting, N. J., on Fifth month 30th, to visit the "ensuing Half Year's Meeting of Fishing Creek, and appoint some meetings if way opens."

Our Common Song Birds.—The advertisement of our friend Grace Anna Lewis, which will be found in the present number, calls attention to a subject which may have been too much overlooked. Many who from youth to mature, and even old age, have listened with pleasure to the cheering and beautiful notes of our common song birds, are ignorant of their structure, names or habits.

While it would be the work of a lifetime to

learn all the different species throughout the world, a few hours instruction under a competent teacher will enable us to know most of those inhabiting our own latitude, many of which are daily visitants around our rural homes; and the knowledge once obtained is a source of pleasure greater than would be imagined by those whose inquiries have not been directed to the subject.

We partially attended a former course, and were not only interested but deeply instructed. The constantly recurring exhibit of the wonderful adaptation of bird structure to the necessities of the different species, filled the mind with wonder and admiration at the wisdom and power of the benign Creator. Few, we think, could contemplate the marvellous works of Deity, as manifested in the feathered tribes, without an increase of love and veneration for Him who ruleth over all, and without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground.

Grace Anna Lewis has for many years given much attention to this branch of Natural History, appears to be thoroughly acquainted with it, and well qualified to impart her knowledge to others. She is desirous of forming classes in country neighborhoods during the present season, whilst the birds are numerous, and opportunities favor the observation of their habits and varieties. We recommend her to the notice of Friends.

Married, on Fifth-day, 31st of Fifth month, 1866, under the care of Green St. Monthly Meeting, of Benjamin A. Wildman, a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, to Esther L., daughter of Samuel Thomas.

Died, on the 30th of Fifth month, 1866, Isaac L. Miller, of Willistown, Chester Co., Pa., in his 71st year; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 8th of Fourth month, 1866, at the residence of Stephen T. Janney, Elizabeth J. Simpson, wife of Jacob Simpson. The deceased was for more than four years the subject of lingering consumption, and she died in the 38th year of her age.

"Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love!
For us they languish, and for us they die."

It has seldom fallen to the lot of friendship to record the demise of an endeared associate who has excited more evidences of tender feeling and respectful regret than the object of this brief notice. Possessing an energetic mind, and a disposition eminently social, she was attached to a number of friends by ties, the sundering of which has left a blank not easily filled. The evidences of her disinterested acts of beneficence will long be remembered by those who have witnessed the devotion with which many of them were rendered under debility and declining health, either of which would have furnished a sufficient excuse for exemption from physical and moral efforts. The symptoms of pulmonary consumption had been very distinctly traced for more than four years, and yet, till within a few weeks of her decease, she continued in the performance of her various household duties, and in those quiet, unobtrusive acts which characterize the life of the true Christian. During the war, she became an active member of an association, formed for the alleviation of the wounded and suffering, and continued her efforts while there was a necessity for such aid. Her life was not distinguished by demonstrative professions, but by an unobtrusive practice of the Christian virtues, giving evidence in all her actions of a strict *sense of duty!* Having filled the various positions of life with singular fidelity, she was enabled to meet the closing scene with the well-grounded hope of the blessing which is promised to the "pure in heart."

Died, of consumption, on the 12th of Fifth month, 1866, Thomas Griest, in the 80th year of his age. He was a kind and tender parent. He was formerly a member of the Society of Friends, and maintained their principles until his death. He bore his sickness with patience, resigned himself wholly to the will of the Almighty, and expressed himself by saying he was full and satisfied, and wanted nothing more of this world. He was much favored with clearness of mind during his sickness, and peacefully and quietly expired. We can truly say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

——, at his residence in the city of Baltimore, on the morning of Fourth month 27th, 1866, Hicks Harris, in the 65th year of his age. In the manner of his death there was a beauty and serenity which must ever be a consolation to his surviving relatives and friends. With Christian patience he had endured, through an illness protracted through years, great physical suffering, and with perfect peace of mind, and, to the last moment, a clear intellect, he viewed the approach of death with resignation, looking forward with joyful anticipation to the close of this life, as the renewal of those bonds of sympathy with the dear departed one, whose loss severed the strongest ligament which had bound him to earth. His remains were interred in Friends' burial-ground, by the side of his wife. They were united in life, and in death were not divided.

——, on the 4th of Sixth month, 1866, Edward H., only son of Carey and Sarah L. Ellis, in his 30th year.

Controversy.—"I like controversy when it is thoroughly honest. I do admire to see two large and generous minds approach a subject from opposite quarters, and then to watch the new lights that flash over it and show it in a thousand relations that were not obvious before. It lifts us out of the ruts of our sects and party, in whose treadmill we have been grinding all our lives, and mistaking it for the universe. But controversy with small minds is the smallest business that is done in this world. It slides inevitably into word-catching, and ends in personalities. The moment I saw a man consciously trying to put my language to a different use from what I had put it myself, I would stop short with him and say: 'I am glad to compare ideas, but I have no time for

word-catching. To say, as Dr. Johnson did, 'I can't furnish means and brains too,' is not courteous. The only controversy that ever convinces the controvertists, is a friendly comparison of beliefs, each turning the other's round, and viewing it under all the angles of reflection."—*E. H. Sears.*

From the Press.

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW STAR.

The stars, for convenience of classification, are divided into grades, according to their apparent magnitude or brilliancy. A few of the very brightest, say about twenty, are regarded as of the first magnitude; fifty or sixty others of a high lustre, but markedly less bright than the former, are of the second magnitude, and so down to the seventh, which include those stars that are *barely* perceptible to the unassisted eye. The total number thus classified may amount to some twenty thousand. If, however, we use the telescope, they may be discovered spread over the heavens almost without limit.

Some stars are called *variable*, because they undergo periodical changes in their brightness The intervals of time required for the complete development of their different degrees of brilliancy vary from two or three days to a year or more.

There have also been instances of stars suddenly appearing, and, after shining for a time with great splendor, vanishing as mysteriously as they at first appeared. These stars are called *temporary*, but they may be, and doubtless are, variable stars, having periods of great length.

One of the most splendid of this class broke forth on the 11th November, 1572, in the constellation *Cassiopeia*, in the time of the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, and immediately became the most brilliant star in the heavens, so bright indeed, as to be seen at midday. It continued in this condition for more than a year, and then gradually faded from view, and has not been seen since.

The discovery of a variable or temporary star constitutes an interesting addition to our astronomical knowledge, especially when, as in the case to which I am about to allude, it is due solely to the quickness of perception of a mere youth, without other scientific information than he would acquire in his ordinary school-training.

William M. Davis, Jr., of this city, a student in my school, while walking out during the evening of the 12th ultimo, observed a new star in the constellation of the *Northern Crown*. He pointed it out to his mother, and proceeded carefully to note its magnitude, which he estimated to be equal to that of Alphecca, the brightest star in the constellation. Continuing his observations on subsequent evenings, he found the stranger rapidly fading away, so that it was lost to view in less than two weeks from the date of its discovery.

On communicating these facts to Professor B. A. Gould, of Harvard University, he drew from that distinguished astronomer a response, some extracts from which I feel at liberty to publish for the information and encouragement of other intelligent youths who may be interested in the noble science of astronomy. The professor, under date of May 25th, after expressing satisfaction at the communication to him of the discovery of young Davis, goes on to say:

"There had been several days of cloudy weather here preceding Monday, the 14th, on which evening the star you refer to was seen by an assistant of mine, Mr. Chandler, who is in the habit of watching for variable stars, and had been comparing various stars in this vicinity.

"At 11h., May 14th, it was of the 2. 9 magnitude. On Tuesday evening, May 15th, Mr. Chandler and I compared it with other stars very carefully, and made it out to be of the 3. 5 magnitude.

"There was no more clear weather until Saturday, 19th, when it was of the 5. 9 magnitude; on Sunday, 20th, we considered it as 6. 3. Last night, May 24th, was the next opportunity, and the moonlight interfered much with observations; but the star was not far from 7. 9. It is to be found on one map of the heavens only, the most detailed ever made; it was mapped there in 1855 as 9. 5, the faintest magnitude of any recorded there.

"I suppose the star Alphecca; to which you refer, to be about 2.3 magnitude, and if you are sure that the variable was quite as bright on Saturday evening, the 12th, this is a valuable observation.

"Accounts have reached me of its having been seen in Washington on Sunday evening and in Mobile on Monday; but although the observers speak of seeing it, no one made any careful estimate of magnitude. This can only be done by thorough and pains-taking comparison with stars brighter and fainter, estimating the variable's proportionate place in the scale.

"Observers of magnitudes now estimate tw tenths of a magnitude. For stars, however, tha are brighter than 2.0 or 2.5 this does not apply because there is as great a difference betwee stars of the first as amounts to nearly a who magnitude; all being grouped together as fir because there are so few.

"But as the number of slightly variable sta is probably far greater than is generally su posed, there are few thoroughly establish constant standards; and it becomes necessa

to observe the *comparison-stars* from time to time as well as those compared.

"Thus, if five stars be selected for comparison—a, b, c, d, e—the observations would be recorded thus for a variable, which we will call R:

"d 0. 1 R meaning R, is one-tenth magnitude fainter than d.

"a : R=R : b meaning R is mid way between a and b.

"R $\frac{2}{3}$ e meaning R is $\frac{2}{3}$ magnitude brighter than e.

"c $\frac{1}{3}$ R $\frac{1}{2}$ b meaning R is $\frac{1}{3}$ magnitude fainter than c, and $\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude brighter than b.

"R $\frac{1}{4}$ from d to b meaning R is $\frac{1}{4}$ nearer to d than b is, being fainter than the former.

"Then if, by subsequent or previous determinations, repeated on different evenings, we should find the brightness to be a=4.6, b=5.7, c=4.9, d=5.1, e=5.6, our observations would afford the following determinations of the magnitude of the variable, viz:

5.2, 5.1$\frac{1}{2}$, 4.9$\frac{1}{3}$, 5.2$\frac{1}{3}$, 5.2, 5.2$\frac{1}{2}$.

"And taking the mean of these to the nearest tenth, we would adopt 5.2 with small probability of error.

"Any person can make such observations who has the requisite interest, carefulness and judgment, and be thus very useful.

"In Albany, in 1858, my assistant and I thus determined, to the nearest tenth, the magnitude of every star in the sky visible to the naked eye, between 45 deg. N. and 2 deg. S. Since then I am convinced that very numerous changes have occurred on a small scale; and Mr. Chandler was studying these when he saw the new variable, which, as there are already two, R and S in the *crown*, will take the name, *T. Coronæ*.

"Its brilliancy is no doubt periodic, but whether the period is like *Mira*, less than a year, or to be reckoned in tens, hundreds or thousands of years, only observation can determine. Tycho's star in 1572 was the brightest in the heavens, brighter than Sirius, and has not been seen since.

"If you should practice estimating magnitudes, and make such observations as I have described, you might be really serviceable to science now."

It will be noticed that our young observer is, so far as yet known, in advance of all in this country. Europe, however, remains to be heard from.

CALEB S. HALLOWELL,
Select High School.

PHILADELPHIA, Sixth month, 2d, 1866.

It is the highest act of charity to bear with the unreasonableness of mankind.—*Anthony Benezet.*

ARE THE PLANETS HABITABLE.

A few years ago, Dr. Whewell wrote a book to prove that the more distant planets of our system are uninhabitable. Applying the law of inverse squares to their distances from the sun the diminution of temperature was found to be so great as to preclude the possibility of human life in the more remote members of the solar system. But not to mention the hazardous task of attempting to prove a negative—the influence of an atmospheric envelope was overlooked in those calculations. The omission vitiates the whole argument. It is perfectly possible to find an atmosphere which would act the part of a barb to the solar rays, permitting their entrance toward the planet, but preventing their withdrawal. For example, Prof. Tyndall tells us, a layer of air only two inches in thickness, and saturated with the vapor of sulphuric ether would offer very little resistance to the passage of the solar rays, but would cut off fully thirty-five per cent of the planetary radiation. It would require no inordinate thickening of the layer of vapor to double this absorption; and it is evident that with a protecting envelope, which permits heat to enter but prevents its escape, a comfortable temperature might be obtained on the surface of our most distant planet.

It is the presence of a protecting atmosphere that renders the earth itself habitable; and in regions where it is modified by the absence of aqueous vapor so as to lose its protective power man cannot live. One cause of the coldness of high mountain tops is their being lifted beyond the protection of the layer of moist air, which lies close to the earth. The withdrawal of sunshine from any region over which the atmosphere is dry must be followed by quick refrigeration. The moon would be rendered entirely uninhabitable by beings like ourselves, through the operat on of this single cause. With a radiation uninterrupted by aqueous vapor, the difference between her monthly maxima and minima of temperature must be enormous. The winters of Thibet are almost unendurable, from the same cause. Humboldt dwelt upon the "frigoric power" of the central portions of the Asiatic continent, and controverted the idea that it was to be explained by reference to their elevation; their being vast expanses of country not much above the sea level, with an exceedingly low temperature. He did not seem to be aware of this one most important cause, which contributes to the observed result. The absence of the sun at night causes powerful refrigeration when the air is dry. The removal for a single summer night, of the aqueous vapor from the atmosphere which covers England, would be attended by the destruction of every plant which a freezing temperature could kill. In Sahara, where "the soil is fire and the wind is

flame," the refrigeration at night is often painful to bear. Ice has been formed in this region at night. In Australia also, the diurnal range of temperature is very great, amounting commonly to between forty and fifty degrees. In short, it may be safely predicted that, wherever the air is dry, the daily thermometric range will be great. This, however, is quite different from saying that where the air is clear, the thermometric range will be great. Great clearness as to light is perfectly compatible with great opacity as to heat. The atmosphere may be charged with aqueous vapor, while a deep blue sky is overhead; and on such occasions the terrestrial radiation would, notwithstanding the "clearness," be intercepted. It is consequently impossible for any one on earth to be sure that the distant planets are uninhabitable, and that the sun cannot be to them as to us, a vivifier as well as a worker.—*All the Year Round.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

VERSES

Addressed to a Relative in the 76th year of her age.

Thy sands of life, dear cousin, well-nigh run,
Earth's fading pleasures, what are they to thee?
Their waning brightness, thy declining sun,
But point to rest beyond Life's troubled sea.

There is a rest, a peace, a glorious joy,
That will long years of anxious care repay;
Be thine, beloved, that boon without alloy,
When to thy spirit opes th' eternal day.

With calmness waiting for that sweet repose
Thy lengthened years premonishing as nigh,
Be cheerful, hopeful, joyful to the close,
For 'tis the common lot of all—to die.

And oh! may Hope, whose guiding star attends
To bless and beautify our chequered years,
And to the last the drooping heart befriends,
Still from thy future banish doubts and fears—

Still o'er thee shed its ever genial ray,
Whilst spirit-voices of the angelic throng
Speak to *thy* spirit of the cloudless day,
The bliss awaiting, and the deathless song.

A few more years yet may we linger here,
A few more rounds of anxious care be ours;
Earth's cherished dreams at last must disappear,
And perish of its joys the fairest flowers.

But oh! there comes the throe, the inward strife,
The pain, the parting tear, the close at last,
Alike to all, now flushed with health and life,
No cloud of sorrow over whom hath passed.

None are exempt—the opening bud of spring,
Touched by the chilling wind may soon grow sere,
Or when expanded into blossoming,
Or when the golden-fruitage time is near:

So with our varied being, every stage
Or phase shows some signal mark of death,
The infant dies, the youth and hoary age,
All, all alike yield to the icy breath.

Not so the soul—to its unfolding powers
Perennial hopes and loves are wisely given,
And midst the wreck of time its golden hours
Are brightened by the sunny smiles of Heaven.

'Tis ours to be submissive, calm, resigned,
Though soon or late life's journey here conclude;
Our greatest treasure be—*a peaceful mind*,
The surest passport of the wise and good.

Though keen the crosses of existence fall
And weary life, yet to the chastening rod
Bowing submissively, these trials all
Become as incense offerings to God.

Then may we fondly hope when done with time—
Its pleasures all—its paths with sorrow strewn—
To join the loved ones in that happier clime,
Where sorrows, tears and farewells are unknown.

J.

Chester County, 1866.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

The spring and summer time of life have long since passed away,
And golden autumn, with its leaves of sadness and decay,
Has come and gone; and winter shrouds each lovely scene in gloom,
And bids me mark across my path the shadows of the tomb.

Mine eye is growing dim with age, my step is feeble now,
And deeper lines of thought and care are graven on my brow;
But shall I murmur as I trace the rapid flight of hours,
Or grasp with trembling eagerness earth's fair yet fading flowers?

Oh no! a bright and happy home awaiteth me above,
And my ardent spirit longs to dwell where all is joy and love;
Does the wave-tossed mariner regret when he sees the haven near,
Where his shattered bark shall safely rest, nor storm nor danger fear?

Will the toil-worn laborer sigh because his weary task must close,
And evening's peaceful shades afford him calm and sweet repose?
Or does the child with sorrow mark each swift-revolving mile,
Which bears him to his cherished home, and loving father's smile?

And shall the Christian grieve because some gentle signs are given
That he is nearer to the bliss, the perfect bliss of heaven?
That every moment closer brings that mansion fair and bright,
Prepared for him with tender love in realms of pure delight?

Oh! with such brilliant hopes as these, how can my heart repine,
Although I feel my vigor fade, my wonted strength decline?
Rather with gladness would I hail these messages of love,
Which tell me I shall quickly join the white-robed throng above.

My pilgrimage will soon be o'er, my arduous race be run,
And the bright crown of victory triumphant faith have won.
No sorrow clouds the land of rest, hushed is the thought of pain;
Oh! if for me to live is Christ, to die, indeed, is gain.

IN THE HEMLOCKS.

(Continued from page 221.)

Passing down through the maple arches, barely pausing to observe the antics of a trio of squirrels,—two gray ones and a black one,—I cross an ancient brush fence and am fairly within the old hemlocks, and in one of the most primitive, undisturbed nooks. In the deep moss I tread as with muffled feet, and the pupils of my eyes dilate in the dim, almost religious light. The irreverent red squirrels, however, run and snicker at my approach, or mock the solitude with their ridiculous chattering and frisking.

This nook is the chosen haunts of the Winter Wren. This is the only place and these the only woods in which I find him in this vicinity. His voice fills these dim aisles, as if aided by some marvellous sounding-board. Indeed, his song is very strong for so small a bird, and unites in a remarkable degree brilliancy and plaintiveness. I think of a tremulous vibrating tongue of silver. You may know it is the song of a wren, from its gushing lyrical character; but you must needs look sharp to see the little minstrel, especially while in the act of singing. He is nearly the color of the ground and the leaves; he never ascends the tall trees, but keeps low, flitting from stump to stump and from root to root, dodging in and out of his hiding places, and watching all intruders with a suspicious eye. He has a very perk, almost comical look. His tail stands more than perpendicular; it points straight towards his head. He is the least ostentatious singer I know of. He does not strike an attitude, and lift up his head in preparation, and, as it were, clear his throat; but sits there on a log, and pours out his music, looking straight before him, or even down at the ground. As a songster, he has but few superiors. I do not hear him after the first week in July.

While sitting on this soft cushioned log, tasting the pungent acidulous wood sorrel (*Oxalis acetorella*), the blossoms of which, large and pink-veined, rise everywhere above the moss, a rufous colored bird flies quickly past, and, alighting on a low limb a few rods off, salutes me with "Whew! Whew!" or "Whoit! Whoit!" almost as you would whistle for your dog. I see by his impulsive, graceful movements, and his dimly-speckled breast, that it is a Thrush. Presently he utters a few soft, mellow, flute-like notes, one of the most simple expressions of melody to be heard, and scuds away, and I see it is the Veery or Wilson's Thrush. He is the least of the Thrushes in size, being about that of the common Bluebird, and he may be distinguished from his relatives by the dimness of the spots upon his breast. The Wood Thrush has very clear, distinct oval spots on a white ground; in the Hermit, the spots run more into lines, on a ground of a faint bluish-white; in the Veery, the marks are almost obsolete, and a few rods off his breast presents only a dull yellowish appearance. To get a good view of him you have only to sit down in his haunts, as in such cases he seems equally anxious to get a good view of you.

From those tall hemlocks proceed a very fine insect-like warble, and occasionally I see a spray *teeter*, or catch the flit of a wing. I watch and watch till my head grows dizzy and my neck is in danger of permanent displacement, and still do not get a good view. Presently the bird darts, or as it seems, falls down a few feet in pursuit of a fly or moth, and I see the whole of it, but in the dim light am undecided. It is for such emergencies that I have brought this gun. A bird in the hand is worth half a dozen in the bush, even for ornithological purposes; and no sure and rapid progress can be made in the study without taking life, without procuring specimens. This bird is a Warbler, plainly enough, from his habits and manner; but what kind of Warbler? Look on him and name him; a deep orange or flame-colored throat and breast; the same color showing also in a line over the eye and in his crown; back variegated black and white. The female is less marked and brilliant. The Orange-throated Warbler would seem to be his right name, his characteristic cognomen; but no, he is doomed to wear the name of some discoverer, perhaps the first who robbed his nest or rifled him of his mate, —Blackburn; hence, Blackburnian Warbler. The *burn* seems appropriate enough, for in these dark evergreens his throat and breast show like flame. He has a very fine warble, suggesting that of the Redstart, but not especially musical. I find him in no other woods in this vicinity.

I am attracted by another warble in the same locality, and experience a like difficulty in getting a good view of the author of it. It is a quite noticeable strain, sharp and sibilant, and sounds well amid the old trees. In the upland woods of beech and maple it is a more familiar sound than in these solitudes. On taking the bird in your hand, even if you are not a young lady, you will exclaim, "How beautiful!" So tiny and elegant, the smallest of the Warblers; a delicate blue back, with a slight bronze-colored triangular spot between the shoulders; upper mandible black; lower mandible yellow as gold; throat yellow, becoming a dark bronze on the breast. Blue Yellow-back he is called, though the yellow is much nearer a bronze. He is remarkably delicate and beautiful,—the handsomest, as he is the smallest, of the Warblers known to me. It is never without surprise that I find amid these rugged, savage aspects of Nature, creatures so fairy and delicate. But such is the law. Go to the sea or climb the mountain, and with the

ruggedest and savagest you will find likewise the fairest and most delicate. The greatness and the minuteness of Nature pass all understanding.

Ever since I entered the woods, even while listening to the lesser songsters, or contemplating the silent forms about me, a strain has reached my ear from out the depths of the forest that to me is the finest sound in nature,—the song of the Hermit-Thrush. I often hear him thus a long way off, sometimes over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and more perfect parts of his music reach me; and through the general chorus of Wrens and Warblers I detect this sound rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound of nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. "O spheral, spheral!" he seems to say; "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the Tanager's or the Grosbeak's; suggests no passion or emotion,—nothing personal,—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments. It realizes a peace and a deep solemn joy that only the finest souls may know. A few nights ago I ascended a mountain to see the world by moonlight; and when near the summit the Hermit commenced his evening hymn a few rods from me. Listening to this strain on the lone mountain, with the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of your cities and the pride of your civilization seemed trivial and cheap.

Whether it is because of their rareness, or an accident of my observation, or a characteristic trait, I cannot tell, yet I have never known two of these birds to be singing at the same time in the same locality, rivalling each other, like the Wood-Thrush or the Veery. Shooting one from a tree, I have observed another take up the same strain from almost the identical perch in less than ten minutes afterward. Later in the day, when I had penetrated the heart of the old Barkpeeling, I came suddenly upon one singing from a low stump, and for a wonder he did not seem alarmed, but lifted up his divine voice as if his privacy was undisturbed. I open his beak and find the inside as yellow as gold. I was prepared to find it inlaid with pearls and diamonds, or to see an angel issue from it.

He is not much in the books. Indeed, I am acquainted with scarcely any writer on ornithology whose head is not muddled on the subject of our three prevailing song-thrushes, confounding either their figures or their songs. A writer in the Atlantic* gravely tells us the Wood-Thrush is sometimes called the Hermit, and then, after describing the song of the Hermit with great beauty and correctness cooly ascribes it to the Veery! The new Cyclopædia, fresh from the study of Audubon, says the Hermit's song consists of a single plaintive note, and that the Veery's resembles that of the Wood-Thrush! These observations deserve to be preserved with that of the author of "Out-door Papers," who tells us that the trill of the Hair-Bird (*Fringilla socialis*) is produced by the bird fluttering its wings upon its sides! The Hermit-Thrush may be easily identified by his color; his back being a clear olive brown, becoming rufous on his rump and tail. A quill from his wing placed beside one from his tail, on a dark ground, presents quite a marked contrast.

(To be continued.)

ON ELATION OF MIND—T. A. KEMPIS.

"Trust not in thy own wisdom, nor in the wisdom and skill of any human being; but trust in the grace and favor of God who raises the humble and humbles the presuming.

Glory not in riches, though they increase upon thee; nor in friends, because they are powerful; but glory in God, who giveth riches, and friends, and all things.

Be not vain of the gracefulness, strength, and beauty of thy body, which a little sickness can weaken and deform.

Please not thyself with flattering reflections on the acuteness of thy natural understanding, and the sweetness of thy natural disposition; lest thou displease God who is the author of all the good that nature can dispense. Do not think thou art better than others, lest, in the sight of God, who only knoweth what is in man, thou be found worse.

Be not proud of that in which thou art supposed to excel, however honored and esteemed by men; for the judgment of God and the judgments of men are infinitely different, and that displeaseth Him which is commonly pleasing to them. Whatever good thou art truly conscious of, think more highly of the good of others, that thou mayest preserve the humility of thy spirit.

To place thyself lower than all mankind, can do thee no hurt; but much hurt may be done by preferring thyself to a single individual.

Perpetual peace dwelleth with the humble, but envy, indignation and wrath, distract the heart of the proud."

'Whatever book thou readest, suffer not thy mind to be influenced by the character of the writer, whether his literary accomplishments be

*For December, 1858.

great or small. Let thy only motive to read be the love of Truth; and instead of inquiring who it is that writes, give all thy attention to the nature of what is written. Men pass away like the shadows of the morning, but the word of the Lord endureth forever; and that word without respect of persons, in ways infinitely various, speaketh unto all.'

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

FIFTH MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	12 days.	6 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	3 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms,	6 "	10 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	10 "	12 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 5th month per Penna. Hospital,	63.39 deg.	61.37 deg.
Highest do. during month,	83.00 "	82.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	44.00 "	42.00 "
Rain during the month,	7.21 in.	4.68 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year,	1227	1053

Average of the mean temperature of 5th month for the past *seventy-seven* years,	deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1859,	71.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1848	51.75 "

SPRING TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three spring months of 1865,	63.39 deg.
Mean do do do do months of 1866,	61.37 "
Average of the spring temperatures for the past *seventy-seven* years,	50.89 "
Highest spring mean occurring during that entire period, 1826,	55.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1843	46.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
First month	3.61 inch.	3.14 inch.
Second month	5.83 "	6.61 "
Third month	4.71 "	2.15 "
Fourth month,	2.83 "	2.93 "
Fifth month,	7.21 "	4.68 "
Totals for the first five months of each year.	24.19 "	19.51 "

The month just closed has been a cold unpleasant one, and yet the above exhibit shows we *have had* Fifth months considerably colder. The rain is gradually falling short in quantity of last year, until it averages nearly one inch per month less.

PHILADELPHIA, 6th mo. 2d, 1866. J. M. ELLIS.

CLIMBING PLANTS.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris has received from M. Duchatre a highly interesting communication on certain well-known plants called creepers, because their stalks, too weak to support themselves, tend to twine themselves around the nearest objects. They generally do this from left to right, that is inversely to the motion of the sun, but some species turn to the contrary direction, and it is impossible to make either the one or the other change its direction. Palm, Vou Mohl, Dutrochet, and latterly Ch. Darwin, have successfully expressed the opinion that light was the cause of this tendency; but further experiments being wanting to confirm this theory, M. Duchatre, who discovered that the Chinese yam could live a long while in the dark, resolved to try the effect of absence of light upon it. At the end of May, 1865, he placed one in a pot, and as soon as it showed its stem above the ground he took it down to a cellar, where it remained in complete darkness until the 2d of August following. The stem in the course of seven weeks, grew to the length of a metre and a half. It looked withered and whitish, but was, upon the whole, strong and even stiff and perfectly straight, showing nowhere a tendency to twine itself round the stick which had been placed there for its support. Another yam was planted nearly a month later, and left exposed to daylight until it had twined itself twice round the stick. It was then taken and placed in the cellar, where its stem still obeying its natural tendency, went round once more, but in a more vertical direction than before; after which it grew straight up along its pole, to which it was fastened as it grew. It was now again taken up into the garden, where it immediately began to twine round again, making five close turns; and when it was once more taken down into the cellar, it continued its growth again in a straight line, and so on according as it was alternately in the light or dark.—*Every Saturday.*

ITEMS.

Letters have recently been received from Professor Agassiz, dated early in last month. He had returned to Rio Janeiro with a large and beautiful collection of fishes. The Emperor had shown him special attention, and facilitated his expedition with every necessary assistance.

CONGRESS.—The Senate received a communication from the Postmaster General in response to a resolution adopted some months since, giving information as to the cost, practicability, etc., of establishing a national telegraph system in connection with the Post-office Department. He does not think that it can be anything but an experiment, and success is not attainable. The bill providing for the safety of passengers on steam vessels was reported from the Committee on Commerce with amendments, and then postponed for the present. A bill authorizing the leasing of the saline lands of the United States for the purpose of development and improvement, was introduced and referred. The Constitutional

amendment, reported from the Reconstruction Committee, and which has already passed the House, was taken up, discussed and passed.

In the House, the resolution asking for information as to the amount of gold sold by the Treasury since the first of First month, 1866, was adopted. The resolution declaring that the Government could not endorse Mexican bonds was called up, and the previous question was moved, but the House refused to second the call, so the resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A bill was presented and referred to the Judiciary Committee, providing that all civil officers who hold their offices by appointment from the President or any of the heads of Departments, shall hold their offices for four years from the date of their appointment, and shall not be subject to removal during their term of office, except for malfeasance; and in all cases where the advice and consent of the Senate is necessary to appoint, the same advice and consent shall be necessary before any removal shall be effected; provided that the act shall not apply to those holding position merely as clerks. The bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to accept League Island, in the Delaware river, as a depot for iron-clads, and as a site for an extensive navy yard; the one at Philadelphia to be dispensed with, and disposed of by the United States as soon as the public convenience will admit. The bill to establish a department of education in the city of Washington was lengthily discussed, and then defeated by the close vote of 59 to 61.

THE FREEDMEN.—By order of the Freedmen's Bureau, two hundred and forty couples have recently been regularly united in marriage at Arlington Heights. Many of these are old persons, who are the parents of grown-up children, but who were never legally married. Such were quite loth to comply with the order, regarding their relations as having been practically realized and sanctified by time and faithful observance; but they were all remarried, and, of course, much excitement and many amusing scenes were the result.

An eloquent petition from the colored people of North Carolina was presented to the House on the 30th ult., and referred to the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs. It earnestly protests against the withdrawal of the Freedmen's Bureau and gives their reasons for desiring its continuance. Some of which are that, "from a life-long experience as the slaves of the men, who now administer the laws, we cannot convince ourselves that equal justice will be meted out to us by them; but, on the contrary, we have, in a year's experience of freedom, every reason to believe that, without the Freedmen's Bureau, or some similar protection. we shall not be permitted to live even in peace, and our condition thus become really worse than when we were slaves and did not expect justice.

We bear no malice toward our former masters, whom we have served long and faithfully; and ask only that protection which will enable us to live in peace and quiet, toiling as we have always done until such time as we are recognized as men, and thus made able to protect ourselves as all men have a right to do. * * * * * *

We ask that the protecting influence of the Freedmen's Bureau be continued, in order that the young ladies now teaching our children may be induced to remain and continue their labor, for which we owe them a debt of gratitude we know not how to pay; and that the same influence be felt by our own schools in flourishing condition, supported and taught by ourselves."

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A BRIEF MEMOIR OF ISAAC PENNINGTON.

(Continued from page 227.)

Sometimes I would cast mine eye upon a Scripture, and my heart would even melt within me. At other times, I would desire to pray to my God as I had formerly done; but I found I knew him not, and I could not tell how to pray, or in any wise to come near him, as I had formerly done. In this condition I wandered up and down, from mountain to hill, from one sort to another, with a cry in my spirit, *Can ye tell news of my beloved? Where doth he dwell? Where doth he appear?* But their voices were still strange to me; and I would retire sad and oppressed, and bowed down in spirit, from them. For truly I can say, I had not been capable of so much misery as my soul lay in, for many years, had not my love been so deep and true towards the Lord my God, and my desires so great after the sensible enjoyment of his spirit, according to the promise and way of the Gospel. Yet this I can also say, in uprightness of heart, it was not gifts I desired, to appear and shine before men in; but grace and holiness, and the spirit of the Lord dwelling in me, to set my heart by his grace, and to preserve me in holiness. Now surely, all serious, sober, sensible people, will be ready to inquire how I came satisfyingly to know the Lord at length: whether I do yet certainly know him, and am yet truly satisfied. Yes, indeed, I am satisfied at my very heart. Truly my heart is united to him whom I longed after, in an everlasting covenant of pure life and peace. Well, then, how came this about? will some say. Why thus: the Lord opened my spirit. The Lord gave me the certain and sensible feeling of the pure seed, which had been with me from the beginning. The Lord caused his holy power to fall upon me, and gave me such an inward demonstration and feeling of the seed of life, that I cried out in my spirit, *This is he, this is he, there is not another, there never was another. He was always near me though I knew him not,* not so sensibly, not so distinctly, as now he was revealed in me, and to me by the Father. *O that I might now be joined to him, and he alone might live in me!* And so, in the willingness which God had wrought in me, in this day of his power to my soul, I gave up to be instructed, exercised, and led by him, in the waiting for and feeling of his holy seed, that all might be wrought out of me which could not live with the seed, but would be hindering the dwelling and reigning of the seed in me, while it remained and had power. And so I have gone through a sore travail and fight of afflictions and temptations of many kinds; wherein the Lord hath been merciful to me, in helping me, and preserving the spark of life in me, in the midst of many things which had befallen me, whose nature tended to quench and extinguish it. Now, the Lord knows, these things I do not utter in a boasting way; but would rather be speaking of my nothingness, my emptiness, my weakness, my manifold infirmities, which I feel more than

ever. The Lord hath broken the man's part in me, and I am a worm and no man before him. I have no strength to do any good or service for him; nay, I cannot watch over or preserve myself. I feel daily, that I keep not alive my own soul; but am weaker before men, yea weaker in my spirit, as in myself than ever I have been. But I cannot but utter to the praise of my God, and I feel his arm stretched out for me; and my weakness, which I feel in myself, is not my loss, but advantage before him. And these things I write, as having no end at all therein of my own, but felt it required of me; and so in submission to my God, have I given up to do it, leaving the success and service of it with him.

Now, thus having met with the true way, and walked with the Lord therein, wherein daily certainly, yea, and full assurance of faith and of understanding is at length obtained, I cannot be silent, true love and pure life stirring in me, and moving me, but am necessitated to testify of it to others; and this is it:—to retire inwardly and wait to feel somewhat of the Lord, somewhat of his holy Spirit and power; discovering and drawing from that which is contrary to him, and into his holy nature and heavenly image. And then, as the mind is joined to this, somewhat is received, some true life, some true light, some true discerning; which the creature not exceeding, but abiding in the measure of, is safe. But it is easy erring from this, but hard abiding with it, and not going before its leadings. But he that feels life, and begins in life, doth he not begin safely? And he that waits and fears, and goes on no further than his captain goes before him, doth he not proceed safely? Yea, very safely, even till he cometh to be so settled and established in the virtue, demonstration, and power of Truth, as nothing can prevail to shake him. Now, blessed be the Lord, there are many at this day, who can truly and faithfully witness, that they have been brought by the Lord to this state. And thus have we learned of the Lord; to wit, not by the high-striving, aspiring mind; but by lying low, and being contented with a little. If but a crumb of bread, (yet if bread), if but a drop of water, (yet if water), we have been contented with it, and also thankful to the Lord for it: nor by thoughtfulness, and wise searching, and deep considering with our own wisdom and reason have we obtained it; but in the still, meek, and humble waiting, have we found that brought into the death, which is not to know the mysteries of God's kingdom; and that which is to live, made alive, and increase in life. Therefore he that would truly know the Lord, let him take heed of his own reason and understanding. I tried this way very far, for I considered most seriously and uprightly. I prayed, I read the Scriptures, I earnestly desired to understand and find out, whether that which this people, called Quakers, testified of, was the only way and truth of God, as they seemed to me but to pretend; but for all this, prejudices multiplied upon me, and strong reasonings against them, which appeared to me as unanswerable. But when the Lord revealed his seed in me, and touched my heart therewith, which administered true life and virtue to me, I presently felt them there, the children of the Most High, and so grown up in his life, power, and holy dominion, (as the inward eye, being opened by the Lord, sees), as drew forth from me great reverence of heart, and praises to the Lord, who had so appeared among men, in these latter days. And as God draweth, in any respect, oh! give up in faithfulness to him. Despise the shame, take up the cross; for indeed it is a way which is very cross to man, and which his wisdom will exceedingly be ashamed of; but that must be denied and turned from, and the secret, sensible drawings of God's spirit waited for, and given up to. Mind people, he that will come into the new covenant, must come into the obedience of it. The light of life, which God hath hid in the heart, is the covenant; and from this covenant God doth not give knowledge, to satisfy the vast, aspiring, comprehending wisdom of man; but living knowledge, to feed that which is quickened by him; which knowledge is given in the obedience, and is very sweet and precious to the state of him that knows how to feed upon it. Yea, truly, this is of a very excellent, pure, precious nature; and a little of it weighs down that great, vast knowledge, in the comprehending part, which man's spirit and nature so much prizeth and presseth after.

And truly, friends, I witness at this day, a great difference between the sweetness of comprehending the knowledge of things, as expressed in the Scriptures, (this I fed much on formerly), and tasting the hidden life, the hidden manna in the heart, which is my food now; blessed forever be the Lord, my God and Saviour. Oh! that others had a true, certain and sensible taste of the life, virtue and goodness of the Lord, as it is revealed there. Surely it could not but kindle the true hunger and inflame the true thirst; which can never be satisfied but by the true bread, and by water from the living fountain. This the Lord, in the tenderness of his love, and in the riches of his grace and mercy hath brought us to; and this we earnestly and uprightly desire and endeavor, that others may be brought to also, that they may rightly in the true silence of all flesh, and in the pure stillness of spirit, wait for, and in the Lord's due time, receive that which answers the desire of the awakened mind and soul, and satisfies it with the true, precious substance, forevermore. Amen.

Oh! I have known it to be a bitter thing to follow this wisdom [carnal wisdom] in understanding of Scriptures, in remembering of Scriptures, in remembering of experiences, and in many more inward ways of workings, that many cannot bear to hear. The Lord hath judged me for that, and I have borne the burden and condemnation of that, which many at this day wear as their crown. And now, what am I at length? A poor worm? Whom can I warn effectually? Whom can I help? Whom can I stop from running into the pit? But though I am nothing, I must speak, for the Lord draweth and moveth me; and how unserviceable soever my pity be, yet my bowels cannot but roll, both towards those that are in misery, and those that are running into misery.

I am a lover of mankind in general, and have been a deep sufferer with and travailer for, all the miserable. None knows the path of my sorrows, or the extent of my bowels, but he that made me. It is not natural, or kindly to me, to upbraid any man with any kind of wickedness, or ever so justly deserved misery; but my bowels work concerning him towards the spring of eternal power and compassions: even as I would be pitied, and represented to the Father of mercies in the like condition. Indeed I have been emptied from vessel to vessel, and tossed with multitudes of storms and tempests; yet the savor of my life remaineth with me to this day, and the Spirit of my God breatheth on my heart: blessed be His holy name forever! And though I walk with one sort of people, because my heart saith, yea, the Spirit of the eternal God hath witnessed unto me, and shown me in that light which cannot be deceived, that they are the people, whom he hath chosen out of all the gatherings throughout the earth, from the apostacy, to manifest his power in, and his presence among: I say, though I have been guided, and led by the Spirit of the Lord to walk among these; yet I am not bounded there, either in the love, or in the unity of my heart; but I have unity with the integrity and zeal for God which is in others, of what sort or gathering soever; and I have tender bowels for all, even for those which hate and persecute that which is my life, and hath the love of my heart forever. Oh! how have I prayed for the lost world! For all the souls of mankind: how hath my soul bowed in unutterable breathings of spirit before my God, and could not be silenced, until he quieted my spirit in the righteousness and excellency of his will, and bid me leave it to him.

(To be continued.)

Said the learned Dr. Donne to his friends when dying, "I repent of all my life but the part of it I have spent in communion with God and doing good to men."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REFLECTIONS.

Feeling inclined to meditation, I walked out in the open air, to gaze (as far as the eye could reach) upon the visible world, and contemplate the goodness and wisdom of Him who is "great and marvellous in all His works." I looked at the sun shining in meridian splendor, and reflected that it would soon go down in the western horizon, to enlighten another hemisphere, leaving us in darkness, when the twinkling stars would appear one after another, until the whole firmament would be in a glow, and the moon would rise in her majesty and shine queen of the night. These, and innumerable other suns and planets, have from time immemorial moved in their respective spheres, performing the purpose designed by that Being who created and sustains them all. I said in my heart who can doubt the omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence of Him who said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

I cast my eyes upon the brown earth, and I thought how wonderful it is that it brings forth not only such a profusion of tender blades of grass, so beautifully green, but the delicate flowers of every form and gorgeous hue,—the sturdy oak, the cedar and the fir tree—the grains and fruits to support the animal kingdom,—and reflecting how wonderfully all His works in the universe are adapted to the wants, the convenience and happiness of man, when he moves under the guidance of that divine law given him by his Creator, calling for reverence and gratitude in every soul, surely none but "the fool"—the man void of understanding—can say, "There is no God." Again I looked upon the earth, and felt that I loved it, for it was my mother; she had fed me all my life long, and would soon open her kind arms, and hide in her bosom my mortal remains when no longer fit to be looked upon by mortal eye. I felt the subject was too vast for human language to portray, therefore conclude with the poet in saying,

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

"Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart;
But Thou canst read it there."

FROM A FRIEND.

A lovable Christian is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity of conscience, on the one hand, and stern, ungenial moroseness on the other. He is sound, and yet ripe, sweet and mellow. He never incurs contempt by yielding to men's sinful prejudices, nor does he incur the antipathy of others by doing right in a hateful, surly, or bigoted way.

EXTRACT FROM THE WORKS OF WILLIAM LAW.

"Discovering the true way of turning to God and of finding the Kingdom of Heaven, the riches of Eternity in our souls."

Thou hast seen, dear reader, the nature and necessity of regeneration, be persuaded therefore fully to believe, and firmly to settle in thy mind this most certain truth, that all our salvation consists in the manifestation of the nature, life, and spirit of Jesus Christ in our inward new man. This alone is Christian redemption; this alone delivers from the guilt and power of sin; this alone redeems, renews, and regains the first life of God in the soul of man. Everything besides this is self, is fiction, is propriety, is our will, and, however colored, is only thy old man, with all his deeds. Enter therefore with all thy heart into this truth; let thy eye be always upon it, do everything in view of it, try everything by the truth of it; love nothing but for the sake of it. Wherever thou goest, whatever thou doest,—at home or abroad, in the field or at church,—do all in a desire of union with Christ, in imitation of his tempers and inclinations, and look upon all as nothing, but that which exercises and increases the spirit and life of Christ in thy soul. From morning to night keep Jesus in thy heart; long for nothing, desire nothing, hope for nothing, but to have all that is within thee changed into the spirit and temper of the Holy Jesus. Let this be thy Christianity, thy church and thy religion. For this new birth in Christ, thus firmly believed and continually desired, will do everything that thou wantest to have done in thee; it will dry up all the springs of vice, stop all the workings of evil in thy nature, it will bring all that is good into thee, it will open all the Gospel within thee, and thou wilt know what it is to be taught of God. This longing desire of thy heart to be one with Christ will soon put a stop to all the vanity of thy life, and nothing will be admitted to enter into thy heart, or proceed from it, but what comes from God, and returns to God. Thou wilt soon be, as it were, tied and bound in the chains of all holy affections and desires; thy mouth will have a watch set upon it; thy ears would willingly hear nothing that does not tend to God, nor thy eyes be open, but to see and find occasions of doing good. In a word, when this faith has got both thy head and thy heart, it will then be with thee as it was with the merchant who found a pearl of great price, it will make thee gladly to sell all thou hast, and buy it. For all that had seized and possessed the heart of any man, whatever the merchant of this world had got together, whether of riches power, honor, learning or reputation, loses all its value,—is counted but as dung and willingly parted with,—as soon as this glorious pearl, the new birth in Christ Jesus, is discovered and found by him. This, therefore, may serve as a touchstone, whereby every one may try the truth of his state: if the old man is still a merchant within thee, trading in all sorts of worldly honor, power or learning; if the wisdom of this world is not foolishness to thee; if earthly interests and sensual pleasures are still the desires of thy heart, and only covered under a form of godliness, a cloak of creeds, observances and institutions of religion,—thou mayest be assured that the pearl of great price is not yet found by thee. For where Christ is born, or his spirit rises up in the soul, there all self is denied, and obliged to turn out; there all carnal wisdom, arts of advancement, with every pride and glory of this life, are so many heathen idols all willingly renounced, and the man is not only content, but rejoices to say, that his kingdom is not of this world.

Oh, the loss to saints who drench their spirits in continued sadness, and waste their days in complaint and groans, and so make themselves, both in body and mind, unfit for the sweet, heavenly work of praise. Instead of being employed in the praise of God, they are questioning their worthiness and studying their miseries, and so rob God of his glory, and themselves of their consolation.

THE SERVICE OF GOD.

Amongst the many points which distinguish the revealed religion of the Bible from the systems of heathenism or of philosophy, is that of the *kind* of service which it demands of those who would obey and please Him. It is not only fear and reverence, not only a conformity to some external forms of devotion or worship, but a surrender of the whole man unto God, a consecration of every gift, aspiration and possession to Him and His cause. Christianity is the only thorough religion, the only one that attacks the seat of man's moral disease, and that endeavors to make of him a new creature in thought, will and life a servant and child of the Most High. No one, then, who would occupy that position and fulfil its obligation, and at the same time, realize all its blessedness must shrink from this complete self-consecration. In its merely outward manifestation and in times of prosperity, moral and physical most Christians devote themselves to this service with cheerfulness, but they often find it a very serious struggle to act as the devoted servants of God, when seasons of adversity and temptations come upon them. To serve God to fulfil His whole will, even in disappointment and affliction, how hard a task is this! To endure chastisement, to be patient when He smites, to suffer His wisdom to dictate for us when our own will would be something very different, that many learn. But to transmute adverse providences into positive

blessings, to advance our own spiritual welfare when a heavy load of sorrow is resting upon us, to serve the will of God, willingly and consciously, when the bitter cup of humiliation and trial is given us to drink, this is a virtue and victory difficult to acquire, yet ever to be sought after. The Christian's constant effort must be to reduce his whole character and life to a state of the most intimate dependence upon and communion with God. When that condition of spirituality is reached, the Christian will extract from circumstances which seem most adverse to the attainment of such a result, advantages and blessings which can not only not be derived in any other way, but are, in themselves, so incalculably valuable and glorious. Adversity and trial will not only be borne humbly and uncomplainingly, but through them he will be brought to a more thorough knowledge of himself, and a deeper appreciation of the mind and love of God.

It is, however, not alone in such dispensations in which we have no difficulty of perceiving the directing hand of Him, who is Supreme in the universe, that the task is laid upon the Christian of thinking and acting as the obedient servant of the Lord in heaven, but in many others which are no less the products of His care and wisdom. From whom come happiness, health, the possession of wealth? If they come from God, is there no responsibility to serve Him by these gifts? The true servant of God will keep himself unspoiled by prosperity, will not be lifted up by pride, will not clutch with eager hand the advantages and enjoyments of wealth, but will use all the gifts which make his life happy and bright, as a conscientious steward. And if any one would accept the service of God, honestly and for its own sake, he must make it a matter of principle to keep himself up to the steady recognition of his position as a dependent and servant of the Heavenly Master. He must educate himself to the constant practice of the duties which rest upon him as such. Running through the whole of his life and spiritual consciousness must be the thought that he is not his own, that this is only a passing, probationary state of existence, a time of trial, a season of preparation. God gives him the possession of money, talents, happiness or any other good thing, that with them and by means of them, he may be more abundantly be able to do His holy will. With increased opportunities of serving Christ should come a proportionate willingness to do so. The settled, unchanging purpose of his life must be that of magnifying the name of his gracious Father, and of fulfilling all the duties which rest upon one who has accepted his service as his highest obligation and fullest joy.

Whether, then, brightness or darkness be the Christian's lot, his duties are the same, his accountability is the same. Neither of them should abate his anxiety or determination to be found a steadfast and conscientious servant. What we all need is to measure things by their right value, to attain to a calm and unwavering purpose by which our life shall be regulated, to set ourselves once and forever to the task of carrying out the will of God so far as it concerns ourselves and we are able to perform it, and all this irrespective of the outward condition in which we may be placed. It is from a want of this firm resolve, because there is such an indefiniteness in spiritual conception and determination, because they allow themselves to be made so completely the victim of circumstances, without considering that these are all of God's ordering, that so many lamentably fail both in the performance of that amount of positive work in the service of God, which is warranted by their opportunities and endowments, and in the acquisition of a steady, peaceful, growing spirituality. What they need is to accept the service of God in its fullest sense and at once, without hesitation.—*The Moravian.*

From Hedge's Reason in Religion.

THE SPIRIT IN THE LETTER.

It will not do to quarrel with the letter, the spirit requires it. Spirit will not stay without a letter to hold it, as every one knows from his own experience. What avails your vision, your aspiration, your ideal, and what avail your kind purposes and generous emotions, if they do not embody themselves? You have a vision of excellence; it fills your whole soul; your spirit is aglow with it; it is your spirit for the time; and could your spiritual interior at that moment be laid open and portrayed as a photograph fixes the fleeting expression of the countenance, the portrait would be that of a hero or a saint. What boots it, if you do not embody that spirit in some word or work? It expires with the pulses of the breast; it evaporates with a breath, and no man is benefitted by it; it was, and is not, and no memorial of it remains to kindle aspiration in another, or to rekindle it in yourself. But express that spirit, record it in some way, embody it somewhere, and you add something to the spirit's life and the world's riches. As yet, it is a mere breath that steals over the soul, a possibility only; you are none the better for it, nor any one else, if it end so. And yet the spirit is good and holy and divine as that which fired St. Francis when he poured out his soul in measureless love, or that which flooded the heart of Jesus when he prayed for his enemies on the cross. But divine as it is in possibility, it is nothing in reality until it is embodied; and it may be worse than nothing as exhausting sensibility in leaves without

fruit, like the infructious fig-tree whose leafy and lying luxuriance availed nothing, but drew to itself a curse. As yet it is a mere breath; shall it end so,—a passing wind, whence coming you heed not, nor whither going? or shall it become actual, and a fact of life?- Express it, actualize it in some way, and straightway it becomes life, a thing, a fact; insignificant in appearance, obscure in place, evanescent in time; but still, life, and a fountain of life to others, an influence in the world, and so an actual constituent part of the world, inseparable, indestructible. The difference between it and spirit unexpressed is simply infinite,—the difference between something and nothing. I fancy that, when the soul reckons with us in our day of judgment, we shall burn less with the memory of bad acts or words, than of good designs unembodied, and worthy thoughts unexpressed. All spirit, so far as it is good and holy at all, is a unity. The spirit that prays in any of us to-day, if the genuine fire of devotion is in us, is the same which discoursed in the Sermon on the Mount, and opened the eyes of the blind; which blew into the soul of Peter, and drove Paul like a rolling thing around the world, and built up universal Christendom, with its temples and its Scriptures, its sanctities and its arts. The difference between the spirit that did all this, and the holy thought that stirs my heart to-day, and remains unexpressed, is not in quality, but in outwardness,—the difference between the spirit *with* a letter, and the spirit *without* it. . . . . .

We are indebted to the letter as much as to the spirit,—to the spirit only through the letter. And when we consider how a piece of parchment in a registrar's office, which is not even looked at once in a lifetime, may fix the occupation of large portions of the earth's surface for thousands of years; and how a printed paper which they call a Constitution may determine the political condition of a nation,—the measure of external freedom enjoyed or bondage endured, of millions of people; and how some leaves inscribed with tables of figures will enable a ship's company to find their way across the pathless sea, and to circumnavigate the world,—when, I say, we consider these things, and note the power of the letter, and the value of its function in the secular economy of life, we may come to think respectfully of its agency as a power in religion.

It must be granted to those who argue the cause of the spirit against the letter, that no existing letter can endure forever, or continue forever to hold the place which it once held in the spiritual economy. Every form in which the spirit clothes itself, every body it puts on, is transient; every existing organization is destructible, and to be destroyed. The spirit endures, the form perishes. Yet even here we must distinguish between form and type; that is, between the material form and the spiritual —between soul and body. Every form of being which is not exceptional or transitional and accidental, expresses a type which will reappear when the form which now embodies it is dissolved. In other words, the form will reproduce itself continually. The human body is fragile and corruptible; all the bodies in which humanity is now invested will soon be dust, but the human form will endure while heaven and earth remain, and when the heavens and the earth that now are have passed away. The human form is a letter that can never become obsolete. And so there may be types of the spirit in the present institutions and ordinances of religion, which will survive their dissolution, and reproduce themselves in new and similar ordinances, if ever the present shall pass out of use; as indeed the present are reproductions of elder rites. . . . . .

This also must be conceded, that in no letter is the spirit fully and perfectly expressed, and that the letter still requires the spirit to interpret its import, and to make it available to those who would use it. It is a medium of spiritual life to those only who come to it in and with the spirit. Without that touch of kindred life it is dead and deadening. Then it is that "the letter killeth." The metallic wire which conveys your message to a distant friend, and his to you, possesses that capacity in a latent state. No manipulation can make it work to that end without the touch of the electric fluid which developes its secret virtue. Nevertheless, the metallic wire is a necessary condition of the communication desired; no other medium can supply its place, nor can the communication take effect without a medium. So is the letter without the spirit, and yet an indispensable mediator of spirit.

It is an old controversy, the dispute concerning the letter and the spirit in religion. All parties agree in asserting the supremacy of the spirit. The only question is, whether any, and how much, of letter is essential to spirit. There is always a party in the church who despise the letter and disparage ordinances and all external sanctities. They think they have Paul on their side, when they quote these words of his, "The letter killeth." But Paul is not to be so understood. He does not condemn the letter as such,—any and every letter,—but only the literality and empty formality which Judaism in his day had come to be. The correct application of this saying will depend on what we assume to be the object of the word "killeth." It is not the spirit that the letter killeth; on the contrary, we have seen that the letter is necessary to any continued life of the spirit;—not the spirit, but those who rest in the letter alone; those who separate the letter

from the spirit, and make it supreme and final. The fault, then, is not in the letter, but in those who use it.

Dr. Cudworth says, speaking of holiness, "If it be but hearty and sincere, it can no more be cut off and discontinued from God, than a sunbeam here upon earth can be broken off from its intercourse with the sun, and be left alone amidst the mire and dirt of this world. Holiness is something of God, wherever it is. It is an efflux from Him, that always hangs upon Him, and lives in Him; as the sunbeams, although they gild this lower world, and spread their golden wings over us, yet they are not so much here, where they shine, as in the sun from whence they flow."

From the London Times.

BUNNHILL-FIELDS.

Among the historic sights of London there are not many which can lay claim to more venerable association than the Bunnhill fields burial-ground, in Finsbury. It was first used for interment at the time of the great plague, and is the site of "the great pit in Finsbury," spoken of in Defoe's narrative. At that time, instead of being surrounded by one of the gloomiest neighborhoods of brick and mortar that are characteristic of London, it lay quite open to the country. Since then it has been one of the principal places of interment for the great sects of non-conformists who objected to the burial service in the Book of Common Prayer. It has in fact been called the "Campo Santo of the Dissenters," and it well deserves the name. Here are interred Dr. Goodwin, the Independent preacher, who attended Cromwell on his death bed; Dr. John Owen, the famous Puritan, Vice Chancellor of Oxford, and General Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law. Here above all lie the remains of the greatest but one of Puritan writers,—the man who, perhaps, has done more than any other author to perpetuate among Englishmen the best parts of the Puritan theology. In other words, to a vault in these grounds are entrusted the remains of John Bunyan. Here, too, lie the bodies of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers; of the mother of the Wesleys, and of Isaac Watts. Here lies Defoe himself, amid one of the scenes which his pen has immortalized. Stothard, the artist, was buried here, as late as 1834, and in short for nearly two centuries, the ground has been a chosen resting place of the non-conformists. Such a place deserves to be treated with no less reverence than if it were legally consecrated ground. The mere respect for two centuries of the dead, should alone insure its preservation; but to a spot which contains such names as we have mentioned, religious associations, no less than English memories, should combine to lend a peculiar sanctity. It is with the greatest regret, therefore, we learn that any occasion has arisen for fear lest this almost consecrated ground should be abandoned to the common uses of bricks and mortar. That there is any serious danger of such a desecration we do not believe, but a difficulty has been raised on the subject which would be sufficient to provoke some ill feeling, unless it be promptly met in a proper spirit. The burial-ground in question is part of the great estate of the Finsbury Prebend, which, in consequence of recent legislation, is now vested in the Ecclesiastical Commission. The whole estate had been leased to the Corporation of London for a term of 99 years, dating from 1768, and it will revert, therefore, with its enormous revenues, to the Ecclesiastical Commission in 1867. With the rest of the estate the Commission will of course enter into absolute possession of Bunnhill-fields burying ground, and the non conformists appear to be in consderable alarm lest the appetite of the Commission for an increased income should prove too strong for their respect to the memory of Dissenters. At all events, in December, 1863, a Mr. Iverny, acting on behalf of the representatives of the persons buried in this ground, proposed to this Commission to purchase the freehold of the land on the expiration of the lease in 1867. The Commission expressed their willingness to agree to the sale for about a tenth of the present value of the land, on condition that it should be kept forever as a burial-ground, and should revert to them if it were ever appropriated to any other purpose. If this arrangement had been observed the matter would have been settled; but it seems afterwards to have occurred to the Dissenters that they were already entitled to the permanent possession of the ground without making any further payment for it. The vaults and graves had been paid for just as at other burial grounds; and it certainly seemed somewhat unreasonable that the representatives of the deceased persons should be called upon, long after the death of their friends, to pay a further sum in order to insure their quiet possession of graves which had in the first instance been duly purchased. The Dissenters are anxious to preserve the ground; the Commission, by their offer, show that they are equally averse to desecrating it, and the corporation allege that they have no right to do so. However the dispute may be decided, therefore, we may rest assured that Bunnhill-fields will be treated with as much respect as if it had been legally consecrated; and every one will rejoice that there is no danger of a contrary result. There are always ample reasons, on sanitary grounds, for preserving these open burial places from interference; but in a spot appropriated

to the use of so celebrated a body of men, any desecration would be more than usually unpardonable.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 23, 1866.

Devotional Influences.—In maintaining a testimony against formal observances, it is needful that we discriminate wisely, lest we reject habits through which our spiritual life may be strengthened. If we examine the ground of this righteous testimony, we must perceive that it was not against a *form*, but against a lifeless observance of it, that Friends felt bound to testify. While the use of set words addressed at stated periods to the Most High may justly be considered a vain oblation, a drawing near with the mouth when the heart is afar off, to retire awhile from the active duties of the day and sit together in solemn silence, to read a few verses in Scripture or a portion of some other good book, is a simple avail of the means provided by the Giver of all Good for training the youthful mind in habits of reverence and self-examination.

While it has not been the custom of Friends to advise their members to assemble their households daily for family devotion, concerned fathers and mothers among us have felt it right frequently to collect their families to wait in stillness for the arisings of truth upon the mind, that thereby their spiritual strength might be renewed.

Though parents may often feel little qualification for such a duty, yet, if they will regard the practice as an opportunity to encourage devotional feeling in their children, and humbly ask the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the endeavor, we believe they will realize the habit to be attended with a blessing not only to their children, but also to themselves.

We have stated seasons of assembling for religious worship, and should we not in our different families gather the members together, that the incense of gratitude may unitedly arise for the endearing ties of home and kindred, and the other numberless blessings by which we are surrounded. Parents who thus manifest to their children a concern for their spiritual growth, may have their own faith renewed, their desires for holiness strengthened, and their efforts to maintain a watchful and consistent life increased, through the means used to advance the welfare of their offspring, while the children who are the objects of such tender care may find the recollection of it a preservation to them in after years.

It may be that the child does not at the time appreciate such concern, but when far removed from the parental home, and exposed to the trials and temptations of adult life,—when the cares and the pleasures of the world engross his time and his thoughts, and the still, small voice of the monitor within is seldom heeded,—in some quiet hour the remembrance of a father's solicitude or a mother's love may steal into his heart with resistless power, and Divine Grace, operating through the affections, may awaken his dormant conscience. The habits of that early home, hallowed by tender associations, may then be resumed to his strength and comfort.

"The Citizens' Association of Philadelphia."—This is the modest title of a new organization which has received from the Legislature of our State a charter which bestows upon it most important and responsible obligations.

In view of the rapid increase of pauperism, vagrancy and crime, it is one of the highest duties of the age to institute measures to prevent, or at least to remedy these evils.

Purely "missionary labors" in the midst of the most depraved portions of our population, effect but little in comparison with the vast work that needs to be done. Legislation seems inadequate to the task, and the eleemosynary relief of benevolent individuals and societies, though honorable and merciful to a large degree, leave the records of crime still fearful in numbers and character.

Public begging has increased among us to an alarming extent, and vagrancy has even assumed the rank of a profession, in the pursuit of which men and women filch from the unsuspecting, with all the exact routine of a well-ordered system.

Drinking-houses are fostered by the law;—the cost of licenses is very small, and the penalty for selling the most poisonous drinks without authority is so insignificant as to render the offence scarcely worth avoiding.

In view of these facts, and of those collateral and incidental facts, which attach to this subject, it is proposed by the Association to collect statistics, and inquire into the causes of these sad evils, and to institute measures for their remedy or removal.

Intemperance is regarded as a physical disease, as well as a moral evil. The alcoholic poison in the human system operates in its specific direction as other poisons do, to induce their peculiar symptoms. It creates a disease of the nervous system, the most terrible in its effects, and capable of being transmitted to other generations. We all know the sad desolation it creates in the moral and mental nature, and how it entails sorrow, shame, poverty, pauperism, and fearful death.

The Association proposes to offer homes for young men and women, who are addicted to this vice, or who may feel themselves tending toward the drunkard's way,—surrounding them with influences to exalt their aspirations, and bring them to suitable conceptions of their responsibilities and destiny, hoping in this way to save some, while by wholesome teaching, and earnest labor, to create in the public mind more truthful views of duty.

We commend this new movement to the favorable consideration of our readers. Many people have wealth in abundance for the use of which they must give account. It can be profitably invested in the direction of improving public morals, and thus promoting the safety of our children.

Communications on the subject may be addressed to Dr. Joseph Parrish, Philadelphia.

Spiritual wealth has its temptations as well temporal wealth.

AN ANCIENT STOVE.

"The oldest stove, probably, in the United States, is one which warms the hall of Virginia's Capitol in Richmond. It was made in England, and sent to Virginia in 1770, and warmed the House of Burgesses for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has been for thirty years. It has survived three British monarchs; has been contemporaneous with four kingly monarchies, two republics and two imperial governments of France. The great Republic of America has been torn by internecine strife, the breaches partly healed, and still the old stove remains, honored in the midst of all."

EXTRACTS FROM SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA FOR THE AID AND ELEVATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

The time of our Annual Meeting having been changed from the First month to the Fifth, the Report now presented embraces a period of sixteen months.

Previous to Eleventh month last, two Associations of our friends existed in this city, both of which were engaged in collecting money and supplies, and forwarding them for the aid of the freedmen. The efforts of one were particularly directed to the relief of their physical wants; the other, while embracing this point, added to its sphere of labor that of sending teachers and establishing schools among them. As many Friends were members of both of these Associations, confusion sometimes arose in the minds of contributors in regard to their separate provinces; it was therefore concluded that an advantage would result from their union, and the "Woman's Association of Philadelphia for the Relief of the Freedmen" and "Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" were merged into one organization, under the latter title.

At the commencement of the year 1865, the schools under our care were located at Mason's Island and Camp Wadsworth; Lydia T. Atkinson, Sarah A. Cadwallader and Sarah E. Lobb being teachers at the former place, and Mary McClain at the latter. Margaret Preston, who had been engaged as nurse in the Hospital at Mason's Island, had been sent to St. Mary's County, Md., to inquire into the condition of the Freedpeople on the Government farms there. She remained a few weeks, doing what she could for their amelioration and comfort; but, that locality being subsequently selected by our friends in New York as a field of labor, and we have no organization elsewhere requiring the services of a nurse, it was concluded to leave her at liberty to make any other engagement. This faithful laborer among the Freedmen has since been removed by death.

An Industrial School, which had been established at Mason's Island, was in successful operation, and, notwithstanding the prevalence of sickness, which interfered with the regular attendance of the pupils, a large number of garments, also bed-ticks for the Hospital, were made by the women and children. The services of two competent workmen were secured to give instruction to the men and boys in mat-making and cobbling, and fifty two pairs of shoes were repaired by them, during the continuance of these schools.

On account of the continued unhealthiness of this Camp, two of our members were appointed, in Third month of last year, to represent to the

proper authorities the condition of affairs there, with a view to obtain a more suitable situation to which the people might be removed. On this mission they proceeded to Washington, and, on their return, reported that they had succeeded in obtaining interviews with the officers of Freedmen's Bureau; and, though the sickness on the Island had materially abated, there was a strong probability of an early removal of the Camp. They also reported that they visited the schools under our care, and found them in a flourishing condition; that the teachers were diligently employed in the performance of their several duties, and manifested untiring zeal and devotion to the work in which they were engaged. While in Washington, our Committee had been deeply impressed with the destitution and suffering of many of the freed-people in that city; and, in consequence of their representation, an appropriation of sanitary stores and clothing was sent to Eliza Heacock for distribution among them.

Communications received from Wm. F. Mitchell depicted great suffering at Nashville, Tenn., from insufficient food and clothing, which induced the forwarding of money and supplies to that locality. In acknowledging "their timely reception," he writes that the appropriations for the Orphan Asylum established through his exertions were especially acceptable, as he believed "they aided in saving many lives." He says further, in relation to the work, "It seemed a manifest duty to collect these poor children, and I have faith to believe that our Heavenly Father will not allow them again to be scattered. It is very pleasant to-night, in the midst of our troubles, to reflect that so many are sleeping comfortably. To one whose compassion is infinite, I commit the new family, and look to Him both for counsel as to its future mode of operation and the means for its support."

This Asylum is still under the care of its faithful originator, and we have, from time to time, met his request for assistance as far as our other engagements would justify. This institution has comforted and sheltered many a homeless little one, and we trust that the means for its support will not be withheld.

In the Fourth month, Lydia T. Atkinson was released from her position at Mason's Island, and resumed her duties at Camp Wadsworth, where she remained until the Eleventh month, when, notwithstanding her continued interest in the cause, she felt that her labors among the freed-people must for the present be closed. Our Association shared with those among whom she had been so long and so usefully employed in regret at parting with this their faithful teacher and friend. Mary K. Brosius was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by her removal. About the same time Sarah E. Lobb, in consequence of ill health, requested to be released from service. In the ensuing month the Camp at Mason's Island was broken up by order of Government. Mary K. Brosius was thence removed to Camp Wadsworth, and Sarah A. Cadwallader engaged with a friend in a school for the Freedmen at Camp Todd. The fluctuations in the settlements of these people have subjected the teachers to frequent changes; but we believe that, in every instance, the freedmen have been permanently benefitted by the residence of our teachers among them, even when it has been only for a short time.

Information having been received that Friends in Virginia had opened First-day Schools for the freed-people at Lincoln, Hillsboro' and Waterford, much interest was felt in their efforts, and a sum of money appropriated for the purchase of books and stationery to aid them in the undertaking.

The Association, viewing with deep regret the injustice practised toward the colored race in their exclusion from our railway cars, appointed a committee to visit the managers of the respective companies, and represent our feelings upon the subject. This committee had several interviews with the directors and officers of some of the companies, and were encouraged to believe that the cruel prejudice against color will gradually, though surely, be superseded by a more enlightened public sentiment, which will secure the extension to *all* citizens of an equal participation in the public conveyances.

Although great suffering was known to exist among the freed-people in various parts of the South, and we were sensible of their earnest importunites for school instruction, yet, for a time, it seemed almost impossible to obtain definite information of the points at which it would be safe to locate teachers, or to find reliable agents to dispose of clothing in localities where it was known to be needed. After various letters of inquiry on this account were addressed by our committees to individuals, several channels opened for the distribution of supplies, and suitable situations offered for the teachers we were desirous of sending into the field.

Through the representations of some of the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, also of our friend Reuben Tomlinson, Inspector of Schools in South Carolina, we were induced to turn our attention toward the establishment of schools in that State. Laura Towne, of Philadelphia, who has for several years devoted her time and energies to the elevation of the colored people there, being on a visit to our city, attended one of our meetings, and gave much valuable information, which decided us to send the teachers, Philena Heald and Sarah M. Ely,

St. Helena Island. This island, on the coast of South Carolina, is ten miles in length, and contains a shifting population of about three thousand, nearly all colored people. Most of the plantations having been sold for taxes, several of them were divided into sections, and appropriated to school purposes.

About the middle of First month, Cornelia Hancock, an applicant for position of teacher under the auspices of this Association, went to Charleston to examine into the wants of the freedmen, and to open a school, if a suitable situation could be found.

The accounts received from her decided us to re-open a school, formerly taught at Mt. Pleasant, a healthy location in Charleston harbor, about three miles from the city. The plantations in the vicinity are mostly occupied by Northern men anxious to benefit the colored race.

The school was opened in an old church, (occupied during the war as an hospital,) with fifty scholars; and, as soon as the news spread that "a real Yankee teacher" had come, the number increased to one hundred. A native teacher was temporarily provided by Reuben Tomlinson, and, subsequently, Mary A. Taylor, Carrie Taylor and Eliza E. Way were also sent to Mt. Pleasant.

In the Third month of the present year the farm known as Camp Wadsworth was restored to its former owners. The school consequently was broken up, and Mary K Brosius was transferred to Vienna, six miles distant.

We have also established two additional schools in Fairfax County: one at Lewensville, in charge of Martha A. Wright, and one at Fairfax Court House, under the care of Mary McBride; also, recently, one at Waterford, Loudoun County, Virginia, for which Sarah A. Steer, a resident of that place, has been selected as teacher.

The position occupied by Mary McBride at Fairfax Court House is a very unpleasant one. Her mission has been bitterly opposed, even to threats of personal violence, some attempts at which have been made. Her earnestness and determination are apparent, as shown by the following extracts from a letter recently received:

"There is certainly a great deal of talk, but that troubles me very little. There are some things that are very unpleasant here for me, but I am determined to stay here until sent by the proper authorities into another field, or dismissed the service entirely." She further remarks: "It is not *labor* for me, as some would call it; I *love* the work."

Her school now numbers forty-five pupils.

The school under the care of Mary K. Brosius, at Vienna, although established so recently, is very satisfactory. There is not material in the surrounding country for a large school, but education is none the less needed. Her last account gave the number of pupils as twenty-six. Two instances of progress were stated by her, as follows: "I have two little girls not over five years old, who have learned their letters in one week." She also states they desire her to open a First-day School, which she intends doing.

In the Twelfth month last we were called to mourn the removal by death of our beloved friend and associate, Macpherson Saunders. Connected with this Society from its organization, and ever active in all efforts to extend its usefulness, we shall long miss the steady judgment and quiet decision that gave such value to his counsels. Endeared to us by the genial cheerfulness and earnestness which he brought to the consideration of all our affairs, we mourn the loss of a valued friend and co-laborer.

By this review it will be seen that we are now less busily engaged than formerly, in supplying clothing to the destitute and suffering freedmen, who are passing from a state of servitude and dependence, with its corresponding degradation, to freedom, with all its possibilities of progress and improvement. Our present efforts are directed almost exclusively to the establishment and support of schools among them. With the restoration of peace and the general resumption of habits of industry, their privations must soon give place to comparative comfort and thrift, so that the great needs of the colored people in the future will be facilities for education and adequate protection from the prejudice and rapacity of their former masters.

The schools we have opened among them are all actively and vigorously conducted by conscientious and efficient teachers, whose sympathies are with the scholars in their efforts to learn. We have been eminently successful in securing the services of those who, from a sense of duty, have entered into the work, and who are peculiarly fitted for its varied requirements.

No feature in the remarkable history of the freed people is more striking than their thirst after the elements of knowledge. A thirst which should operate as a powerful incentive to all who have their welfare at heart, to supply to the utmost the means for their education. While we require liberal subscriptions to carry on the schools now established, we are already solicited to open others, which we are desirous of doing as rapidly as our funds will justify. Now is evidently the accepted time. The past is full of warning, to neglect no opening for service in this great work. The prejudice and cupidity which have oppressed the African race in the past, are liable to rise

again into dominion, and none can tell how soon insuperable obstacles may be thrown in the way of our efforts. The proclamation which made the bondman legally free, has not changed the hearts of those who have hitherto ruled in the late slaveholding States; and though we may hope that the light of truth is in some degree breaking through the dark cloud that has rested over the South, yet there is much to dread in the prospect of the resumption of authority by the State Governments. Let us persevere while we can, and to this end let the members of the Society of Friends, who have been so long identified with the education of these people, and whose ancestors were among the first to acknowledge their claims to the equal enjoyment of the rights of our common humanity, see to it that our present opportunity is not wasted.

The number of those who are willing to devote themselves to the work of instruction has thus far kept pace with the requirements of our schools. Will not those who stay at home give of their abundance to support those already engaged in this labor of love, and to send others into it?

By the report of our Treasurer it will appear that, after appropriating the necessary funds to meet the current expenses of the ten teachers already in our employ, but little is left to continue our operations for the ensuing season, to extend them as new fields open to our view, or to aid the cases of suffering coming to the notice of the Committees; and, in conclusion, we desire to present anew the claims of this Association upon our great body of prosperous and thriving Friends in city and country. It is but a poor recompense to the despised and oppressed descendants of the African race, whose toil has so long enriched our merchants and manufacturers, and furnished, as it were, the life-blood of American commerce, that we should pave their way from slavery to freedom by supplying the necessaries of life to the helpless and infirm, who are suffering for want of them, at the same time that we open to those from whom knowledge has been so long shut out, the glorious light of education, with all its vivifying and improving results.

To pay our share of this debt should be the earnest resolve of every member of our Society, and we rejoice to know that there are those ready to be workers as far as the means are furnished. First, and most important, money is needed; second, all kinds of dried fruit and garden seeds, books, toys for the little ones, and clothing for men, women and children,—in short anything that the bounty of friends can bestow toward the needs of these objects of our care will benefit them, and at the same time bless the giver, in the remembrance of the assurance, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Secretaries, WM. C. BIDDLE, 509 Commerce Street, Phila.; MARGARET A. GRISCOM, Bristol, Pa.

Corresponding Secretary, ANNE BIDDLE, 509 Commerce Street.

Treasurer, HENRY M. LAING, 30 N. Third Street.

SHADOWS.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Floating far o'er the hills away;
As over the sky
The light clouds fly,
So over the mountains wander they!

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sleeping soft on the meadow green;
Fair are the flowers
In sun-bright bowers,
But fairer the flowers these shadows between.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Dancing light on the ocean's spray;
Changing each wave
From gay to grave,
Like the frowning smiles of a child at play!

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sinking deep in the moonlit lake,
Where the mountains seem
As if viewed in a dream,
And a world of purer beauty make.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
In the world without and the world within;
For joy may borrow
A charm from sorrow,
And charity smile on repentant sin!

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Falling soft on the dazzled vision,
Where the tender thought
By memory brought,
Tempers the glare of hopes elysian!

And there are shadows—merciful shadows,
Dropping the balm on the bleeding heart,
When first it knows
That love's flame glows
Stronger and purer when joys depart.

Then bless the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
And take this thought as thou goest abroad,
That in heaven and earth
Shades owe their birth
To light; and *light is the shadow of God!*

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered.
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."
Still the hourly sound goes round and roumd,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said, "to the church-yard bed,
The grave has given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a Heavenly morning."

Charles Swain.

THE RESTLESS SEA.

The sea is not only the emblem of change; it is itself the cause, directly or indirectly, of nearly all the physical changes that take place in the world. Ascend the mountain summit, and there, amid the crags where the eagle builds her eyrie, and the heather grows in the blue immeasurable silence of heaven, you tread the shores of a former sea, whose shells and corals embedded in the rocks are still as perfect and beautiful as when the last retiring wave rippled over them.

Descend into the stony chambers of the earth, and there in the darkness of the quarry you will see the petrified skeletons of fish that once swam in the waters, and the sands that formed the shores of unknown seas, and the undulating ripple marks left behind by the ebb and flow of long forgotten tides. We cannot name a single spot where the sea has not some time or other been.

Every rock that now constitutes the firm foundation of the earth was once dissolved in its waters, lay as mud at its bottom, or as sand and gravel along its shore. The materials of our houses were once deposited in its depths, and are built on the floor of an ancient ocean What are now dry continents were once ocean beds; and what are now sea beds will be future continents.

Every where the sea is still at work—encroaching upon the shore—undermining the boldest cliffs on the coast by its own direct agency. And where it cannot reach itself, it sends its emissaries to the very heart of deserts, and the very summit of mountain ranges, and the very innermost recesses of continents—there to produce constant dilapidation and change. Its own waters are confined by the shore line; but no voice has ever said to its fleet-footed winds and its viewless vapors, "Hitherto shall ye come, and no further." They rise from their ocean bed, these messengers of the sea, and pursue their flight along the sky until some lofty peak far in the interior arrests them; and they discharge their watery burden into its bosom, forming the sources of streams, and rivers and glaciers, that carry on the work of change where the roar of the sea itself is never heard.—*McMillan in Family Treasury.*

From the Atlantic Monthly.

IN THE HEMLOCKS.

(Continued from page 238.)

I walk along the old road, and note the tracks in the thin layer of mud. When do these creatures travel here? I have never yet chanced to meet one. Here a partridge has set its foot; there, a woodcock; here, a squirrel or mink; there, a skunk; there, a fox. What a clear, nervous track Reynard makes! how easy to distinguish it from that of a little dog,—it is so sharply cut and defined! A dog's track is coarse and clumsy beside it. There is as much wildness in the track of an animal as in its voice. Is a deer's track like a sheep's or a goat's? What winged-footed fleetness and agility may be inferred from the sharp, braided track of the gray squirrel upon the new snow! Ah! in nature is the best discipline. I think the sculptor might carve finer and more expressive lines if he grew up in the woods, and the painter discriminate finer hues. How wood-life sharpens the senses, giving a new power to the eye, the ear, the nose! And are not the rarest and most exquisite songsters wood-birds?

Everywhere in these solitudes I am greeted with the pensive, almost pathetic note of the Wood-Pewee. Do you know the Pewees? They are the true Flycatchers, and are easily identified. They are very characteristic birds, have very strong family traits, and very pugnacious dispositions. Without any exception or qualification they are the homeliest or the least elegant birds of our fields or forest. Sharp-shouldered, big-headed, short-legged, of no particular color, of little elegance in flight or movement, with a disagreeable flirt of the tail, always quarrelling with their neighbors and with one another, no birds are so little calculated to excite pleasurable emotions in the beholder or to become objects of human interest and affections. The King-bird is the best-dressed member of the family, but he is a braggart; and though always snubbing his neighbors, is an arrant coward, and shows the white feather at the slightest display of pluck in his antagonist. I have seen him turn tail to a Swallow, and have known the little Pewee in question to whip him beautifully. From the Great Crested to the Little Green Flycatcher,

their ways and general habits are the same. Slow in flying from point to point, they yet have a wonderful quickness, and snap up the fleetest insects with little apparent effort. There is a constant play of quick, nervous movements underneath their outer show of calmness and stolidity. They do not scour the limbs and trees like the Warblers, but, perched upon the middle branches, wait like true hunters for the game to come along. There is often a very audible snap of the beak as they arrest their prey.

The Wood-Pewee, the prevailing species in this locality, arrests your attention by his sweet, pathetic cry. There is room for it in the deep woods, as well as for the more prolonged and elevated strains. His mate builds an exquisite nest of moss on the side of some shelving cliff or overhanging rock. The other day, passing by a ledge near the top of a mountain in a singularly desolate locality, my eye rested upon one of these structures, looking precisely as if as grew there, so in keeping was it with the mossy character of the rock; and I have had a growing affection for the bird ever since. The rock seemed to love the nest and to claim it as its own. I said, What a lesson in architecture is here! Here is a house that was built, but built with such loving care and such beautiful adaptation of the means to the end, that it looks like a product of nature. The same wise economy is noticeable in the nests of all birds. No bird would paint its house white or red, or add aught for show.

Coming to a drier and less mossy place in the woods, I am amused with the Golden-Crowned Thrush,—which, however, is no thrush at all, but a Warbler, the *Sciurus aurocapillus*. He walks on the ground ahead of me with such an easy gliding motion, and with such an unconscious, preoccupied air, jerking his head like a hen or a partridge, now hurrying, now slackening his pace, that I pause to observe him. If I sit down he pauses to observe me, and extends his pretty ramblings on all sides, apparently very much engrossed with his own affairs, but never losing sight of me. But few of the birds are walkers, most being hoppers, like the Robin. I recall only five species of the former among our ordinary birds,—the one in question, the Meadow-Lark, the Tit-Lark, the Cow-Bunting, and the Water-Wagtail (a relative of the Golden Crown).

Satisfied that I have no hostile intentions, the pretty pedestrian mounts a limb a few feet from the ground, and gives me the benefit of one of his musical performances, a sort of accelerating chant. Commencing in a very low key, which makes him seem at a very uncertain distance, he grows louder and louder, till his body quakes and his chant runs into a shriek, ringing in my ears with a peculiar sharpness. This lay may be represented thus: "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher!"—the accent on the first syllable and each word uttered with increased force and shrillness. No writer with whom I am acquainted gives him credit for more musical ability than is displayed in this strain. Yet in this the half is not told. He has a far rarer song, which he reserves for some nymph whom he meets in the air. Mounting by easy flights to the top of the tallest tree, he launches into the air with a sort of suspended, hovering flight, like certain of the Finches, and bursts into a perfect ecstasy of song,—clear, ringing, copious, rivalling the Goldfinch's in vivacity, and the Linnet's in melody. This strain is one of the rarest bits of bird melody to be heard. Over the woods, hid from view, the ecstatic singer warbles his finest strain. In this song you instantly detect his relationship to the Water-Wagtail (*Sciurus Noveboracencis*),—erroneously called Water-Thrush,—whose song is likewise a sudden burst, full and ringing, and with a tone of youthful joyousness in it, as if the bird had just had some unexpected good fortune. For nearly two years this strain of the pretty walker was little more than a disembodied voice to me, and I was puzzled by it as Thoreau by his mysterious Night-Warbler, which, by the way, I suspect was no new bird at all, but one he was otherwise familiar with. The little bird himself seems disposed to keep the matter a secret, and improves every opportunity to repeat before you his shrill accelerating lay, as if this were quite enough and all he laid claim to. Still I trust I am betraying no confidence in making the matter public here. I think this is pre-eminently his love song, as I hear it oftenest about the mating season. I have caught half suppressed bursts of it from two birds chasing each other with fearful speed through the forest.

Turning to the left from the old road, I wander, over soft logs and gray yielding *débris* across the little trout brook, until I emerge in the Barkpeeling,—pausing now and then on the way to admire a small, solitary white flower which rises above the moss, with radical, heart-shaped leaves, and a blossom precisely like the liverwort except in color, but which is not put down in my botany,—or to observe the ferns, of which I count six varieties, some gigantic ones nearly a shoulder-high.

At the foot of a rough, scraggy yellow birch on a bank of a club-moss, so richly inlaid with partridge berry and curious shining leaves,—with here and there in the bordering a spire of the false wintergreen (*Pyrola rotundifolia*) strung with faint pink flowers and exhaling the breath of a May orchard,—that it looks too costly a couch for such an idler, I recline to note what transpires. The sun is just past the meridian, and the afternoon chorus is not yet i

full tune. Most birds sing with the greatest spirit and vivacity in the forenoon, though there are occasional bursts later in the day, which nearly all voices join; while it is not till the twilight that the full power and solemnity of the thrush's hymn is felt.

(To be continued.)

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

DISEASES OF PLANTS.

It would seem as if nearly or quite all of the diseases of plants were dependent upon the varying conditions of heat and moisture, and these conditions are much more within our control than we are accustomed to suppose; hence the practical value of our researches in this direction. The founders of a certain "school of medicine," as it is called, not the school of Salerno, begins the announcement of his system in these words: "I found that heat was life and cold was death." We might almost say this in regard to vegetable existence; yet, as in this famous system, we shall find that heat wrongly applied to the plant is as sure death as when similarly applied to the animal economy. We have seen how the wind produces cold, and thought it may have caused those conditions in the structure of the plant which must ultimately result in its destruction. It is also the efficient agent in rapidly conveying heat to the plant at the time when to rouse it from its dormant state is fraught with danger to its very existence; and who is not also familiar with the effects of those hot dry winds which blow in other lands, such as the simoon and sirocco, which parch the very leaves to dust?

As is well known, the air in a quiescent state is what is called a bad conductor, giving off or taking away heat slowly; but let it be once set in motion, say at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, which is by no means an uncommon breeze, and it will be readily perceived how many thousand particles of air must in a short space of time come in contact with an object exposed to its action, and give to it or take from it, as the case may be. Every one is familiar with the rapid thawing of snow and ice when we have a warm wind in winter, and we must also keep in view the fact that evaporation goes on much more rapidly during the blowing of either a cold or hot wind than when the air is calm. We shall see the bearing of this fact in the future.

If a part of the human body be burned or frozen, and it be too rapidly cooled in the one case or thawed in the other, a much more serious disorganization follows than if the process be a gradual one. The analogy without doubt holds good in regard to vegetable life, and we can here see how the unprotected plant may be in as great danger from a warm wind as from a cold one. If we try the experiment of placing ourselves behind the shelter of a slat fence on a windy day, and afterwards take a position above the fence, so as to receive the full force of the breeze, we shall find that there is a comparative calm in the lower strata of the air, and that the upper current is flowing rapidly over this without producing much disturbance, or merely breaking it into eddies which neither give or take heat or moisture from surrounding objects. We shall understand from this how evergreen or deciduous boughs may form a much better protection for those plants which are liable to winter-kill than straw or any other rubbish which packs more closely about them.

ADVANTAGE OF A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF BOTANY.

In reviewing a work on British plants, the London *Times* relates the following anecdote: —"During a violent storm in November, 1821, a vessel passing through the English Channel was driven ashore near Beechy-head, and the whole crew were washed overboard, four only being saved from immediate death by being thrown on the rocks on which the vessel struck. A lingering and terrible fate seemed to await them; for, although not under water, the waves appeared to be rapidly gaining on them. The darkness of the night and the violence of the storm prevented any help coming to them, and they sat awaiting the waves which roared around to engulf them at last, as they had their shipmates before. In this terrible moment one of the sufferers, grasping a weed to hold himself more firmly on the rock, at once recognized it as the samphire, and, knowing that the samphire is never submerged by the sea, he felt assured that he could say to the waves, 'Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further.' Trusting to the promise of this child of faith, the poor fellows remained stationary till the morning. They were not deceived; the sea, having reached its bounds, gradually retired, light broke on the shipwrecked seamen, and they were rescued from their perilous position."

ITEMS.

It is said that the interior of Pennsylvania shows the curious effect of the advance of civilization upon nature. The flora of the State has been found to have undergone remarkable changes, plants that were formerly rare being now quite abundant.

The new postal law just approved by the President, provides that both prepaid and free letters may be forwarded at the request of the party addressed, from one office to another, without additional postage charge. Returned dead letters are to be sent back to the writers free of postage.

Congress.—In the Senate, the House bill providing for the safe-keeping of public money entrusted to disbursing officers was passed. The bill from the House, continuing in force the Freedmen's Bureau, was reported with amendments and ordered to be printed. A bill was introduced authorizing the establishment in the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main of

a museum or *repertoire*, by which the condition of the United States, in various relations, political, social and economic, could be illustrated and the influence of America rendered more apparent to foreigners, and from which any information with reference to our condition could be obtained. An act, from the Committee on Commerce, further to provide for the safety of passengers on steam vessels, and to regulate the salaries of steamboat inspectors, was called up, with amendments, and passed. A communication from the President, enclosing a resolution of the Legislature of Georgia, asking a suspension of the direct tax in that State, was laid before the Senate by the Chair, and referred to the Committee on Finance. Also, a communication from the President transmitting the acceptance by Georgia of a donation of public lands for the establishment of agricultural colleges.

In the House, among others, the Senate joint resolutions appropriating $121,785 for negotiating treaties with the Indian tribes of the Upper Missouri and the Upper Platte rivers were passed. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the heads of the different departments to furnish information of the manner in which applicants to the inferior grades of office are made. The Senate amendments to the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution were taken up and passed. The message from the President concerning Georgia was presented and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. Also, a message from the President transmitting a report from the Secretary of the Interior, communicating the information required relative to the removal of the Sioux Indians, of Minnesota, and to provision made for their accommodation in the Territory of Nebraska. Referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—Reference having been made, in recent debates in Congress, to the Santee Sioux, whom it is proposed to remove to another locality, as murderers, etc., on the ground that it would be dangerous to place them in close proximity to the white settlements, it may be proper to state that H. W. Reed, one of the commissioners to treat with the Indians on the Upper Missouri, says, in a letter dated 5th mo. 28, at the agency of these Sioux in Dakota: "The universal testimony is that, as to intelligence, reliability, diligence, and morality, they are, among other Indians in the country, like a light in a dark place."

The testimony of all he heard was, the religion they possess makes them decidedly better. Some of them at personal risk rescued women and children from the cruel fate of prisoners, and yet it is proposed that they shall all share the common curse of Minnesota Sioux.

THE FREEDMEN.—Reuben Tomlinson, Inspector of Schools in South Carolina, reports that in the 5th month there were 9,184 colored pupils on the School register of that State, with an average attendance of 6,320. About one-sixth of the whole were learning the alphabet; four-fifths were able to read and spell; 6,111 were pure blacks. The superintendent means, with the aid of native teachers, to keep the schools open all summer, when most of the Northern teachers will return to their homes.

In Georgia, 71 schools are reported in operation, with 104 teachers and 6,991 pupils. Twenty-eight schools and as many teachers are sustained by the freedmen alone. Six new schools were opened in 4th month, and there was an aggregate increase over 3d month of 600 pupils.

Of the teachers, 45 are colored and 51 are residents of the State.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF ISAAC PENINGTON.

Of certainty, and rightly grounded assurance in matters of Religion.

There is a witness of and from God, in every conscience; which in his light, power, and authority, witnesseth for him, and against that which is contrary to him, as he pleaseth to move upon it, visiting and drawing the hearts of the sons of men by it. From this witness proceeds the true and well grounded religion in the mind towards God; for this witness both testifieth and demonstrateth that there is a God, and also inclineth the mind to desire and seek after the right knowledge and true worship of him. And such who keep to this witness, and wait upon God therein, are taught by it, the true spiritual worship; the true and pure fear of the Most High; the faith which he giveth his saints; the love which is chaste and unfeigned; the hope which purifieth the mind and anchors it on the eternal rock; the meekness, patience, gentleness, humility, &c., which is not of man's nature, but the gift of God, and the nature of the heavenly Giver.

And then for exercises of religion, as praying to the Father of spirits, hearing the heavenly voice, reading in the spirit, and with the renewed understanding, singing and making melody in the heart to the Lord, as his life is felt, and the spiritual blessings and treasure received; all these, and whatever else is judged necessary for the soul, are taught by this witness of God in the conscience, as the soul groweth up in the light, spirit, nature, and holy power thereof. But now when the Lord reacheth to his witness in men, and is teaching their hearts by it, then the enemy, the other spirit, whose seat is in the other part, keepeth a noise there to overbear the voice of the witness, and to make men take up a religion in another part, which is shallow, and reacheth not to the depth and weight of truth, which is in the witness of God, and which the witness of God, gives to them that come thither.

Thus, the enemy stirreth up reasonings, imaginations, and consultations, about God, and his worship; wherein he raiseth up the vain, shallow mind, forging and bringing forth somewhat pleasing and suitable to the earthly understanding; taking up the mind therewith, and engaging the heart in some such practices therefrom, as may quiet and satisfy that part in men. For the ways that men take up in their reasonings and understandings, satisfy their reasonings and understandings; and so they walk in the light of the sparks, and warm themselves by the fire of their own kindling; but all this answers not the witness of God in them, nor will be approved by his light in their own consciences, when it comes again to be revealed and made manifest in them. This was the ground of the error both of the Jews and Gentiles.

Now, from this part in man ariseth all the uncertainty, and doubts, and dissatisfaction

about religion. And hence arise the opinions, and judgments, and reasonings, in the minds of men: yea, indeed, the best of men's religion here, is but an opinion or judgment, which the breath of God's Spirit will shake and dissolve every where, sooner or later. All flesh is grass; and all the beauty of men's knowledge, religion, and worship here, will wither like grass. All the buildings and churches that are raised here, how beautiful soever, are but Babylon, built by man's understanding, by man's knowledge, by man's comprehension, by man's wisdom, by man's skill, and indeed in man's will and time; and their standing, beauty, strength and glory, is but from man, and in man's day, and will fade away like a flower. But the true certainty is in the day of God, from the light of his Spirit shining into man's spirit, from God's inward reaching to his heart by his power, and testifying his truth there. And this, all the powers of darkness cannot prevail against in itself; no, nor against that man that is kept to it. For it is the rock, the only rock upon which the whole church is built, and which cannot fail to preserve every member of the church which is built upon it.

Prayer.

True prayer is the breathing of the child to the Father which begat it, from the sense of its wants, for the supply of those wants. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof; but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." John iii. 8. God, by the breath of his Spirit, begets a man out of the spirit and likeness of this world, into his own image and likeness. He that is thus begotten, wants nourishment, wants divine warmth, the breasts of consolation, the clothing of the Spirit, the garment of salvation; wants the bread of life to feed on; wants the water of life to drink; wants strength against the enemy's assaults, wisdom against his snares and temptations; wants the arm of the Deliverer to preserve and carry on the work of redemption daily; wants faith to deny the fleshly wisdom, that so he may trust and feel the virtue of the arm of the Deliverer; wants hope, patience, meekness, a clear guidance, an upright heart to follow after the Lord; yea, very many are the daily wants of that which is begotten by the breath of God, in its state of weakness, until it be drawn up into the unity of the body, where the full communion with the life is felt, the heart satisfied and the wants drowned.

Now the breathing of this child to the Father from the sense of these wants for his supply, that is prayer; nay, though it be but a groan, or sigh, which cannot be uttered, or expressed; yet that is prayer, true prayer, which hath an acceptance with the Lord, and receiveth a gracious answer from him. In watching daily to the Spirit, the child is kept sensible of the will of the Father, and in his light he sees the way wherein he is to walk; he sees also the enemy when he is coming, yea, and the snares he is privily laying, and he feels his own weakness to withstand or escape; and in this sense his heart cries to the Father of spirits for preservation. And thus watching to the spirit, the life of a Christian is a continual course of a prayer: *he prays continually.*

Now as the Father teacheth to pray, so he giveth desires or words, if he please, according to the present need. Sometimes he gives but ability to sigh or groan; if he gives no more, he accepts that. Sometimes he gives strong breathings and plenty of words to pour out the soul in before the Lord. But if a man should catch those words, and lay them up against another time, and offer them up to God in his own will, this would be but will-worship and abomination. This I have known experimentally, and have felt the wrath of God for it. That is prayer which comes fresh from the Spirit; and that is a true desire which the Spirit begets; but the affections and sparks of man's kindling please not the Lord, nor do they conduce to the soul's rest, but will end in the bed of sorrow. Now, if the prayer be in words, for there is a praying without words, then it must be in those words which he pleaseth to give, from the sense which he kindleth, and not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, or would choose to use. And indeed in the true religion, and in every exercise of it, man's wisdom is kept out, and nailed to the cross; by which means, the immortal life is raised, and grows in the true disciple.

So mark: prayer is wholly out of the will of the creature, wholly out of the time of the creature, wholly out of the power of the creature; in the Spirit of the Father, who is the fountain of life, and giveth forth breathings of life to his child at his pleasure.

Nature, indeed, draws tears out of the eyes and sighs out of the breast, so quickly, that the wise man can never wholly lay aside the garb of mourning from his body; but let his soul wear none. Though philosophy may not, like a stroke of the brush of Rubens, transform a laughing child into a weeping one, it is well if it change the full mourning of the soul into half mourning, by teaching us how to bear present transient ills.

Even physical pain shoots its sparks upon us out of the electrical condenser of the imagination. The most acute pains could be endured calmly, if they lasted only the sixtieth part of a second; but in fact, we never have t

endure an hour of pain, but only a succession of the sixtieth part of a second, the sixty beams of which are collected into the burning focus of a second, and directed upon our nerves by the imagination alone. The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely, our impatience and the delusion that it will last forever.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

VIEWS OF CHRISTIAN VIRTUE OR TRUE HOLINESS.

BY W. E. CHANNING.

We believe that all virtue has its foundation in the moral nature of man, that is, in conscience, or his sense of duty, and in the power of forming his temple and life according to conscience. We believe that these moral faculties are the grounds of responsibility, and the highest distinctions of human nature, and that no act is praiseworthy any farther than it springs from their exertion. We believe that no dispositions infused into us without our own moral activity, are of the nature of virtue, and, therefore, we reject the doctrine of irresistible divine influence on the human mind, moulding it into goodness, as marble is hewn into a statue. Such goodness, if this word may be used, would not be the object of moral approbation any more than the instinctive affections of inferior animals, or the constitutional amiableness of human beings.

By these remarks we do not mean to deny the importance of God's aid or Spirit; but by his Spirit we mean a moral, illuminating and persuasive influence, not physical, not compulsory, not involving a necessity of virtue.

. . . . . .

Among the virtues, we give the first place to the love of God. We believe that this principle is the true end and happiness of our being; that we were made for union with our Creator; that His infinite perfection is the only sufficient object and true resting place for the insatiable desires and unlimited capacities of the human mind, and that without Him, our noblest sentiments, admiration, veneration, hope and love, would wither and decay. We believe, too, that the love of God is not only essential to happiness, but to the strength and perfection of all the virtues; that conscience without the sanction of God's authority and retributive justice would be a weak director; that benovolence, unless nourished by communion with His goodness, and encouraged by His smile, could not thrive amidst the selfishness and thanklessness of the world, and that self-government, without a sense of the divine inspection, would hardly extend beyond an outward and partial purity. God, as He is essentially goodness, holiness, justice and virtue, so He is the life, motive and sustainer of virtue in the human soul.

But while we earnestly inculcate the love of God, we believe that great care is necessary to distinguish it from counterfeits. We think that much which is called piety is worthless. Many have fallen into the error, that there can be no excess in feelings which have God for their object; and, distrusting as coldness, that self-possession, without which virtue and devotion lose all their dignity, they have abandoned themselves to extravagances, which have brought contempt on piety; most certainly, if the love of God be that which often bears its name, the less we have of it the better. If religion be the shipwreck of understanding, we cannot keep too far from it.

We conceive that the true love of God is a moral sentiment founded on a clear perception, and consisting in a high esteem and veneration of His moral perfection. Thus it perfectly coincides, and is in fact the same thing with the love of virtue, rectitude and goodness. You will easily judge, then, what we esteem the surest and only decisive signs of piety. We lay no stress on excitements. We esteem him, and him only, the pious man, who practically conforms to God's moral perfections and government; who shows his delight in God's benevolence, by loving and serving his neighbor; his delight in God's justice, by being resolutely upright; his sense of God's purity, by regulating his thoughts, imagination, and desires; and whose conversation, business and domestic life are swayed by a regard to God's presence and authority. In all things else men may deceive themselves. Disordered nerves may give them strange sights and sounds and impressions. Texts of Scripture may come to them as from Heaven. Their whole souls may be moved, and their confidence in God's favor be undoubting. But in all this there is no religion. The question is, do they love God's commands, in which his character is fully expressed, and give up to these their habits and passions? Without this, ecstasy is a mockery. One surrender of desire to God's will is worth a thousand transports. We do not judge of the bent of men's minds by their raptures, any more than we judge of the natural direction of a tree during a storm. We rather suspect loud profession, for we have observed that deep feeling is generally noiseless, and least seeks display.

We would not, by these remarks, be understood as wishing to exclude from religion, warmth, and even transport. We honor and highly value true religious sensibility. We believe that Christianity is intended to act powerfully on our whole nature, on the heart as well as the understanding and conscience. We conceive of heaven as a state where the love of God will be exalted into an unbounded fervor and joy; and we desire, in our pilgrimage here, to drink into the spirit of that better world. But we

think that religious warmth is only to be valued when it springs naturally from an improved character, when it comes unforced, when it is the recompense of obedience, when it is the warmth of a mind which understands God by being like Him, and when, instead of disordering, it exalts the understanding, invigorates conscience, gives a pleasure to common duties, and is seen to exist in connexion with cheerfulness, judiciousness and a reasonable frame of mind. When we observe a fervor called religion in men whose general character expresses little refinement and elevation, and whose piety seems at war with reason, we pay it little respect. We honor religion too much to give its sacred name to a feverish, forced, fluctuating zeal, which has little power over the life. . . .

I need not express our views on the subject of the benevolent virtues. We attach such importance to these that we are sometimes reproached with exalting them above piety. We regard the spirit of love, charity, meekness, forgiveness, liberality and beneficence, as the badge and distinction of Christians, as the brightest image we can bear of God, as the best proof of piety. On this subject, I need not, and cannot enlarge; but there is one branch of benevolence which I ought not to pass over in silence, because we think that we conceive of it more highly and justly than many of our brethren. I refer to the duty of candid, charitable judgment, especially towards those who differ in religious opinion. We think that in nothing, have Christians so widely departed from their religion, as in this particular. We read with astonishment and horror the history of the Church; and sometimes when we look back on the fires of persecution, and on the zeal of Christians in building up walls of separation, and in giving up one another to perdition, we feel as if we were reading the records of an infernal, rather than a heavenly kingdom. An enemy to religion, if asked to describe a Christian, would, with some show of reason, depict him as an idolater of his own distinguishing opinions, covered with badges of party, shutting his eyes on the virtues and his ears on the arguments of his opponents, arrogating all excellence to his own sect and all saving power to his own creed, sheltering under the name of pious zeal, the love of domination, the conceit of infallibility, and the spirit of intolerance, and trampling on men's rights under the pretence of saving their souls.

We can hardly conceive of a plainer obligation on beings of our frail and fallible nature, who are instructed in the duty of candid judgment, than to abstain from condemning men of apparent conscientiousness and sincerity, who are chargeable with no crime but that of differing from us in the interpretation of the Scriptures, and differing too on topics of great and acknowledged obscurity. We are astonished at the hardihood of those, who, with Christ's warnings sounding in their ears, take on them the responsibilty of naming creeds for the Church, and cast out professors of virtuous lives for imagined errors, for the guilt of thinking for themselves. We know that zeal for truth is the cover for this usurpation of Christ's prerogative; but we think that zeal for truth, as it is called, is very suspicious, except in men whose capacities and advantages, whose patient deliberation, and whose improvements in humility, mildness and candor, give them a right to hope that their views are more just than those of their neighbors. Much of what passes for zeal, for truth, we look upon with little respect, for it often appears to thrive most luxuriantly where other virtues shoot up thinly and feebly; and we have no gratitude for those reformers, who would force upon us a doctrine which has not sweetened their own tempers, or made them better men than their neighbors.

We are accustomed to think much of the difficulties attending religious inquiries; difficulties springing from the slow development of our minds, from the power of early impressions, from the state of society, from human authority, from the general neglect of the reasoning powers, from the want of just principles of criticism and of important helps in interpreting Scripture, and from various other causes. We find that on no subject have men, and even good men, engrafted so many strange conceits, wild theories, and fictions of fancy, as on religion; and remembering, as we do, that we ourselves are sharers of the common frailty, we dare not assume infallibility in the treatment of our fellow Christians, or encourage in common Christians, who have little time for investigation, the habit of denouncing and contemning other denominations, perhaps more enlightened and virtuous than their own.

Charity, forbearance, a delight in the virtues of different sects, a backwardness to censure and condemn, these are virtues which, however poorly practised by us, we admire and recommend; and we would rather join ourselves to the church in which they abound than to any other communion, however elated with the belief of its own orthodoxy, however strict in guarding its creed, however burning with zeal against imagined error.

"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. "Why?" said he. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word, is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon

the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever.

From "Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson."

UNHEALTHY EMOTIONS.

I have been pondering over your question as to the probable effect of tragedies such as "Phédre," &c., upon the mind. Now, Aristotle's deep view of the end of the tragic drama is this: that it aims through the medium of two feelings which it represents in action,—terror and fear,—to refine those very feelings in the spectators. To refine, of course, means to take off the rudeness and painfulness of such emotions, and make them almost pleasing sensations. That is, the terrible and pathetic in real life are painful things to witness; but in the mimic representation, the worst part is taken away by the consciousness that it is unreal, at the same time that it is sufficiently like-life to produce an impression somewhat similar to that which would be called forth by reality. The feeling thus made faint becomes pleasurable, just as warmth is enjoyment, though heat be intolerable. Of course it is plain that this refinement of feeling unrealizes it,—unfits for the contemplation of the terrible and pathetic in real life, substitutes the mimic emotion, which is useless, a merely artificial production, for the true one which the Creator has appointed to rise in the bosom in such circumstances for the express purpose of leading to action, exciting sympathy, hardening against danger, and so on. A person who is refined by high wrought scenes in novels, is necessarily sure to shrink from such scenes in real life, because in the mimic case he had all the excitement without the pain, and he will turn aside from circumstances where excitement cannot be had without pain. And such an one is sure to be found wanting when true feeling is required for use, because the feelings have got the habit of being roused without leading to exertion. They have got this habit in the unreal, and they will keep to it in the real. They will rise at the sight of distress or pain; but they have never been trained to pass promptly into the work of sympathising and relieving, and accordingly such persons seem and come to be looked upon as callous amidst the trials of others over which they wept in the romance. This, I fancy, is Aristotle's "refinement" of feeling, and this must be the danger in all refinement of society. The tragedy and the romance, therefore, only begin to appear when the mind of a large portion of the nation is at leisure to cultivate hot-house feelings, which are always feeble monstrosities. . . . . .

It is plain to me that in this way all such reading is injurious to the generality. All the feeling we can command we want for acting. When we come to act, the feeling is not there to make acting easy; and what we have to do we must either leave undone, or do with a cold heart; simply from having been accustomed to train the feelings to refinement, and not to action.

I wish that nature could do her own healthy work upon all our hearts. I could conceive a marvellously healing power to come from opening the soul, like a child's, to receive spontaneously, without effort, the impressions of the unliving,—and yet how living!—world around us, with all the awe that accompanies them.

One impulse from a vernal wood,
Will teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Also I suspect that speculative philosophy is not good to read, however interesting; at all events not alone. It has too little of a basis of proved fact to rest upon, and depends for its truth too much upon feeling. Positive science, such as chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy, and geology, rests on facts; and the effect of certainty which it produces on the mind is always a healthy feeling. Here again it is as I said above. The cure is to come in contact with Nature and with Fact, instead of exhausting strength by mighty blows struck at random on the yielding air, in the region of conjecture and bewildering mystery. I love that region; it is indeed the region of Faith, but it requires a brain practised much on more earthly precipices to avoid being dizzy and lost in the immense abyss.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW QUARTERLY MEETING IN THE STATE OF IOWA.

In conformity with the decision of the late Yearly Meeting of the religious Society of Friends, held in Baltimore, a Quarterly Meeting was opened, on the 11th inst., at Prairie Grove, in Henry Co., Iowa, twelve miles north of the city of Mt. Pleasant.* The Committee, consisting of William Tate, Priscilla Tate, Benjamin Rush Roberts, Mary L. Roberts, Chalkley Gillingham, Daniel Matthews, Elizabeth Matthews, and Esther B. Canby, were all favored to be present, except our beloved friend, Priscilla Tate, who has passed to the higher life since her appointment. The committee arrived in time to attend Wapsinona Monthly Meeting, in regular course, and an adjourned Monthly Meeting at Prairie Grove. All the committee, in accordance with the minute of their appointment, were present at the Meeting of Ministers and Elders. By consent of the meeting, a minister and her companion, who are members of our Orthodox Friends, sat with us, and participated acceptably in the minis-

* Mt. Pleasant is the P. O. for this Meeting.

terial exercises. The occasion was felt by all to be one of unusual solemnity. The public meeting on First-day was large, so much so, that a number were unable to gain admission within the walls of the meeting-house. The presence of the Great Head of the Church was *pre-eminently* felt to be with us. The *consecrated oil* flowed freely, baptizing the assembly. While the *life* and *power* had *dominion*, several living testimonies were borne, and the meeting closed, after utterances of fervent thanksgiving to Him who is worthy to be praised "not only in the sanctuary, but in the firmament of his power."

The General Quarterly Meeting assembled at ten o'clock, and compactly filled the house.

A suitable historical account of the origin and progress of Friends in Iowa, composed principally of the minutes of the several meetings made in the case, was read prior to the closing of the partitions. The meeting for worship was characterized by the same good feeling as had reigned the day before. The representatives from both Men's and Women's Meeting —twelve of each sex—retired and selected clerks and assistants, and then met jointly, and united to report that the name of the Quarterly Meeting be called "Prairie Grove." The Meeting then proceeded in the usual order in the transaction of its business.

The presence of the committee, and their united labor of love and sympathy with us in our efforts to advance the testimonies of our blessed Redeemer's kingdom in this vast and fertile land, was a source of consolation and strength. A living desire was evidently felt to prevail, that those on whom weighty responsibilities rest, may be unclothed of self-sufficiency, and clothed in the meekness and humility of the Lamb of God, "who taketh his kingdom by entreaty, and keepeth it in lowliness of mind."

Owing to removals and a number who have come in by convincement, the meeting was larger than its most sanguine friends anticipated. While there was a goodly proportion of the venerable and aged, there was a much larger number of the precious youth, who seemed to evince a deep interest in the exercises, and who evidently, with their elder brethren and sisters, felt that it was good to sit beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, where the secret aspiration of the soul may ascend sweetly before the altar of Him who loveth a contrite spirit, and will bless all those who desire to do what is noble and good.

The Orthodox Friends continued through the several sittings, and added to the interest of the occasion by timely and weighty testimonies.

That the unsectarian gospel may be more and more spread abroad in "the daylight of Christ," by the inauguration of this movement west of the great Mississippi, is the desire of many who feel grateful to be numbered as lambs of the flock.

J. A. D.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 6th mo. 13, 1866.

Pray earnestly for sanctification. Desire it from morning until evening. Refuse to be comforted till you are blessed. But be careful that you impose no conditions upon God. Sometimes He comes and turns out the evil legions of the heart, with observation, and with a triumphant shout But often he is mighty in His silence, and smites his enemies by an agency so mysterious and secret, that it seems to be alike unseen and unheard.—*Upham.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRAGMENTS OF BARK FROM OUR CLUB.

Sixth month 9th, 1866.

To steal off into the silent woods, away from the busy hum-drum and excitement of city life, is one of our chief pleasures. It renews the mind, even as the daily transformation of our tissues renews the body.

Others, too, than myself, have been of this opinion, for about twenty earnest people have banded themselves into a Club, for the purpose of walking about over the hills and through the dells, among the tall, thick woods, and by the silent stream or tinkling spring, with their eyes wide open, just hoping to see, perchance, the *common* objects in nature's kingdoms—just desiring to listen to some of the trilling notes forever vibrating in the great orchestra of life.

The life of a bird, of a tree, of a plant, of an insect that lives but an hour, has a lesson for man, if happily we may be wise enough to read it aright. Do we not all need sympathy, and at times, too, a different ministration than comes from our own kind? May not the winds blow into us, especially when the tall trees are rocked in their invisible arms, an idea of the majesty and power of Him who holds them in the hollow of his hand?

May not the shape of a hill, or the bare rock which adorns its side, grinning as it were at Time, tell us of that Divine love which has been operating for ages, to prepare a home for us? and as we note the lichen, the moss and the fern—those twin disintegrators with the rain-drop, whether frozen by winter's touch, or dried by summer's breath—and learn how the *minute* agencies around us produce great results, may we not become better men and women thus?

And do we not *all* need such lessons? To spell out only the simple alphabet which *prefaces* nature's great volume, is our only ambition, and possibly it may not be in vain. Life is around us on every side, and we cannot escape from its presence. In arctic snows, and

in the desert sands; deep down beneath earth's rock-ribbed bosom; in the flowing sea, and in the air—life holds unceasing carnival.

For a time its activity may be held in check by the absence of heat or moisture, or other agencies, but the time will surely come again, when the sun's great unslumbering eye will glance into every corner, mead and dell—looking, as it were, for his tribes; and then life bursts into action; the sap travels its appointed circuit; and the fresh blood paints ten thousand forms with beauty. Are we not impressed with the magnitude of the Creator's *love* for all his tribes?

"There's nothing in the world, I know,
That can escape from love,
For every depth, it goes below,
And every height above.
It waits, as waits the sky
Until the clouds go by;
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone
And when they stay."

On the date above written, about one dozen of our Club met at the depot; and, in just half an hour, we stepped from the train. Now for the woods; and although it is common ground, trodden daily by many feet, we are content to gather whatever may lie in our path.

The mouse-eared chick-weed (Cerastium nutans) has been picked up by one of the Club. Its pod, divided at the end into ten equal teeth, resembles somewhat the peristome of a moss. At the bottom of this pod, lie many small seeds, each one traced all over with exquisite carving, too delicate for the unassisted eye, but surprisingly beautiful when placed under the binocular microscope. This little seed, moreover, is turned half-way round on the support which attaches it to the ovary, and presents therefore an illustration of what botanists call a campylotropous ovule. There *are* beauties which sparkle not on the surface, and this lesson we accept as the teaching of our homely Cerastium.

On the fence near our path twines a thick woody stem. A few inconspicuous flowers tell us the plant has obeyed the law to bring forth seed after its kind. A nearer inspection shows it to be the woody night-shade (Celastrus scandens.) Beautiful it is not, in the common sense of that term. But why does it twine its woody fingers around other objects for support? Its stem is larger than the stems of other plants which stand alone. Are there then in the wild woods, as in the still wilder nurseries of human life, beings apparently robust, but who, from *internal organization*, cannot stand alone without some friendly arm to lean on? Let us make a very thin transverse section of this twining stem. Between the wedges of woody tissue, which extend from the central pith to the bark, and all through them, we observe large open spaces. These are pores which traverse the length of the stem, and occupy space, which is filled in with woody tissue, in *upright* stems. Moreover, a trunk constructed on this plan generally retains a uniform diameter, that is its size at the bottom is nearly the same that it is ten or twenty feet higher up; of course such a stem cannot support itself. And on this plan are constructed the stems of our woody climbers—the poison Rhus, typical of uncharitableness and bigotry; the Clematis, which hangs its old man's beard in our hedges in autumn; the Ampelopsis, that prince of climbers, that glorious American plant which wreathes in gorgeous autumnal purple the aged coronals of many forests patriarchs, and also many others.

But the rich melody of the wood robin, heard only a short distance ahead, invites us still onward. Now we enjoy a fair scramble. Up the steep banks; between scraggy laurel boughs, whose leaves are beautifully spotted with fungi, on through a fence we go like sheep in single file, till we all stand before a large rock. Under its overhanging ledge, we were rewarded by a sight not without interest. We stood on the outskirts of a city, not built by human hands. Covering a space about two yards square in the dry earth, were, at least, one hundred dens of the ant-lion. Some were quite small, probably the nurseries, in which the young were acquiring their sanguinary gymnastics. Others of these inverted houses were of great size, the abodes of the rulers probably, or the grandfathers of that fierce population. Judging from the same premises which govern us in our own cities, there were distinctions here, too, founded on size of house and completeness of finish. We observed in the silent avenues and streets of that terrible city the limbs and mutilated remains of many insects. Their life had been crushed out in the terrible jaws of Myrmeleon, an older tyrant than Juggernaut, and equally cruel.

The sight made us feel more sensibly than before the wisdom and mercy displayed in making our special senses just as they are. We may hear audible music-sounds of pleasure for enjoyment—notes of sorrow for reproof. We may see forms clad in beauty acting deeds of love to all who live; or witness cruelty and wrong, as exceptional cases. All this and more is tangible and visible, but we suspect among the *invisible* tribes are cries of anguish—low, half-tones of poignant sorrow, as delicate and eolian as the organizations from which they proceed. Think what would be the morning police report of this *one* city of the ant-lion. In mercy are we spared the perusal of such records.

But the declining sun warns us to hasten

towards the train which is coming. In we all get, and home again we fly on wings of steam, perhaps a little weary, but surely happier, and ready for a generous supper.

ONE OF THE CLUB.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 30, 1866.

MEETINGS WITHIN THE LIMITS OF SALEM QUARTER, N.J.–Some months since Salem Quarterly Meeting appointed a committee to visit in love some or all of the meetings constituting it, more particularly the smaller ones. This action, somewhat similar to that which has obtained in other Quarterly Meetings, is no doubt the fruits of a concern to "be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die."

The advantage of religious fellowship is, that "the strong may help to bear the infirmities of the weak, and that all may labor together to be ensamples of righteousness, that "every one may help his neighbor, and every one may say unto his neighbor be of good courage." It is doubtless the province of superior meetings to review the state of their constituent branches, and to take such action as may promote their growth.

We are glad to learn through a correspondent in Salem Quarter that the meetings previously held have been "blessed by the Great Head of the Church, and that in many cases the visitors not less than the visited have been benefited thereby."

Members of the Committee will attend the meetings, to be held as follow:

Woodstown,	Seventh	mo.	14
Salem,	"	"	21
Oak Grove,	"	"	28
Mullica Hill,	Eighth	"	4
Alloway's Creek,	"	"	11
Penn's Neck,	"	"	18
Port Elizabeth,	"	"	25

All at the usual hour.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.—The Third Annual Reunion of this Literary Association took place according to appointment at Swarthmore on the 16th inst. The day was bright and clear, and more than two thousand persons availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to spend it under the canopy of heaven.

The 9 o'clock (special) train from Philadelphi was heavily freighted with a precious cargo fo the station near the above mentioned place, t which they were quickly conveyed. As th company wound slowly up the road and over th hill through the grounds to the spot selecte for the Literary exercises, many greetings wer exchanged, and smiles went forth to eyes tha smiled again, as the new comers were welcome by those who had previously arrived.

The audience quietly settled near the platform erected for the speakers. Those who obtaine seats had the privilege of hearing much tha was calculated to instruct and inform; but whil the auditorium was unbounded, the capacity o the human voice is limited, yet those who coul not hear, could enjoy the varied pictures o beauty and interest which were everywher presented to the eye. After the appointmen of Samuel Martin of Kennet Square as Chair man, a few introductory remarks were made by Thomas H. Speakman. An original poem was then read by Halliday Jackson, an oration by T. Clarkson Taylor, an essay by William Henry Farquhar, of Sandy Spring, Md., and an address by Henry Howard, interspersed with recitations by some of our young friends.

The company then dispersed for the noon lunch, which was partaken of by the different groups, near the spring, by the side of the stream, or such other spot as taste or convenience led them to select. One noteworthy feature of the occasion was the simplicity which characterized this part of the day's proceedings.

An hour or two was then spent in strolling through the woods or in lingering by the side of the peaceful stream, shaded with forest trees, and sentinelled in one place by rocks rising in rugged beauty many feet overhead, decorated with the partridge-berry, ferns and mosses. The leafy canopy above was tenanted with nature's own musicians, and ever and anon was heard the high, clear, ringing notes of the wood-robin and the softer twitterings of other less melodious birds. Few with minds properly attuned could ramble over these scenes without feeling renewed veneration for Him who "crowneth the year with goodness and maketh the little hills to rejoice on every side."

Among the exercises of the afternoon session, was an address on Education by Edward

Parrish, followed by essays and recitations. The question, "Which system of education is more effective,—That which aims at a general knowledge of many subjects, or a thorough knowledge of a few?" was then spiritedly and interestingly discussed.

While it gives us pleasure to commend the good order and propriety observed, we hope that before another such occasion, the Lyceum will see the necessity of having a judicious committee of inspection, who shall be careful to admit no recitations antagonistic to our principles and testimonies.

An almost cloudless sky greatly contributed to the day's enjoyment, of which the paramount charm was the kindness and social interest which seemed to animate every heart. As the day waned, one carriage after another might be seen slowly leaving the ground, and each retreating whistle of the locomotive was the signal that some friend had taken his departure. Ere nightfall the place which for several hours had blossomed with human thoughts and affections, was again left to the undisturbed possession of its own native denizens.

Such occasions bring us in closer sympathy with each other, and cause us to feel that our and their happiness is increased by the proper exercise of the social affections.

Two of the essays read on the occasion will be found in our present number.

DIED, on the 12th of Twelfth month, 1865, in ower Makefield, Bucks Co., Pa., MARTHA PICKERING, ged 79 years; and on the 23d of First month, 1866, ERCY PAIST, aged 92 years.

These two Friends were sisters.

——, on the 30th of Fifth month, 1866, FRANCES, ife of George Hicks.

The above three were members of Makefield onthly Meeting.

——, on the 4th of Sixth month, 1866, ELIZA, dow of Jesse K. Weeks, in the 80th year of her e; a member of New York Monthly Meeting for arly forty years.

——, on the morning of the 30th of Fifth month, 66, at his residence in Philadelphia, AMOS PEASLEE, ed nearly 86 years; a faithful Minister of the spel.

Thus has been removed from the field of labor in church militant one who has stood long at his t of duty as a veteran in the Lamb's warfare, and o, we feel assured, has gone to reap the reward "well done good and faithful servant, enter thou o the joy of thy Lord and into thy Master's rest." health had been for some time feeble, as might looked for at his advanced age, but was such as nable him to attend some of the sittings of our Yearly Meeting, including the public meetings First and Fifth days, much to the satisfaction of Friends. But on Sixth-day evening, after the close thereof, he was attacked with paralysis of the left side, which much reduced him, and nearly deprived him of the power of speech; still enough could be understood to convey the assurance (were that needful) that the great work was not then to be done.

Some of his last expressions were, "'The foundations of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his;' he is bound to them in an everlasting covenant. I have had a renewed evidence. I think I have kept the faith. I have fought a good fight; my way seems entirely clear. I have a prospect of a happy change. I seem almost in that Land." He lay in a quiet, resigned and sweet state of mind about eleven days, when his gentle spirit was released from the shackles of mortality. His funeral occurred on Seventh-day, the 2d of Sixth month, and was a solemn season, during which lively testimonies were borne to the faithfulness and dedication of the dear deceased.

——, on the 5th of Sixth month, 1866, at his residence near Springboro, Warren Co., Ohio, ZACHARIAH LOWNES, in the 61st year of his age.

ESSAYS READ AT THE LATE ANNUAL REUNION.

REMARKS OF WILLIAM HENRY FARQUHAR.

The invitation extended by the Friends' Social Lyceum, to be present at their Annual Re-union, reached the directors of the Sandy Spring Lyceum, a short time ago, and at once awakened in our minds a desire to participate. Indeed there was something in the proposition that quite struck our fancy. It was so friendly and therefore appropriate to a Friends' Lyceum. It was felt to be the inspiration of social, kindly feeling, whose exercise is a better thing even than the literary culture, to which such associations are supposed to be restricted. Literature is apt to be exclusively intellectual in its influences: "plays round the head, but comes not to the heart."

Your Association, however, in adopting its title of "Social Lyceum," has evinced its appreciation of the social principles of our nature, and given a pledge that their culture shall not be neglected.

Our Lyceum at Sandy Spring, though not using the name, has been framed and conducted on the same social plan. And if a fair share of success has attended its course thus far, the favorable result may be attributed to the conjunction it has effected of intellectual and social culture. Right willingly, therefore, do we accept the hand of fellowship extended to us across the intervening space; and agree to establish an air-line railroad,—that is, railroad in the air, or spiritual telegraph,—along which currents of thought may flow and re-flow.

Now, when two persons, hitherto strangers, meet together under favorable auspices, with the view of forming an acquaintance, it seems to be a natural and proper course to institute mutual inquiries regarding each other, and to ascertain facts of their previous life, so that the new friendship about to be instituted shall

start from a good foundation; for it is only on the solid basis of a good past life, that societies, or individual men, or young ladies, can build up a safe, permanent connection.

What I see of you here to-day, will give me some of that sort of information, which I will endeavor to take a note of, and carry home to those whom I represent on this occasion.

In return, perhaps I cannot better employ the period your kindness has allotted to me, than in giving a brief sketch of the origin, progress, and peculiar features of our own Association.

The Sandy Spring Lyceum was inaugurated in the new building erected for the purpose, on the evening of Second month 16th, 1859. This was the formal commencement. The occasion was celebrated with various appropriate exercises interesting at the time; but it is a matter of more importance for the object I have in view, to note the precedent circumstances, out of which the Institution arose.

The young men of the neighborhood had for some time been carrying on their debating societies in the old log school-house; and these literary meetings contributed, together with their enlivening circumstances, to arouse a degree of mental activity, that at length demanded a wider sphere for exercise and improvement. The want of an organized literary institution, and a suitable building in which to hold its sessions, now came to be seriously felt. The neighborhood having discovered that a lyceum was required, in order to supply an evident need, the steps to gratify the desire were simple and easy enough. Thus it came to pass that the demand for more efficient means of intellectual and social improvement soon took visible shape in solid foundations and beams, rafters and walls. A neat edifice, of fair proportions, and excellent acoustic qualities, with capacity to accommodate a large country audience, stood forth the natural outgrowth and external manifestation of the want keenly felt within.

So, I think, it must ever be. The inward demand must precede the outward supply. So, at a time not far distant, shall a noble and dignified structure, worthy of the wise and benevolent purposes to which it will be consecrated, rise up on the grounds where we stand, a lasting testimony of the deep interest felt by the Society of Friends in the cause of education; or—the space left vacant, or covered only with low and narrow walls, must tell to the world a story which we will not allow ourselves even to imagine.

Returning from this slight digression to the inauguration of the Sandy Spring Lyceum, I must refer especially to one of the entertainments of the evening, which seemed to give general satisfaction.

After a few introductory remarks, Henry C. Hallowell read an Ode, written for the occasion by a native poet. (You must not infer that I mean the author was of the masculine gender. I object to any feminine termination to that noble word. A poet is of no sex.)

The Ode was followed by the President's Inaugural Address; in which the Lyceum was defined to be "a school-house for grown persons." The assembly were assured that the main essential for keeping up the Institution, thus happily inaugurated, would be found to consist, not as is apt to be supposed, in finding suitable speakers to address them, but in their readiness to attend the meetings. The *audience* was the main point: *speakers* would come fast enough.

The address concluded with the sentiment that their undertaking was to be regarded as a spoke in the wheel of progress; "a spoke in the wheel of the car of human destiny, which, though often urged by over-zealous reformers to the brink of a precipice, and often retarded by over-prudent conservatism, still rolls resistless in its grand spiral, drawn forward by the great chain whose last link is to the throne of God."

So the Sandy Spring Lyceum was launched, and got under way. The voyage has so far been prosperous. Its success, as evinced by frequent meetings and full houses, has exceeded the expectations of those most interested in its projection. The sentiment has frequently been expressed that no joint stock in which we have taken shares has ever *paid better* than our investments therein.

The ordinary course of proceedings of the Lyceum Company proper, consists in an annual course of eight lectures, commencing in the Tenth month and closing in the Fifth. Of these, some five or six are generally by speakers from abroad. In this way we have been favored by the Chief Justice of our State and distinguished members of the Bar; by Divines from the rank of Bishop downward; by Editors, learned Professors, Travellers, &c.; who come at our invitation, occasionally, though rarely, for pecuniary consideration.

For the remaining lectures we depend upon native talent. This course is sometimes varied by having a debate instead of lecture every alternate month; but I am constrained to say that the debates have had very limited success. Our experience is that nothing of much value comes without proportional preparation; and that extemporaneous discussions, except where there exists the very rare gift of native eloquence, or where the subject has a living present interest, are to be saved from the grievous fault of dulness by the only worse fault of personality.

At the annual meeting in the Fourth month a person appointed for the purpose, who bears the dignified appellation of Historian, reads

ketch of the history of the neighborhood dur-
ng the year just elapsed. While this official
ad the opportunity of detailing the incidents
f rebel invasion and raids and border warfare, in
hich his hearers had all to some extent
ctively or passively participated, it has been
asy enough to hold their attention. Whether
he nobler, but less exciting triumphs of peace,
ill afford material for successful prosecution of
he history, remains to be proven.

There is another institution, commonly called
he Reading Circle, which is a highly interest-
ng and important feature of the Lyceum,
hough not under the direction of the company.
his goes on during the lecture period, at inter-
als of two weeks; and the readings are varied
y declamations, essays, and especially by ques-
ons asked and answered in writing. The
eculiar design of the organization is, to make
very member an active participant, inducing
nd requiring each one to contribute some-
ing to the common stock of entertainment
nd edification. The Reading Circle, as a
ocial, as well as an intellectual institution, is
ighly prosperous. I observe a circumstance
hich gives me great hope of its continued
efulness. The young members, when they
et married, (and that interesting event has
ppened quite frequently among them of late),
ow no diminution of interest in the meetings;
aving determined that, like a true circle,
eirs shall know no end.

The literary exercises at our Lyceum are
ly a part of the functions it performs. The
ilding serves also as a Town Hall, though we
ve, as yet, no township divisions in Mary-
nd. Road meetings, Union Relief Associa-
ns, Horticultural Exhibitions, and all other
ncerns in which a live neighborhood can
e a common interest, find there the place
cessary to their existence.

Preparations are now being made to com-
nce a collection of specimens of the natural
tory of the neighborhood, designed to show
plants and insects, useful and injurious, its
nerals, different sorts of wood, &c.

In closing these remarks, which have per-
s gone sufficiently into detail, I would de-
ibe in two or three words the influences
ich our Lyceum has exerted, by saying that
has tended efficiently to promote mental
vity in the neighborhood. This condition,
ot carried so far as to produce too much ex-
ment of the brain, (and I see no reason to
such a result), must work for good. That
ert mass of mentality," which George Combe
lores as the fixed condition of mankind, is
ened and stirred up, and its forces brought
play. The future will disclose new fields
its operation, and new agencies to operate
ein. The human intellect, thus quickened
enlightened, will be enabled the sooner to
break loose from the trammels of the false and injurious doctrine, that science is unfriendly to religion,—in other words, that truth is hostile to itself; the sooner will it receive the great lesson drawn from profoundest modern research, that the universe, in all its aspects, material, mental and spiritual, is a perfect whole,—a Cosmos,—the work of one mighty mind, "whose powerful word said, "Thus let all things be! and thus they were."

But not to stop even at that high doctrine. The mind, rightly awakened and fairly started on its never-ending career, cannot rest in the brilliant, but unsatisfying discoveries of science. It must rise to fuller conceptions of higher themes. Nobler aspirations and desires are quickened;

"desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from Heaven, must thither tend."

It only remains for me to make a practical suggestion, looking toward the continued connection of the Philadelphia and Sandy Spring Lyceums.

I venture to propose that we shall interchange lecturers once in every year. That you shall, from your abundance, furnish us at least one lecture for our annual course, and we, from our scarcity, do our best to reciprocate the favor.

REMARKS OF EDWARD PARRISH.

After explaining that the announcement of an Essay on Education from him on this occasion was without his previous knowledge, and expressing his regret that a less hackneyed subject had not been alloted him, the speaker proceeded as follows:—

All along through the ages, there has been going on a war, which, amid the din of contention for political power and dominion, has been comparatively unheeded,—almost unheard. This war, which has not ceased, is a contest between ignorance and knowledge—between superstition and inquiry—between bigotry and toleration. In the distant past, ignorance, superstition and bigotry have generally had the mastery. They gave Socrates the fatal draught of hemlock, made Galileo feel the terrors of the inquisition, and granted to Columbus only a tardy and grudging opportunity.

In our time and country this contest seems rather to have turned in favor of knowledge, toleration and free inquiry, but it nevertheless rages; and the party of ignorance, superstition and bigotry, still, as of old, draws its recruits largely from the church.

In the South, this party has had nearly undivided sway. You might ride 50 miles in some sections without seeing a school-house, although, perhaps, half a dozen churches would come into view in the same territory—churches, in which ignorance and slavery, twin sisters, sat en-

throned. The rebellion was, in some sense, a bringing of this contest to the ordeal of physical force; and its appropriate sequence would be, what is now in progress, the location of a Yankee school mistress in every village and on every plantation in that benighted land.

The party of ignorance and superstition seems to be made up of two wings—those who have selfish objects to promote by keeping knowledge from the people, and those who oppose the progress of knowledge because they do not appreciate it or have a traditional fear of it.

The first of these especially figures in history. The clergy, who through what are called the dark ages, monopolized nearly all the scholastic attainments, were the means of preserving and transmitting much that is valuable in the history of the past, but they naturally suppressed what would excite the human mind to activity, and gave the bias of their own theories and conventional views to all their teaching.

That this may have been honestly done, does not make it less an evil. Men, by dwelling a long time on a favorite idea, naturally become convinced of its paramount importance, and callous to every opposing sentiment, and even intolerant of that which approaches nearest to, without being identical with, their own views. We have abundant evidence of this in our time. It is not confined to the clergy, nor even to those who are influenced by their teachings.

In nothing has the party of ignorance been so damaged as in what was appropriately called *the* Reformation, which so wonderfully broke the power of the Church, and split into a variety of fragments what had been before a solid phalanx of opposition to free thought and free inquiry.

The opening of the Bible to the common people was perhaps the greatest educational advance ever made by the race. It is due mainly to the wonderfully comprehensive character of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, and their adaptation to an almost infinite variety of understanding, that we have such a number of differing sects and consequently so much discussion, upon subjects of vital interest and importance. If we could imagine the theoretical and historical writings pertaining to our religion as being so few and simple that there would be no room for discussion about them, and that the clergy had been a unit in regard to their meaning and import, it seems to me that priestcraft would have held still more undisputed sway; but the vast extent of these writings, and their wonderful power of stimulating the intellect, while nurturing the religious sentiment of mankind, has made them the greatest means by which the world has grown in knowledge and in freedom, as well as in grace.

Those, who, in our time, oppose education because they think it implies something inimical to manual labor, or even to business thrift, constitute quite an important wing of the grea party of ignorance and superstition.

I once met a man of large means, with hun dreds of cattle and sheep ranging over severa large farms of his own, and thousands of dollar worth of merchandize bought on speculatio and held for a rise in price, who, in conversatio in regard to the education of his children, strong ly objected to sending them from home to schoo He could not spare either his sons or h daughters during their youth from off h farms; and besides this, he thought if the got learning they might get a distaste for th drudgery of the farm, and take to some oth pursuit. One son has already taken to me chandizing, to his father's lasting regret; an he admitted his fears, that if educated, th others might be something beside toiling farm ers, like their father before them.

This man was a representative of a cla among farmers who prefer the culture of th ground to the culture of the minds of their ch dren. He was a Friend, and there are doub less many Friends like him, though I belie the number is greatly lessening.

It will hardly be expected that at a Lyceu Re-union I should go into any argument on th subject; we are all supposed to be on the si of knowledge and free inquiry; but let suggest a question to be put when the next o casion arises. Which is the most import and characteristic part of a human being, t brain or the muscles? Whichever *is* most i portant should receive most attention in prep ing him for life.

To farmers, let me say, if a liberal educat will point out to your sons less laborious w of cultivating the earth, or even lead some them into occupations more congenial to th taste, or better fitted to their talents, don't le slavish adherence to manual labor prevail to p vent their usefulness or to mar their prospe The whole character and aspect of man shows t he was not intended to be a beast of burden, yet thousands are annually consigned to pre ture graves through excess of physical toil; more, doubtless, than through the want o though that too is an extreme to be guar against.

There is a prevalent idea that country li more promotive of economy, and of the hon and domestic virtues, and even of pure and ple religion, than the more artificial and crow life of the citizen. I am very far from joi issue with this good old-fashioned idea, esp ally as I have never been able to content self, though a citizen, without breathing free air of the country for two or three mo in the year; but the observation I would r here is, that country life is desirable jus proportion as its advantages and attraction developed by education.

Every object in nature, whether upon the hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," mong the majestic woods, or in the flowing treams, abounds with interest to the awakened ind; but to stolid ignorance it is all a sealed ook. Many a man goes tramping up and own this beautiful world, blind, deaf and umb,—a mere automaton, planting corn, dig- ing potatoes or feeding cattle, all unconscious f the glories which surround him—regard- ss of

"the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows,
The summer ray russets the sky,
Inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east."

To his dull ear the psalm of nature has ever been attuned, and all the quickening im- ulses of this glorious universe are lost to him, ecause he has failed of that birthright of us l—a thoroughly awakening education.

Here let me remark upon another common lea, that scientific training is all very well, but terary culture is to be regarded in a different ght. Science is said to be *useful*, but litera- re merely *ornamental*.

Some study of science is getting to be a ne- ssity to every branch of industry, and even nong farmers the physical sciences have ractical applications which secure them re- ect from the most utilitarian. Thus it comes pass that many who have no respect for edu- tion from any higher motive than the notion at it may help a man to make money, take fuge in that wing of our party of knowledge hich is battling for the extension of science ther than for a literary education. On the ntrary, many friends of broad and liberal lture—those who love learning for its own ke,—are found arrayed against a scientific edu- tion, simply because they connect with it no gher motive than utilitarianism.

I have long claimed a prominence for the iences, in education, not generally accorded to em in our colleges for a very different reason an that of which I have been speaking. I lieve them to be capable of promoting the ghest purposes of education. They not only rnish the mind with innumerable facts of st interest as serving to open the mysteries of e physical universe, with which we are hourly contact, but they improve the memory, and de- lop the powers of classifying and memorizing ts and ideas; hence, for intellectual culture ne they are of immense value and impor- ce.

It is, however, in their relation to what is led "Natural Theology" that I regard them of greatest interest. The teacher who under- nds the true scope and object of his profes- n will make every branch of natural and ysical science subservient to the great ob- ject of enlarging the conceptions of his pupils of the attributes of the Creator. He cannot teach Botany or Zoology without pointing out in every organ of every plant, in every variety of structure in the animal kingdom, the hand- writing of Omniscience—the typical forms every- where combined with special ends in creation. The order which all nature shows is Heaven's first law, is displayed in every created thing, from the tiny insect under the microscope, to the distant nebula resolvable by the telescope into myriad worlds.

Let me not, then, be misunderstood in placing the sciences prominently forward in a scheme of liberal culture; it is with no view of lower- ing the standard of education to a utilitarian basis, nor of divorcing intellectual culture from the study of languages and literature. This disclaimer is the more important to be made, since the disposition is so widespread among well-meaning people, to shut out literature, with all its pleasures and refinements, from the homes which most need it,—our country homes, many of which are already pervaded by the communion of nature, but can only realize the wealth embodied in letters by having the works of great authors brought within their reach and comprehension.

The more we learn of the works of the Creator, as revealed by the study of science, the more we shall respect the productions of genius. I can well dispense with much of the trash that the news- papers and our weekly and monthly periodicals bring us, but I grow stronger in my love for what may be called the English classics, and live in lasting regret that my memory was not stored when young with a richer freight of precious thoughts from these. Genius is near akin to inspiration; as the latter brings spirit- ual truths to our remembrance, the former holds the mirror up to nature; and many to whom this glorious world of ours is dull and prosaic, even when seen through the medium of science, find it all aglow with beauty and glory when warmed with the inspiring light of poetry.

Are there any here who have not read the latest work of our own Whittier, entitled "Snow Bound,"—a true and beautiful picture of our bleak northern winter, embellished by life-like portraits of a Friend's family, knit together in the bonds of filial love, and illustra- ting the domestic happiness found among the true and good. I envy not the man who can read this Cowper-like word-picture without emotion. And I believe the most stolid among us will own himself the better for such a stir- ring up of the depths of his nature as the genius of the poet is capable of producing by such a portraiture of the homely events of our every- day life. What, then, may we not learn from the study of the great events in the past, which have illustrated the wonderful capacities of our

race, the rise and fall of empires, and the gradual growth of civilization? What may we not gain from the contemplation of the lives of the great and good, as laid open before us by master minds? What glorious fruits may we not reap from the labors of those who have been gifted to see deeply into the human heart, and to delineate those great principles by which it is influenced for good or for ill?

My friends, we want that kind of education that will bring us into companionship with the great and good of all times. This will embellish our homes; this will lead us out of low and grovelling pursuits and desires; this will bring into the midst of the family circle a means of individual and domestic culture and development which will soon be felt in society at large.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

(*A Paraphrase.*)

In the wildwood's deep recesses, far away from haunts of men,
Dwelt the hermit of the valley, in a green secluded glen.
Wearied with the fierce commotions, with the hatred and the strife,
All the outrage and oppression, which upon the earth are rife—
Like the ancient seer desponding, when from Ahab's wrath he fled,
Crying, "Take my life, I pray thee, for thy prophets all are dead"—
To the wilderness he journeyed, sorely weeping as he went,
Trusting by a life of prayer, there at length to find content.
In his tent-door sat the hermit, when the day was near its close,
Vigil keeping in the gleaming, ere in sleep he sought repose,
Pondering deeply on the meaning of the words he just had read:
"Bear ye one another's burdens,"—thus the sacred volume said.
"How can I, so heavy laden, still another burden bear—
How can I, so weak," he queried, "in another's sorrow share?"
With himself thus inly questioning, sore-perplexed with doubt and fear,
Sleep his senses overpowered, and he heard (or seemed to hear)
Angel voices close beside him, in the silence of the night—
"Thou hast blindly groped," they whispered, "we have come to give thee sight."
Lo! the mountains rose before him, at his feet a valley lay,
Thronged with pilgrims bearing burdens, taking each his separate way;
Rich and poor, alike they bore them,—heavy were their eyes with tears;
Youth and infant, sturdy manhood, and the patriarch bowed with years—
All beneath some cross were bending—all some secret sorrow knew;
Many were the stricken mourners, but the comforters were few.
"Look more closely," said the angel, "see thou read the page aright,
Which in gracious condescension has been spread before thy sight."
Close beside him, sorely weeping, he beheld a little child,
Grieving for the chaplet faded, she had woven in the wild;
But to comfort her, a brother brought her flowers fresh and fair—
Gave unto the infant mourner of his stock a goodly share.
Hand in hand they homeward wended—smiles enwreathed each happy face;
Giving thus, and thus receiving, each had gained an added grace.
Weak and weary knelt a maiden who had many sorrows known—
Rough and thorny was the pathway that her feet had trod alone;
Now her strength had almost failed her, 'neath the cross she fainting lay—
Faith and Hope were both departing, they had been her only stay!
In the hour of need, to succor, came one bearing bread and wine,
Whispered words of consolation—asked for her the strength Divine;
Bore for her the burden heavy—raised her gently from the ground—
Waiting till her way-worn sister hope and strength again had found.
In the desert dry and barren, where no gushing fountains play,
Wounded sorely in life's battle, one went halting on his way.
Lo! a loving brother saw him, led him to the cooling wave;
On his feet he bound new sandals, and the cup of water gave.
Lured by pleasure and ambition from the safe, the "narrow way,"
In a labyrinth bewildered, roamed a youth in strange array;
Back a youthful pilgrim led him, where the peaceful waters flow,
To the "pastures green" and quiet, where no "Dead Sea apples" grow.
Bowed with years, a hoary pilgrim, walking soft and with pain,
Toward the River journeyed slowly,—broken was his staff in twain.
"Lean on me, O aged stranger," thus his young companion cried—
"Let me smooth the way before thee, and thy tottering footsteps guide."

Long the hermit gazed, astonished at the scene that met his view,
For, who bore another's burden, lo! his own lot lighter grew;
Wreathed with flowers seemed the crosses that the gentle pilgrims bore,—
In their pathway sprung up flowers, where but thorns had grown before.
To the hermit turned the angel,—"Erring mortal doubt no more;
Go, return unto thy fellows, give the needy of thy store;
Seek the erring, the afflicted, in their pain and sorrow share—
Thus shalt thou obey Christ's mandate, and thy brother's burden bear."

6th mo., 1866. A. R. P

NONCONFORMITY.

A writer in the "British Friend" makes the following remarks:

"The opinions of C. H. Spurgeon approximate on some occasions to those of Friends. A few days before the so-called Good Friday, some handbills were posted in Bishopsgate, and other streets, headed with a †, and indicating the awful consequences of neglecting the religious observance of that day. On the preceding evening C. H. Spurgeon told his congregation that there would be no religious service at his chapel on 'Good Friday,' as it would be like sanctioning the superstitious observance of that day. He further remarked, 'The religious observances were of man's designing, and therefore they ought not to keep them.' In allusion to the aforesaid handbill, he says, 'Large bills had been placarded throughout the place, surmounted by a large cross, and intimating that the day was to be observed as one of the most awful character. It was an awful and a solemn falsehood. There is nothing in this day calling for special religious observances more than any other day of the week. Every day was God's day, and in every day ought God to be recognized and worshipped.' It is refreshing to find such sentiments expressed in such a quarter, and if rightly viewed, we should derive instruction. The sight of these handbills in the city suggested some painful reflections. One of the most effectual rebukes to this sort of thing is the open shop of a consistent Friend, but this ancient and noble testimony in the authority of Christ against the superstitious observance of days and times has fallen almost into desuetude, and so ritualism rears its head and seeks to bring men under its benumbing influence. It would not have been seemly to put up in the public ways, alongside of these placards, others of a contrary tendency, but I should like to have seen a few bills, stating our reasons as a religious body for non-compliance with these observances, placed on the outer doors of Devonshire House; this, with the open shops, would have been a wholesome protest against priestly assumption, and a plea for the religious liberty which these men are endeavoring to undermine, in order to establish an authority which is not of Christ. I once heard George Dawson, in a lecture on Peter the Great, remark, 'He, the czar, came to England, and witnessed kingcraft laid in the dust, and he went to the Quakers' Meeting, and saw priestcraft laid by its side.' Alas, that priestcraft should have so little to fear from us in this day!"

Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

"Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night."

ITEMS.

The Vassar Female College, Poughkeepsie N. Y., numbers three hundred and fifty-three scholars and thirty-one teachers. About half the pupils are from N. Y., and the remainder in nearly equal numbers from New England, the Middle States, and the West. Nearly half a million of dollars, the gift of one person, has been expended on the grounds, buildings, apparatus, etc, of this institution. The regular course of instruction occupies four years.

The United States consul at Havana has enclosed to the Secretary of State a translation of the circular addressed by the present Governor General of Cuba, General Lersundi, to the governors and lieutenant governors of the various districts of the island, on the subject of the slave trade. General Lersundi expresses himself determined to suppress that traffic.

CONGRESS.—The Senate adopted a resolution calling for a detailed statement of the amount expended for public buildings in the States and District of Columbia, from 1789 to the present time. The bill to establish an American repertory in Germany was reported adversely from the Committee on Agriculture. A bill was passed to grant lands to aid in the construction of a railroad from Salt Lake city to the Columbia river. The army appropriation bill was called up, and amendments were adopted providing for the support of the Freedmen's Bureau, and repealing the acts granting the President the right to dismiss officers of the army and navy without trial. It also provides that no such officer shall be dismissed except upon sentence of court-martial. In the selection of quartermasters and other stores, domestic products are to be entitled to preference. Some other amedments were agreed to, and the bill was finally passed. A resolution was introduced and agreed to, instructing the Committees on Public Grounds to inquire into the expediency of purchasing that portion of the ground between Maryland avenue and Pennsylvania avenue, east of the Capitol to Nineteenth street, for a national park, on which to erect a Presidential mansion.

HOUSE.—The Senate amendments to the House joint resolutions to provide for the expenses attending the exhibition at Paris, was taken up and concurred in. The vote by which the bill to establish a department of education was rejected was reconsidered, and the bill was amended so as to read a bureau of education, in which shape it was passed. It provides as follows: That there shall be established at the city of Washington a department of education, for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of schools and school systems, and methods of teaching, as shall aid the people of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems, and otherwise promote the cause of education throughout the country. That there shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a Commissioner of Education, who

shall be entrusted with the management of the department therein established, and who shall receive a salary. That it shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Education to present annually to Congress a report embodying the result of his investigations and labors, together with a statement of such facts and recommendations as will, in his judgment, subserve the purpose for which this department is established. The Indian appropriation bill was reported from the Committee on Appropriations, transferring the control of the Indians from the Indian to the War Department. The bill was passed. The Senate bill to provide for the revision and consolidation of the statutes of the United States was reported back from the Judiciary Committee and passed.

THE FREEDMEN.—The receipts of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company for the quarter ending 4th mo. 1st are reported to amount to $172,391 30. Of the sixteen branches, the largest deposit was made at Beaufort, S. C., $46,118 78. Louisville deposited $33,033 78; Savannah and Vicksburg more than $12,000 each; Mobile nearly as much. North Carolina is poorest on the list. The largest single deposit mentioned was $700.

Major General O. O. Howard has received the report of Brigadier General F. D. Sewell, who has recently completed a tour of inspection throughout the State of Virginia. He reports that in the interior and northern parts of the State, especially in the Shenandoah valley, the freedmen are industriously employed, at remunerative wages, and observe and seem to appreciate the force of their contracts.

In the Southern portion of the State, particularly on the peninsula, where they have congregated in large numbers in villages and camps, their condition is not favorable, as there is a scarcity of labor. Complaints are made that local magistrates are unwilling to receive the complaints of freedmen against white citizens, and without the intervention of the officers of the bureau, justice would in many cases be denied them.

The higher tribunals are disposed to deal fairly with the colored people, but the difficulty is in the inception of proceedings before the police magistrates. The intelligent whites are disposed to treat the freedmen with kindness, but the lower classes manifest great hostility to them, and an utter disregard of their rights.

The operations of the bureau have not been obstructed by direct means, though threats of violence toward the officers have been made, but not carried into execution. The influence of the bureau has been to promote industry and inculcate correct ideas of freedom, as contrasted with slavery; to instruct them in their obligations as well as the rights of citizens, and in this respect has been equally beneficial to the white citizens who are now brought in contact with the negroes as free laborers.

It is not easy to determine when the bureau may safely be withdrawn, as the destitute and dependent can only look to the Government for support. The State authorities are not yet disposed or prepared to assume their maintenance and care, and though the State laws have been greatly modified as affecting freedmen, the temper of many of the people who execute them is not such as to safely entrust the freedpeople entirely unprotected in their hands.

The schools are well conducted, and in successful operation. The teachers are devoted to their work, though in many instances subjected to insult and contumely. There are now 145 schools in the State, 225 teachers, and 17.589 scholars with an average attendance of 12,930.—*The Press.*

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTER OF SAMUEL BOWNAS.

The following letter, addressed to a young and inexperienced minister, is supposed to have been written by Samuel Bownas, but does not appear to have been published in his journal.

S. B. F.

Dear Friend: The small time I had with thee furnished me with an opportunity of observing the disposition of thy mind, and gave me a small taste of thy ministry; both, under a proper cultivation, I think may be improved so as to render thee a member of good service in the body. In order to which, and that thou mayest, in thy public engagements, appear in the beauty of the spirit, without any mixture of the flesh,—the weak and womanish part, which in both sexes ought never to be uncovered to speak in the congregation of the saints,—I will give thee a short sketch of some of my hits and misses, when in my youth I publicly appeared in the gallery, the observations of which I hope may tend to thy profit and instruction.

I was seldom, for nearly two years after my mouth was first opened to preach the Gospel, without some degree of Divine love and virtue on my mind; but after I was called out to the service of visiting meetings abroad, I found my mind very often barren and weak, and, as I then thought, void of all good; in which state, being companion to my dear friend J. A., I cried out that I was deceived, to his great surprise, he fearing my affliction would be too hard for me. I had imprudently thought, that having such aboundings of Divine love and life, when I was daily at my work, I should be much more favored therewith when abroad in the service of the Gospel, disengaged from all other employment; but finding the reverse, I wished myself at home again, rather than travelling in such a barren state as I was then in, though at times I had eminent enjoyments; but alas! they were soon gone. In due time I was favored with the design of Providence in dealing thus with me; and the very cattle in the field, by weaning their young and turning them to shift for themselves, taught that it was meet I should be left a little to myself, and not always be kept to the breast and dandled upon the knee like an infant; but that it was needful I should grow and advance above this infant state to a degree more fit for service.

When I was thoroughly informed on this point, I longed to be a man; yea, sometimes I verily thought I was so; but met often with great disappointments therein, by undertaking matters above my growth and experience, and the weak part appearing at times to my great shame and confusion, humbled me again for some time; but recovering strength and courage, I began, as I thought, to advance above the danger of making such blunders, a confidence arising in me on imprudently comparing my service and growth as a minister with others that were in the work before me, supposing

myself (and it was self that did so suppose) more eminent than they.

Thus self prevailed, and the weak part appeared uncovered again to my shame and sorrow. But my Master's kindness and gracious regard was soon after evidently manifested, in letting me plainly see the weakness and folly of taking his honor to ourselves, which alone is due to him, when we have been drawn forth in the beauty of the Gospel, beyond what we ourselves, or those that heard us, did expect. Now I perceived the necessity of guarding against the inclinations of the flesh, which would sometimes be decking itself with the jewels of the spirit, saying I did this or that, fishing for and seeking the praise of men more than that of God. I also saw a danger of falling into a formal way of preaching, a round of words almost without variation, which, though sound, and perhaps pleasing to many, yet wanting the renewing of Divine virtue, are tasteless and unprofitable to the hearers. And the view I had of the unprofitableness of such a ministry, would have carried me too far to my own disadvantage, had I not also been favored with a clear prospect of the lawfulness, expediency, and necessity of speaking the same matter, or preaching the same doctrine to-day, being divinely opened and engaged thereto, as it was yesterday, though then entirely new to me; for nothing can be said that hath not been said, and it is the renewed evidence of the Spirit that makes it savory both to us and our hearers.

Superfluous words, tones, gestures, affected ah's and groans, I was never under any temptation to make use of; but the impertinence of self, sometimes, to my shame and trouble, would appear in my imprudently affecting eloquent terms and scholastic expressions, which seemed to me, in that weak state, to adorn my doctrine, and recommend it the better to the audience. All this proceeded from an affectation of appearing an able or skilful minister, a piece of unprofitable vanity; but I soon found it most safe and edifying to use no more words than what I well understood and could apply properly, and that the truth shines brightest in a plain dress,—no embellishment of ours can add to its lustre.

I have also, sometimes, for want of a patient and humble waiting to see my way opened, and discover clearly the leadings of the Divine gift, warmed myself with sparks of my own kindling, to a degree of zeal and passion, and began to thrash the assembly, judging and charging the unfaithful, whether any such or none there,—it was all one to me. Thus in the dark mistaking the cause of that uneasiness and straitness I found in myself, imagining myself loaded and oppressed by dark and unfaithful spirits in the assembly, after wearying myself with denouncing judgments upon them, I have sat down in sadness and trouble. And although I have found this sort of preaching please many, and was commended, yet it was ever affecting to me, when, on reflection, I found the true cause of that uneasiness was in my own breast. Yet it may sometimes happen that the unfaithful may bring great grief and uneasiness upon us, and this may be hard to bear; but let us take care we move not till the cloud is removed from off the tabernacle, because it is unsafe going forward till then.

I have from experience found it my safest and best way, carefully to attend to my gift, endeavoring to keep my place without judging others, patiently bearing my own burden, and earnestly desiring I may judge nothing before its time, but that my understanding may be opened to see the true cause of my own barrenness, that I may be enabled to address myself suitably to the Father of spirits for help; that first, if it be in myself, it may be removed, then the effect will cease; or, secondly, if the weakness or backsliding of others be the cause of our barrenness and seeming desertion, when we are sympathizing with the true seed in its oppressed state, that we may patiently wait the Lord's time to receive a word from him, fitly to speak to the present state of the people; or thirdly, if the people's too imprudent expectation of what cannot be had, unless I am favored with a superior aid, qualifying me to answer their desires; I say, if by any or all these causes at times I am shut up, the best way I have ever found is to be patient in waiting the Lord's time for relief; to seek it in our own time will be but adding sorrow to affliction.

To conclude, the most safe way I ever yet found in the exercise of my gift, is to stand up as little regarding anything besides my opening as I can, and deliver it in my beginning, just as I do any other matter in my common discourse, not endeavor to beautify it either in matter, tone, or address; and as I keep my place, and go on as doctrine is opened in my understanding, I feel at times my voice gradually filled with virtue and power; and even then I find it safest not to speak too fast or too loud, lest I lose sight of or outrun my Guide; lose sight or sense of that inward strength I feel increasing in my mind. This care seems to me necessary, in order to take the Apostle's advice "Let him that ministers, do it of that ability which God giveth." This has a double signification; first, respecting the matter which we deliver, if we keep to our openings, we shall be furnished with suitable doctrine. Second, the wisdom and strength of the spirit and power of the Gospel will be felt in it, and at times, by our thus going on according to the ability God gives, the very spirit and marrow of religion will appear plainly laid open to the understanding of the hearers.

But when we raise our voices, or hurry above r beyond that inward strength we feel in our inds, we are apt to cloud our own minds, lose ght of, or outrun our guide, and then run into wilderness of words, which I have too often one, and found the consequence of such im- rudence, poverty and death. Though even his kind of preaching is by some unskilful uditors admired, they will say, oh! how mat- er flowed from him; how full was he of (empti- ess and confusion say I) power and authority, ay they; or rather the passion and blind zeal f the creature, the fleshly part not being horoughly mortified or subdued. But when I m so happy as to begin with the spirit and fol- w its leadings in my ministry, I feel strength y degrees cover all my weaknesses; wisdom luminating my mind, hides all my folly, so as othing appears inconsistent with the beauty nd wisdom of the Spirit. This is the vest ent, the urim and thumim, that covers the hole man that is to be covered, so that no eakness or womanish part will prevail or ap- ear in our ministry.

When I am thus conducted, (which some- mes happens), though I may be accounted in my eginning a dull, heavy or lifeless preacher, yet rely miss of concluding with peace and inward tisfaction, and feeling the gradual increase of ivine virtue in the patient exercise of my gift; finding myself both furnished with matter and ill to divide the word aright, both which, ming from the Spirit, and not being the pro- uce of my own wisdom or apprehension, I dare sume no part of that honor to myself, which such times, by an imprudent audience, is vishly bestowed upon me, who am only the strument by which the Lord of the harvest rks, but find it my safest way humbly to ke thereof an offering unto him who is rthy for ever.

Thus, dear friend, I have stained some per with a few observations on my own con- ct, aiming at thy good; and conclude with sires that thou mayest endeavor to improve y skill in this work and rightly divide the rd of truth, so as neither thou thyself, nor se that hear thee, may have cause of shame uneasiness.

With my kind love, &c.

There are women who cannot grow old— men who, without any special effort, remain ays young and always attractive. The num- is smaller than it should be. The secret of s perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for e possess it who are not at all handsome; in dress, for they are frequently careless in t respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dic- s of fashion are concerned; nor in having hing to do, for these ever young women are ays as busy as bees; and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork.

The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny tem- per,—neither more nor less; the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over every- body's faults and failings.—*Talk on Women's Topics, by Jennie Jeane.*

From Meditations on Death and Eternity.

WHY MUST THE FUTURE LIFE BE HIDDEN FROM US?

How often, when meditating on the future destiny of the soul, do not mortals say, "If we but knew how we shall fare in that future life! If we had but some slight indication of what will be the state of the spirit after the death of the body! If we had but some little know- ledge of the abode into which the spirit will pass, some shadowy insight into its destination there, some faint prefigurement of its joys and sorrows in Eternity!"

Such wishes and questionings are pardon- able. They do not, however, so much manifest the soul's noble longing for knowledge as they betray common curiosity and impatience. For the desire for knowledge will easily be satisfied with the conviction that the day will infallibly come when we shall know and experience it all, and that it will come as soon as it is good for us. But curiosity will not rest content with this; it wishes for knowledge merely to satisfy its craving; it is like the inquisitive child, who, though certain that at a given time it will re- ceive a gift from its tender parents, yet uselessly endeavors before the time comes to divine what the gift will be.

Therefore human folly has ever been busy endeavoring to discover by subtle investigation the secrets of eternity. Therefore there have come into existence as many notions and fancies regarding the future life, as there have been persons who have allowed their imaginations free play respecting the subject. Among the Jews as among the Turks, among the heathens as among the Christians, the most contradictory ideas prevail, about the state of our immortal spirits after death,—ideas which are often highly unworthy of the greatness and majesty of God.

Some believe that in the next world the soul will live in a state of sensual bliss, in the midst of lovely groves and gardens, where are spread richly decked boards, at which they may feast whenever they please. Others believe that the soul sleeps in the grave until the great day of judgment shall come, when the dead shall arise and stand forth to receive their re- ward. Others, again, believe that, until the last day of the world, the souls will wander about partly under the earth, partly near the entrance to hell, partly in the air, partly in the

vicinity of heaven; and that they have the power to reveal themselves to living men at certain times, particularly during the night, in the form of ghosts, and thus to create terror for no reason or purpose. Others, again, think that the spirits of the departed roam about in some paradise, where their greatest happiness consists in remembering and recounting the deeds performed by them in their former existence. Others teach that before the soul is admitted into paradise, or the place of eternal joy, it must undergo a period of probation, during which it will be cleansed of all the earthly wishes, and cares, and impurities that may still cling to it, in order that it may ultimately enjoy unmixed bliss.

In vain, however, has human curiosity endeavored to force open the gates of eternity, in order to discover that which lies beyond. It has never succeeded. The darkness in which God has wrapped the land of the future remains impenetrable; and of the dead, not one has yet come back to unveil to inquisitive man the secrets of the world of spirits. . . .

Had the Deity thought it good for mankind that we should be able to look into Eternity, and to penetrate its secrets, the power of doing so would have been bestowed upon us. But the Omniscient would not that it should be so; and we may therefore conclude that the faculty of following the spirits along their path in Eternity would not be conducive to our happiness and well-being. It is withheld from us until the important hour when we shall ourselves become denizens of eternity.

Thy inquisitive desire to solve the mysteries of the future world is therefore culpable, is unworthy of thy profession as a Christian, proves a want of trust in the wisdom and fatherly love of God. Be assured, that the knowledge of that which the Lord conceals from thee would render thee unhappy. Are there not in like manner many things which mortal parents conceal from their children in infancy, but which are communicated to them when they reach a riper age? Too early a disclosure of these matters might be injurious to the welfare of the entire family, or be hurtful to the children themselves. Who would blame the wisdom and prudence of these anxious parents, who in this very withholding of knowledge give a proof of their affection for their children? Will not the child himself in later years thank his parents for their reticence?

And the same is the case with man in regard to God! We also shall one day, when death breaks the dark seal of the mystery, recognize the wisdom of the all-loving Father, and stammer forth our thanks. We also shall smile at the futility of our endeavors, at the childishness of our fancies, respecting the eternal future. We also shall then repent with justice of our want of trust in the eternal Wisdom and Mercy.

However incapable we may be, while dwelling here in the dust and with our limited faculties, of understanding the councils and the exalted ends of the Most High, it is much easier for us to divine why the hand of God has veiled to our eyes the face of eternity, than it is to lift this veil even in the least degree.

The less we know with certainty that which awaits us after this life, the purer, the more unselfish, will our virtue be on earth.

What is Christian virtue? Wherein consists the holiness which Jesus demands of us? In self-improvement, self-bestowed blessedness. Christian duty, as Christ understood it, must have no other end than itself; it must not be a means to secure this or that advantage; it must not be a mere measure of prudence.

What value is there in that virtue which makes me give alms to the poor, in order that I may gain honor among men—which makes me avoid enmities in order that my life may be more easy—which leads me to afford help that I may be helped in my turn—that induces me to perform acts of public utility that I may win popularity—that makes me act honestly in order to gain confidence—that makes me amiable in manner in order that I may be praised—that makes me show friendship to those who may show me friendship in return? Is this virtue as Jesus understood it? Nay, it is but prudence! It is a calculation how to gain great advantages by means of small sacrifices. "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do you more than others." No; "ye must be perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect;" that is to say, your goodness must be without selfishness; you must not debase your virtue into a mere measure of prudent calculation, you must expect no higher reward than is comprised in that virtue itself.

He who does not love it for its own sake, oh! he can never have known it! A child who is only obedient when he is promised a reward, is not a wise or good child, but a calculating and selfish one.

God is perfect, because He is God, and in His own perfection He finds the highest bliss. God is perfect not in order to gain outward advantages; and He is merciful, gracious and beneficent, not in order that weak man, a poor worm in the dust, should worship Him. And in *this* spirit Jesus tells us to be perfect, as our Father in Heaven is perfect.

We are to improve ourselves, to become holy through the practice of every virtue, not in order to receive some other reward, but because in this improvement and santification

omprised the happiness of the spirit. The ost virtuous and the wisest man is the hap- iest, simply because he is the most perfect. hat which he was here below, that his pirit will remain on entering eternity; and his eward in that better life is, that he is allowed ver to approach nearer to the Divine perfec- on, ever to grow in likeness to God.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DEATH BY SWOONING.

In many respects the casualties of human fe have their parallels among the inferior or- er of animals. Death by sickness, by pining ecay, and by old age, is the ordinary allotment ike of man and the inferior races, unless by ie supervention of violence.

But there is one form of dissolution to which e are subject, which appears to have no type nong the inferior order of animals, which is at of swooning. Perhaps the intricate and elicate machinery connected with intellectual- y is susceptible of disturbance and injury, id even of destruction, from causes which do t operate with much force upon grosser or- anizations.

In reflecting upon the frequent occurrence of dden deaths, the inquiry has ofttimes inter- tingly presented to my mind, whether more such instances are not mere swoonings, rather an a final dissolution, than is generally be- ved. That the mysterious, inexplicable ele- ent of vitality called life, may and has existed such a latent, imperceptible form, as almost deny identification, is not to be disputed. some instances, and perhaps not a few, it is fficult to determine the precise point where e ends and death begins. Persons under the mblance of death have revived, after having en pronounced dead by the attending phy- ian, and after restoratives had apparently led.

The case of W. Tenant, a young man of New rsey, which excited much attention some ars ago, is a marked exemplification of the certainty of the precise time when life en- ely ends. He lay a number of days appa- ntly dead, and entirely insensible, during ich time his friends twice assembled, but re dissuaded from the performance of funeral es by the earnest entreaty of a friend, who uld not be reconciled to discontinue his ef- ts for restoratron, being encouraged therein the presence of a very slight degree of warmth der one arm.

A valued friend of the writer of this article, er a prolonged and suffering sickness, died his family and physician supposed), and re- ined in that condition about two hours, dur- which time, though *apparently* lifeless, was conscious of every occurrence in the room, and heard and understood the conversation, but was unable to speak or to move even his tongue. There were probably some evidences of lingering vitality which induced the doctor to propose warm applications, which doubtless promoted his restoration.

The preceding instances of apparent death occurred after protracted sickness; but swooning unpreceded by disease is a not unfrequent occurence. The editorial in the "Review" alludes to the swooning of a clergyman in France, afterwards a senator, who fell down while preaching, and being officially examined and pronounced dead, remained in that condition until, when his own funeral rites were about being performed, he was reanimated by the voice of a beloved minister, who was preaching his funeral sermon. While lying in this helpless and apparently lifeless condition, his mind was yet in full activity, and suffering under the dread apprehension of a living interment.

A valued friend related that her grandmother had an attack of this character, unpreceded, it is believed, by sickness; and being supposed dead, and, according to the practice now, and then existing, placed in a coffin in a cold room, and after remaining in that condition about three days, was aroused by a cat, which jumped upon the coffin, and by a scratch, drew a small quantity of blood from the neck or face of the supposed deceased: she revived immediately, and lived many years afterwards. The mother of this last had previously experienced a similar attack, and after continuing about four days under like circumstances, revived, without any apparent exciting cause, and, without any premonition, was discovered sitting up in the coffin when some of the family entered the room. One or both of these instances were attended with perfect consciousness, during the whole period of apparent death, similar to those previously recited, but with an entire inability to speak or move.

These recitals are to show, that it must often be difficult to distinguish the precise dividing point between life and death; and in proportion to this uncertainty should be the care of survivors to determine, if possible, that life has indeed ceased, before the inevitable gate is closed, which is to bar forever all communication between the living and the departed.

Sudden deaths, not apoplectical, are now mostly ascribed to a diseased condition of the heart, or the immediately connecting artery; but there is reason to believe, that not a few are entirely uncaused by a morbid condition of those organs, which is rendered probable by the fact, that persons recovering from such attacks as those now under consideration, have subsequently lived and enjoyed many years of good health, with no symptoms of a return of the visitation.

Dr. Thomas, whose treatise, entitled the "Practice of Physic," has been the text book of English and American medical students for half a century, says in reference to the subjects herein treated of: "It may not be improper here to remark, that as the vital principle frequently remains in a latent state for some time, and as we are yet unacquainted with any certain criterion between positive and apparent death, besides that of putrefaction, some appearance of incipient decomposition should therefore be allowed to take place in every case of sudden decease before interment." And again, in treating upon the causes of sudden deaths, he says in reference to such instances that "we should be cautious in not allowing the body to be interred until evident signs of decomposition or putrefaction are apparent, as the suspension of respiration, rigidity of the limbs, abolition of sensation and motion, the want of pulsation in the heart and arteries, coldness of the body, and want of lustre in the eyes, *are but equivocal symptoms of death, and ought not therefore to be relied upon alone.*"

Since writing the foregoing, my views on the unsoundness of the theroy which ascribes sudden deaths so generally to disease of the heart, have been verified by accounts recently published in Europe, of post-mortem examinations of sixty-six cases, the result of which, as reported to a scientific congress recently held at Strasburg, was, that of this number, only two died of disease of the heart, and nine of apoplexy. The alleged cause of the death of the remaining fifty-five need not here be stated, my object being to impress the sentiment that sudden deaths are not always and necessarily final, as evidenced by the instances previously stated, and that delay and recourse to restoratives may be practised to advantage more frequently than is generally supposed.

The possibility of latent vitality in such cases, according to Dr. Thomas, is always present, until incipient decomposition takes place, which consideration is sufficiently solemn to insure great deliberateness and minute examination, in order to be assured that life is wholly extinct, before the earthly tabernacle is conveyed to its final resting place, to be seen of men no more.

GIDEON FROST.

MATINACOCK, L. I., 6th mo., 1866.

The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realm of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

A true Christian will have before his eyes the danger of wealth, more than that of poverty, and the fear of superfluity more than that of necessity.

From the Saturday Review.

EXTINCT CONTROVERSIES.

Few things are more interesting and scarcely any are more instructive, than a review of some of the more celebrated controversies which have expired in consequence of the advance of knowledge. Like extinct volcanoes of the physical world, they tell us of forces long spent, as well as of their sweep and potency while they were in action. We are admitted while studying them to glimpses of modes of thought and feeling of which hardly a trace now remains, the new moral and intellectual strata completely overlaying and hiding them from our view. Accustomed in our text-books to see the results and discoveries of ages rapidly recapitulated in a few smooth chapters, it is only by occasional excursions into old controversies that we can get a notion of the extreme slowness with which these results and discoveries were arrived at—that we can see what a troublesome, unbefriended thing truth generally is on its first appearance in the world, how unnecessary it is felt to be, and how objectionable, not to say odious those inquiring spirits are who insist upon introducing more than exists already. In fact we come upon opinion in the making, and can see the striking contrasts between the various stages of the same doctrine as it moved toward completeness. Or again, if we are so inclined we may obtain abundant matter for cheap exultation by comparing our own enlightenment with the "besotted ignorance" of our forefathers. We may point to the "marvellous discoveries" which they at first rejected, we may dwell on the vast and still-growing capabilities for good which these discoveries have placed in our hands, and we may triumphantly infer that our ancestors were not only a most degraded and narrow-minded set of persons but also—seeing that they rejected these useful novelties—a most hard-hearted and indeed brutal folk withal, our descent from whom it is a positive condescension to admit. This is certainly not the spirit in which we would recommend any one to study the monuments of old controversies. Just as they will afford unlimited gratification to modern conceit, if that be the object sought for, so they will deepen the humility of the genuine truth-seeker, and widen the view of the most patient philosopher. In a word, they have a very pregnant moral in them, and one not very difficult to seize if we look for it carefully.

And when we speak of extinct controversies we do not refer to such obsolete disputes as, for instance, the celebrated discussion of the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris between Boyle and Bentley. Such a controversy may be memorable, as Hallam says, for having been the first great literary war that has been waged in England. But, in this instance, the in

terest is purely literary and antiquarian, and springs from the spectacle of a number of sprightly dunces on one side attacking, amid loud applause, a consummate scholar on the other, who was as sharp and as witty as any of them. No fertile principle was involved, no novel and fruitful truth was at stake which places the quarrel on the great highway of human progress, and makes us feel its importance now. We have in view those memorable discussions which, whether in science or politics or morals, are manifest links in the mental history of the race, and could not have been spared if the chain was to reach down to the point at which we see it—discussions at the same time which have become so entirely obsolete, in which the victory has been so complete on one side, that we are sometimes in danger of forgetting that there ever was a battle.

When we open an old work on some subject of extinct controversy, one of the first things that strikes us is that we can rarely or never entirely agree with it, on whichever side it may be. The author may have been one of the champions of what we now consider the right cause; we may have the strongest sympathy with his general drift; we may see quite plainly that he had got hold of a corner of the truth, and that his opponents are predestined to utter defeat; yet for all that, when we come to examine his arguments, to see the nonsense he takes for undoubted truth, and the futile replies which he makes to objections more futile still, we find it impossible to agree with half he says. Very often we may find him passing entirely over, or else very hastily dwelling on, the strong points of his case, while he employs pages and exerts all his powers to demolish some absurd system which he imagines to stand in his way, though to us it seems marvellous how it could detain him for a moment. Then we find him posed and brought to a painful standstill by an objection which to us is no objection at all, which we can see to be either irrelevant or not founded in fact, and not worth attending to. But it is evidently a very grave and disagreeable business to our author, who nevertheless does not deny or scorn it, but proves by a long chain of reasoning, the force of which is hard to see, that it can be reconciled with his theory, though it is clear that, if the objection were valid instead of being futile, it is downright fatal to it. And even when he gets fairly on the right track, and is combating for a principle of undoubted truth, his reasoning has often a strange obsoleteness about it. He is satisfied with arguments which we feel glad are not the only ones; he draws analogies which will not bear inspection; in a word, as was to be expected, he had in view his own contemporaries and special opponents for whom he wrote, and not for us.

And this decay in the force of argument and proof is met with in quarters where, on first thought, we should be least disposed to expect it—such as in purely scientific treatises; and it is perhaps as striking in these as in any concerned with morals, politics, or religion. To support this assertion there is no need to have recourse to the preposterous fancies which have often, in the earlier period of scientific investigation, misled the minds of really great men—as, for instance, the marvellous notions which occupied the great intellect of Kepler, one of the best known of which was that the earth is an animal, that it perceives and dreads the approach of comets, and positively sweats with fear. Leaving such hallucinations, which might fairly be set down to individual peculiarity, and confining ourselves to the broad field of controversy, as it appeared, for instance, during the great battle between the followers of Copernicus and of Ptolemy, we shall find plenty to support the above view. Among the objections which were made to the Copernican theory, this was one—"that the planet Venus in the course of her revolution did not display the same succession of phases which the moon did in the course of a month. The author of that theory"—we quote from Dr. Whewell—"had endeavored to account for this by supposing that the rays of the sun passed freely through the body of the planet." Now this is just the sort of untenable reasoning on both sides to which we have called attention. The anti-Copernicans argued:—If Venus travelled round the sun, why does she not manifest a series of phases varying from the thinnest crescent up to a full moon? As these phases are not to be seen, it is clear she does not travel round the sun.—Q. E. D. And Copernicus and his immediate followers were fairly posed till Galileo's telescope revealed the very phases which had been denied because imperceptible to the naked eye. Again, it was argued that the world could not revolve on its axis, inasmuch as a stone dropped from a high tower falls at the foot of the tower, whereas if the earth revolved as rapidly as was contended, the stone must be left behind to the west of the place from which it fell, just as a heavy body let fall from a masthead of a ship in motion falls, not at the foot of the mast, but towards the stern of the vessel. This argument was the source of great trouble to the Copernicans. They even admitted the fallacious analogy, or rather the complete misstatement, of things dropping from the masthead "towards the stern" of a moving ship; and a considerable time elapsed before any one even thought of making the experiment, and finding where they did drop, which, as everybody now knows, is at the foot of the mast in the one case, as it is at the base of the tower in the other. This is quite a model of the specious but worthless

objections which are sure, sooner or later, to be brought against new discoveries. If the Copernicans had had the grasp of their case which they afterwards acquired, of course such an objection would not have detained them for a moment. But no men, whatever their genius, or whatever the excellence of their cause, can realize and present its strong points all at once.

(To be concluded.)

EXTRACT FROM ELIAS HICKS' JOURNAL.

At Pearl Street Meeting, New York, my mind, soon after taking my seat, was brought under a renewed exercise, on account of the members of our Society mixing in with the associations of other people, in their governments and politics, their bible and missionary societies, and pretended charity associations, which had a very hurtful tendency, by leavening the minds of Friends, and leading them to assimilate with the spirit of the world, and turning them away from the simplicity of our profession, thereby neglecting to support our Christian testimonies, as it regards plainness of speech, deportment, and apparel. Such conduct is particularly wounding to some of the beloved brethren, and especially some who were sometimes active in our meetings for discipline, join with such associations, it leads them into a free familiarity and friendship with such as are light and vain in their conversation and deportment, by which their tender minds are greatly wounded; and they led off from the cross, and a strict regard to that sobriety of conduct which truth requires of all its professors. I was led to communicate largely on those subjects, in a close-searching testimony; and the Lord's power was felt to prevail, and the meeting generally brought under a solemn covering.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 7, 1866.

Co-operation of Friends with others.—A communication sent by a Friend for publication, on the subject of members of our Society "mixing in with the associations of other people," will be found in the present number. While there may have been occasion for the exercise at the time it was delivered, we are not prepared to counsel our members indiscriminately to refrain from co-operation with others for objects promotive of good, but believe it is more our province to encourage them individually to "mind the Light," which, if heeded, will bring them into the simplicity of our profession, and enable them to maintain our Christian testimonies in every situation in life in which they can possibly be placed.

We think that many of our members are conscientiously filling posts of usefulness in the different charitable associations with which they are connected; and while ministering to the comfort of the indigent and suffering, or endeavoring to promote the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth, they do not necessarily compromise any of our righteous testimonies. On the contrary, we believe, that as Managers of Hospitals, Penitentiaries, Houses of Refuge, Soup Houses, and Homes for the Destitute, as Directors of Public Schools and Public Libraries, and *various* other benevolent and literary institutions, their influence is exerted to the advantage of the community at large.

"I pray not," said Jesus, "that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil;" and this is our desire for that portion of his followers known as Friends.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory," we believe approval or condemnation will not be in accordance with whether we have or have not kept within the bounds of sect, but whether obedience has kept pace with knowledge, and whether we have been faithful and wise stewards over the time, the talents and the means entrusted to us.

No position is exempt from temptation, and under all circumstances the watch has momently to be maintained. Co-operation with others not of our fold, may involve the necessity for a closer watch over our motives and actions, and a greater care to live near the principle of Divine truth, that we bring no reproach upon our holy profession. If any Friend feels that advice or caution on this account is needed in individual cases, we would recommend faithful, honest, private labor; and we believe that when such duty comes clearly before the mind with the force of a concern, if performed in love, it will be rightly received; but general advice given with a vague idea that some one may be benefited thereby, is seldom understood or appreciated, and often does more harm than good.

We are requested to state that Friends wishing to enter their children at Friends' Central School, Philadelphia, for the Fall Term, should

ake early application, as there are but few acancies.

Died, at her residence in New York City, on the 2d of Sixth month, 1866, Elizabeth Leedom, in the 7th year of her age; a Minister of New York Monthly eeting.

——, on the evening of the 8th of Sixth month, 866, of typhoid fever, at the residence of his brother, homas Smedley, in Fulton township, Lancaster Co., a., Jonathan Smedley, aged 26 years.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A SHORT TRIP TO HAMMONTON, N. J.

BY I. HICKS.

It is a source of pleasure to the lover of na- ure to witness the beautiful adaptation of means r the supply of our necessities and comforts, id up in long past ages by an Omniscient eing for the requirements of man. The un- recedented growth of our country taxes our ndustry and researches, and requires an ever- ncreasing supply. The questions of how and here are our supplies of fuel and the pro- uction of light to come from, have been satis- ctorily settled, at least for this generation; ut where and how are we to obtain daily food meet *all* the requirements of an increasing opulation, is still an object of pressing inte- st. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and her cities, require early vegetables and fruits, t in such scanty supplies as come from Nor- lk and the Bermuda Islands, but in plenty d at less cost. We believe the sandy bar- ns (as they are incorrectly called) of Southern w Jersey are destined to settle that problem. tween three hundred thousand and four hun- ed thousand acres lie spread out in one sandy d level tract, extending from Delaware Bay the Atlantic, and from Cape May to and oss the Camden and Amboy Railroad. Settle- nts along the ocean and bays had been made, the interior, excepting an occasional spot ere an iron foundry or some other manu- turing establishment was erected, until seven ight years ago was an extended wilderness. htly covered by drifting sand, left by the ring ocean when our coast line was last sub ged, no wonder that the tide of emigration pt onward to the more inviting West, with ertile soil.

t our first entrance on this tract, two weeks e, as we passed on the Delaware and Rari- Bay Railroad to Hammonton, it presented orlorn, desolate look. A fire had swept ugh some portions, leaving the small, black- pine trees and oaks as monuments of deso n, and we were ready to conclude that it t still be the home of the semi-barbarous chopper; that innumerable rabbits might their gambols, and nibble the buds and without molestation; lily pads and the y beard grow in the swamps, and the whortleberry; and the most beautiful Laurel Angustifolia and the Andromeda Marianna bloom unseen in the forest shades for centuries to come. Presently our train stopped at Manchester, 57 miles from New York; a special one, detailed for the accommodation of the members of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute on a trip to Hammonton, to attend a festival of their Agricultural Society, and wit- ness the improvements made in the seven years of its growth. We learned that nearly all of this vast tract of over three hundred thousand acres had within seven years been purchased of its original unappreciative owners, by men of capital and energy, in tracts of from forty thou- sand down to five thousand acres, and they were fast developing its resources. Some companies were opening communications, erecting build- ings, and by continued and extensive adver- tising, as at Vineland, selling out their lands very fast to enterprising settlers. The tract of Manchester, owned by one of the best known and influential banking houses in New York, and comprising twenty-five thousand acres, was but recently commenced. Already were there numerous new cottages, stores, hotels, &c., erected, to sell or rent in the borders of the young forest. But to us the object of interest was the cranberry meadow. It was the first we had seen, and to a casual observer it seemed like folly—a waste of money and labor—to spend from $200 to $500 per acre in clearing a swamp and putting it in good order. As we stood on the embankment looking over the white sand that overspread the black leaf mould, called by them muck, and saw little insignifi- cant plants two years old, planted in straight rows about eighteen inches apart, we could not see where the returns for this great outlay were to be. Any one who has read about cranberry culture is aware that a successful field yields more profit than any other fruit that is grown, and that an acre of cranberries has been known to sell for $1000 dollars. They sold at $12 and more per barrel last year, and are picked by women and children at 50 cts. per bushel. A necessary requisite is to have a running stream, so that the fields can be flooded when necessary, so as to protect the plants, kill in- jurious insects, and destroy all grasses and weeds. Those who cultivate them first dig ditches around the field, so as to carry off the surface water, and enable them to work more readily, and also make an embankment to keep the water on the field when they wish it. The draining being attended to properly, they pro- ceed to clear off the track by removing all trees, roots and bushes, and making it a perfect level, so that the water, when let on, may overflow every portion alike. Then they cover it with three inches of sand, and proceed to plant the cranberries. They can easily procure the wild

ones in the swamps, and they are transplanted without risk. A small sod will in three or four years cover a space of two feet, and then every stray spear of grass and weed is crowded out as the plant strikes root from the young shoots that lie on the ground like ivy and myrtle. We may here remark that cranberry culture is destined to be one of the leading features of this long-neglected country. Frequent streams rise in the interior of the State, and flow with a steady current to the sea, giving water privileges to the future industry of the inhabitants, and often passing through or forming swamps and low places a few miles from the shores of the ocean. Large tracts of these low grounds have been recently brought under cultivation, and much more soon will be by persevering capitalists; and doubtless cranberries, once deemed a luxury seen on the tables of the few, will, like blackberries, be a common fruit. After enjoying the hospitality of the company, we left Manchester and its cranberry fields, and arrived at Hammonton, a village, or rather settlement, begun about eight years ago, and now containing four thousand inhabitants. It was the time of their strawberry show, and seldom have we attended a fair, or collection of people in any place of over two hundred persons, where the inevitable cigar or pipe was not seen. Spirituous liquors are not sold there, and, like the inhabitants of New England, they have built school houses and churches the first thing. We were told they had already erected four school-houses, and two more were in course of erection. Three church spires were in sight, and a hall for scientific and other useful pursuits was there. We found berries and sweet potatoes, at present their most profitable crops, yielding a quicker return for the cost than any other crop. Their strawberry crop, as was the case in many other places, was much inferior to last year, being killed by the unusual cold weather of the winter. It was a novel sight to see strawberries growing in straight rows in the sand, many of them looking very thrifty and clear of weeds. Indeed weeds and but few troublesome insects have found their way there yet. They plant in hills, keeping off the runners, and like the Wilson's best; few others are planted. We thought they were not as acid as those we were accustomed to, the warm sand perhaps improving their flavor. They keep off the runners, and from the absence of weeds and grass, and the mellow state of the soil, they can be cultivated with much less labor than with us. We being well acquainted with the barren nature of the sandy soils of Long Island, were curious to discover why such crops could be grown here, and the first thing to observe was, what was the composition of the soil. The sand only covered the surface, and a few inches beneath, clay was intermixed, in such proportions as to adhere when it was pressed like a handful of damp snow; and we found that in digging wells, there was no need of planking, as with us, and a concrete of water-lime formed a substitute for bricks and stones when plastered on the sides. And when we saw pear trees, grape vines, rose bushes, &c., growing with greater luxuriance than with us with the best of care, upon soil thrown out of the cellars, there was proof of its containing the elements of fertility. It was no less surprising to find grape vines and dwarf pears, which we do not consider succeed well on sandy soil, growing finely. The bark of the pear and apple trees, was of that fresh olive color, clear of lichens and other fungi, which deform their appearance where the soil is unsuitable.

Their blackberry plots were in full bloom, except the Dorchester, which was literally covered with young fruit. We saw many novel sights here. The farms lay open to the public, and scarce any fences were necessary, as cattle are not permitted to run loose, and pigs were kept in close confinement. Some had yards around their houses, and a few had gardens enclosed, but the country was so new that their yards and roadsides were seldom carpeted with green grass. It was pleasant to notice where we went that as soon as the house was finished, however small it might be, or however straitened the owner for means, trees and shrubs were planted, the climbing rose ran up the porch or against the sides, the honeysuckle had its trellis, a few grape vines and fruit trees were set out, and pinks and flowering plants grew around the door.

But the most surprising thing of all was the prices at which they were selling or asking for their little farms. "There," said our kind host, "is a piece of land I recently sold for $300 an acre; and there is a lot, not quite an acre in extent, for which I offered $400, as a site for a school house, and was refused. Neither piece was yet entirely cleared of timber." "But why do you ask so much, and why will people give such prices? Here are thousands of acres around you, only three or four miles off, just as good." "Our society, the healthfulness of the country and the bright prospects of the future," he replied, "are the reasons. More than one-half have removed here to renovate their own and their families' health, and they are generally benefited. I was from Maine, broken down and suffering from disease of the lungs; now I enjoy perfect health;" and the stalwart form and ruddy face plainly told that his words were true. Others confirmed the statement to the salubrity of the climate. They told us of large fields of wheat, rye and grass, raised through the aid of marl or muck, rivalling in productiveness our best farming country; but many of the settlers can buy these products cheaper

than they can raise them. Early fruit and vegetables yield more profit. Sweet potatoes are extensively grown, as this is the soil they delight in. A handful of marl put in when the potato is planted is all the manure needed, and they yield from 150 to 200 bushels per acre. It would appear that the same Divine power that placed the coal fields and the mineral wealth of our country in positions where wanted, also foresaw that this country, apparently doomed to barrenness, would need the elements of fertility; and He swept the sea shells and fishes in strata over the ocean bed in long past eras, so that they could be easy of access, producing now the fertilizing marl. They were placed in position during the cretaceous period, although no chalk is found in this country. A layer of deposits from the sea, called green sand, named here marl, consists of nearly one-half sand, about one-fourth iron, from 4 to 10 per cent. of potash and soda, with a small quantity of phosphate of lime. It commences near Staten Island, and runs diagonally across the State to Delaware bay. How large a portion of this tract is underlaid with green sand we cannot tell, as the land slopes gradually from the centre towards the bay and the ocean. It comes near the surface on the edges of the layer, and can by a steam digging machine, in operation at Squankum, be loaded on a car or wagon ready to receive it at the rate of one and a half tons in one minute and five seconds. Squankum marl is considered the best, as it contains more of the animal remains of the fishes of that period; sharks' teeth, and other evidences of marine life, are often found in it. They use one hundred bushels of marl to the acre, and it costs on board the cars, eight cents per bushel. From numerous swamps that abound, muck, and no doubt peat, also is obtained. Muck can be carted at leisure times, especially in the winter; and we saw no reason why, with the industry and perseverance displayed by the new settlers, they could not keep their farms up to a high state of productiveness. From their near proximity to the best markets, and their easy access, —those near the railroads by that conveyance, and near the shore by boats,—that portion of New Jersey can and will be made the most valuable portion of the State. They will need different management from other portions of the country, no doubt. Their strawberry fields and vineyards may need mulching, to protect against severe droughts and frosts of winter, although they say they do not suffer from want of moisture in summer. Belts of timber and evergreen hedges may be necessary to protect from the strong winds blowing the light sand. It would seem that a new country was never settled under better auspices. The present landholders appear to understand their true interest, and use their large capital in developing its resources; building railroads before there was commerce or travel to warrant, opening roads for the new settlers at their own expense, and by uniting their interest with the new comers, both are benefited. We saw land that not many years ago was as white with sand as the soil of Hammonton, now of a rich brown color, made so, we were told, by the use of marl and deep ploughing. Marl will bring the clover, and clover ploughed under is a superior fertilizer for wheat and hay crops. This changed the color of the soil. The white surface sand mixed with decayed vegetation soon altered its hue and texture, and now this land in Monmouth county is worth over $100 per acre for farming purposes. Although our stay was very short, yet we saw for ourselves, and believed that this portion of the State was nearly as represented. In the enthusiasm of new settlers, too large views and estimates are often made, but having some knowledge of raising fruits, trees, and the cultivation of a farm, we sincerely think that well directed industry here will succeed.

Westbury, L. I.

THE LESSON OF THE ROBIN.

The robin fills his little day
With song and sweetness as his part,
Unconscious that his tender lay
Shall solace any human heart.

He sings because he needs must sing,
Not out of duty, but delight;
And his instinctive offering
Is precious in his Maker's sight.

Dear God, who giv'st me larger place,
And larger hope, oh! give me, too,
In my appointed lot, the grace
My daily work with cheer to do.

Still loving all thou sendest me,
Who knowest that I am but dust,
Oh, make my life that tends to Thee
A happy song of hope and trust.

H. N. E.

SELECTED.

Take courage—'tis a little cloud,
That soon will pass away;
The hearts that now with grief are bowed
May only grieve to-day.
To-morrow up the azure height
The sun may dart his beam,
And then one joyous burst of light
O'er mount and vale shall stream,
The thwarted plans and baffled hopes
Become our only store,
And the crushed spirit barely copes
With ills unknown before.
Despond not—yet the tide will turn,
The gales propitious play;
Take courage—'tis a little cloud,
That soon will pass away.

The wise man is just, and fears God, hates covetousness, and eschews evil, and loves his neighbor as himself.—*Penn.*

From "Hours at Home."

"*He shall gather the lambs with his arm.*" Isaiah xi. 11.

I was a straying sheep;
I wandered from my guide
Along the broad and flowery road,
My lambkin by my side.

A warning call I heard;
"Come back to me," it said;
I knew it was my shepherd's voice,
But turned away my head.

Among the giddy throng
I sported, far and wide,
By the green margin of the brook,
My lambkin by my side.

Dark clouds obscured the sky,—
I stood alone that day;
I knew it was my shepherd's hand
That took my lamb away.

He took it to his fold,—
My eyes with tears were dim;
Then through the darkness and the storm
I rose and followed him.

The steep and narrow way
With humble heart I took;
I knew it was the path he went,
The path that I forsook.

Yes! still I'll climb and pray,
Till this short life is o'er,
And strive to find my folded lamb,
And never wander more.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

IN THE HEMLOCKS.

(Continued from page 255.)

My attention was soon arrested by a pair of Humming-Birds, the Ruby-Throated, disporting themselves in a low bush a few yards from me. The female takes shelter amid the branches, and squeaks exultingly as the male, circling above, dives down as if to dislodge her. Seeing me, he drops like a feather on a slender twig, and in a moment both are gone. Then, as if by a preconcerted signal, the throats are all atune. I lie on my back with eyes half-closed, and analyze the chorus of Warblers, Thrushes, Finches, and Flycatchers; while, soaring above all, a little withdrawn and alone, rises the divine soprano of the Hermit. That richly modulated warble proceeding from the top of yonder birch, and which unpractised ears would mistake for the voice of the Scarlet-Tanager, comes from that rare visitant, the Rose breasted Grosbeak. It is a strong, vivacious strain, a bright noonday song, full of health and assurance, indicating fine talents in the performer, but not genius. As I come up under the tree he casts his eye down at me, but continues his song. This bird is said to be quite common in the Northwest, but he is rare in the Eastern districts. His beak is disproportionately large and heavy, like a huge nose, which slightly mars his good looks; but Nature has made it up to him in a blush rose upon his breast, and the most delicate of pink linings to the under side of his wings. His back is variegated black and white, and when flying low the white shows conspicuously. If he passed over your head, you would note the delicate flush under his wings.

That bit of bright scarlet on yonder dead hemlock, glowing like a live coal against the dark background, seeming almost too brilliant for the severe Northern climate, is his relative, the Scarlet Tanager. I occasionally meet him in the deep hemlocks, and know no stronger contrast in nature. I almost fear he will kindle the dry limb on which he alights. He is quite a solitary bird, and in this section seems to prefer the high, remote woods, even going quite to the mountain's top. Indeed, the event of my last visit to the mountain was meeting one of these brilliant creatures near the summit, in full song. The breeze carried the notes far and wide. He seemed to enjoy the elevation, and I imagined his song had more scope and freedom than usual. When he had flown far down the mountain-side, the breeze still brought me his finest notes. In plumage he is the most brilliant bird we have. The Bluebird is not entirely blue; nor will the Indigo bird bear a close inspection, nor the Goldfinch, nor the Summer Redbird. But the Tanager loses nothing by a near view; the deep scarlet of his body and the black of his wings and tail are quite perfect. This is his holiday suit; in the fall he becomes a dull green,—the color of the female the whole season.

One of the leading songsters in this choir of the old Barkpeeling is the Purple Finch or Linnet. He sits somewhat apart, usually on a dead hemlock, and warbles most exquisitely. He is one of our finest songsters, and stands at the head of the Finches, as the Hermit at the head of the Thrushes. His song approaches an ecstasy, and, with the exception of the Winter-Wren's, is the most rapid and copious strain to be heard in these woods. It is quite destitute of the trills and the liquid, silvery, bubbling notes that characterize the Wren's; but there runs through it a round, richly modulated whistle, very sweet and very pleasing. The call of the Robin is brought in at a certain point with marked effect, and, throughout, the variety is so great and the strain so rapid that the impression is as of two or three birds singing at the same time. He is not common here, and I only find him in these or similar woods. His color is peculiar, and looks as if it might have been imparted by dipping a brown bird in diluted pokeberry juice. Two or three more dippings would have made the purple complete. The female is the color of the Song-Sparrow, a little larger, with heavier beak, and tail much more forked.

In a little opening quite free from brush and trees I step down to bathe my hands in the

baook, when a small, light slate-colored bird flutters out of the bank, not three feet from my head, as I stoop down, and, as if severely lamed or injured, flutters through the grass and into the nearest bush. As I do not follow but remain near the nest, she *chips* sharply, which brings the male, and I see it is a speckled Canada Warbler. I find no authority in the books for this bird to build upon the ground, yet here is the nest, made chiefly of dry grass, set in a slight excavation in the bank, not two feet from the water, and looking a little perilous to anything but ducklings or sandpipers. There are two young birds and one little specked egg, just pipped. But how is this? what mystery is here? One nestling is much larger than the other, monopolizes most of the nest, and lifts its open mouth far above that of its companion, though obviously both are of the same age, not more than a day old. Ah! I see;—the old trick of the Cow-Bunting, with a stinging human significance. Taking the interloper by the nape of the neck, I deliberately drop it into the water, but not without a pang, as I see its naked form, convulsed with chills, float down the steam. Cruel! So is Nature cruel. I take one life to save two. In less than two days this pot-bellied intruder would have caused the death of the two rightful occupants of the nest; so I step in and divert things into their proper channel again.

It is a singular freak of nature, this instinct which prompts one bird to lay its eggs in the nests of others, and thus shirks the responsibility of rearing its own young. The Cow-Buntings always resort to this cunning trick; and when one reflects upon their numbers, it is evident that these little tragedies are quite frequent. In Europe the parallel case is that of the Cuckoo, and occasionally our own Cuckoo imposes upon a Robin or a Thrush in the same manner. The Cow-Bunting seems to have no conscience in the matter, and so far as I have observed invariably selects the nest of a bird smaller than itself. Its egg is usually the first to hatch; its young overreaches all the rest when food is brought; it grows with great rapidity, spreads and fills the nest, and the starved and crowded occupants soon perish when the parent bird removes their dead bodies, giving its whole energy and care to the foster-child.

The Warblers and smaller Flycatchers are generally the sufferers, though I sometimes see the Slate-colored Snowbird unconsciously duped in like manner; and the other day, in a tall tree in the woods, I discovered the Black-throated Green-backed Warbler devoting itself to this dusky, overgrown foundling. An old farmer to whom I pointed out the fact was much surprised that such things should happen in his woods without his knowledge.

From long observation it is my opinion that the male Bunting selects the nest into which the egg is to be deposited, and exercises a sort of guardianship over it afterward, lingering in the vicinity, and uttering his peculiar liquid, glassy note from the tops of the tall trees.

The Speckled Canada is a very superior Warbler, having a lively, animated strain, reminding you of certain parts of the Canary's, though quite broken and incomplete; the bird the while hopping amid the branches with increased liveliness, and indulging in fine sibilant chirps, too happy to keep silent.

His manners are very marked. He has a habit of courtesying when he discovers you, which is very pretty. In form he is a very elegant bird, somewhat slender, his back of a bluish lead color, becoming nearly black on his crown; the under part of his body, from his throat down, is of a light delicate yellow with a belt of black dots across his breast. He has a very fine eye, surrounded by a light yellow ring.

The parent birds are much disturbed by my presence, and keep up a loud emphatic chirping, which attracts the attention of their sympathetic neighbors, and one after another they come to see what has happened. The Chestnut-Sided and the Blackburnian come in company. The Black and Yellow Warbler pauses a moment and hastens away; the Maryland Yellow-Throat peeps shyly from the lower bushes and utters his "Fip! fip!" in sympathy; the Wood-Pewee comes straight to the tree overhead, and the Red-eyed Vireo lingers and lingers, eying me with a curious, innocent look, evidently much puzzled. But all disappear again, one after another, apparently without a word of condolence or encouragement to the distressed pair. I have often noticed among birds this show of sympathy,—if indeed it be sympathy, and not merely curiosity, or a feeling of doubt concerning their own safety.

An hour afterward I approach the place, find all still, and the mother bird upon the nest. As I draw near she seems to sit closer, her eyes growing large with an inexpressibly wild, beautiful look. She keeps her place till I am within two paces of her, when she flutters away as at first. In the brief interval the remaining egg has hatched, and the two little nestlings lift their heads without being jostled or overreached by any strange bedfellow. A week afterward and they are flown away,—so brief is the infancy of birds. And the wonder is that they escape, even for this short time, the skunks and minks and muskrats that abound here, and that have a decided partiality for such titbits.

(To be continued.)

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; his going forth is prepared as the

morning, and he shall come unto us as the rain; as the latter and former rain unto the earth.—HOSEA, vi. 3.

From The Nation.

EVIDENCE OF A FORMER COLD CLIMATE IN EUROPE.

Oscar Schmidt has found in the neighborhood of Gratz, the capital of Styria, two hundred feet above the Mur, the ancient dwellings of the marmot, with the skeletons of four individuals. As the marmots inhabit only the regions bordering on the snow-line, this discovery leads back to the diluvial or drift period, when, by the extension of the glaciers, the upper Alpine animals and plants were kept down in lower levels than now, evidences of which have hitherto been found almost exclusively in Switzerland.

Among recent discoveries indicating the co-existence of man with animals now extinct, that of the musk-ox in France, by M. Lartet, is important. At the present time, this animal is only found in the arctic regions, does not descend below sixty degrees of north latitude, and ranges as high as seventy-five. The remains just referred to show that they existed at least fifteen degrees further south. Since their habitat is strictly arctic, their presence in France would seem to indicate a climate much colder formerly than now. Another discovery of far greater interest and significance comes to the support of this view. In 1864, M. Lartet, in company with the late Dr. Falconer, the eminent English naturalist, and Mr. Christy, visited the department of Dordogne, in the southwest of France, where there had been previously discovered pieces of the antlers of the deer with figures of animals rudely engraved upon them. During the stay of the naturalists just mentioned, there was found a broken plate of ivory, evidently formed from the tusk of a large elephant. When the fragments were fitted together, Dr. Falconer noticed that there was engraved upon the plate the figure of an elephant, the most remarkable feature of which was the indication that the animal was provided with long hair. No such elephant exists at the present time; but, as is well known, the celebrated mammoth, discovered in 1799 by Mr. Adams, imbedded in the ice near the mouth of the Lena, in Siberia, was provided with long coarse hair, portions of which may be seen in the museums of St. Petersburg and of the Garden of Plants, in Paris. The discovery of the engraved ivory at Dordogne, while alone it cannot be admitted as positive proof, yet, in connection with other observations, clearly points to the existence of the mammoth in France, and as a contemporary with man. For in the rude stone age to which the ivory must be referred, it is difficult to conceive of man's having any other knowledge of the outward characters of animals than that which comes of personal observation.

In this connection it may be stated that the welcome news has been received and communicated in a letter from C. E. de Baer, of St. Petersburg, to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, that another frozen mammoth has been found. It was first observed by a Samoeide in the neighborhood of the Bay of Taz, on the eastern arm of the Gulf of Obi. The Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg has commissioned a distinguished naturalist, M. Schmidt, to make as complete a study as possible of these interesting remains, and of all the circumstances connected with their burial in the frozen earth where they now lie.

From the Evening Post.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORESTS IN SPAIN.

In our last article we alluded to the effects upon agriculture in Spain produced by the destruction of her forests. Emerson, in his "Report upon the Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," says: "The dry sterility of some parts of Spain, anciently very fertile, is probably owing in a great degree to the improvident destruction of the forests and the absurd laws which discourage their renewal." Further he says: "There is little doubt, if the ancient forests of Spain could be restored to its hills, its ancient fertility would return. Now there is nothing to conduct electricity, nothing to arrest the clouds and make them pour their treasures upon the earth, no reservoirs to lay up the winter's rain in store against the droughts of summer. Forests equalize the temperature and soften the climate, protecting from the extremes of cold and heat, dryness and humidity." It will be remarked by our readers that, in giving our own conclusions upon the subjects we have been discussing in these articles, we have freely quoted from those writers whose authority is received and admitted by all. We have frequently heard the objection urged against some of our statements—(for instance, the one in which we recognise the fact that climate may undergo radical alterations from the labors of man)—that the idea is absurd that by anything we can do the seasons can be in the least affected. These objections are mainly urged by those who have it in their power to influence results,—that is, by the owners of the soil; and it is to the end that they may be convinced that we seek to fortify our conclusions by the authority of those whom all must respect.

"The cunning foresight of the Yankee," says Emerson, "seems to desert him when he takes the axe in hand." But we are pursuaded that this is not the true state of the case; we only need information in order to act with the same prudence and wise precaution upon this

as upon other subjects which engage our attention, and for which we must be held responsible. Some one has said that "the Creator punishes ignorance more than any other crime." However this may be, we all very well know that we cannot escape the consequences of our acts under the plea of ignorance. The storm, wind and the tempest will just as surely destroy our crops, whether we cut down the guardian forests from the mere greed of present gain, or from any other motive.

"A garden surrounded by tall trees," says Emerson,—and he speaks from actual observation,—"admits the cultivation, even in our severe climate, of plants almost tropical." Humboldt tells us that Cortes, in his will, left sugar plantations near Cuyoacan, in the valley of Mexico, where now, owing to the cutting down of the trees, the cold is too great for sugar cane or any other tropical production to thrive. We have repeatedly spoken of similar results witnessed at Nahant, where the wind never rests, or, as say the inhabitants, "there is a continual gale of wind." Where this ever-flowing aerial tide is lifted above the soil by the tall trees and high fences, "plants almost tropical" grow and perfect their fruit, but in those cases where it is exposed to the full sweep of the tempest, scarcely a poor blade of grass can maintain a foothold; the very soil, even, is swept in some spots from the rocks and earth beneath. Of course, as we shall at once infer, what soil there is left in these exposed situations at Nahant is subject to extreme drought, while where the land is protected by trees and fences the contrary is the fact; indeed, during the seven years we resided there, we do not recollect a single instance in which vegetation suffered materially from drought inside of these protected gardens. And this fact is of so much importance in this connection that we shall do well to dwell somewhat more upon it.

High fences are not in any manner as good conservers of moisture and heat as belts of trees, and yet, as we shall see in this case, they serve their purpose well. The land at Nahant thus protected consists of from twelve to twenty acres, lying in three distinct plots, situated at some distance from each other. These plots are surrounded by fences from twelve to twenty feet in height, consisting mainly of slats two or three inches wide placed one or two inches from each other. A portion of these fences were in the first place made double, but this was found after experience to be unnecessary, as, in time, the single fences become every year more and as it regards the primary object for which they were at first erected, as the belts of trees designed to take their places increase in size it was thought to be of importance that these fences should not be made entirely close, as this, it was supposed, would cause the contained air to be operated upon in a mass by the current above, instead of being broken as into spray, in accordance with the effect produced by belts of trees. Thus it was by the foresight and generous perseverance of one man that Nahant, which scarce fifty years since was the very type of bleak and barren desolation, scarcely a single tree to be seen,

"Or flower or leaf of green,"

where only the hardy fisherman could endure the climate save for a brief season in summer, has, in this short space of time, become so changed that there is no spot in all New England so far north that is more productive, or that yields better returns for the labor bestowed upon it.

And even the winters, which are supposed by those who do not trouble themselves to examine the matter to be so very severe, we found by actual experience during our residence there to be a good deal warmer and more equable in temperature than the neighboring inland towns. During seven years we had but two or three drifting snows, and these we should have laughed at in our earlier years while residing in the country, so comparatively slight were they. Another important fact in regard to Nahant should be mentioned. We have it from Mr. Tudor, as well as others of the oldest and permanent residents: That is, that since the trees have grown there has not been half the trouble from the failure of well and springs as formerly. In our own experience, residing on the south side of the peninsula, we had no failure of pure fresh water from a well not over nine feet in depth.

However this may be in regard to so small a place as Nahant, there cannot be the least doubt that the widespread destruction of our forests is the main cause of the failure of our springs and streams, and the frequent droughts to which we now are subject.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From Willie M. Gregory,	Berea, Ohio	$3 00
" Esther S. Justice,	Bucks Co., Pa	50 00
" George Justice,	" "	10 00
" a Friend,	" "	2 00
" Rachel Haines,	Fallston, Md	25 00
" Sarah Park,	Camden, N. J	10 00
" Martha Carman		5 00
		$105 00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 6th mo. 29, 1866.

ITEMS.

Professor Agassiz is reported to be delivering a course of lectures before the Imperial family and the Brazilian magnates, respecting his discoveries in his recent tour up the valley of the Amazon. He has won very high commendation from his royal auditors, who, till the visit of the distinguished American, were said

to be entirely ignorant of the treasures of their great river. The researches of Prof. Agassiz will have a wider value than were at first anticipated, if they have the effect of making the great Southern Continent better known to the world, and of bringing the United States into a closer intercourse with the most productive country on this side of the ocean.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate the House bill amendatory of the act organizing Washington Territory was taken up and passed. The bill to amend and continue in force the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up, and after some opposition was passed. It now goes back to the House for concurrence in the amendments. A bill was introduced to establish certain ocean post-routes between the United States and Europe, and to regulate the transportation of mails thereof, and reduce the expenses. Referred to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. A bill to repeal an act to retrocede Alexandria to the State of Virginia, was reported from the Committee on the District of Columbia. The object of this bill is to annex Alexandria to the District. The Senate concurred in the House amendments to the bill to regulate the transportation of nitro-glycerine. The amendments were merely verbal. The Judiciary Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing for a reorganization of the civil service, particularly the Post Office, Treasury and Interior Departments, providing for boards of examination for applicants for position, and assimilating their government more nearly with the regulations of the army and navy. The National Telegraph bill was called up, and, after considerable discussiou, was passed.

HOUSE.—The Post-Office Committee was instructed to inquire and report what further investigation may be necessary to prevent abuses and frauds in the franking privilege. Among the bills introduced the following were passed: The Senate bill regulating the transportation of nitro-glycerine. A bill authorizing the issue of registers to certain vessels. The Senate bill for the prevention of smuggling. A bill extending the privilege of the Government Insane Asylum to civilians in military employment. The Senate amendments to the Freedmen's Bureau bill were read, but not concurred in, and a committ was of conference was ordered.

INDIAN TREATIES.—The Senate has recently ratified treaties with the following tribes of Indians, viz: the Nez-Perces of Idaho; Shoshones of Ruby valley, N. T.; the Great and little Osages in Kansas, and the Choctaws and Chickasaws of the Indian territory west of Arkansas. It is probable that other important treaties will be submitted to that body within a few days for ratification.

THE FREEDMEN.—Gen. Scott, assistant commissioner for South Carolina, contradicts the charges of Gens. Steadman and Fullerton against Chaplain French and Lieut. Lott. He denies that these officers are running plantations, or have anything to do with planting, directly or indirectly.

Superintendent Tomlinson reports 75 schools in South Carolina, with 9,017 pupils, and an average attendance of 6,574. There are 148 teachers, of whom 58 are natives and fifty colored. One other school, from which there were no returns, would swell the number of pupils to 10,000. The interest of the colored people in the schools continues unabated, and that of the white people is growing; yet there are some places where it is said no school could be established nor tolerated after the garrison has been withdrawn. A very successful public examination of the colored school held in the Normal School building took place in Charleston, Fifth month 30th.

Virginia counts 225 teachers of colored schools and 17,589 pupils, whose average attendance is 12,930. In Florida there have been several cases lately of violence done to teachers. The colored people of Helena, Arkansas, have voted to ask General Sprague to tax them for the support of their schools. Several colored schools have recently been opened in Raleigh, North Carolina, by "colored teachers who are competent, and who were born and raised among us," to use the language of the Raleigh *Sentinel*, which is opposed to Northern "school-marms," as it chooses to call them.—*The Nation.*

The Fisk Free School, at Nashville, for colored children, closed its first term on the 15th instant. A large number of citizens crowded the chapel to witness the examination. Nearly one thousand pupils are taught in this school, by fifteen excellent teachers.

LESSONS ON OUR COMMON SONG BIRDS.—Tickets for a course of Eight Lessons, $3 00 each. Liberal reduction to Schools and Classes of over fifty persons.
Address GRACE ANNA LEWIS,
Care of EDWARD PARRISH,
6 16 3m. 800 Arch St., Philada.

FOR SALE, at Office of Friends' Intelligencer, 144 N. Seventh St.

	At Office.	By mail.
Journal of John Comly	$2 00	$2 40
" John Woolman	1 00	1 20
" Hugh Judge	1 00	1 20

6 9 tfo. EMMOR COMLY.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—The Fall and Winter Term of this healthfully and beautifully located BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will commence 10th mo. 1st, 1866, and close 4th mo. 12, 1867. For further information apply for a Circular to
ISRAEL J. GRAHAME, } Principals.
JANE P. GRAHAME, }
72 tf. Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.

MOORESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—The next Term of this Institution, which has been in successful operation for 24 years, will commence on the first of 10th mo. next, and continue 40 weeks. For Circulars, apply early to
MARY S. LIPPINCOTT, *Principal*,
630.721 200p Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J.

CHERRY STONERS,—(seed 2 bushels an hour.) Pea and Bean Shellers, (shell 50 qts an hour,) Carpet Sweepers, Wire Dish Covers, Champion Cog-Wheel Clothes-Wringers, (we consider them the best yet invented for durability and convenience;) and a variety of other new articles of Hardware, Cutlery and Tools. For sale by TRUMAN & SHAW,
310a630 No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, High St., West Chester, Pa.—This school, for both sexes, will reopen on 3d of Ninth month, 1866. For Circulars address CHARLES SWAYNE, *Principal*.
REFERENCES.
HALLIDAY JACKSON, West Chester, Pa.
CLEMENT BIDDLE, Chadd's Ford, "
ENOCH SWAYNE, London Grove, "
623 afntf. WM. H. JOHNSON, Newtown, "

WANTED—A Male Teacher for Deptford School, Woodbury, N. J. One who is a good disciplinarian, and well qualified to teach all the branches of a thorough English education, will receive liberal compensation. Address, with reference,
CARLTON P. STOKES, or
WM. WADE GRISCOM,
616 77 00. Woodbury, N. J.

FOR SALE—A valuable Boarding School Property for Girls, favorably located in a Friends' neighborhood. The school is now in full and successful operation, and offers a rare opportunity for any well qualified Friend. Any one wishing information with a view to purchase, can obtain it by addressing "E. F." office Friends' Intelligencer, No. 144 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia.
616 tfavn.

CEDAR COTTAGE, Pennsylvania Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., Will be open for the reception of guests after Seventh mo. 1st, 1866. Terms $15.
69 xt 714. M. R. CHANDLEE.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of 5th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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A Memoir of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting, (Canada West,) concerning our deceased friend JOHN WATSON.

The subject of this Memoir was born at Deptford, near London, England, on the 8th of First month, 1779, of respectable parents, who were members of the Episcopal Society, and early sought to imbue his mind with religious truths, as taught by their Society. This teaching, no doubt, laid the foundation for that religious walk his after life manifested.

In his advancement from youth to the state of manhood, he passed through the various vicissitudes incidental to youth, which often led him from the path of rectitude, to indulge in the gratification of his passions, almost without limitation; but in this state he was not left entirely to himself, for he was followed from time to time so closely, that he would oft repent, and as oft would sin again. During this season of wandering, a fond mother often plead with him, oft counseled him, and although her labors seemed to produce no immediate effect, they proved like bread cast upon the waters, found after many days.

After the death of his father, he concluded to migrate to America, and arrived in Philadelphia in Seventh month, 1802. Shortly after, he removed to a new settlement in the western part of Pennsylvania. He was hitherto entirely unacquainted with the Society of Friends and their principles; but not long after settling here, he fell in with some Friends, who were travelling in the ministry; and after attending some of their meetings, and mingling with them, he became seriously impressed, and desirous to know more of them; and as there were some families of Friends settled near him, he became induced to make inquiries concerning them. He says, "after I had read 'Penn's No Cross, No Crown,' and 'Phipps on the State of Man,' and meditated thereon, I found a Christ revealed in me the only hope of glory; and I then recognized that the Lord had been with me, and I knew it not." Continuing to hold communion with this Spirit, in which he recognized his Lord, he was led along in various ways, into a more intimate acquaintance with the principles and practices of Friends, till at length it seemed to be right for him to unite in membership with them; and he was accordingly received about the year 1804, and was afterwards, in accordance with the order of Friends, united in marriage with ANN EVES, of Fishing Creek, Pennsylvania, on the 25th of Ninth month, 1806, who proved a true helpmate to him.

After his marriage, having embarked largely in business, several severe reverses occurred which reduced him in temporal circumstances, and closely tried his spiritual strength; yet, as he was thus deeply humbled, he was enabled to adopt the language to his Heavenly Father, "Do with me as thou pleasest; I am the clay; Thou, O Lord, art the potter; make of me what thou wilt."

In these days of humiliation, it was given

him to see that if he was faithful, he should have to declare to others of the Lord's goodness, and of His dealings with him. Though he felt deeply his own unworthiness, it was also given him to see that he must not call that common or unclean which the Lord hath cleansed. Although not always faithful and obedient, when he felt a word to offer in the assemblies of the people, when he did yield, he was favored with the reward of peace.

In the year 1827, with the approbation of his friends, he removed to Canada, and settled within the verge of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting, where he continued to reside the remainder of his life.

He still felt it was at times his duty to bear his testimony in religious meetings, and Friends having unity therewith, acknowledged his ministry in 1834. Though not lengthy, his communications were always pertinent, solid and lively, carrying with them the evidence that they emanated from the true Fountain. His travels in this work were not very extensive; yet he made several religious visits from home, from all of which, it appears, he returned bringing with him the reward of peace.

He was ever found diligent in the attendance of his religious meetings, when health permitted; and his solid deportment therein, evidenced that his mind was drawn to the Master, and was drinking at the Fountain the pure waters of life.

His amiability of disposition, and gentleness of manner, as evinced particularly in the latter part of his life, endeared him to a large circle of friends, both old and young.

It was his lot to meet many trials and severe bereavements, in the removal, by death, of a loved companion, with whom he had lived in unity nearly forty years; and of affectionate children, some of whom were taken away under trying circumstances, which led him to adopt the language, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done;" and thus to meekly and humbly bow before the strokes, feeling them all to be in wisdom.

In the year 1848, he was united in marriage with MARY H. BROWNLOW, with whom he lived in harmony and affection the remainder of his life. Their spiritual exercises harmonizing, they made several religious visits together, in which their labors were satisfactory to those among whom they mingled, and brought the sweet reward of peace to their minds.

While the infirmities of age enfeebled his physical powers, the mental were preserved in freshness. Thus did his sun descend the western horizon, marked with the same patient resignation which had so long been a characteristic of his life.

He last attended meeting on First-day, the 1st of First month, 1865, where he was favored in communication; and after returning from meeting, he was taken very ill, and soon it became evident that it would prove to be his last sickness. On Second-day, a relative coming in to see him, he remarked, that all had been done for him that could be done; all that remained for him was to be patient, and that he was going home. During his intervals of release from suffering, he would express that his heart was filled with love, not only to those around him, but to the whole world. At times, speaking to his kindred, he would exhort them to attend to the inshinings of the Light of Truth in their own souls. On Fifth-day evening, he was favored with a spell of apparent ease, during which his mind appeared to be absorbed in meditating on the never ending glories of the celestial state that was opening before him; and when he aroused, he exclaimed, "Oh the beauty, the glory of that heavenly sight! I would not have missed seeing it for a world!" On Sixth-day evening, after having suffered very much through the day, he remarked to his wife, "What shall I do? It is so trying." But, in a few seconds, added, "Oh how I pity those who put their trust in fine gold; what will it do for them in an hour like this!"

Then, becoming more calm, he appeared to be wrapt in solemn meditation, and then remarked, "It is finished!" no doubt alluding to his earthly work; and in about an hour said, "I feel the the world to be receding from me;" and soon added, "I feel my faculties are going."

He continued sensible of all about him until 2 o'clock on Seventh-day, when he apparently became unconscious of any suffering, and continued to breathe shorter and shorter, until 7 o'clock in the evening, when all became still in death, having reached the advanced age of eighty-six years.

After a solemn meeting, his remains were followed to the grave in the Friends' burying ground, by a large concourse of friends and relatives, on Third-day, the 10th of First month, 1865.

By direction of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at King, 14th of Ninth month, 1865,

JOHN D. PHILLIPS, } *Clerks.*
MARY E. STEVENS, }

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded on earth; and it is sure that celestial grace does not thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious

a self-forgetfulness too romantic, and modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its men;" but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

Men have formed to themselves two ideas of unity: the first is a sameness of form—of expression; the second an identity of spirit. Some of the best of mankind have fondly hoped to realize an unity for the Church of Christ, which should be manifested by uniform expression in every thing; their imaginations have loved to paint, as the ideal of a Christian Church, a state in which the same liturgy should be used throughout the world, the same ecclesiastical government, even the same vestments, the same canonical hours, the same form of architecture. They could conceive nothing more entirely one than a Church, so constituted that the same prayers, in the very same expressions, at the very same moment, should be ascending to the Eternal Ear. There are others who have thrown aside entirely this idea as chimerical; who have not only ceased to hope it, but even to wish it; who, if it could be realized, would consider it a matter of regret; who feel that the minds of men are various—their modes and habits of thought, their original capacities and acquired associations, infinitely diverse; and who, perceiving that the law of universal system is manifoldness in unity, have ceased to expect any other oneness for the Church of Christ than that of a sameness of spirit, showing itself through diversities of gifts. Among these last was the Apostle Paul: his large and glorious mind rejoiced in the contemplation of the countless manifestations of spiritual nature, beneath which he detected one and the same pervading Mind. Now, let us look at this matter somewhat more closely.

All real unity is manifold. Feelings in themselves identical find countless forms of expression: for instance, sorrow is the same feeling throughout the human race; but the Oriental prostrates himself upon the ground, throws dust upon his head, tears his garments, is not ashamed to break out into the most violent lamentations. In the North, we rule our grief in public; suffer not even a quiver to be seen upon the lip, or brow, and consider calmness as the appropriate expression of manly grief. Nay, two sisters of different temperament will show their grief diversely. One will love to dwell upon the theme of the qualities of the departed; the other feels it a sacred sorrow, on which the lips are sealed forever; yet would it not be idle to ask which of them has the truest affection? Are they not both in their own way true? In the same East, men take off their sandals in devotion; we exactly reverse the procedure and uncover the head. The Oriental prostrates himself in the dust before his sovereign; even before his God the Briton only kneels; yet would it not again be idle to ask which is the essential and proper form of reverence? Is not true reverence in all cases modified by the individualities of temperament and education? Should we not say, in all these forms worketh one and the same spirit of reverence? Again, in the world as God has made it, one law shows itself under diverse, even opposite manifestations; lead sinks in water, wood floats upon the surface. In former times men assigned these different results to different forces, laws, and gods. A knowledge of nature has demonstrated that they are expressions of one and the same law; and the great difference between the educated and the uneducated man is this: the uneducated sees in this world nothing but an infinite collection of unconnected facts,—a broken, distorted, and fragmentary system, which his mind can by no means reduce to order. The educated man, in proportion to his education, sees the number of laws diminished; beholds, in the manifold appearances of nature, the expression of a few laws, by degrees fewer, till at last it becomes possible to his conception that they are all reducible to one, and that that which lies beneath the innumerable phenomena of nature is the one Spirit,—God.

All *living* unity is spiritual, not formal; not sameness, but manifoldness. You may have a unity shown in identity of form, but it is a lifeless unity. There is a sameness on the sea-beach,—that unity which the ocean waves have produced by curling and forcibly destroying the angularities of individual form, so that every stone presents the same monotony of aspect, and you must fracture each again in order to distinguish whether you hold in your heart a mass of flint or fragment of basalt. There is no life in unity such as this. But, as soon as you arrive at a unity that is living, the form becomes more complex, and you search in vain for uniformity. In the parts, it must be found, if found at all, in the sameness of the pervading life. The illustration given by the apostle is that of the human body,—a higher unity, he says, by being composed of many members, than if every member were but a repetition of a single type. It is conceivable that God might have moulded such a form for human life; it is conceivable that every cause, instead of producing in different nerves a variety of sensations, should have affected every one in a mode precisely similar; that instead of producing a sensation of sound, a sensation of color, a sen-

sation of taste, the outward causes of nature, be they what they may, should have given but one unvaried feeling to every sense; and that the whole universe should have been light or sound. That would have been unity if sameness be unity; but, says the apostle, if the whole body were seeing, where were the hearing? That uniformity would have been irreparable loss,—the loss of every part that was merged into the one. What is the body's unity? Is it not this? The unity of a living consciousness which marvellously animates every separate atom of the frame, and reduces each to the performance of a function fitted to the welfare of the whole,—its own, not another's; so that the inner spirit can say of the remotest and in form most unlike member, "That too, is myself."

None but a spiritual unity can preserve the rights both of the individual and the Church. All other systems of unity, except the apostolic, either sacrifice the Church to the individual, or the individual to the Church.

Some have claimed the right of private judgment in such a way that every individual opinion becomes truth, and every utterance of private conscience right; thus the Church is sacrificed to the individual, and the universal conscience, the common faith, becomes as nothing; the spirits of the prophets are not subject to the prophets. Again, there are others, who would surrender the conscience of each man to the conscience of the Church, and coerce the particulars of faith into exact coincidence with a formal creed. Spiritual unity saves the right of both in God's system. The Church exists for the individual just as truly as the individual for the Church. The Church is then most perfect when all its powers converge, and are concentrated on the formation and protection of individual character; and the individual is then most complete—that is, most a Christian—when he has practically learned that his life is not his own, but owed to others,—"that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Now, spiritual unity respects the sanctity of the individual conscience. How reverently the apostle Paul considered its claims, and how tenderly! When once it became a matter of conscience, this was his principle laid down in matters of dispute: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." The belief of the whole world cannot make a thing right to me, if I in my heart believe it wrong. You may coerce the conscience, you may control men's belief, and you may produce a unity by so doing; but it is the unity of pebbles on the sea-shore,—a lifeless identity of outward form, with no cohesion between the parts,—a dead sea-beach, on which nothing grows, and where the very sea-weed dies.

Out of eight hundred millions of the human race, a few features diversify themselves into so many forms of countenance, that scarcely two could be mistaken for each other.

There are no two leaves on the same tree alike, nor two sides of the same leaf, unless you cut and kill it. There is a sacredness in individuality of character; each one born into this world, is a fresh, new soul, intended by his Maker to develop himself in a new, fresh way. We are what we are; we cannot be truly other than ourselves. We reach perfection not by copying, much less by aiming at originality; but by consistently and steadily working out the life which is common to us all, according to the character which God has given us.

And thus will the Church of God be one at last,—will present a unity like that of heaven. There is one universe in which each separate star differs from another in glory; one church in which a single Spirit, the life of God, pervades each separate soul; and just in proportion as that life becomes exalted, does it enable every one to shine forth in the distinctness of his own separate individuality, like the stars of heaven. F. W. ROBERTSON.

"*They shall know Me.*"—To know God indeed, is to have such a knowledge of His glorious goodness as shall fill us with holy *delight* in Him, intense desire after communion with Him, and enjoyment of His favor. Farther, it is so to behold His glory, as to be ourselves *transformed* into the same image of holiness and goodness; to be ourselves "partakers of the divine nature."—*Goode.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF ISAAC PENINGTON.

Spiritual Unity.

What is Spiritual Unity? *Ans.* The meeting of the same spiritual nature in divers, in one and the same spiritual centre or streams of life. When the spirits or souls of creatures are begotten by one power, into one life, and meet in heart there; so far as they thus meet, there is true unity among them. The doing the same thing, the thinking the same thing, the speaking the same thing; this doth not unite here in this state in this nature; but only the doing, or thinking, or speaking of it in the same life. Yea, though the doings, or thoughts, or words be divers; yet if they proceed from the same [divine] principle and nature, there is a true unity felt therein, where the life alone is judge.

How is the unity preserved? *Ans.* Only by abiding in the life; only by keeping to the power, and in the principle, from whence the unity sprang, and in which it stands. Here is a knitting of natures, and a fellowship in the same spiritual centre. Here the divers and different motions of several members in the body, thus coming from the life and spirit of

the body, are known to, and owned by, the same life, where it is fresh and sensible. It is not keeping up an outward knowledge or belief concerning things, that unites, nor keeping up an outward conformity in actions, &c., for these may be held and done by another part in man, and in another nature; but it is by keeping and acting in that which did at first unite. In this there is neither matter nor room for division; and he that is within these limits, cannot but be found in the oneness. How is the unity interrupted? *Ans.* By the interposition of any thing of a different nature or spirit from the life. When any thing of the earthly or sensual part comes between the soul and the life, this interrupts the soul's unity with the life itself; and it also interrupts its unity with the life in others, and the unity of the life in others with it. Any thing of the man's spirit, of the man's wisdom, of the man's will, not bowed down and brought into subjection, and so not coming forth in and under the authority and guidance of life, in this is somewhat of the nature of division: yea, the very knowledge of truth, and holding it forth by man's wisdom, and in his will, out of the movings and power of life, brings a damp upon the life, and interrupts the unity; for the life in others cannot unite with this in spirit, though it may own the words to be true.

How may unity be recovered, if at any time decaying? *Ans.* In the Lord alone is the recovery of Israel, from any degree of loss in any kind, at any time; who alone can teach us to retire into, and to be found in that wherein the unity is and stands, and into which division cannot enter. This is the way of restoring unity to Israel, upon the sense of any want thereof; even every one, through the Lord's help, retiring in his own particular, and furthering the retirings of others to the principle of life, that every one there may feel the washing from what hath in any measure corrupted, and the new begetting into the power of life. From this the true and lasting unity will spring amain, to the gladdening of all hearts that know the sweetness of it, and who cannot but naturally and most earnestly desire it. Oh! mark therefore! the way is not by striving to beget into one and the same apprehension concerning things, nor by endeavoring to bring into one and the same practice; but by alluring and drawing into that wherein the unity consists, and which brings it forth in the vessels, which are seasoned therewith, and ordered thereby. And from this, let all wait for the daily new and living knowledge, and for the ordering of their conversations and practices in that light, and drawings thereof, and in that simplicity and integrity of heart, which the spirit of life at present holdeth forth and worketh in them; and the life will be felt and the name of the Lord praised in all the tents of Jacob, and through all the inhabitants of his Israel; and there will be but *one heart, and one soul, and one spirit, and one mind, and one way and power of life;* and what is already wrought in every heart, the Lord will be acknowledged in, and his name praised; and the Lord's season contentedly waited for his filling up of what is wanting anywhere.

And unity in the life is the ground of true brotherly love and fellowship. Not that another man walks just as I do; but though he be weaker or stronger, yet he walks by the same principle of light, and is felt in the same spirit of life, which guideth both the weak and the strong, in their several ranks, order, proper way, and place of subjection, to that one Spirit of life and truth, which all are to be subject to. Nay, he that is truly spiritual and strong in the light and Spirit of the Lord, cannot desire that the weak should walk just as he does; but only as they are strengthened, taught, and led thereunto by the same spirit that strengthened, taught, and led him.

Quest. How may I come to the seed; and how may I wait aright to feel and receive the power which raiseth it? *Ans.* Mind that in thee which searcheth the heart, and what it reacheth to, and quickeneth in thee; what it draweth thee from, and what it draweth thee to; how it showeth thee thine own inability to follow, and how it giveth ability when thou art weary of toiling and laboring of thyself. Oh! this is he whom we waited for! Thus he appeared to us; thus he taught us to turn in, and to turn from the kingdom of darkness within, towards the kingdom of light, which the good Seedsman had sown in us as a grain of mustard seed; which when we found, we knew it to be the pearl of price, and were made willing to *sell all for it.*

Oh, hungering and thirsting soul after life, after truth, after the Lamb's righteousness, do thou also wait to be taught of the Lord, who thus taught us, and then do thou go and do so likewise, and thou will never repent of this purchase, or what thou partest with for it, when once thou comest to enjoy and possess any proportion of it.

"No way whatsoever," says Locke, "that I shall walk in against the dictates of my conscience, will ever bring me to the mansions of the blessed. I may grow rich by an art that I take no delight in; I may be cured of some disease by remedies I have no faith in; but I cannot be saved by a religion that I distrust, and a worship that I abhor. It is vain for an unbeliever to take up the outward shadow of another man's profession; faith only and sincerity are the things that procure acceptance with God."

From Meditations on Death and Eternity.

WHY MUST THE FUTURE LIFE BE HIDDEN FROM US?

(Concluded from page 277.)

If any one avoid evil from fear of punishment, he is prudent, but not virtuous. If any one refrain from stealing from fear of chains and prison, shall we therefore call him pious? Who can assure me that he would not steal if there were no chains, no prison? If any one refrain from sin through fear of hell, is he therefore righteous? Or, when any one does good in this life in the hope that he will be richly rewarded in the next, is he therefore a saint, in the spirit of Jesus? If he had no hope, or only a vacillating hope of future reward, would he act equally well? And if not, is his selfish virtue other than a well-calculated means to purchase a great good for a small outlay; to gain, at the price of a small sacrifice of a few minutes' duration, an eternity of bliss?

Nay, it is a beneficent arrangement that earthly eyes should not be able to penetrate eternity. Our virtue on earth is thereby rendered so much the more pure and unselfish, because, ignorant as to what is to follow, we are thrown entirely upon ourselves.

But suppose a revelation of the future world should be made to us, should we be able to comprehend it? How is it possible that, bound in the fetters of earth as we are, and with faculties proportionately limited, we should have the power of comprehending the supernatural? How can the sensual embrace the spiritual? All descriptions would be insufficient to enlighten us, because we lack means of comparison.

If a traveller from our part of the globe visited the savages of the Pacific, and attempted to describe to them the comforts of life and the mental superiority enjoyed by man in our regions, how would he make himself understood, as no conception of the kind exists in the mind of the savage? If a man blessed with sight were to describe to a man born blind the beauties of a landscape, the sublime forms of the lofty mountains at the foot of which roll majestic streams, and around whose summits are gathered clouds glowing in the golden rays of the setting sun, in what words would he represent to the blindman who knows not what light is, the wonderful beauties of creation? The blind man would remain, as before, in darkness, without the power of comprehending what the other attempted to convey to him; but greater sadness would take possession of him at the thought that he was excluded from so much happiness that fell to the share of others.

Well, then, what are we mortals more than persons born blind as regards the glories of the future existence that awaits us? Those glories can only be seen by earth-freed spirits, and were one of these to appear to us, and to describe the greatness, the goodness, the majesty of the Creator, as they are manifested in these blessed realms, and the condition of the souls that have thrown off the bonds of flesh, should we be able to comprehend what he told us? Should we not be overwhelmed with sadness at the thought that other creatures of God were so infinitely more perfect and more blessed than we? Should we not think the joys which God has bestowed upon us here below very insignificant in comparison with those He has in store for us? Oh, let us rest assured, that it was with a wise hand that the eternal God veiled the glories of eternity from the eyes of those who, being here on earth, cannot yet be allowed to partake of them; for to behold them would but make us less happy than we are now, when the joys that we do feel are the greatest that we know.

Were we allowed to have a glimpse of the bliss of future worlds, our impatience to attain it would embitter our life upon earth. How soon, and how easily, may not the barriers of life be overleapt! How many thousand sufferers would not in moments of impatience, forgetful of their duties, determine to leave this world!

But it is God's will that we should work out our destination on earth, as far as it is to be fulfilled here; that we should not voluntarily and capriciously put an end to our earthly career, but that we should pursue it to its furthest goal.

Therefore, he placed as guardians before the closed gates of eternity, fear and anxious doubt and the awful stillness of death, and impenetrable darkness.

These guardians drive back the human race, that it may pursue to the end its appointed path on earth.

In spite of all the discomforts of life, in spite of our impatient longing to be reunited with the friends who have gone before us to our eternal home, the terrors that surround the portals of eternity repel us, and we continue our earthly journey with calmer spirits.

Were it not for that darkness and terror, should we not be like wearied mariners, who, after a long voyage on the stormy seas, behold at a short distance the shores of their beloved country? They see the calm and secure haven, where wind and tempest no longer threaten destruction; they already discover the verdant trees and the peaceful cottages; their hearts yearn towards their homes; their eyes are suffused with tears of mingled joy and sadness at the long-missed sight. They tremble. Every minute before they reach the shore seems a year. Ah! they recognize already their wives,

their brothers, their parents, their children, their beloved maidens waiting for them there. They see their arms opened to receive them, and hear from afar the longing cries of affection. What prevents them from flying at once into those arms, to weep out their joy on those bosoms, in which the heart beats so tenderly for them? "Oh home! oh joy! which we have so long missed!" all exclaim. They forget the helm of the ship, the waves of the sea, the rocks, the surf around them; they forget the treasures which they have gathered together on the long and wearisome voyage—they throw themselves into the sea, to reach the sooner the shores of their home.

Such would be the lot of mortals, did not the dark ocean separate them, for their own good, from their heavenly home.

But not for ever, O my God! does it separate me from the dearly beloved beings who are awaiting me there! I shall one day behold these shores of my better fatherland; I shall at length see them again, those loved ones, to whom my heart clings so tenderly; and shall rest among them after the dangers and hardships that I have undergone on my voyage across the stormy waters of life.

EXTINCT CONTROVERSIES.

(Concluded from page 280.)

Passing into another order of ideas, let us take Locke and his defense of civil government against the advocates of passive obedience. There are few philosophers of the seventeenth century whose methods of observation and reasoning are still so fresh and modern as Locke's. Yet it is hardly too much to say that one-half of his celebrated treatise of Government is now effectually obsolete. No less than fifty-six folio pages out of one hundred and twenty-five are taken up with the demolition of Sir Robert Filmer's ludicrously absurd theory, that all mankind are born slaves by reason of the sovereignty given by God to Adam. It is impossible to exceed the minuteness and tediousness with which he combats this view step by step. The titles of the chapters are enough to show this:—Chapter 3, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Creation;" Chapter 4, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Donation"—Genesis i. 28; Chapter 5, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by the Subjection of Eve;" Chapter 6, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Fatherhood," &c. The obsoleteness of a controversy was never more vividly manifest. Some have hinted that Locke rather wasted his time in refuting such nonsense, but this is to show a want of the historic spirit which never fails to recognize the successive aspects under which truth and error may appear at different epochs. Not to say that Locke had a distinct personal stake in the issue of the controversy, and that he was the last man to waste his time in trifling, the vigor and pungency of his dialectics are as brilliant in this treatise as in any of his works, and it is clear enough that he considered this portion of the dispute a serious and important one. Some of his arguments are most amusingly pointed and racy, and positively explode poor Filmer into space. As, for instance, "And if God made all mankind slaves to Adam and his heirs by giving Adam dominion over every living thing that moveth on the earth (Gen. i. 28), as our author would have it, methinks Sir Robert should have carried his monarchial power one step higher, and satisfied the world that princes might eat their subjects too, since God gave as full power to Noah and his heirs (Gen. ix. 2) to eat every living thing that moveth, as he did to Adam to have dominion over them,—the Hebrew words in both places being the same." In fact, Locke, in his defence of liberty, would scarcely appear less antiquated besides his greatest English successor, Mr. Mill, than would Sir Robert Filmer beside his modern representatives in the advocacy of absolutist opinions—namely, Mr. Carlyle and De Maistre.

There are two ways of looking at an old controversy. There is the narrow, vulgar way, which patronizes or despises all the past, and indignantly scorns the people who in former times were not violent partisans of the last new-fangled views; and there is the less easy and obvious but more philosophic way, which allows for differences of mental standpoint, and strives to appreciate the difficulties with which both innovators and their opponents had to contend. The temptation to regard the former opponents of a now clearly-established truth as either very stupid or very unconscientious is often great. As Dr. Whewell says—"We have a latent persuasion that we in their place should have been wiser and more clear sighted; that we should have taken the right side, and given assent at once to the truth. Yet in reality such a persuasion is a mere delusion." Nothing, we imagine, is more likely to dispel such delusions than an occasional study of the details of some great controversy. Opposition to a new discovery will generally be found to take place somewhat in this way. A vigorous and observing mind is struck by a fact or series of facts, and in process of time educes from them a new generalization which is presented as a newly-discovered law of nature. Opponents start up, and argue, and protest; and it will generally be found that they are not resisting from mere mental inertia and stupidity, which cannot admit or grasp a new conception, but that they are battling for some other larger and older theory which the new-comer is supposed to impugn. They appear as champions of old es-

tablished truth against upstart novelty. Perhaps the old theory, hitherto received as a canon of thought, is not denied even by the innovator, yet his innovation is clearly fatal to it. Vehement efforts at compromise and reconciliation are made. The discoverer protests that he has no wish to unsettle the important principle with which his new views are supposed to clash. His opponents make light of his wishes, and point triumphantly to the revolutionary tendency of his doctrines. And so the contest goes on. The advocates of the old system are at least as conscious of integrity and love of truth as their opponents. All their intellectual furniture and apparatus resent and resist the introduction of the intruder who threatens to bring confusion and ruin among views in which their minds and characters have been formed; and if, as it has often happened, they have been accustomed to consider the views thus endangered as of transcendent importance, not only to the present, but to the future and eternal welfare of humanity, their anxiety, and difficulty can well be understood, if not completely excused. It was in this way that most of the discoveries of the great mathematicians who preceded Newton were met by their supposed antagonism to the doctrine of the Church, or the letter of Scripture. Neither Copernicus nor Galileo believed one whit more in his geometry and mechanics than did the zealous Churchmen who withstood them believe in the supremacy and all-sufficiency of Holy Writ. If geometry appeared to say one thing and Scripture another, they had no doubt which was in the wrong. To suppose that ordinary men, at the bidding of a problem or calculation, would, so to speak, empty their minds of all previous opinions and beliefs, can only arise from an imperfect and one-sided view of human nature. Of course, in process of time the new discovery, if it were really one, and founded on fact, acquired such clearness and evidence that it was impossible for any rational being to deny it, follow what would. What generally followed was a quiet and unobtrusive modification of the old theory in whose behalf the battle had been fought. To what an extent this occurred in the instance which we have just cited will be at once recollected by our readers.

But while it behooves us to hold the balance fairly, and to avoid injustice even to men who have been dead and gone ages ago, simply for our own sakes, it is nevertheless to be remembered that resistance to truth is no light thing, even if it be made on the highest and most conscientious grounds. The old battle fields on which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the strife was so hot and animated, are now quietly tilled by peaceful workers, undisturbed by hostile inroads. Astronomy, mechanics, chemistry and almost geology itself, preserve the even tenor of their way unmolested by controversy, except by such as arises in their own private dominions, and among their own most loyal subjects. These are mere family quarrels which soon pass off, and are followed by greater harmony and prosperity than ever. But the contemporaries of Darwin and Huxley, of Mill and Comte, need not be told that the old wars have broken out in new places, and that discussions are now pending which will one day rank among the most important of philosophical *causes célèbres*. By both of the contending parties we think that a useful moral might be drawn from the facts and precedents to be met with in numerous and all but forgotten extinct controversies.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 14, 1866.

CIRCULAR MEETING, held at Frankford, Philadelphia, on First-day, the 1st of 7th month.—We always have pleasure in adverting to these meetings as they come in course, for we are always able to speak of them as seasons of favor.

There are but few Friends in the neighborhood of Frankford, consequently their usual meetings are small; but on the occasions of these appointed meetings, which are held quarterly, their meeting-house is well filled with their neighbors, who freely respond to the invitation. Indeed, when reminded that the time has again come round, the answer is not unfrequently heard, we consider these are *our* meetings, and we do not forget the time.

Several of the Committee were in attendance at Frankford, and also other Friends from the city and elsewhere. Gospel testimonies were borne, and the meeting was considered a refreshing season.

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.—No extracts from the minutes of this Meeting have been received.

GENESSEE YEARLY MEETING was held at Pickering, C. W., commencing on Second-day, the 11th inst., and continuing until the ensuing Fifth-day.

A friend has kindly sent us the Extracts, by which it appears that the representatives were present with eight exceptions. Certificates were read from Friends who were in attendance

from other Yearly Meetings, as follows:—Arden Seaman and David H. Barnes, ministers, and Solomon Haviland and James Birdsall, elders, from New York Yearly Meeting; Ann Weaver, a minister, from Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia; Rebecca Price, a minister, Rebecca Turner, an elder, and Levi K. Brown, a member, from Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

Epistles were also read from the five Yearly Meetings in correspondence, giving evidence of continued concern for the maintenance and advancement of the principles of Truth.

John J. Cornell was re-appointed Clerk, and Jacob S. Cronk Assistant Clerk.

The Committee on Indian Affairs made the following report, which was united with, and they released from further service:—"We, the Committee on Indian Concerns, appointed in 1862, report, that we have been mindful of our appointment, and that nothing has occurred since that time to require our attention; and we are of the opinion that the time has come when the services of such a Committee may consistently be dispensed with."

The exercises of the meeting are portrayed in the ensuing minute:—

"The Meeting then proceeded to the consideration of the state of Society, as exhibited in the answers to the queries received from our Quarterly and Half Yearly Meetings, summaries of which were adopted, and directed to be recorded, as descriptive of our present state.

During this examination into our condition of faithfulness in the maintenance of the several testimonies we are called to bear, as they were thus brought to view, much pertinent counsel and many exhortations were handed forth, to encourage us to a greater degree of dedication to, and a closer walking with, the requisitions of that Power from whom we feel that these testimonies emanated.

The continued lukewarmness apparent in the attendance of our religious meetings, called forth much lively exercise. We were feelingly reminded of the first great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength"—and were shown that as we were careful to seek for this state, we should be prepared to fulfil the second—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and as the mind became thus imbued with this holy feeling, we would embrace every opportunity to worship the Author of this holy principle, and hence would desire to mingle with those of like feelings, in making a sacrifice from which flows strength to the soul, and therefore would love to attend all our meetings.

But, if we suffer the things of this world to engross our attention, and to almost imperceptibly claim our affections, we, in proportion, lose our love for the Great Supreme, and hence are not prepared or qualified to rightly worship Him; and thus our interest in these solemn seasons of adoration and praise will become weakened.

The young were appealed to, to make the seeking of this condition of mind, wherein the affections of the heart are placed upon God, and to make the performance of His will the chief object of their lives; and they were shown that they would realize the gracious promise, that those who "seek first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, would have all things necessary added unto them;" that while thus making their religious obligations their first care, they would be so led as to provide all things needful for themselves and those dependent upon them.

We were reminded that the possession of this powerful principle of Love, if lived in, would enable us, when offended by a brother, to carry out the injunctions left by the blessed Jesus, in that memorable sermon on the Mount, and thereby be instrumental in drawing him unto us, instead of widening the breach; that as the spirit of forgiveness flowed forth towards him, prompted by pure love, it would unite him to us; and we were exhorted that when we find ourselves in the wrong, that we be willing to acknowledge our error to our brethren. We were shown that such a course, instead of degrading, would ennoble us in the estimation of a brother, and would ofttimes become the means of reconciling that which otherwise might separate in feeling, and raise a barrier of enmity not easily destroyed.

Our testimony against a hireling ministry has again claimed our serious consideration; and while we feel concerned for its faithful maintenance, while we desire that a free, pure gospel ministry, may supplant it, we also feel to extend a spirit of charity towards those who are educated under its influence, feeling that however clearly we may discern the baneful effects it has upon the human family, that it never can be eradicated by harsh denunciations or bitter anathemas, but only by convincing the mind that there is something better, that a ministry which flows from the Father, will baptize into its own essence; and as He is love, so that which emanates from Him, works by love to the purifying of the heart. Where our ministry bears this holy impress, there it will reach, will overleap the partition wall of sectarian prejudice, and by convincing the minds

of men that it is better and purer than a man-made ministry, eradicate its influence from the heart.

Having to acknowledge with grateful hearts that we have been truly blessed, in thus assembling together to transact the business of the Society, in that we have realized His presence to be with us, who is the true crown and diadem of all rightly gathered assemblies, binding and cementing us more closely together, causing our hearts to rejoice, and strengthening us to endeavor to more faithfully walk as He directeth, who alone knoweth in what path we may safely tread, we now adjourn, to meet at *Farmington, N. Y.*, the usual time next year, if consistent with the Divine will."

We give as the leading article of our present number a memoir of our late friend, John Watson, of Canada West, taken from the Extracts. We also subjoin a minute of the exercises of the Women's Meeting.

"During the different sittings of the Meeting much counsel and encouragement has been handed forth, and we were exhorted to mind the light that illumines the heart, that we may know of an advancement in the Truth. We were encouraged to become more conversant with the Scriptures of Truth, by the frequent perusal of them, believing, that inasmuch as they were given forth by Divine inspiration, they would prove profitable for our learning, directing us as a schoolmaster to Christ.

While many deficiencies are reported in the answers to the queries, as existing among us, particularly in the maintenance of our testimony against a hireling ministry, yet we feel that we have cause for gratitude that love and unity are so fully maintained among us.

We were encouraged to be diligent in the attendance of our religious Meetings, and to endeavor to go with a right preparation of heart, and were shown that when thus gathered, our strength would be renewed and our spirits refreshed together in love, and will thus be enabled to say, 'Come, brother, come, sister, let us go up to the mount of the Lord, and He will teach us of His ways, and enable us to walk in His path.'

We were feelingly exhorted to watch and pray, lest we wander from the Father's house, and become a cause of stumbling to those who are seeking the way of life and salvation.

Mothers were encouraged to faithfulness in the discharge of their duty to their offspring, although they may not live to witness the fruits of their labors, trusting that it may prove like bread cast upon the waters, which may be found after many days.

Our dear aged mothers in Israel, who have long borne the burden in the heat of the day, were feelingly encouraged, and fervent aspirations ascended unto our Heavenly Father on their behalf, that He would be around and sustain them in the evening of their day, and that a succession of standard-bearers might be raised up, and qualified by His all-sustaining power, to receive the mantles as they fall from their shoulders, when their purified spirits enter into eternal rest.

Having finished the business of this Meeting, in which we have been comforted together in that fellowship which is in the truth, we feel to offer thanksgiving and praise to our Heavenly Father, who has so graciously owned us by his presence and united us in love. Under feelings of deep solemnity, we adjourn, to meet at Farmington, N. Y., the usual time next year, if so permitted.

PHEBE W. CORNELL, *Clerk.*"

DIED, on the 23d of Sixth month, 1866, at the residence of her grandson, G. Y. Atlee, near Washington, MARGARET, widow of Edwin A. Atlee, M. D., in the 87th year of her age.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GREAT WEST.

CHICAGO, 6th mo. 18, 1866.

The apparently boundless plain on which *Chicago* reposes, or rather where busy life in all its phases manifests its tireless activity, was now in sight, and we were soon ushered into that scene of perfect chaos which is the fate of every traveller availing himself of railroad conveyance, but out of which, in every well-regulated depot, *order* eventually comes triumphant. Baggage secured, &c., we were soon domiciled with our relatives, from whom we received a hearty welcome, and amidst whose hospitalities are our experiences thus dotted down. This place bears the fancy cognomen of "*The Garden City of the West.*" Like all other large cities, its entrance by rail is through the most forbidding portion of it, almost tempting one to substitute another title—the *mud* city, &c. A few days' acquaintance with it, however, has dispelled much of previous prejudice, and it rises in estimation and importance the wider and more extended this acquaintance.

Before proceeding to speak of the *city*, it may be well to embody some facts which I have gleaned from an address delivered on the 8th inst. by *Dr. G. S. Bailey*, referring to the State of *Illinois* itself. Alluding to its rapid settlement, he asserted that "the State of Illinois had excelled all the other States and Territories in this respect.

"Thirty-four years after the Declaration of American Independence, in 1810, Illinois was occupied almost entirely by Indians, and a few

French traders, with here and there an American family. Twenty years later, in 1830, it contained a population of 157,445. In twenty years more, in 1850, its population was 851,470, and in fifteen years more, in 1865, it had 2,148,178, having gained in the last fifteen years, 1,296,708. This is 500,000 more than the gain of any other State in the country in the last fifteen years, and 500,000 more than any other of our States ever gained in the same length of time. Its increase during the five years of war has been 436,227, and that too when Illinois sent 258,000 men to the army."

While, as regards its agricultural prospects, present and prospective, he furnished the following data:

"Out of 35,400,000 acres of land, Illinois contains 33,000,000 acres of tillable ground. Only one-seventh of this has yet been touched by the plow, yet this one-seventh has sustained our own population of 2,148,178, and furnished a surplus of food for exportation, enough no doubt to sustain 2,000,000 more. Now, if one-seventh of our State, with its imperfect culture, furnishes food for four millions of people, cannot the whole State sustain a population of twenty-five millions?"

While perambulating this place, I found my descriptive powers very much at a loss, when I chanced to meet with an editorial in one of the daily papers of yesterday afternoon, a portion of which I here embody:

"Chicago has not much to recommend it to the eyes of the tourist in search of the picturesque. He may walk along the shores of the lake, or over the prairie in any direction his fancy may direct, and not once have occasion to take his sketch book from his pocket. He will see cows browsing in the green pastures; but they are commonplace cows, and could only be rendered interesting by being introduced as a portion of Dutch landscape. One thinks only of fresh milk and prime butter when looking at them here. They can by no effort of the fancy be made to form a conspicuous part of a picture. There are a few trees to be seen, but they are scrubby. No hyacinthine haze is ever to be seen dreaming around their roots No soft moss is there to convert into a cushion the rotted old oak stump. There is nothing to be seen in the shape of a ruined tower, and a view of a dilapidated shanty does not serve to inspire poetic revery. Neither the crib nor the Artesian Well would seem interesting in water colors, and the residences that overlook the lake, and which one sees at intervals as he wanders along the shores, are for the most part but commonplace compositions of brick or timber, and can be rendered interesting only to their owners, or if their wine cellers and larders are properly stocked, to their owners and friends.

All we can boastingly talk of, if we attempt to astonish the stranger with whom we have undertaken to "do" Chicago, is the youth and vigor of the city. See how we grow. Look in that direction. A few years ago a marsh, a mere marsh, now one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world. Then take a stroll round the suburbs. See the number of new houses in course of erection. Growing faster than ever, and still more house accommodation wanted."

The want of a sufficiency of dwelling-houses above alluded to, results in that bane of housekeeping that appears to exist everywhere—*high rents*. Two story frame houses, in only tolerable repair, not over twenty feet front and four rooms deep, that four years since rented for *two* hundred dollars, now readily command tenants at *six* hundred. So, residents of Philadelphia and New York need not think to escape this tax by fleeing elsewhere.

While our editor is in the main correct, this place has some redeeming traits, and I do not think he has done Michigan Avenue, which fronts the lake of same name, justice. I have walked, driven and *steamed* almost, if not quite, its entire length, and especially remember its many fine buildings, either completed or in process of erection. True it is there are many not entitled to admiration; but where progression is the order of the day, every thing should have its due. And as to the trees, where they are planted on the side walks, or cultivated in gardens, they appear to flourish well.

From what I can learn of the early days of Chicago, *money making* was the all absorbing idea of its inhabitants, the *future* well-being of a great city seeming to occupy little or no place in their thoughts.

But a few years since and the entire Chicago might have been said to be standing on *stilts* of from two to six or eight feet in height, composed for each house of a few square timbers entered a few inches only in the ground, this space sometimes boarded in, in other cases left open—that she possessed no *cellars*—that the streets were *not paved*, and the choice in crossing them lay between wading through an indefinite depth of mud or of dust ground to an impalpable powder, as the case might be—that such of the footways as were paved were of *wood*, with wooden curbs only—that each property owner used his own judgment as to what the height of his footway should be; thus one block sometimes having half a dozen different elevations to overcome, either by positive steps or inclined planes—and all the buildings were of frame, about as varied in their appearance as were the faces of their owners.

Enough of these things still exist to justify their being viewed as the rule, and their opposite as the exception. The march of improvement, however, is onward, and here is making rapid strides, particularly in the business

thoroughfares and some of the fashionable "avenues." In the former colossal store houses have been erected, and some firms are occupying *two* large fronts as one, while a few monopolize *three*. The *Chamber of Commerce*, *Court-House*, one or more *hotels*, as well as some other buildings recently erected, are of massive proportions, well adapted to the different purposes for which they were intended; which, with the permanency of their construction, furnish additional evidence of the progressiveness of the age. The Chamber of Commerce, with its numerous offices, and its magnificent "change" room, with a ceiling *forty-five feet* in height, covered with splendid frescoe paintings, is especially entitled to admiration. I attended there during "change hour" twice, and it was truly a busy mart of "money changers." Samples of almost every kind of agricultural product were exhibited for sale on the marble top tables, while the initiated could point out the different knots or groups all over the room, as the "*grain dealers*"—the "*pork, &c., dealers*"—and so on through the various departments of mercantile trade. I was amused at some of the fancy brands of flour—"*Torrid Zone*," "*Cream of the Earth*," "*Solomon's Choice*," &c.

But to return to the city itself. It is said that four years have wrought a wonderful change—many business streets have been paved—while for the footways of these a uniform grade has been established as with us; and those which formerly were plank only from the houses to the curb, are being replaced with stone, many of which are elevated from two to three and four feet above the streets, making an unpleasant inclined plane at almost every crossing. I presume the fact is, dirt enough cannot be found in the whole place or within reach to fill up with. Indeed, one of the papers stated a day or two since that "*dirt had jumped in price from* 28 *to* 35 *cents per load*." How sufficient descent can ever be obtained for drainage I cannot imagine. And as to *cellars*, they must be obtained by elevating the houses, which is now being done; although in the out skirts I noticed many in process of erection on the old stilt system. J. M. ELLIS.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O Thou great Wrong, that through the slow-paced years
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,
And look with stony eye on human tears,
Thy cruel reign is o'er;
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the menace of thine eye;
For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament.
Fields, where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of Heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,
And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
And they who fill its judgment-seats, obeyed
Thy mandate, rigid as the will of fate.
Fierce men at thy right hand,
With gesture of command,
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;
And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
Shrank from thy presence, and in blank dismay,
Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;
While meaner cowards, mingled with thy train,
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
The wrath of God o'ertook thee in thy pride:
Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side
Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore.
And they who quailed but now
Before thy lowering brow
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer:
Thy inner lair became
The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.

Go, then, accursed of God, and take thy place
With baleful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting pest, and nameless crime,
And bloody war that thinned the human race;
With the Black Death, whose way
Through wailing cities lay,
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—
Death at the stake to those that held them not.
Lo, the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by,
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.
The slave-pen, through whose door
Thy victims pass no more,
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.
There, 'mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

IN THE HEMLOCKS.

(Concluded from page 285.)

I pass on through the old Barkpeeling, now threading an old cow-path or an overgrown wood-road; now clambering over soft and decayed logs, or forcing my way through a network of briers and hazel; now entering a perfect bower of wild cherry, beach and soft maple; now emerging into a little grassy lane, golden with buttercups or white with daises, or wading waist deep in the red raspberry bushes.

Whir! whir! whir! and a brood of half-grown Partridges start up like an explosion, a few paces from me, and, scattering, disappear in the bushes on all sides. Let me sit down here behind this screen of ferns and briers, and hear this wild hen of the woods call together her brood. Have you observed at what an early age the Partridge flies? Nature seems to concentrate her energies on the wing, making the safety of the bird a point to be looked after first; and while the body is covered with down, and no signs of feathers are visible, the wing-quills sprout and unfold, and in an incredibly short time the young make fair headway in flying.

The same rapid development of wing may be observed in chickens and turkeys, but not in water fowls, or in birds that are safely housed in the nest till full fledged. The other day, by a brook, I came suddenly on a young Sandpiper, a most beautiful creature, enveloped in a soft gray down, swift and nimble, and apparently a week or two old, but with no signs of plumage either of body or wing. And it needed none, for it escaped me by taking to the water as readily as if it had flown with wings.

Hark! there arises over there in the brush a soft, persuasive cooing, a sound so subtile and wild and unobtrusive that it requires the most alert and watchful ear to hear it. How gentle and solicitous and full of yearning love! It is the voice of the mother hen. Presently a faint, timid "Yeap!" which almost eludes the ear, is heard in various directions,—the young responding. As no danger seems near, the cooing of the parent bird is soon a very audible clucking call, and the young move cautiously in the direction. Let me step never so carefully from my hiding place, and all sounds instantly cease, and I search in vain for either parent or young.

The Partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*) is one of our most native and characteristic birds. The woods seem good to be in where I find him. He gives a habitable air to the forest, and one feels as if the rightful occupant was really at home. The woods where I do not find him seem to want something, as if suffering from some neglect of nature. And then he is such a splendid success, so hardy and vigorous. I think he enjoys the cold and the snow. His wings seem to rustle with more fervency in midwinter. If the snow falls very fast, and promises a heavy storm, he will complacently sit down and allow himself to be snowed under. Approaching him at such times, he suddenly bursts out of the snow at your feet, scattering the flakes in all directions, and goes humming away through the woods like a bombshell,—a picture of native spirit and success.

His drum is one of the most welcome and beautiful sounds of spring. Scarcely have the trees showed their buds, when, in the still April mornings, or toward nightfall, you hear the hum of his devoted wings. He selects not as you would predict, a dry and resinous log, but a decayed and crumbling one, seeming to give the preference to old oak logs that are partially blended with the soil. If a log to his taste cannot be found, he sets up his altar on a rock, which becomes resonant beneath his fervent blows. Have you seen the Partridge drum? It is the next thing to catching a weasel asleep, though by much caution and tact it may be done. He does not hug the log, but stands very erect, expands his ruff, gives two introductory blows, pauses half a second, and then resumes, striking faster and faster till the sound becomes a continuous, unbroken whir, the whole lasting less than half a minute. The tips of his wings barely brush the log, so that the sound is produced rather by the force of the blows upon the air and upon his own body as in flying. One log will be used for many years, though not by the same drummer. It seems to be a sort of a temple, and held in great respect. The bird always approaches it on foot, and leaves it in the same quiet manner, unless rudely disturbed. He is very cunning, though his wit is not profound. It is very difficult to approach him by stealth; you will try many times before succeeding; but seem to pass by him in a great hurry, making all the noise possible, and with plumage furled he stands as immovable as a knot, allowing you a good view and a good shot if you are a sportsman.

Passing along one of the old barkpeelers' roads which wander aimlessly about, I am attracted by a singularly brilliant and emphatic warble, proceeding from the low bushes, and quickly suggesting the voice of the Maryland Yellow-Throat. Presently the singer hops up on a dry twig, and gives me a good view. Lead-colored head and neck, becoming nearly black on the breast; clear olive green back, and yellow belly. From his habit of keeping near the ground, even hopping upon it occasionally, I know him to be a Ground Warbler; from his dark breast the ornithologist has added the expletive Mourning, hence the Mourning Ground-Warbler.

Of this bird both Wilson and Audubon con-

fessed their comparative ignorance, neither ever having seen its nest or become acquainted with its haunts and general habits. Its song is quite striking and novel, though its voice at once suggests the class of Warblers, to which it belongs. It is very shy and wary, flying but a few feet at a time, and studiously concealing itself from your view. I discover but one pair here. The female has food in her beak, but carefully avoids betraying the locality of her nest. The Ground-Warblers all have one notable feature, —very beautiful legs, as white and delicate as if they had always worn silk stockings and satin slippers. High tree Warblers have dark brown or black legs and more brilliant plumage, but less musical ability.

The Chestnut-Sided belongs to the latter class. He is quite common in these woods, as in all the woods about. He is one of the rarest and handsomest of the Warblers; his white breast and throat, chestnut sides, and yellow crown show conspicuously. Audubon did not know his haunts, and had never seen his nest or known any naturalist who had. Last year I found the nest of one in an uplying beech-wood, in a low bush near the roadside, where cows passed and browsed daily. Things went on smoothly till the Cow-Bunting stole her egg into it, when other mishaps followed, and the nest was soon empty. A characteristic attitude of the male during this season is a slight drooping of the wings, and tail a little elevated, which gives him a very smart bantam-like appearance. His song is fine and hurried, and not much of itself, but has its place in the general chorus.

A far sweeter strain, falling on the ear with the true sylvan cadence, is that of the Black-Throated Green-backed Warbler, whom I meet at various points. He has no superiors among the true *Sylvia*. His song is very plain and simple, but remarkably pure and tender, and might be indicated by straight lines, thus, —— —— \—; the first two marks representing two sweet, silvery notes, in the same pitch of voice, and quite unaccented; the latter marks the concluding notes, wherein the tone and inflection are changed. The throat and breast of the male are a rich black, like velvet, his face yellow, and his back a yellowish green.

Beyond the old Barkpeeling, where the woods are mingled hemlock, beech and birch, the languid midsummer note of the Black-throated Blue-Back falls on my ear. "Twea, twea, twea-e-e!" in the upward slide, and with the peculiar *z-ing* of certain insects, but not destitute of a certain plaintive cadence. It is one of the most languid, unhurried sounds in all the woods. I feel like reclining upon the dry leaves at once. Audubon says he has never heard his love-song; but this is all the love-song he has, and he is evidently a very plain hero with his little brown mistress. He is not the bird you would send to the princess to "cheep and twitter twenty million loves;" she would go to sleep while he was piping. He assumes few attitudes, and is not a bold and striking gymnast, like many of his kindred. He has a preference for dense woods of beech and maple, moves slowly amid the lower branches and smaller growths, keeping from eight to ten feet from the ground, and repeating now and then his listless, indolent strain. His back and crown are dark blue; his throat and breast, black; his belly, pure white; and he has a white spot on each wing.

Here and there I meet the Black and White Creeping-Warbler, whose fine strain reminds me of hair wire. It is unquestionably the finest bird-song to be heard. Few insect strains will compare with it in this respect; while it has none of the harsh, brassy character of the latter, being very delicate and tender.

That sharp, interrupted, but still continued warble, which, before one has learned to discriminate closely, he is apt to confound with the Red-eyed Vireo's, is that of the Solitary Warbling Vireo,—a bird slightly larger, much rarer, and with a louder, less cheerful and happy strain. I see him hopping along lengthwise of the limbs, and note the orange tinge of his breast and sides and the white circle around his eye.

But the declining sun and the deepening shadows admonish me that this ramble must be brought to a close, even though only the leading characters in this chorus of forty songsters have been described, and only a small portion of the venerable old woods explored. In a secluded swampy corner of the old Barkpeeling, where I find the great purple orchis in bloom, and where the foot of man or beast seems never to have trod, I linger long, contemplating the wonderful display of lichens and mosses that overrun both the smaller and the larger growths. Every bush and branch and sprig is dressed up in the most rich and fantastic of liveries; and, crowning all, the long bearded moss festoons the branches or sways gracefully from the limbs. Every twig looks a century old, though green leaves tip the end of it. A young yellow birch has a venerable, patriarchial look, and seems ill at ease under such premature honors. A decayed hemlock is draped as if by hands for some solemn festival.

Mounting toward the upland again, I pause reverently as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the Hermit's evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature and religion are but the faint types and symbols.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

SIXTH MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	12 days.	11 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	1 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms,	6 "	3 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	11 "	16 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 6th month per Penna. Hospital,	76.73 deg.	73.00 deg.
Highest do. during month,	93.00 "	95.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	64.00 "	57.00 "
Rain during the month,	4.75 in.	2.96 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1865, and 5 for 1866,	1296	1072

Average of the mean temperature of 6th month for the past *seventy-six* years,	71.57 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1828–1831	77.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1816	64.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
First month	3.61 inch.	3.14 inch.
Second month	5.83 "	6.61 "
Third month	4.71 "	2.15 "
Fourth month	2.83 "	2.93 "
Fifth month	7.21 "	4.68 "
Sixth month	4.75 "	2.96 "
Totals for the first six months of each year.	28.94 "	22.47 "

The month under review for the present year shows a *mean* of about three and three-quarters degrees less than that of last, with, however, an excess of *extremes*, as also an excess of a degree and a half above the *average* for the past seventy-six years. It may also be observed there is a diminution in the quantity of rain during the six months of this year, as compared with last.

PHILADELPHIA, 7th mo. 2d, 1866. J. M. ELLIS.

INDIAN SAGACITY.

It is said that an Indian, upon his return to his hut, one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. He went to look for the robber, and met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a little, old, white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They replied in the affirmative; and the Indian assured them that the man, thus described, had stolen his venison. They desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had not seen. The Indian answered thus:—"The thief, I know is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones to reach the meat from the height I hung it, standing on the ground; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does; his gun I know to be short, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned; that the dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a bob-tail, I discovered by the mark of it in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat.

ITEMS.

On the evening of the 4th inst. a disastrous fire occurred at Portland, Maine. The conflagration swept through the city, destroying everything in its track for a space of a mile and a half. Half the city is represented to have been destroyed. Some fifty buildings were blown up in the endeavor to check the range of the fire. All the banks and newspaper offices and nearly all the business portion of the city were a mass of ruins. The loss is estimated at not less than thirty millions of dollars. About two thousand buildings are said to have been destroyed.

The cholera has quite disappeared from quarantine at New York, and but few cases have occurred in that city, or in the country generally, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate a bill was reported from the select committee on the reconstruction of the levees of the Mississippi river, making an appropriation for the repair and reconstruction of the levees of that river in Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, and also for the general improvement of the river. A report was made from the committee of conference on the disagreement of the two Houses on the subject of the Paris Exposition. The committee struck out the words in coin which were in the Senate bill, after all appropriations, and thus amended the bill goes to the President. A report was made from the committee of conference on the disagreeing votes on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, and was agreed to. The report sustains the Senate propositions relative to the South Carolina lands occupied by freedmen. It authorizes the assistant commissioners for South Carolina and Georgia to determine the validity of all titles of lands claimed under General Sherman's special field orders, and to give each person having a valid claim a warrant on the direct tax commissioners for South Carolina for twenty acres of land, which will entitle him a lease for six years, at the end of which time, on payment of a sum not exceeding one dollar and fifty cents per acre, a certificate of sale may be obtained. Upon the completion of transfers of these lands, the former owners shall have restored to them the lands occupied under General Sherman's order. The joint resolution authorizing the purchase of the law library of the late J. M. Pettigrew, of South Carolina, was passed. The House amendments to the Senate bill to prevent smuggling, were concurred in. The Indian appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment transferring the bureau to the control of the War Department, was rejected, after which the bill was passed. A resolution calling on the President for information as to the number of American vessels destroyed by pirates on the coast of China during the last year, and whether any additional legislation is needed for the protection of American interests in that quarter.

House.—A bill was introduced establishing conditions for the admission of the States of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada East and Canada West, and for the organization of Territorial governments. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The report of the Committee of Conference on the Freedmen's Bureau Bill was agreed to. The Committee of Conference on the Tax bill made a report, which was agreed to. This bill has now passed both Houses and goes to the President. The amount of income exempt from taxation remains at six hundred dollars. The Tariff bill was several times under discussion, but has not yet reached a conclusion.

The Indians.—D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has received a telegram from E. B. Taylor, president of the Laramie commission, dated at Fort Laramie, June 29, 1866, which announces that a satisfactory treaty has been concluded with the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. The representation was large, and the Indians manifested a cordial feeling toward the Government and its agents.

The Freedmen.—F. D. Sewall, Inspector General of the Freedmen's Bureau has submitted his report of affairs in some portion of Maryland and Virginia.

At Baltimore much service has been rendered to freedmen in assisting them to settle their contracts, collect their wages, and instructing them in their rights and obligations as citizens. In the counties of Maryland east of Chesapeake Bay, General Sewall had frequent interviews with both white and colored citizens. The Freedmen are industriously at work at remunerative wages, and there is little, if any, idleness among them in that section, as laborers are in demand. The negroes are generally well treated, except by a class of dissolute and lawless young men, whose acts are discountenanced by the better classes. Last winter a number of school houses and a few churches used by freedmen were destroyed, but no outrages of that kind have been committed recently. In the northwestern part of Maryland the freedmen represent but a small minority of the population, and no difficulties between the whites and blacks have lately occurred. The Freedmen in that section are general engaged in agricultural pursuits, and are an industrious, frugal, and well-disposed class of people. In West Virginia the colored population is small, and the freedmen enjoy their rights and are as well protected as the same class of people in the North. Schools are in successful operation in different portions of the district, and no hostility toward the teachers has recently been manifested.

S. N. Clark, an inspector of the Bureau, reports discouragingly of the state of St. Mary's and Calvert Counties, Maryland, except that he found a considerable number of the colored people owners and lessees of land. Laborers wages are $5 per month for women, and $12 and $18 for men with rations and quarters. No schools have yet been established, and great opposition would be made to them. The apprenticing of colored children has been carried to a large extent, and the civil rights bill is quite disregarded.

Col. Palmer, agent of the Bureau, is making a thorough investigation of affairs in West Tennessee. He reports that the freedmen are generally well treated by their employers; that it would be something rare to find an idle negro, and that the relations between white and black are much better than at the commencement of the year. Schools and churches are springing up everywhere for the use of the freedmen, while in some counties such a thing as vagrancy is unknown. The average pay of the colored folks, which planters cheerfully give, is $143 per year, house room, rations and medicine. About three-fourths of the freedmen, however, are working on shares, the contract allowing them, where they give nothing but their services, one-third of the crop.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE TRIED AND TRIBULATED.

BY JOB SCOTT.

I have learned through painful experience, that however seemingly forsaken, patience is best for me; and that as it has been carefully abode in, the Lord my God has never failed, in *due season*, to arise and consolate my soul, by the lifting up of the light of his countenance upon me. I say, in *due season*, because, though in times of deep probation, I have often been ready to think, his seasons of hiding himself from me were long, if not too long; yet, I have ever found that when he has appeared again, a fulness of evidence has appeared with him, that all the sinkings and besetments attending his seeming absence, (unless I have imprudently given way to impatience, or to sink below hope,) have worked for my good, and eventually wrought an increasing enlargement, and very often a renewed and additional qualification for service. Then why should I ever again *cast away my confidence*, or give way to any degree of distrust or impatience? For, although it is permitted in wisdom, and I conclude it must be for our improvement, that we are again and again so left, as that it seems almost impossible we should ever recover or revive again, yet, as we have kept the faith, and been preserved in the patience, we have again been lifted up, as it were, on high; our souls have been filled with joy, and our hearts with songs of gladness.

Well, therefore, may the tried and painfully exercised soul still, under all, *have hope;* yea, may he not with experimental propriety, even *hope against hope.* For, when all present feeling grounds of hope seem cut off, let him ask his own soul, Did I ever before sink so low as not to rise again? Did the Lord ever so forsake me, as not to comfort me, after all? Did he ever hide himself from me so long, as never to visit me again? To all these, and many more such like questions, the answer, on an impartial retrospection, must be in the negative. Why then should we, or how can we believe that the present trial will terminate in a final dereliction, or utter forsaking of us? Oh! no: it will not. Indeed it cannot so terminate, unless we first forsake him. His covenant, with all the true seed, is an everlasting covenant, and is as sure with them, in the night, as in the day. His covenant with the day, and with the night, is so sure that it never will nor can fail or cease.

Therefore, O exercised pilgrim! stand fast. Keep the faith. Abide in the patience. Stand still, and thou shalt surely see the salvation of God. And even in the midst of thy deepest trials, thou mayest, if thou hold fast thy integrity, adopt the language of a deeply experienced servant of God, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." This, indeed, is a most consolating thought. And though my poor soul has, time after time, been so stripped and emptied of all sensible enjoy-

ment of divine consolation, as almost to give over, to yield, and conclude, I never more should see good; yet I have always found, as I have properly bowed, that though bitterness, mourning, and sorrow, may remain for a night, or even many days and nights, yet, in a good, a precious, and seasonable time, "joy cometh in the morning." And, therefore, as I always, heretofore, might have truly said to my soul, however depressed, "Hope thou in God, for I shall (not, *perhaps I may*, but *certainly shall*, if faithful,) praise him for the help of his countenance;" so I now conclude, and most assuredly believe, I henceforward may, with equal propriety and assurance, adopt the same consolating language, in every proving moment, yet for me to pass through. Wherefore, may I ever have faith, hope and patience, and under all, in sincerity say, Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done. Amen.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night."

From "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their Friends."

About sixty-eight or seventy years after the death of George Fox, the circumstance occurred which is related in the following letter. It is deserving of notice in Quaker history, as marking a change which had taken place during the interim in the practice of the Friends, relative to headstones in their burial grounds, inscribed with names of the deceased and dates:—

LETTER FROM BENJAMIN READ.

"5*th mo.*, 1852.

"When my father, Thomas Read, who died about thirty four years ago, at the age of 76, was about 15 years of age, being apprenticed to John Biddle, of Whitechapel, J. B. was employed by the Society of Friends to remove a wall on part of their burial ground, Bunhill Fields, in order to enclose an additional piece of land purchased by the Society. On taking down the old wall, the footings of which were many feet deep below the surface, it was found expedient to remove the coffin which contained the remains of our worthy predecessor, George Fox. Whilst in the act of digging, after removing the headstone, several fragments of the oak case which surrounded a leaden coffin were found, and to one of them was attached a breast plate about 14 inches by 10, on which were engraven the initials of the name, the age and the birthplace of the interred; but the inscription was barely legible. The leaden coffin was in pretty good condition, and before it was disturbed, my father's curiosity was so great that he urged one of his fellow-workman to cut a hole in the top of it, near the broadest part, about 12 inches by 8, so that one side or end answered for a hinge. On raising this flap, the countenance of the corpse appeared to be in a perfect state, showing the features very distinctly, with the hair over the forehead. As soon as my father had seen it, he went in haste to acquaint his master, J. Biddle, with the circumstance, but previous to his arrival the features became shapeless, and very little could be seen beside the hair and skull. Some influential Friends, on hearing what had taken place, gave directions for the flap above mentioned to be securely soldered, when they fixed upon a place for re-interment. *But they would not allow the headstone to be put up again, on which there was a similar inscription to that on the breast-plate.* They only suffered a small stone about six inches square, to be built in the wall opposite the head of the grave, with the initials, G. F., cut in it. This stone I well remember when a child to have seen. BENJN. READ."

Let no one suppose that the change which the foregoing letter indicates originated among the Friends in an absence of tenderness and love towards deceased relatives, or any deficiency in reverence for the memory of departed worth. It was quite the contrary. They who started it, and they who carried it out for upwards of a century, were assuredly not among those who could have been cold in feeling, or deficient in reverence;—they were not among those who slighted the beautiful evidences of a tender, loving, Christian spirit, whether manifested towards departed or living worth. But they did not think that it needed any monumental stone to keep *them* in remembrance of the spot where the remains of those they had loved and reverenced were laid. They therefore preferred giving up the former custom, rather than involve a danger which they apprehended was likely to creep in—having doubtless on some occasions felt the painfulness of remonstrating with relatives of deceased persons for attempting to deviate from the prescribed simplicity of inscription. Hence, about the beginning of the 18th century, they came to the decision, to which rich and poor alike agreed, to have no memorial stone at all; nothing but the simple grass-covered mound,—trusting to the loving memory of relatives and friends to know and point out the graves of the departed. After that, head stones were not usually placed in their burial grounds; but those that had previously been erected appear to have remained till the graves were re-opened for another interment, and then they were not replaced. That practice became universal in all the graveyards belonging to the Society for more than a century. But at length, when old chroni-

clers, who delighted in keeping memorial registers of departed Friends in their minds, died off, and were not succeeded by others equally versed in such lore, the graves of the early fathers and mothers in the church, or in the family, were less certainly recognized. This was often disappointing to strangers, as well as to relatives, who wished to recall the memory of ancestors or of departed worthies, whilst standing by their graves. Hence about twenty years ago the question was raised as to the propriety of a change, and finally another change took place, the Yearly Meeting deciding that those Friends who desired to have small memorial stones on the graves of their relatives simply inscribed with names and dates, should be at liberty to have it carried out under the supervision of their respective Monthly Meetings. But in some places Friends have not availed themselves of the permission, regarding it as a modern innovation, instead of, as it truly is, a return to the practice of the early Friends.

George Fox's idea of inaugurating a Philadelphia Botanic Garden, so much in advance, as it appears, of the age he lived in, and so little as we might suppose likely to be suggested by his own pursuits, may find a solution in the fact that Thomas Lawson, the famous botanist, was his and the Swarthmoor family's intimate friend. And Lawson was more than a mere botanist; the medicinal properties of plants claimed his especial attention. Croese, as before remarked, speaks of him as the greatest herbalist in England; and we may remember one of the items copied from the Swarthmoor account book proves that he gave the family at the Hall instruction in the medicinal use of herbs. That George Fox, under these circumstances, perceived the importance of promoting such tastes and researches as his Philadelphia plan embraces, is no way surprising. He who on another occasion gave it as his opinion, in relation to education, that our young people of the Society of Friends should be taught "all things civil and useful," must have had comprehensive ideas of the knowledge and intellectual culture that should be aimed at.

John Thompson, of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, one of Thomas Lawson's descendants, has in his possession numerous manuscript notes, made by his ancestor in his walking tours throughout England in search of plants. They seem to have constituted a book of botanical memoranda, which he carried about with him: there is a heading for each county, and he particularises where he found special plants. J. T. says he can still find around Hitchen, after the lapse of 200 years, the same plants, in the same places, he specified.

In the fifth chapter some account has been given of Thomas Lawson's early connection with Friends, and also of the religious works he wrote. He became by profession a literary teacher after he resigned his clerical living at Ramp-ide. In 1658 he was married. We have an account of four of his children, three daughters and a son. Jonah, who was the youngest of the four, died when he was about 14 years of age. In an article entitled "Serious Remembrancer," which Thomas Lawson wrote soon after that event, he mentions him thus:—"I had an only son, who though educated in a mixed school, where his progress exceeded his years, was so influenced and preserved, that during the whole course of his short life I never knew him at variance with any one; I never knew that he uttered an oath, committed a breach of truth, or ever sought to disguise its simple and plain acknowledgment. He was grievously afflicted with the small-pox, and after we judged he had passed its height, unfavorable symptoms recurring, in a few days carried him off. The nearer he drew to his end, the more he wished for my company. The night before he died, one inquiring how he was, he answered, 'I'm well, spiritually, but indifferent in body.' Soon after, being affected, and full of love towards him, I said, 'Jonah, we will talk of a better mansion, our stay here must be transient—think of that city whose builder and maker is God. This world is at best a bitter sweet, but heaven is unmixed happiness. Have God in thy thoughts.' He replied, 'I am willing to die, if it be His pleasure, or to live to praise him.' His sister Ruth weeping beside him, he said to her, 'Weep not, sister, I hope we shall meet in heaven.' Not long before his departure, he uttered these words, 'The time thou hast appointed for me on earth give me grace to praise thee.'

"He expired the 23d of 12th month, 1683. Notwithstanding that his bodily distress was extremely great, he never in the course of his illness dropped an inconsiderate or impatient word, which with his many affecting and tender sentiments, wrought in me such a frame of spirit, that I could freely commend him to the Lord, in much confidence of his future happiness. I wish I may never forget the finishing of his course, nor do I ever remember it but I am bettered by its reflections." Dated 1684.

The sister Ruth who is mentioned in the foregoing was Thomas Lawson's eldest daughter. Several of her letters written in Latin are still extant. Her marriage was a source of trouble to her father, whose annoyance was increased by the blame that some individuals belonging to the same meeting were disposed to cast on him. The circumstances are developed in the following letter, which is copied from the original in the possession of John Thompson. It is dated 1686, and was written on the occasion of a letter arriving from George Fox,

which alluded to the importance of "healing breaches and restoring brotherly love." In order to attain that end, Thomas Lawson said he must speak out, and show to those who had been blaming him the injustice of their censures. And thus he wrote:—

"Friends,—I must for unity [sake] speak something in answer to the charges contained in your letter, which with much diligence hath been dispersed, even, 'from Dan to Beersheba,' as I may say.

"You say I was faulty in the concern of the marriage of Christopher Yeats and my daughter Ruth, in encouraging the same, and not showing my utter dislike thereunto, and in not restraining her to my utmost.

"I answer:—When first he mentioned the thing, I said such marriages were unequal, and contrary to the law settled in our Church, grounded on the Law and the Gospel, which I would not deviate from; and that I would not join my daughter to that which for conscience sake I had forsaken. That he might not think I denied him on earthly accounts, I said if he were the greatest prebend in Carlisle he should have this answer; and from this I never varied in word or thought. The next morning I spake to her, and perceiving he had got some place in her affections, I put her in mind of her duty, and by many arguments, mixed with much sharpness, I endeavored to quench the same. After that, when she went to the meeting at Shap, I commonly went with her, to prevent their meeting. My endeavors not being prevalently answerable to my mind, I sent her to Thomas Cowens (Lancaster,) where she continued a pretty considerable time; withal writing to Margaret Fox and acquainting her with the concern, and with my great dissatisfaction, of which she can testify to this day. She and others there endeavored to alienate her affections from him, and I wrote letters to her there; as (I also did) when she was at home, and I had occasion to go abroad, when I would leave her a letter so to touch her, as that in my absence she might not be ensnared. Truth I wrote to a tittle; though indeed I now want the words which love and trouble then made me even abound with. If any question the truth hereof, the letters I believe are yet extant.

"What should I have done [that I have not done?] I am not a man-hater, who by pretence could clap her into the ship of Turk or Pagan, and 'let her sink or swim,' as one of you said. And you have also said, that months after the affair commenced, I admitted 'the proud Christopher Yeats' into my house, pretending him to be my scholar, which was no little encouragement to them.

"I answer. John Blakeing, coming to our town, said to me, 'Shap Friends blame thee much, saying thou art rough in thy proceedings; if thou blames thy wife, and threatens to disinherit thy daughter, I would not have thee to do so, only keep *thyself* clear.' Thomas Wilson told me much to the same purpose. I confess there was truth in it; but if rightly understood, this implies my clearness from assenting. However, not being glued to my own understanding [of the case] or to my former method of austerity, when afterwards I casually met with Christopher Yeats, I refused not to talk a little with him about other things, but if ever he mentioned the aforesaid concern, I bid him hold his peace, for my last words about it should answer my first, and never a man that spake with a tongue should ever steer me one jot from my resolution, it being of divine account. Again, having her word of not marrying without my consent, I tried this to bring him to desist. Christmas, so called, coming on, three or four young men came to learn Hebrew with me, and he, unwilling to be behind in that accomplishment, raised interest to prevail with me if he might go along with them: I was very unwilling, and at first denied. It was cast upon me that I was envious in denying him that common civility granted to others, and he told me if he spake a word to her [on the occasion] to turn him out of the house. So he came some seventh days, about the tenth hour, went directly to the chamber above, to the other young men, and went away about the third hour. I confess some might take occasion of jealousy as to my assenting from this, but I am sure he felt no encouragement by it, for being questioned by some he he said, 'He is fair in this, but about the other business, I believe he is unalterable.'

"Suppose any of you had a daughter so circumstanced, might you not make him [who was attached to her] a pair of shoes, weave him a web, or use civil commerce, and yet not give, nor he take encouragement thereby?

"Being some weeks from home, and coming by your town I first heard of their marriage, which ministered such offence and grief, that I was as really resolved to turn her out of my house, as ever David was to destroy Nabal, when Abigail's advice and wisdom prevented the same; so in a weighty sense David blessed the Lord, and her advice, which had kept him from shedding blood. I had not omitted any Christian way that presented to me to prevent it, so I had peace in that I did. Then such scriptures as these, from the Holy Book of God, arose within me, about restoring such in the spirit of meekness as were overtaken with a fault, and to be watchful and strengthen that which remains that is ready to die. As I walked from your town that day home, it became the whole concern of my mind, that she might be preserved from further straying, and for her restoration, in order whereunto it was my

judgment to keep her in my house, fearing if she went, she might make further shipwreck. My end was good, and God has blessed the same. If any would have taken other measures, I judge him not as I am judged."

Thomas Lawson did not long survive his friend George Fox. He died about a year after him, in 1691. His will, procured from the registry of the court of Carlisle, is now before me. After specifying some money bequests to his daughters, Deborah and Hannah, he thus remembers Ruth and her family.

"I give to my two grandchildren, Frances and Jane Yeats, the sum of five pounds. I give to my daughter Ruth, the best cow I have but one. I give to my son in law, Christopher Yeats, and his heirs and assigns for ever, one parcel of ground, called Backstanbar, in the lordship of Great Strickland, with the field and house thereon, being three roods by estimation, held in fee simple, paying one peppercorn when lawfully demanded. I give also to the said Christopher, Camden's Britannica, my Hebrew Lexicon, and all my manuscripts. All the rest of my goods, movable and immovable, I give unto Frances my wife, and Deborah and Hannah my daughters, whom I made joint executors of this my last will and testament."

Frances Lawson survived her husband about two years. After her death, a gentleman who had been Thomas Lawson's pupil, and entertained great regard for him, asked those who composed the meeting of Great Strickland to allow him to erect a tomb over the remains of his departed friends. They declined on the ground of such erections being contrary to their practice. At Thomas Lawson's request this gentleman had given the piece of ground which was occupied by the Friends as a burial-place; therefore he replied,—Though he had given the spot in question to his friend Thomas Lawson, for burial ground for himself, and family, and friends, he had not made it over either to him, or to them, by any legal transfer, and would resume his control over it all if they continued to decline permitting him to erect the tomb. Under these circumstances they allowed him to carry out his own plan. A plain tomb was accordingly built, and the remains of husband, wife, and son, therein deposited. That tomb forms one of the very few such erections which were raised in the early times in Friends' burial-grounds. It remains there singly, surrounded by the simple grassy graves which mark the last earthly resting place of all the other deceased friends who belonged to Great Strickland from that day to this.

Novels, like vessels of light draught of water, are adapted to make their way only in *shallow* channels. In the overflowing streams of literature, they are as so many buoys indicating to the intellectual navigator "shoal water here."

"THY WILL BE DONE AS IN HEAVEN SO IN EARTH."

To do the will of God is the highest privilege, blessedness and perfection of our natures. It is the employment of angels and glorified spirits in Heaven; it is the delight of holy and regenerate men upon earth; there is in short no blessing, no peace, no protection, either in heaven or in earth, either temporal or eternal, but what in some degree or other is the happy proportion of that pious Christian who hath learnt to rejoice in doing the will of God.

God willeth, and can never cease to will to bring all men into the bosom of His peace. He hath no delight in the miseries or the imperfections of His creatures; but it is His unchangeable desire that every disorder of nature should be removed; that all worlds and all beings in all worlds should rejoice in the communications of His infinite goodness; that not only the kingdom of this world, but of every world, and of every soul, should become *the kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ.*

Here, then, we may establish this one great truth in the utmost degree of sober certainty, that so far as we form the spirit of our lives according to a spirit of love towards God and towards one another; so far as this spirit produceth in us the fruits of humility, of meekness, of patience, of wisdom, of mercy and of charity; so far as it overcometh in us all sloth and indolence, and renders us diligent in our several employments to the glory of God and the good of one another; so far as this spirit thus prevaileth in us, in the same degree we shall attain unto the spirit and life of the holy angels: the communication betwixt their kingdom and that of our hearts will be opened. GOD'S WILL will be done on earth, as it is in heaven, and this world thus be changed into the image of the glory and blessedness of heaven, and ourselves into the image of the glory and blessedness of its holy inhabitants.

To find, then, the good effects of this prayer, we must, as our BLESSED LORD intended, make it the daily rule of the spirit of our lives. We must learn by it to do and to suffer every thing as the *will* of God, and to respect Him and the influences of HIS HOLY SPIRIT in all our daily thoughts and actions. We must, for this purpose, enter upon a vigorous repentance from all our sins, and become true converts to JESUS CHRIST. We must labor also, through His divine grace, to live useful lives; to renounce all sloth and indolence as things most destructive to our spiritual interests; and to respect the great laws of "Justice and Judgment" in all our employments, thoughts, words and works."—*John Clowes.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN EXTRACT FROM LAW'S "SPIRIT OF PRAYER."

It is manifest that no one can fail of the benefit of Christ's salvation, but through an unwillingness to have it, and from the same spirit and tempers which made the Jews unwilling to receive it. But if thou wouldst still farther know how this great work, the birth of Christ, is to be effected in thee, then let this joyful truth be told thee, that this great work is already begun in every one of us. For this holy Jesus, that is to be formed in thee, that is to be the Saviour and new life of thy soul, that is to raise thee out of the darkness of death into the light of life, and give thee power to become a son of God, is already within thee, living, stirring, calling, knocking at the door of thy heart, and wanting nothing but thy own faith and good will, to have as real a birth and form in thee as He had in the Virgin Mary. For the eternal Word, or Son of God, did not then first begin to be the Saviour of the world, when He was born in Bethlehem of Judea; but that Word which became man in the Virgin Mary did, from the beginning of the world, enter as a word of life, a seed of salvation, into the first father of mankind; was inspoken into him, as an ingrafted word, under the name and character of a bruiser of the serpent's head. Hence it is that Christ said to his disciples, *the kingdom of God is within you;* that is, the divine nature is within you, given unto your first father, into the light of his life, and from him, rising up in the life of every son of Adam. Hence also the holy Jesus is said to be the light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Not as He was born at Bethlehem, not as he had a human form upon earth; in these respects He could not be said to have been the light of every man that cometh into the world. But as He was that eternal Word, by which all things were created, which was the life and light of all things, and which had as a second creator entered again into fallen man, as a bruiser of the serpent; in this respect it was truly said of our Lord, when on earth, that He was that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. For He was really and truly all this, as He was the Immanuel, the God with us, given unto Adam, and in him to all his off spring. See here the beginning and glorious extent of the Catholic church of Christ. It takes in all the world. It is God's unlimited, universal mercy to all mankind; and every human creature, as sure as he is born of Adam, has a birth of the bruiser of the serpent within him, and so is infallibly in covenant with God through Jesus Christ. Hence also it is that the holy Jesus is appointed to be judge of all the world; it is because all mankind, all nations and languages have in him, and through him, been put into covenant with God, and made capable of resisting the evil of their fallen nature. . . . . Poor sinner! consider the treasure thou has within thee; the Saviour of the world, the eternal word of God, lies hid in thee, as a spark of the divine nature, which is to overcome sin and death and hell within thee, and generate the life of heaven again in thy soul. Turn to thy heart, and thy heart will find its Saviour, its God, within itself. Thou seest, hearest, and feelest nothing of God, because thou seekest for him abroad with thy outward eyes; thou seekest for him in books, in controversies, in the church, and outward exercises; but there thou wilt not find him, 'til thou hast first found him in thy heart. Seek for him in thy heart, and thou wilt never seek in vain, for there he dwelleth; there is the seat of his light and holy spirit.

"HE THAT EXALTETH HIMSELF SHALL BE ABASED."

Our departure from this world, however active our lives, or influential our positions, will not awaken much attention among the men we leave behind. "We perish forever without any regarding it." My proud friend, whatever thou mayest think about the wondrous esteem in which thou art held by thy compeers, and of the importance of thy life to society, though thou art a merchant, whose vast transactions influence the markets of the world, or a statesman, whose speeches control the doings and destinies of cabinets, or, what is greater still, a writer, moving the minds of the millions, but few of the men that know thee will pause in their business to think of thy death, and few still will drop a tear on thy grave. The sorrow of those that love thee most will be but as a cloud upon the sky, however dark for the moment, soon dispersed. In a few short days after the earth has closed on thy remains, the very children shall gambol on the hearth, with their little hearts as gladsome as ever; and the convivial laugh and jest of domestic joy will be heard as usual in thy dwelling. The world can do without thee, my friend; everything will progress as usual when thou art in thy grave. Thy death will be but a blade withered in the fields; the landscape can spare thee—a drop exhaled from the ocean; the mountain billow will not miss thee.—*Methodist.*

POLITENESS.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The *golden*

contains the very life and soul of politeness Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is to their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the convential forms of society.—*L. M. Child.*

THE LARK.

Take it for all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice; for both unite to make it the sweetest, happiest, the most welcome singer that was winged like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstasy of joy when it mounts upon its "glorious privacy of light" On earth it is timid, silent and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all." It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen—reversing the old axiom addressed to children when getting voicy. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating speck of living joy there swells forth the sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations, like the eagle or birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration. It seems to spread out its wings and to be lifted straight upward out of sight by the afflatus of its own happy heart.

To pour out this in undulating rivulets of rhapsody is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the roof-tree of the rural hamlet, on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel, almost a miracle. In a still hour, you can hear it almost a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lacework of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song, as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.—*Chinese Proverb.*

"SOCIETY" AND COMMERCE.

A commercial career has become one of the liberal professions, and has taken on itself alike the dignities and the duties of its station. Society, as it is termed, regards a thriving merchant pretty much as it looks upon a successful barrister or physician; it sends its sons into mercantile houses, not only without any of that shuddering which once passed for gentility, but with unclouded satisfaction; it accepts the training of a counting-house as no bad qualification for high political office; and acknowledges that merchant princes are not merely to be tolerated as fathers-in-law to younger sons, but to be admitted into the most absolute social equality. On the other hand, commerce has learned something from society. It has been awakened to a sense of the value of high mental training and intellectual accomplishments. It has abandoned the belief in the blessings of ignorance on every other subject than the business in which men may be engaged. Hence the bracing discipline, physical and intellectual, of our public schools, and the social polish of our universities, are being more and more enlisted in the service of commercial education. Successful men of business have become convinced, for the most part, that no training can be too good for a career which calls for the exercise of the highest mental and moral qualities. There are different ideas, indeed, as to the merits of rival schemes and systems of education,—as to the superiority, for instance, of a general over a special training,—but there is no difference of opinion upon the question whether a merchant should be as well educated as any member of those classes with whom he is thrown into social contact. Nor has this change in the view which society takes of commerce affected education only. It has influenced the habits and the tastes of men of business. It has led them to take delight in the fine arts, in literature, and in those æsthetic enjoyments which inform with grace and beauty the cold realities of our daily life. There are few more munificent patrons of art than the men of commerce, few warmer friends of literature, few whose private houses show greater traces of refined and elegant tastes. The old school of merchants is fast fading out of sight, to the infinite grief, perhaps, of the survivors, but to the certain benefit of the world at large. The men whose vision was bounded by the outlook from their counting-houses; the men of one idea, that, namely, of amassing money they knew not how to spend; the men whose pride it was to have sacrificed everything to money-getting, and to have found themselves at fifty with solid fortunes, but with shattered constitutions, are fast giving place to a school of refined and cultivated gentlemen, no less keen in the pursuit of wealth, but regarding it as a

means rather than as an end—a means of happiness to themselves and of good to their neighbors.—*Travers's Circular.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 21, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Joseph A. Dugdale has obtained a minute from Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting to visit the families of Friends of Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, and to make a general visit among Friends and others in the State of Iowa and the western part of Illinois.

Nathan Thomas obtained one from the same meeting, endorsed by Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, to attend Ohio and Indiana Yearly Meetings, and to appoint some meetings within their limits among those not in membership with Friends.

EFFORTS FOR THE FREEDMEN.—Though the Report of "Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" has been widely circulated within the limits of our own Yearly Meeting, yet as many of our readers in other sections are also deeply interested in the labors for this people, a portion of it was republished in our 17th number. In reference to it a Friend from Forest Hill, Md., writes: "As the dumb cannot speak, and the blind cannot see, so these down-trodden people cannot express to the world in words their gratitude for the many substantial evidences of love and care bestowed upon them through the Friends' Aid Societies, and their self-sacrificing instruments in the field."

Vast as the work has been, and still is, those who have felt bound to engage in it, either by active personal efforts, or by giving their means for its advancement, have a satisfaction in believing that great sorrow, sickness and destitution have been averted through the little that they have done. It is fearful to contemplate what the sufferings of these poor creatures might have been, had no friendly hand of help or sympathy been extended for their relief.

The teachers of the Association, believing themselves called to devote a portion of their life to the education of the freedmen, have been made willing to separate themselves from the endearing ties of home and kindred, and endure privations that can scarcely be understood by those unfamiliar with their surroundings. With little society, save that of their dark-hued scholars, they are laboring earnestly and faithfully for their elevation, sustained by the gratitude and improvement of those they seek to benefit, by the feeling that they are in the line of duty, and by the evidence that He who requires of them the sacrifice, is strength in every time of need.

Though at this season of the year there is not an extensive demand for clothing for them, yet a certain amount is always necessary. The sick, the aged and the young children can make little provision for their own support, and philanthropy should continue its protecting care until such time as their own people can assume the charge. The cast off clothing that accumulates, and is laid aside for distribution in most families, will be most acceptable to them, and such or any other contributions for the Freedmen will be gladly received by Henry Laing, Treasurer of the Association, No. 30 North Third St., Phila.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.—This little paper is free from the objections that attach to other periodicals for children that we have seen. If some of the pieces are considered a little too mature for a juvenile journal, they all contain instruction, and the spirit of love and gentleness that breathes throughout its pages will insure it a welcome in the family.

A periodical of this description that would present sacred truths and correct ideas in a lively and agreeable form, adapted to interest and impress for good, the minds of children, has long been needed among us, and we hope the effort now made to supply the want, will meet with encouragement. Those who write for children should use simple language, and as much as possible divest their minds of the idea that their contributions will be read by "children of a larger growth."

The last number is interesting and attractive.

MARRIED, on the 10th of Seventh month, 1866, in accordance with the order of the religious Society of Friends, CHARLES EVANS, of Philadelphia, to MARGARET, daughter of Enoch Middleton, of Crosswicks, N. J.

DIED, on the 5th of Third month, 1866, CECILIA WHITELEY, wife of Daniel Whiteley, aged 66 years; a member of Milford Monthly Meeting, Wayne Co., Ind.

DIED, on the 28th of Sixth month, 1866, at his residence near Alliance, Ohio, after being confined to his room for near four years, NATHAN HEACOCK, in the 84th year of his age; a member of West Monthly Meeting, formerly of Quakertown, Bucks Co, Pa.

As the sun silently sinks in the western sky, so his peaceful spirit took its departure to repose in the bosom of its God.

——, on the 28th of Fifth month, 1866, JEDIDAH CORBIN, wife of David Corbin, aged 77 years; a member of Oak Hill Monthly Meeting, Albany Co., N. Y.

Extracts from the Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, held in New York, by adjournments, from the 28th of Fifth month to the 31st of the same, inclusive.

At our unusually large and interesting assembly, we have been made to own the life-giving power and presence of the great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls—and we have desired to preserve for your spiritual refreshment, some of the many living exercises with which we have been favored. We have felt the sweet and animating influences of Heavenly love to pervade our several gatherings—in which our hearts have been more closely cemented together, and which bids us to own, and salute, in the fellowship of the Gospel, every absent member of our fold.

We have been called to no new path—we have received no new Gospel. There is but *one* way to the end we seek—and *that* lies through the door of obedience to the requirings of our Divine Master, however small and inconsiderable they may appear to be.

In reviewing the state of society, as portrayed in the answers to the queries, a sorrowful neglect is apparent in the support of many of our ancient and valued testimonies, especially those relating to simplicity in our dress, address and manner of living—the attendance of our religious meetings—the frequenting of places of diversion, and a free Gospel ministry. Many powerful and stirring appeals have been made to rouse us from our apathy in these respects; particularly in the reasonable duty of assembling ourselves together for divine worship. We have been assured that, if we would press forward through every difficulty, the way would be made for us to perform this service, and we should return to our homes with joy; bearing with us the answer of a good conscience—and ofttimes also, those sweet "fruits of the Spirit," which are the result of obedience.

It confirms us in every good word and work, to mingle with our friends in solemn worship—the love of the Father often flows from vessel to vessel—and even when there is no outward ministration, we may hear the voice of that great Teacher, who "speaks as never man spoke," for He alone hath "the word of eternal life."

Our example may lead others also to "behold the beauty of the Lord, and inquire in His temple," His will concerning them. Oh! did we fully realize the force of consistent example, how careful would we be to do nothing which might cause our brother to stumble or offend. Those, especially, who have the care and training of the young, would strive after a more pure standard of excellence, that they might be able to say to their children, "Follow us, as we follow Christ."

An earnest desire has arisen in our minds, that mothers should be more concerned to take their children to meetings for worship and discipline—instructing them in very early life to know and love our principles and testimonies. Were this the true concern of parents and guardians, how soon would our strength be renewed, and the glory of our first estate be restored to us as a people. Then, should we behold the children pressing forward to fill the ranks of faithful laborers, already thinned by the hand of Death, and there would be a succession of "judges, as at the first, and counsellors, as at the beginning."

The young have been warned in the spirit of tender love and solicitude, not to waste the strength of their prime, in the pursuit of the frivolous and unsatisfying pleasures of this world, which are unworthy of the attention of immortal and accountable beings who must ere long, know the realities of that eternal world to which we are all hastening. They have been implored to pause *now*, in their career of folly, that they may not have to mourn in the day of account, over misspent time and wasted opportunities. They have been urged to use their influence over their brethren, by refusing to become partners with them in worldly and debasing pleasures—endeavoring to lead them into channels of higher and purer enjoyment, and inducing them to refrain from those intoxicating draughts, which, though at first sweet to the taste, in the end, bite like the serpent and sting like the adder."

Mothers in Israel have been exhorted to be faithful to the end, which, to some of them, cannot be afar off, when they shall reap the full fruition of their hopes, in that rest which remains for the people of God. They have been urged still to extend a guarded care over the younger mothers of the flock, strengthening and encouraging them by their counsel and experience to a faithful discharge of every important duty.

The subject of providing suitable reading for the young has also been brought before us—with desires that parents might seek for their children that kind of reading which will open the understanding to the wonders of the world created by Him, who is great and marvellous in all His works—thus preventing their thoughts from centering in those trivial pursuits, which too often engross their attention, and obstruct

the growth of that tender germ of life, implanted in every soul. Much concern has been expressed that our testimony with regard to plainness of speech may not be lightly set aside, believing that this distinguishing characteristic of our Society is often a hedge of protection to its members, as well as a call and a watchword to others.

It is earnestly desired by many that we, not only as individuals, but as the Society of Friends, may prove faithful in our duty toward the colored people, who are passing from slavery to freedom, helping them from ignorance and degradation to an appreciation of their new responsibilities as free men and women.

A living testimony has been borne to the necessity in all our movements, especially in our religious concerns, that we wait for the holy anointing of the Lord's spirit to qualify for every good word and work; not daring to put forth a hand to steady the ark, unbidden by the Great Head of the Church—lest we bring spiritual death on ourselves—and our influence go to lead others from that power and wisdom of God, that alone qualifies for his work.

The Committee appointed last year to present a memorial to the President of the United States and other heads of the Government reported: that soon after their appointment, they proceeded to Washington and presented the address to the President and several of his Cabinet, and in their intercourse with them were kindly received, and treated with much respect.

The President and Secretaries to whom the address was presented assured them that they were glad to receive it, and that it would be duly considered. It was also stated to the meeting by one of the Committee that the individuals whom they visited, feeling the great weight of responsibility that rests upon them, felt and appreciated our sympathy and our prayers for them, that they may be endued with wisdom and sound judgment to discharge the various high and important duties to our Nation that rests upon them, and be instrumental in settling the people down in quiet submission to the laws of the land.

"Your prayers," said one of them, "have done more for us in the severe trials through which we have passed, than if you had buckled on the instruments of war and gone into the battle field."

On behalf of the meeting,

RACHEL HICKS, *Clerk.*

THE NORTH POLE.

Two French gentlemen recently explored the island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products, the geological composition, &c., of the island. They found that the long day, extending over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month or two, by the unceasing heat from the sun. In this period, vegetation springs up in great luxuriance and abundance. The North Pole is only a matter of 600 miles from the island, and it is thought by the two explorers, as by many others, that the pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without any great difficulties being encountered. A singular fact noticed by the explorers in connection with this island is the enormous quantities of floating timber which literally cover the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character, condition and kind of those floating logs would, no doubt, lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the Arctic seas.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GREAT WEST.

(Continued from page 300.)

CHICAGO, 6th mo. 20th, 1866.

There is much to interest a stranger in this place. We visited the "*Union Stock Yard*," some miles below the city. The President of the company informed me, that one year ago not a fence enclosed their grounds—now they have over *eighty acres* planted over—*twenty millions* of lumber have been used about the premises; and it is said the avenues between the cattle pens, if measured in a straight line, would amount to *ten miles*. The largest number of cattle they have ever had in one day has been *fifteen thousand;* although, with an eye to the future, they have accommodations now completed for *twenty-five thousand* head. They have also a splendid hotel, containing in all 353 rooms, 254 of which are lodging rooms. The top of this building gives a magnificent view of the country.

Our ride this morning was anything but pleasant, in consequence of a collision, from the probable consequence of which we made a narrow escape. The minutiæ of the occurrence it is unnecessary to narrate. Suffice it to say the only car of which our train was comprised became jammed between our own locomotive and that of another train—the former being prevented from proceeding in consequence of a car from still another train off the track; at which moment a fourth train came backing down on us at the rate of ten miles per hour, driving the cowcatcher under us, throwing us off the track, breaking the cast iron head of the cylinder off, crushing platform, steps, railings, &c. For a few moments, the choice appeared to be between being crushed in the rear by one locomotive, or just as dangerously situated with another in front, in the effort to escape there. All escaped

without injury, though the victims of a well-grounded fright.

We also visited two Artesian wells, situated completely on the outskirts of Chicago, both of which are 711 feet deep. One of these having a pipe of *five* inches in diameter, discharges 800,000 gallons per day, was commenced in the Fifth month, 1865, and completed on the 1st of *Eleventh* month the same year. A printed document hangs up in the building, which states the work was commenced under the direction of the "*Spirits.*" A large drawing also adorns the wall, purporting to delineate the geological formation of the whole boring, executed, I believe, before the work was commenced, accompanied with the information, that under the same direction this was drawn in *sixty hours.* The draughtsman and projector, who is said to be no geologist, challenges any person who is, to accomplish such a drawing in less than *three months.* These things are given forth as facts, and however much we may justly discard the reputed influences, the undertaking itself is a decided and valuable success. A chemical analysis has been made of the water, and it is said to be admirably adapted for drinking purposes.

A great undertaking has been commenced to supply the city with pure water, and with every prospect of success. A tunnel is projected, which is to extend *two miles and a quarter* out into Lake Michigan, or rather under its bed. At this point a "crib" has been built, from which the tunnelling has progressed *two thousand feet*, while from the shore about *sixty-five hundred* feet are completed. At this point the excavating goes on each day until 3 o'clock, when another set of workmen descend, and brick up all this space, carrying their work into the night until completed, thus making everything secure each day, and leaving nothing exposed. I presume the same regulations are observed at the other end.

We were a few minutes too late to see the two sets of workmen exchange places, but looked down the great shaft and saw the dim lights burning at the depth of *eighty-five* feet.

Nor were the "*elevators*" and *hog killing* and *packing* establishments forgotten, several of which I visited. One of the former has a capacity for the storage of a *million and a quarter* bushels of grain.

At two of the latter I witnessed the modus operandi of converting, in a very few minutes, the *living* brute into the animal *prepared* for the market. The expedition, system, and cleanliness of the entire operation is well worthy of admiration. In one of these establishments, during the busy season, *two thousand* hogs are despatched per day of ten hours each.

During our stay, the "*sharpshooters,*" a German association, corresponding with the "*Turners,*" of Philadelphia, held their annual festival, and, from the sale of railroad tickets and other data, it was computed that on the first day *fifteen thousand* persons were in attendance at this garden; a portion of these of course outside spectators. Very many Germans live and are in business directly on the route to the garden; and this portion of the city presented a gay appearance. These residents, where there were no trees, had nailed to the wooden curb either entire trees of from two to four or five inches in diameter, or very large branches; and, in addition, decorated the outside of their houses with greens and with flags. A very fine arch was also erected for the cars to pass under. The customary exercises marked the occasion during the five or six days of its continuance. Many other matters of considerable interest claimed our attention, which time and space forbid dilating upon,—not forgetting their *cemetery*, of which, however, it is possible mention may yet be made.

CLEVELAND, 6th mo. 22d, 1866.

We are delighted with this place. Strolling through its business thoroughfares, the same busy hum was observable as elsewhere; while a drive through its streets and avenues, especially *Euclid* Avenue, presented such a *succession* of splendid residences as I have never seen elsewhere. The lawns in front of these seem to be objects of especial care and attention. So very beautiful are they, that the renowned "*Burlington banks,*" on the river Delaware, (N. J.), bear no comparison to them. The grass is of the finest and closest kind, and really looks like a carpet of green plush. They use a rotary cutting machine, resembling a cast iron roller, which is trundled over the lawn, from which the grass flies just as the corn does from a cornsheller. This is used so repeatedly that the cuttings or clippings are not over an inch in length; and as to the residences themselves, it looks as though each owner had vied with his neighbor as to how much money he could expend in its erection and decoration. Their fences, gates, &c., are also of the most expensive character. We were shown one enclosure having several places of entrance, the gate-posts of which were of elaborately worked stone, costing *five hundred dollars* each. Upon expressing the view that these things must embody or represent a large amount of *wealth*, I was responded to that there had been, in many instances, an *unsubstantial* spirit of rivalry, resulting in a constant struggle to keep up appearances, although in other cases a reality existed.

A day or two previous to our arrival, the severe storm had raged, accounts of which have already been published; and we had pointed out one of the wrecks from which several lives had been lost, scarcely visible above the surface of the water. Upon gazing upon the now

beautiful and placid lake, it seemed almost impossible to believe it could ever be lashed into the fury and destructiveness of which the sad results bore such unmistakable evidence.

A new depot is in process of execution, which, when completed, it is said will be the largest in the United States, and that it will cost not less than *half a million of dollars.* Some estimate that its total cost will reach a much larger sum than even this. The ample space its walls enclose, and its splendid arched roof, supported without a single pillar, cannot but elicit admiration, even in its present unfinished state. J. M. ELLIS.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SILENT CITIES.

Earthly glories quickly vanish, like a shadow speed away;
Noblest works by man erected, bear the impress of decay:
"Ichabod" is written on them. Change, they one and all have known;
Time, the all-destroying angel, hath their power overthrown.

Where is now that Queen of nations, mighty Babylon the Great,
In the valley of the willows, sitting throned in regal state?
Lo! the diadem no longer rests upon her haughty brow—
Torn her robes of royal purple, broken is her sceptre now!

Nineveh, that goodly city, now is desolate and lone—
As the prophet saw in vision, none is left her to bemoan;
Like to Admah and Zeboim, every trace is swept away
Of the gorgeous council-chambers, where Assyria's kings held sway.

And in Tyre, the "mart of nations," now is heard the bittern's cry;
Broken are her stately columns—in the dust her towers lie;
In her banquet halls deserted, reigns the silence of the dead—
On her walls and pillars broken, lo! the fisher's net is spread!

Princely Tadmor, in the desert, where Zenobia of yore
Swayed her sceptre undisputed, sitteth throneless evermore!
Where the festive throng once gathered, there the herds now fearless roam—
There, her web the spider spinneth, there the bats have found a home.

Lo! on Thebes, the mighty city, time has laid his ruthless hand—
Temples, columns, sculptured marble, strew the desert's hoary sand.
Through her "hundred gates" no longer do her battle chariots pour,—
Gone her glory, pomp and splendor, to return again no more!

Itumea's far-famed city, hewn from out the solid rock,
Bids defiance to the tempest, and the earthquake's mighty shock;
But its streets are now deserted,—gloomy silence reigneth there—
Where the sullen owlet broodeth, and the wild beasts make their lair.

"Flocks are feeding in the Forum,"—towns lie buried in the deep—
'Neath Italia's sunny vineyards, cities, long-forgotten, sleep.
Touched by Time's "effacing fingers," lo! their glory passed away,—
All that mortal hands have builded, have the impress of decay.

Earth has no "continuing city," no abiding-place secure,
But a "mansion" is prepared us, whose foundation standeth sure;
In the land beyond Death's river, rise its walls as crystal clear,
They alone are ever-during, of decay they know no fear!

A. R. P.

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCE, NITRO-GLYCERINE.

"Glycerine, as we all know, is the sweet principle of oil, and is extensively used for purposes of the toilet, but it has now received an application of rather an unexpected nature. In 1847 a pupil of M. Pelouze's, M. Sobrero, discovered that glycerine, when treated with nitric acid, was converted into a highly explosive substance, which he called nitro glycerine. It is oily, heavier than water, soluble in alcohol and ether, and acts so powerfully on the nervous system that a single drop placed on the top of the tongue will cause a violent headache, which will last for several hours. This liquid seems to have been almost forgotten by chemists, and it is only now that M. Nobel, a Swedish engineer, has succeeded in applying it to a very important branch of his art—namely, blasting. From a paper addressed by him to the Academy of Sciences, we learn that the chief advantage which this substance, composed of one part glycerine and three parts of nitric acid, possesses, is that it requires a much smaller hole or chamber than gunpowder does, the strength of the latter being scarcely one-tenth of the former. Hence the miner's work, which, according to the hardness of the rock, represents some five to twenty times the power of the gunpowder used, is so short that the cost of blasting is often reduced by fifty per cent. The process is very easy. If the chamber of the mine presents fissures, it must be lined with clay to make it water-tight; this done, the nitro-glycerine is poured in, the water after it, which, being the lighter liquid, remains at the top. A slow-match, with a well charged percussion cap at one end, is then introduced into the nitro-glycerine. The mine may then be sprung by lighting the match, there being no need of tamping. On the 7th of June last three experiments were made with this new compound in the open part of the tin mines of Altenburg, in

Saxony. In one of these a chamber thirty-four millimetres in diameter was made perpendicularly in a dolomitic rock sixty feet in length, and at a distance of fourteen feet from its extremity, which was vertical. At a depth of eight feet a vault filled with clay was found, in consequence of which the bottom of the hole was tamped, having a depth of seven feet. One litre and a half of nitro glycerine was then poured in; it occupied five feet; a match and a stopper were then applied, as stated, and the mine sprung. The effect was so enormous as to produce one fissure fifty feet in length, and another twenty feet."

From The Examiner.

Alexander von Humboldt; or, What may be accomplished in a lifetime. By F. A. SCHWARZENBERG. Hardwicke.

There is room for a much fuller memoir of Humboldt than could possibly be given in this little volume; but till that appears—and Mr. Schwarzenberg here shows himself competent to the work—this brief sketch claims attention as being far better and more comprehensive than any other available to English readers. Drawing most of his material from Professor Klenke's "Denkmal," Mr. Schwarzenberg fills about fifty pages with a rapid survey of Humboldt's scientific attainments, and then proceeds, in a hundred and fifty other pages, to give some account of his personal history. The book is well planned, and yields a few hours' excellent reading.

Humboldt was born at Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769. His father, who died in 1779, was a retired major, and sometime favorite of Frederick the Great, and his mother was a niece of Princess Blucher. Both parents were wise and learned, and during the father's life-time the old castle Tegel, in which he dwelt, was a favorite resort of men famous in literature and science, as well as of princes and state officials. There Göthe visited in 1778, and made his first acquaintannce with the two boys, Alexander and his elder brother Wilhelm, who were hereafter to become his intimate friends. As boys, Wilhelm was thought the cleverer of the two, Alexander being sickly and unfit for great mental labor. He was prudently encouraged in natural history studies and other healthful pursuits, and developing a great aptitude for these, he prepared himself, when good health came, for wonderful mastery of them. In 1786 he went for two years to the Frankfort university, and thence he proceeded, for another two years, to complete his studies, to Göttingen, where Blumenbach, Heyne, and Eichhorn were among his teachers, and George Forster, who had gone round the world with Captain Cooke, was his best friend. These associates proved very helpful to him in his diligent study of physical, archæological, and philological studies. Closing his university life in 1790, he was as diligent a student as ever, for nearly seventy years more. Among other instances it is noted that, in 1834, being in Berlin, with some winter hours to spare, he took his seat among the students of the university, and attended lectures on Greek literature and antiquity, noting down the principal topics of the lectures, as he had been accustomed to do some five-and-forty years before. He learnt everything that he could, and he never forgot what he learnt. "A friend once called upon him," says Mr. Schwarzenburg, "to discuss some points relative to the topography of Jerusalem, and astonished at what he considered his marvellous memory of the streets and houses of the Holy City, asked how long it had been since he was there. 'I never was there,' was the answer; 'but I intended going sixty years ago, and therefore prepared myself.'" In illustration of another kind of memory, we are told that on one occasion "some ladies were brought to his house to be introduced to him. Among them was the daughter of a gentleman in Philadelphia, with whom he had resided in 1804, long before she was born. On entering the room, Humboldt exclaimed, without the slightest doubt or hesitation, 'You must be the daughter of my old friend in Philadelphia.'"

Studying books with all his might, Humboldt turned his attention most diligently to the unwritten book of nature. According to Mr. Schwarzenberg,

"He directed himself to facts; he examined and compared, without ever taking a direct part in the battle of the philosophers, because he had entered upon a new road—a higher and a more comprehensive point of view. He endeavored to comprehend the universe in all its grandeur. Nature should, through a perfect comprehension of its powers and its laws, in general and in particular, become a lively object of human knowledge—an open book in which the isolated and the small explains itself through the whole and the great. The immense territories of his researches were: 1. The knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants; 2. The discovery of the higher laws of nature, which govern the universe, men, animals, plants and minerals; 3. The discovery of new forms of life; 4. The discovery of territories hitherto but imperfectly known, and their various productions; 5. The acquaintance with new species of the human race,—their manners, languages, and historical traces of their culture. In this extensive field Humboldt labored with unwearied activity, care and perseverance. The natural consequences of his researches manifested themselves in all the branches of scientific and practical knowledge, and found application in numerous circles of life. His vivid

and glowing description, never yet surpassed, of scenes witnessed in distant countries, awakened a desire for travel; they furnished new instruction; the charm of his descriptions inspired numerous youths with a love for nature's beauty; many a thoughtful man, with a resolve to study the laws of nature, and even many a female heart, attracted by the fabulous tropics and the love for grandeur of scenery, learned to pronounce with veneration the name of him whose person is surrounded, in the conception of many, with the enchanting brightness of the mysterious and marvellous, when they meet him in the description of mariners, or the perilous wanderings, in the wild burning territories of the southern hemisphere."

Humboldt, however, is to be admired even more for what he himself did than for what he encouraged others to do. Spending the best years of his life in minute, personal exploration of several of the most interesting parts of the world, he heaped up a mass of curious knowledge, which shaped itself in his all grasping and well-regulated mind, into whole systems of science and scientific teaching, or rather, entire ramifications of the one vast system of nature, which he made it his great business to describe.

"He was the first who regulated and classified isolated scientific facts of the past and the present, and who assigned to everything its proper place, in order to establish the necessary harmony of the whole. His critical insight assigned to the apparent lawless a fixed law; the isolated found its kindred groups. He thus revealed and laid open the united life and activity of our planet in its actual being. He became, as testified by his life, the founder of a comparative cosmography, the originator of the science of geognosy, and indicated, with his friend Leopard von Buch, the volcanic activity which influences the formation of our earth. He was the founder of the geography of plants, an entirely new science, regarding the laws of their distribution. He discovered a new world, with new forms, new life, manners, languages, and the remains of an unknown antiquity. He likewise was the reformer of geographical maps; and, lastly, the originator and the representative of a new method in the investigation of general science which is daily becoming more developed. He endeavored to realize a more universal standpoint, tracing continually the mutual connection of the divers branches of science, watching nature in her secret laboratory, searching for new facts, and discarding all kinds of speculations. The internal complication of cause and effect, isolated, and in its relation to the whole, afforded him a guide to the discovery of its laws. He originated the modern school which unites physical science with human history, and which has produced, in its mode of investigation, remarkable results. This mathematical, exact method of research is due to Humboldt. It is at present the acknowledged method of the most eminent naturalists, though it cannot be denied that it led to the most trifling empiricism in those who only adopted Humboldt's method, without possessing his powers of combination, and his lofty insight into the laws of the physical Cosmos."

(To be continued.)

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.

Joseph Crele, who was probably the oldest man in the world, died in Caledonia, a little town of Wisconsin, on the 27th of January last, at the age of one hundred and forty-one years. Twice threescore and ten years may be called a ripe old age. He attained an age greater by twenty years than that enjoyed by the next oldest man of modern times, Jean Claude Jacob, a member of the French National Assembly, who was called the "Dean of the human species," who died at the age of one hundred and twenty one. Joseph Crele bore arms at Braddock's defeat, was an old man when Jackson defeated Packenham at New Orleans, venerable when Taylor whipped Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and yet was not too old to rejoice when Lee surrendered to Grant.

Joseph Crele was born of French parents, in what is now Detroit, but which was then only an Indian trading station, in 1725. The record of his baptism in the Cathoiic Church in that city establishes this fact beyond a doubt. He was a resident of Wisconsin for about a century, and was the "oldest citizen" in that State beyond any dispute. He was first married, in New Orleans, in 1755, after having grown to be a bachelor of thirty. A few years after his marriage he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the Revolutionary war, he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. A few years ago he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court of Wisconsin, in a case involving the title to certain real estate at Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired eighty years before, and many years before the litigants were dreamed of.

For some years past he had resided at Caledonia with a daughter by his third wife. This child was a little over seventy years of age a couple of years ago, but we do not know whether she survives her father or not. He was sixty-nine when she was born. Up to 1864, Mr. Crele was as hale and hearty as most men of seventy. He could walk several miles without fatigue, and was frequently in the habit of "chopping" wood for the family use. He went to all elections, and from the time he first voted for Washington, he had always voted the

straight-out Union ticket. He had no bad habit, except that he was an inveterate smoker. In person he was rather above the medium height, spare in flesh, but showing evidences of having been in his prime, a century or so before, a man of sinewy strength. Of late years a haunting sense of loneliness overwhelmed and seemed to sadden him. The only weakness of mind which he ever betrayed was in the last year or two of his existence, when he frequently remarked, with a startling air of sadness, that perhaps "Death had forgotten him;" but he would always add, and, with more cheerfulness, that "he felt sure God had not."

CENTENARIANS IN EUROPE.

A French journalist has made a list of the number of deaths in the year 1865 of persons who attained the age of one hundred years and upwards, France not included. England holds a respectable place in the list, having five names out of only nineteen collected from the whole world. The following is the list, which might be added to by further investigation:—Burchell, 100 years, Brighton; Isabella Ross, 105 years, Market Weighton; Mary Flinn, 100 years, London; Margaret Burteis, 103 years, Shalton Rectory, Norfolk; Sarah Englefield, 101 years, Wakefield; E. Nauwelaers, 103 years, Brussels; Isabelle Somer, 100 years and eight months, Destelbergen, Belgium; Catherine Van Welle, 101 years, Alost; Lorenzo Risso, 100 years, Rossighone, Liguaria; M. Agathange, formerly abbott of the Russian convent of St. George, Crimea, 108 years; the Austrian general, Count Civalart de Happancourt, 100 years; the Indian warrior, Bloody Hand, 100 years, at Cattaraugus; Madame Angelique Doyer, 113 years, at Quebec; Widow Gaggero, 106 years, at Genoa; Louisa Maria De Oliveira, 107 years, arrondissement de Louza, Portugal; Jean Schlagentweitt, 117 years, Vienna; Madame Daniel Couture, 102 years, Levis, Canada; Rabello De Penafiel, Portugal, 106 years.

ITEMS.

The Jamaica Commission has brought in its report. They conclude that there was ground for fearing a general insurrection of the blacks, had the rioters been successful; commend the energy displayed by Governor Eyre in the earlier steps taken for the restoration of order; condemn him for the discretion accorded to military officers after the disturbances had ceased; pronounce the hanging, whipping and destruction of property to which these gentlemen resorted unnecessary, wanton, and cruel; and declare the trial and execution of Gordon illegal. The report is on the whole judicial in its tone, though displaying everywhere a strong desire not to bear too hard on Eyre in its inferences. But the mere facts which the commission rehearse, as proved, are in themselves a worse condemnation than any opinion the report could pronounce. The reluctance of the commissioners to speak out their full mind has excited a good deal of severe comment in England. But had the victims of Eyre's negligence or cruelty been white, we are satisfied that no man in the country would have dared to put one line on paper which would even look like extenuation of the governor's conduct. Mr. Eyre has been removed, but it is to be hoped that the matter will not rest here. Gordon's trial was illegal, and his execution was murder. If its perpetrators are allowed to go unwhipped of justice, no man's life in a colony would be safe.—*The Nation.*.

The Atlantic Telegraph.—The Great Eastern was expected to leave her moorings in the Medway, at the latest, on the 30th ult. The whole of the 1,660 knots of new cable has been completed. The weight of the new cable is about 38 cwt. per mile, which is almost double the weight of the original Atlantic cable. The total quantity of cable to be taken out will exceed 2,700 miles. The work of laying the cable will commence about the 8th of July.

Congress.—During the week the following bills have passed the Senate. A bill prohibiting any State from making laws in relation to pilots and pilot charges discriminating against any other State. A bill extending the time for the acceptance of the public lands donated to the States and Territories of the United States to aid in the establishment of agricultural colleges. The bill regulating the time and manner of holding elections for Senators in Congress was taken up. It provides that elections shall be held on the second Second-day after the organization; that the voting shall be *viva voce*, and a majority of the whole vote shall be necessary to election, and failing such majority, a vote shall be taken each day during the session of the Legislature until a choice is made. A bill to repeal the act retroceding the county of Alexandria to the State of Virginia was taken up, and after considerable discussion, it was rejected. A resolution was adopted instructing the Secretary of the Treasury to cause a statement to be prepared, in tabular form, showing the duties levied on all imports by all the tariff acts from 1842, including the bill now pending in the Senate, and to report the same to the Senate at its next session. A resolution was passed placing at the disposal of the authorities of Portland, Maine, certain tents, hospital stores, &c., belonging to the Government, for the use of the families whose dwellings were burned by the late conflagration, also one suspending the collection of the taxes assessed on such persons as suffered materially by the late fire. The Tariff bill was received from the House and read twice. A motion was made to refer the bill to the Committee on Finance, and an amendment offered instructing the Committee to report on the second Second-day in 12th month next. The motion, as amended, was then passed. The bill for the construction of a ship canal around Niagara Falls was then taken up, and several amendments were agreed to.

House.—The House resumed the consideration of the Tariff bill with the amendments thereto, as reported from the Committee of the Whole. After a lengthened discussion, the bill was finally passed. The bill to quiet land titles in California was passed without a division. The bill regulating the time and manner of holding elections for Senators in Congress was reported from the Committee on the Judiciary. The bill granting to any telegraph company the right of way over any post-road, military route, and over the public domain, was passed after a long discussion. The Senate joint resolution to furnish tents, &c., to the Portland sufferers was agreed to. An appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars was made for the erection at Washington of a fire-proof building to afford to the Treasury additional room for the

preservation of papers; and also an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to rebuild the custom house at Portland, Maine.

The California Indians.—Commissioner Cooley has received a report from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California, dated San Francisco, June 15th, in which he gives a very encouraging account of affairs in that region. The prospect of excellent crops is now made certain by the late rains. The Indians through the State are now peaceable, and will remain so, unless badly abused by lawless whites. Abundant subsistence, in the way of grain and vegetables, for the Indians, will be secured, and the Indians are improving in general health, and are becoming more industrious.

Education of Freedmen.—The citizens of Oxford, Mississippi, at a recent popular meeting, put forth the following plea for the education of the freedmen:

That the time has arrived when measures should be adopted by the southern people themselves to provide the ways and means of educating the freedmen, is a conclusion to which we have been led by the following considerations:

1. These people are now thrown upon their own resources in a state of freedom, for which they are to a certain extent unprepared.

2. They consider us, their former owners, to be now, as we have always been, their natural guardians and their best friends.

3. It is our interest, as well as our duty, to diffuse the blessings of education as widely as possible among all classes of people in our country.

4. If it ever was good policy to keep them ignorant, it certainly is no longer so, but the very reverse.

5. The right of suffrage will, in all probability, be given to this people at some future day.

6. Ignorant voters are the curse of our country.

7. If we do not teach them some one else will, and whoever thus benefits them will win an influence over them which will control their votes.

8. If we perform this service, then we shall secure their identification with us in promoting all our interests.

Means of Instruction.—We propose the establishment of a Sabbath school for the oral instruction of colored people, as well as to teach them to read. We have organized this school with more than one hundred pupils and twelve teachers. Regular preaching also is provided for them by the resident ministers of the different churches of Oxford. We desire to enlist in this work all our fellow citizens, as there is room enough for all and work enough for all. In such a work as this, no doubt, the conviction of duty and the command of God should be sufficient motives to actuate us. But while we would not plead for the authority of great names as a sanction of our course or an inducement to others, at the same time we rejoice to find, that in many parts of the South, the prominent citizens and official dignitaries are actively moving in this matter. In South Carolina, Governor Orr and the first citizens of Charleston, are urging the establishment of a common-school system for the freedmen. In Alabama ex-Governor Moore and ex Congressman Curry are engaging in the movement, and elsewhere in Mississippi, this field of labor is occupied by some of the most distinguished of our citizens. All this shows that the influence is at work which is to put into general operation an effective system of instruction for this people in sacred and secular knowledge. Let us, therefore, engage in the work in earnest, according as God shall open the way for us, and consider your duty in connection with the work, we ask you to decide upon that course that you will probably approve when the light of a coming eternity shall be shed upon the subject.

J. N. Waddell, S. G. Burney,
A. I. Quinche, T. E. B. Pegues,
Wm. Delay, J. W. McPherson.

Oxford, Miss., June 12, 1866.

North Carolina has 133 schools, 155 teachers, and 10,806 scholars.

On the 30th of 6th mo. there was a meeting of the Superior Court at Augusta, to consider the subject of establishing schools for the freedmen. The mayor promises his aid, and the colored people gladly respond to his request that they shall co-operate.

WM. HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North Ninth Street.—A general assortment of ready-made Coffins, and every requisite for Funerals furnished.
Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 311. 1y. w a s m p.

LESSONS ON OUR COMMON SONG BIRDS.—Tickets for a course of Eight Lessons, $3 00 each. Liberal reduction to Schools and Classes of over fifty persons.
Address Grace Anna Lewis,
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6 16 3m. 800 Arch St., Philada.

DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.—Always on hand, a large assortment of Domestic Dry Goods; Muslins of all kinds and of the best makes, both Bleached and Unbleached; Flannels of all grades, White and Colored, Twilled and Plain; Calicoes, Ginghams, Check, Shirtings and Drillings, Bleached and Brown Table Linens, Towelings by the piece and by the yard. Men's and Boys' wear, a well assorted stock. Ezekiel Tyson,
721 tfaxn. 1638 Market St., Philada.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND & SON, Produce Commission Merchants, No. 52 Light Street, Baltimore, respectfully solicit consignments of Grain, Flour, Seeds, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Poultry, &c. Constantly in store and for sale, Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass, and other Field Seeds. Also Bone Dust and other Fertilizers. Dried Fruits bought and sold. 721 tfa.fn.

A YOUNG WOMAN of experience wants a situation in a private school, or as Governess in a family. Address
721 tf. E. W. C., Hockessin, Delaware.

WANTED, by a Female, a situation as Teacher; qualified to instruct in the usual branches, having had several years' experience. Good recommendations given. Address or apply to
smw 4t dvs. Emmor Comly, 144 N. Seventh St., Phila.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—The Fall and Winter Term of this healthfully and beautifully located Boarding-School for Girls will commence 10th mo. 1st, 1866, and close 4th mo. 12, 1867. For further information apply for a Circular to
Israel J. Grahame, } Principals.
Jane P. Grahame, }
72 tf. Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.

MOORESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—The next Term of this Institution, which has been in successful operation for 24 years, will commence on the first of 10th mo. next, and continue 40 weeks. For Circulars, apply early to
Mary S. Lippincott, *Principal*,
630.721 200p Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J.

CHERRY STONERS,—(seed 2 bushels an hour.) Pea and Bean Shellers, (shell 50 qts an hour,) Carpet Sweepers, Wire Dish Covers, Champion Cog-Wheel Clothes-Wringers, (we consider them the best yet invented for durability and convenience;) and a variety of other new articles of Hardware, Cutlery and Tools. For sale by Truman & Shaw,
310a630 No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, High St., West Chester, Pa.—This school, for both sexes, will reopen on 3d of Ninth month, 1866. For Circulars address Charles Swayne, *Principal*.
REFERENCES.
Halliday Jackson, West Chester, Pa.
Clement Biddle, Chadd's Ford, "
Enoch Swayne, London Grove, "
623 afntf. Wm. H. Johnson, Newtown, "

FOR SALE—A valuable Boarding School Property for Girls, favorably located in a Friends' neighborhood. The school is now in full and successful operation, and offers a rare opportunity for any well qualified Friend. Any one wishing information with a view to purchase, can obtain it by addressing "E. F." office Friends' Intelligencer, No. 144 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia.
616 tfavn.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of 5th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85
For further particulars address Henry W. Ridgway,
4766 t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 28, 1866. No. 21.

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EFFICACY OF SPIRITUAL PRAYER.

BY JOB SCOTT.

Lord! let not thine hand spare nor thine eye pity, until thou bringest forth judgment unto victory in me. I find it good for my soul to wait upon, look unto, and, as living desires arise, breathe to and supplicate my God. For though I know I cannot alter him; he is always, altogether alike, and the same; yet, as his operation is steadily upon us, by drawing near to him in that whereby he is drawing us to himself, he draws near to us, as to our sense and enjoyment of him. He is steadily drawing, or operating upon the hearts of men; and when men yield thereto, so as to let him arise, or be lifted up in them, he will draw all such unto him; agreeably to our Saviour's words, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto me." But, take notice, he does not do it till he is lifted up in them, and he cannot be lifted up in them till they will let him arise. Hence the propriety of the injunction, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered." Hence, also, the truth and propriety of Christ's mournful expostulation with the Jews, "How often would I have gathered you, &c., but ye would not."

Man can never make God arise, nor profitably attempt to awake the beloved of souls till he please. Yet man may and ought to *let him arise.* On the contrary, man can and too often does, hinder his arising in his own soul. His proper business is to wait on him in a silent, inward travail of spirit, to feel his arisings. This is that drawing near unto God, which issues, if rightly and perseveringly performed, in his drawing near unto us; that is, we feel more and more of his presence. As when a man in a boat, with a rope made fast to a rock, by pulling at the rope draws himself to the rock, though the rock seems to move toward the boat; so in drawing near to God he seems to meet us, and we more fully behold and enjoy him; notwithstanding he rests and remains as to himself just where and what he was, unmoved, unaltered. This simile, though pertinently descriptive of the true waiting upon and prayer to God, may seem to such as don't experience the thing itself in themselves, to imply the propriety of vocal prayer to God at any set time that men may appoint; because, in case of the rock, it is optional with the man in the boat. But this thought goes not deep enough. For, beside, that the rock is dead, and God is alive forever, and that God has a most powerful influence and operation on the souls of men, which the rock has not, it should be considered that unless the rope from the boat has fast hold of the rock, (which sometimes it has not), all the man's pulling and toiling will be in vain; as that of the fishermen who toiled all night and caught nothing. But as they, when day arrived, (the proper time to work), and he who had a right to direct and put them forth, gave the direction, and they attended thereto, caught a very great draught of fishes; so may the man in the boat, when the rope has fast hold of the rock, draw

himself to it, and so may the soul, in true prayer, having firm and living hold of the eternal Rock, draw nigh unto it and feel it drawing nigh to him.

But as no comparison holds absolutely, so here. It is God that is the first in operation. He loves us before we love him. He is, of his own unchangeable love and goodness, and according to the necessity of *his* nature and *ours*, and to his design in our creation, moving and operating upon us for our good, and in order to draw us to himself. This influence and operation we should more abundantly and sensibly feel than many often do, were we enough inward and attentive to it, and waiting for it. Other attentions divert us from it; and by absorbing and taking up our thoughts, and occupying our minds, render us almost insensible of those operations upon us, which it is impossible we should be wholly without, and which would soon become lively and powerful upon us if enough attended to. This is the business of silently waiting upon God. It is to witness the mind divested of those incumbering and intruding things which hinder a lively sense of the drawing cords of God's love and power upon us; that being thus divested we may stand open to, and be fully and feelingly sensible of divine operation. And herein, (as it is the divine life thus turned to by turning from other attachments that quicken us, not we, ourselves), we feel ourselves to have some firm hold of the eternal Rock; and as we watch unto prayer, first watching, (for the injunction is "watch and pray,") we often feel the true spirit of supplication revive in our souls, wherein we draw nearer and nearer unto God. And this, often at first, and frequently throughout a whole meeting, arises only to an inward fervent prayer to God that cannot be safely, or without loss of the life of it, vocally expressed; because, the spirit at such times helpeth our infirmities only with and in inward groanings that cannot be rightly uttered. And how greatly should we err were we to attempt to utter ourselves in vocal supplication at a time when all the aid and assistance received arises only to and terminates in such inward groanings.

But at other seasons he who opens and none can shut, so helps us, opens our way and aids our utterance, that in fervent, vocal intercessions our souls are sweetly and very profitably poured forth to God, who, in this case, always hears, for he cannot deny his own. Though he changes not, is not altered by any of our petitionings, yet if we lie low and humbly wait under his influence upon us till it results in solemn supplication, and we keep to it singly in the spring and motion of his divine word of life and power, not putting ourselves forth nor going before nor beyond this quickening influence, opening and leading, we shall pray only for what is according to his good will to grant us. This is true prayer. This is truly drawing near to God, which is the same to us as his drawing near to us. But a hasty, zealous approach in words, in our own time and anxious desires, effects no good purpose. It certainly cannot alter God, and as certainly it cannot draw us nearer to him, because not in his motion upon us and without our having any true and substantial hold of him. Men pray as if they thought they could move or alter God. They think if they stir up themselves to ask, and, with a good deal of creaturely animation, do ask for what they *think* they stand in need of, it will induce him to hear and grant their request. But in all this they are too ignorant of him, his nature and attributes. His unalterable nature is such that all good to our souls is of him and through his operation on us; and, therefore, if ever we pray to any real advantage we must be sensibly drawn and wrought into a substantial spirit of true prayer by his divine power; else we may, to almost as good a purpose, pray to Mahomet or Baal, as to God. For Baal could as soon hear and answer his prophets as God can hear, with approbation, and grant the prayer that is not of his own begetting.

We act as if we would change according to our will the true, living and unchangeable God, when we attempt to prevail on him, by words of our own creaturely conceiving, to do something for the good of our souls. He acts from his own eternal nature and disposition, and that always the same, and is to us just according as we are to him. If we accost him in words prompted by our own active, anxious, hasty desires, without knowing our hearts livingly touched by his own live coal from his heavenly altar, we can but obtain the empty echo in return to the sound of our voice, for he will not be moved; but if we do livingly and feelingly lay hold of him and draw near to him, in the drawings of his cord of divine love upon us, he draws near to us, and we receive substantial blessing. Because, he is to us just as we are to him. If we are *alive* to him, we feel him in the same proportion *alive* in us. If we are dead to him, even though we pray ever so loud and often, and tell him ever so solemnly, "The Lord liveth," we speak falsely. For, as to any sensible, living knowledge of him he is as a dead God to us. Therefore, as it is in ourselves or in our actual state, so only it is in reality. And he that can be satisfied with a lifeless round of set devotions that join not his soul to God in a holy, cementing, consolating union in the divine life, does but snuff up the wind and will reap the whirlwind. He but mocks God, and God will mock him when his fear cometh.

True prayer is always heard and meets a hearty return of the divine complacency, for its spring,

and motion, and life, is the very life of God in the soul, and joins the soul to him. And "he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit," where he will not deny his own. The rest is all chaff and vanity, and tends directly to exalt the creature and its own activity in opposition to the life and energy of God. From the nature of the Deity, and his unwavering tendency towards union with us, he must operate on us. This, if submitted to and rightly lived under by us, will result in true prayer, and that prayer in substantial union; and no possible substitution of words, and mere creaturely supplications, will ever, in the least degree, promote this divine union and fellowship; but will forever retard it and set up man in separation from God, the divine life, in stead thereof.

"AND FROM THENCE WE CAME TO PHILIPPI."
Acts 16: 12.

"I say unto you, that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Nothing can more powerfully imply the importance of conversion than this declaration of the Saviour, the faithful and true witness. However lightly or contemptuously conversion may be thought of among men, celestial beings, proverbial for their wisdom, and incapable of mistake, always behold it with wonder and delight. With them, the improvement of art, the discoveries of philosophy, the exploits of heroes, the revolutions of empires, are comparatively nothing to the salvation of a soul. At the first creation, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy: but they sing a new song, and with peculiar rapture, at the second, when old things pass away, and all things become morally and spiritually new.

Luke the historian was like minded. He here speaks of his coming, with Paul and Silas, to Philippi. Philippi was built by Philip, the father of Alexander. From the beginning it had been noted; but within comparatively a recent period it had been rendered exceedingly remarkable by the two great battles which the Romans fought in its plains. In the one Julius Cæsar vanquished Pompey. In the other, Augustus defeated Brutus. Though every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, yet Luke says nothing of the work of Philip; of the prowess of Cæsar; of the fortune of Augustus. But he mentions what would immortalize the place in the annals of the soul and eternity—the conversion of two individuals, Lydia and the jailor. Lydia was amiable and moral; a proselyte to the Jewish religion, and a worshipper of the true God. The jailor was a heathen; an idolater, vicious in his disposition, as rude and savage in his soul as in his office. The conversion of the one was in answer to prayer; gentle, gradual, imperceptible in its progress, but obvious in its result. The conversion of the other was sudden, extraordinary in the circumstances, and accompanied with terror and anguish. *She* was overcome by the smiles of mercy, and drawn by the cords of love. *He*, with the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast in him, and with a wounded spirit which he could not bear, was dragged to the judgment seat, looking only for the sentence of condemnation. Her heart the Lord opened, as the sun opens a flower in spring. His heart was stormed like a citadel, where the strong man armed kept his palace and his goods in peace.

Hence we see by what various methods divine grace operates on different persons. The Saviour may come in the roar of the storm; but His presence and agency are no less real in the still, small voice. Samuel was called by grace, as well as Manasseh; and Watts was saved by grace as well as Bunyan."—*Jay.*

ACCESS TO GOD.

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it all ready open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near, and this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend a special Pisgah or Moriah; it needs not that you enter some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah-shammah*, "The Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth, and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage, by the brink in Gennesaret, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the lions gazed on him, or the hill side where the Man of Sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the prints of the ladder's feet let down from heaven, the landing place of mercies, because the starting-point of prayer.—*Hamilton.*

Upham says, "Some Christians remain in the condition of *servants*, followed and scourged by an inward condemnation, and do not cheerfully and boldly take that of sons. They wander about, oftentimes led captive by Satan, in the low grounds of the gospel life, amid marshes and tangled forests; and do not ascend into the pleasant hills and land of Beulah, where are the spicy breezes and perpetual sunshine."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The subjoined extracts from a letter on the principles and doctrines of the early Friends were written by a clergyman in England, in the year 1701. The interest of the sentiments contained therein is much increased, from the fact that the author was one not in profession with Friends, but was willing to own the truth, although it was found among those who were despised and persecuted by his brother professors. S. B. F.

Reverend Brother,—The long knowledge I have had of your wisdom, temper and moderation, for which I can truly say, without the least umbrage of flattery, you deserve to be highly valued, hath given me encouragement to communicate to you my free and impartial thoughts concerning the controversy between some of our brethren on the one hand, and the Quakers on the other. Though I am a great admirer of solitude and retirement, being seldom seen in the crowds of the talkative and unthinking multitude, but sequestering myself, as much as I possibly can, from public noise, that I might have the more opportunity to introvert my mind, and wait upon and adore my Creator; for when my mind is silent and retired, and my own imaginations and reasonings are shut out, then I can hear his still small voice, and have an inward sensible perception of his Divine presence with my soul. Yet I am not such an absolute recluse as to cloister myself wholly up from the things of this world, for I admit of visits from particular friends, read books at seasonable intervals, and hold epistolary correspondence with yourself and a few more select persons, who know the worth of privacy by the benefit they enjoy in it. So that, though I am no actor in the public theatre of the times, yet I never have been, nor am, an ignorant and unconcerned spectator of those transactions that have happened in our day.

And of all occurrences, the dissensions about religion, and those often attended with violent heats and reflections, by men of furious and intemperate spirits, have most affected me. All profess themselves to be Christians, to be disciples and followers of Christ; and yet, how few imitate him whom they pretend to be their Master? And it is a sad but true observation, that they who have the worst cause and weakest arguments are very apt to give hard names, and to revile and slander their opponents; that since they cannot refute them by dint of fair ratiocination, they might, if possible, pollute them with the dirt of filthy reflection. You know whose practice this has been in their former quarrels with other dissenters; and now, in a more particular manner, with the Quakers, especially since Mr. Bugg and Mr. Keith came amongst us; persons who were not so much deserters, as cashiered men, for their immoralities; for they did not come, but were thrust out from amongst the Quakers; at which, taking deep resentment, and cherishing that bad humor in themselves, which caused their expulsion, their whole mass seems to be so corrupted, that their enmity is become implacable against that people.

And as it is natural for malignant humors to spread, especially over those parts which were before infected, so these men, coming full, amongst us, of envy, hatred and malice, have infused their venom into some of our brethren, who have formerly been tainted; and those having received the infection themselves, how industriously do they endeavor to spread it amongst others.

I am heartily sorry to see it; but what pains do they take? Yea, what artifices do they use, to possess not only private persons with prejudice, but also to stir up persecution in the government against the Quakers, as though they were not fit to live amongst us? The pulpits ring with invective, and the presses groan with abusive books and pamphlets against them. The common charge is, that they are guilty of blasphemy against God, Christ, and the Holy Scriptures; thus our Norfolk brethren: yea, of blasphemy and heresy; so Mr. Keith. But the Quakers have answered those charges again and again; and cleared themselves in the face of God and the world, as appears by their printed books and papers. To be plain; let any indifferent man compare their books with ours, and he will soon see to whom the blasphemy and heresy belong.

You may remember, sir, what you gave me in your last, as your opinion about the cause of our brethren's outcry against the Quakers, rather than other dissenters,—viz.: Their opposition to tithes, which the others generally pay; and your sense was, that if the Quakers would comply in that one thing, the noise of blasphemy and heresy would be no more heard against them. And I am inclined to believe it, because you know that tithes are the very pillars of our church; take away them, and the sumptuous fabric quickly falls into a heap of rubbish. We cannot subsist without them; we cannot furnish our libraries, nor maintain our families without them. It is granted they are not due to us by virtue of the divine law, as they were to the Levites; but they are settled upon us by the law of the land; and so we claim them, and so we receive them, and upon no other foot of account.

The Quakers have said so much against our old plea of divine right, and made it out so fully and plainly by Scripture, that none but some zealous novices, or superannuated bigots, will now offer to use it; and, therefore, the wise amongst us have quitted that pretence, and do insist only upon a right issuing from mere human constitution.

I have diligently looked into the controversy that is between our brethren and the Quakers, not with a partial or captious, but with a single and indifferent eye; and I do not find that the Quakers are either guilty of those real errors that are laid to their charge; or, that those, which our brethren suppose to be errors in them, are errors at all, but are rather glorious gospel truths. I will give some instances in both.

First. Our brethren suppose that the Quakers are in error about the light within, and there upon have bestowed upon it many opprobrious, not to say blasphemous, names, as ignis fatuus, a diabolical light, &c. So some: and others, a spark from the devil's forge; so our Norfolk brethren (its wit) Doctor Beckham, Mr. Meriton, and Mr. Topcliffe, in their principles of the Quakers, &c., p. 6. A whimsical witness fetched from Terra Incognita, p. 57. A Counterfeit Phantasm, p. 74. The Phantasm of a Christ within, p. 86, ibid. Another calls it a monstrous notion, and affirms it to be the ground and foundation of all their other errors and blasphemies; so the author of The Snake in the Grass, 3d edit. p. 8. But I have faithfully examined the Quaker's notion about the light within, and compared it with the Scriptures, and do find that they speak of it as the Scriptures do,—viz: that Christ is the light of the world, and that he doth enlighten every man that cometh into it, with divine saving light. I am sorry our brethren should be so dark as to oppose it.

Secondly. Our brethren charge immediate revelation upon them, as another great error; which is not an error, but a glorious truth; for if immediate revelation were ceased, as our brethren say, there could be no such thing as the Christian religion in the world; for there is no saving knowledge of the Father and the Son attainable without it. I have the testimony of Christ himself for what I say, and therefore am bold to assert it, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." (Matt. xi. 27.) Take away immediate revelation, and farewell to the Christian religion; a name and notion of Christianity may be kept up, but the life and power cannot subsist without it. "The Quakers do not plead for any new gospel faith or doctrine different from that which Christ and his holy apostles and prophets taught, and is recorded in the Scriptures of truth; but for the revelation of that which they taught, and is therein recorded."—*Defence of the People called Quakers*, p. 6.

Thirdly. Our brethren charge it as an error upon the Quakers, for asserting the sufficiency of the light within to salvation, without the Scriptures; but this is no error in the Quakers' sense, for I perceive by their writings that they do not oppose the light within to the Scriptures, nor do they exclude the Scriptures, where they are afforded unto men; but by the light within, they understanding Christ, who said, "I am the light of the world," (John ix. 5;) and is "God blessed forever," (Rom. ix. 5;) and therefore able to save to the uttermost, do testify to the sufficiency thereof, to save all those who believe in and obey it; though the Scriptures are withheld from them by the providence of God. For, as those that have the literal knowledge of the Scriptures are not saved merely by that, without the experimental knowledge of the work of the Spirit in and upon their hearts; so those that have the experimental knowledge may be saved without the literal. And as many are injured by the fall of the first Adam, who know nothing of him, or his eating of the forbidden fruit, so many are made partakers of the great salvation, that comes by Jesus Christ, the second Adam, though ignorant of the history of his sufferings and death. Therefore, unless our brethren will deny the all-sufficiency of Christ, or exclude all those from the pale of divine mercy, who know not the Scriptures, (which is both contrary to Scripture and to the repeated testimony of God's goodness recorded therein,) I cannot see what pretence they can make for impugning this assertion of the Quakers.

Fourthly. Another truth held by this people, and miscalled error by our brethren, is sinless perfection on this side the grave; but if such a state is not attainable in this life, to what end are there so many precepts about it, so many exhortations to it, so many prayers for it, and so many examples of it recorded in the Scriptures? Why do we pray, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin? In morning prayer: grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance, to do always that which is righteous in thy sight? In the litany: from all evil and mischief, from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil, from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation, good Lord deliver us?

"From fornication, and all other deadly sin, and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil; good Lord deliver us? Mortify and kill all vices in us? For the circumcision of Christ: grant us the true circumcision of the Spirit, that our hearts and all our members, being mortified from all worldly and carnal lusts, we may, in all things, obey thy blessed will? Grant us, we beseech thee, that having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure? Give us grace to use such abstinence, that our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions, in righteousness and true holiness? Grant us so to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that

we may always serve thee in pureness of living and truth? Nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same? Keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation? Make us continually to be given to all good works? Lord, we beseech thee, grant thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil; and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee the only God? Grant that the Holy Spirit may, in all things, direct and rule our hearts? Grant, we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people, pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from *all* their sins?" Why, I say, do we pray thus? And why do we teach our children, in the Church Catechism, to pray to be kept from *all* sin and wickedness, if it be impossible to be obtained?

You know, sir, that sinless perfection in this life is the doctrine both of the law and the gospel, the doctrine of Moses and the prophets, of Christ and his apostles: of Justin Martyr—of Origen—of Cyprian—of Chrysostom—of Hieron—of Augustin—of Gregory—of Prosper, and many others. Yea, you know that the most learned bishops of our church, as Bishop Andrews, Bishop Overal, Bishop White, and Bishop Taylor, were of this opinion. That King James I. saith, upon the Lord's Prayer, that it is blasphemy to say that any of Christ's precepts are impossible; for that were to give him a lie, who told us out of his own mouth, "That his yoke is easy and his burden is light;" and Christ's intimate disciple saith, (1 John v. 3,) "That his commandments are not grievous." See also what Dr. Thomas Drayton hath written upon this subject in his proviso or condition of the promises; and Mr. William Parker, in his revindication of the said doctor, wherein he clearly proves these two assertions to be the orthodox protestant doctrine.

First.—That there is a possibility, through the grace and help of Christ, of the total mortification of sin in this life.

Secondly.—That there is a possibility of perfect obedience, through the grace and help of Christ, to the law of God in this life.

Yea, Mr. Keith himself, though denying sinless perfection, as held by the Quakers, yet asserts it in his own terms, as fully as can be; see the account of an occasional conference between him and Thomas Upshare, p. 15, where he affirms, "That persons, by the help of God's grace and Spirit continually assisting them, may, before death, come to perfection in the true sense of Scripture, so as with sincerity of heart to love God, and walk in all his commandments, and to be free from the condemning and commanding power of sin, and from all, not only scandalous, but deliberate and wilful sin, though liable to sinful imperfections." For, do not the Quakers grant, that there remaineth always, in some part, a possibility of sinning, when the mind doth not most diligently and watchfully attend unto the Lord? See R. Barclay's Apology, Prop. 8. So that Mr. Keith both denies and affirms sinless perfection in the same paragraph; for a *liableness* to sin doth no more exclude sinless perfection now than it did to Adam before his fall; who, though he was liable to fall, yet was perfect before he fell.

I could add many more testimonies in confirmation of this doctrine, but I feel I should exceed the bounds of an Epistle, and therefore shall draw towards a conclusion; humbly advising my brethren, that are so hot and violent against the Quakers, to cool a little and to abate of their impetuousness.

We profess to be ministers of Jesus Christ; let us imitate him in his meekness, lowliness, gentleness, and in his loving and peaceable dispositions; and not demonstrate to the world, by our contrary practice, that he never sent us. Moderation is a virtue that will commend us, not only to our own people, but to those that dissent from us; but fierceness and animosity, strife and contention, render us contemptible unto all. If it be possible, as much as in us lies, let us live peaceably with all men.

My advice is, to put an end to these paper skirmishes with these sober, peaceable people, and make war against our lusts and sins, of all sorts; this will be the noblest cause we can engage in, and the most comfortable and glorious of victories to obtain it. For how doth iniquity abound among us? Are not all orders and degrees of men and women infected? May we not all truly say, we are miserable offenders, both priests and people, being full of wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores? What atheism and profaneness, what pride and luxury, what lewdness and intemperance, what lying and swearing, what chambering and wantonness, what gaming and sporting, what cozening and cheating, what injustice and oppression, overspread the nation! We cry, the Church! the Church! as some of old did—the temple of the Lord! the temple of the Lord! are we, whilst Satan hath his seat amongst us, and we have left off pure and primitive Christianity in our communion. We are so degenerated from that life and power that appeared in our first reformers, that we are become a reproach to the reformation. And now we make a great ostentation of essentials and fundamentals in words, when we are departed from the foundation in our practices.

It was the saying of the primitive Christians *non magna eloquimur, sed vivimus;* we do not speak great things, but we live. But behold how notoriously the apostacy of this generation contradicts it! So that we may take up our lamentation and say, *magna eloquimur, sed non*

vivimus. Our impure conversations are a shame to our splendid professions. The Quakers, whom some call heretics and blasphemers, but still want proof of these odious epithets, are sound and orthodox livers: yea, they not only outstrip us in real piety and virtue, but in faith and principles, too; and for my part, I do believe they are the people whom God hath raised up, in this dreggy age of the world, to refine it, and restore fallen Christianity to its primitive state of perfection and innocency.

O let not our church become a slaughter house, nor her priests instruments to stir up cruelty and persecution against a quiet and truly religious people. But let us all study to promote love, peace, truth and righteousness, both by preaching and living; that God may look down upon us in mercy, and stay his hand, which is stretched out against us for the sins and transgressions of our priests and people.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OUR HOMES.

Let us not, dear sisters, while we co-operate with outside public measures for the destruction of this modern Goliah,—Intemperance,—neglect our little private opportunities for pushing on this good work, remembering it was not the weapons of the Israelites which slew the giant of Gath, but the pebble-stones from the brook in David's hand. Let us look well within our homes, that by our firesides no seed is sown likely to bring forth bitter fruit in years to come; that we not only abstain from handing spirituous liquors forth as a drink, but that we banish them from our cooking; for surely they are often thus presented in their most attractive forms. A taste thus engendered may grow, with added years, until the unhappy victim sinks helplessly in the net encoiled around him; tracing back, perhaps, through years of dissipation, to some dish offered at a friendly board as the first impetus given him on the downward road that leads to the chambers of death.

A MEMBER.

A REMARKABLE CITY.

The city of Nice, so interesting to the Christian for the celebrated council once held there, and to the artist, for the beautiful fragments yet remaining of ancient splendor, now shares with many of its compeers the dust of oblivion. At the mandate of the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 226, there assembled within its walls a greater number of Christian ministers than the world had ever before seen together. From the splendid cities of Asia, from the caves of remote Europe, and the burning sands of Africa, three hundred and eighteen Bishops, and a large number of priests and deacons, and laity assembled in council, upon the welfare of the Christian Church, and established the celebrated declarations of faith, hence called the Nicene Creed. It is said the appearance of this city, after you ascend the hills which environ it, is of the most striking and romantic character. An extensive and beautiful plain meets the eye, mapped by streams of water and scenery of the most pleasing aspect.

In its centre, the waters of the famous Lake Ascanius repose—fringed with the enlivening green of the forest trees, so luxuriantly beautiful in this tropical climate. At the extremity of this plain is the large and beautiful city of Nice. Its walls are six miles in circumference, and are of imposing height—from twenty-five to thirty feet thick at the base—and bid fair to continue for centuries. They are mantled as usual with parapets and battlements, and the walk upon the summit is very beautiful.

The entrance is by three gates, the one inside the other, richly ornamented with figures and basso relievos. The second centre gate is of magnificent size and workmanship, with frieze cornices, and all the monuments which mark the pure age of architecture, and is in a perfect state of preservation.

There is an inscription on the frieze over the gate, intimating its erection by the Emperor Adrian. The whole exterior is imposing, and would plainly tell the most indifferent observer that he was in the neighborhood of one of the largest cities. The traveller would wonder, on his approach to this spot, at the circumstance of meeting none of the inhabitants without its gates. But this wonder would be changed to amazement when, on entering its walls, he finds neither street, nor house, nor inhabitant, nor even the remains of either of them.

The whole enclosure is one vast solitude. Of all the splendid palaces, marble fountains, paved courts, magnificent amphitheatres, temples, baths, and innumerable dwellings which once filled this great and populous city, not a vestige remains. The only trace of any buildings having existed within this large space, are the walls of the Greek chapel yet remaining, covered with tracery in Mosaic and Greek inscriptions and figures, worked like embroidery in small square stones. There is also a spot on which some fragments of a large building yet ramain, which is said to have been the palace of Constantine. From the fragments which yet strew the spot, but little doubt can be entertained of these being the remains of the celebrated palace.

Here met the holy men of Christendom, the illustrious disciples of the sainted dead; and though their declaration of faith—their creed—yet remains, their bones whiten every land—their names are lost, and the magnificent and time-defying palace in which they assembled has now crumbled in the dust. Nay, even the vast and populous city in which they met has

been swept away with a besom of destruction from the face of the earth.—*Christian Recorder.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 28, 1866.

In two selected articles in our 19th number, one written by Isaac Pennington, the other by F. W. Robertson, a Minister of the established church in England, there may be recognized (allowing for the difference of phraseology caused by an interval of 200 years) the same enlightened principles of toleration and appreciation of what constitutes true "Unity."

In the selection of the two articles the similarity was not noticed, but the reflecting, liberal mind must be struck with the fact, and rejoice that the principles which were at the foundation of the Reformation, and which were much more fully carried out in the rise of the Society of Friends, are advancing in the world.

In the beautiful writings and sermons of F. W. Robertson, (sermons not written out at the time, but supplied afterwards from notes and recollections), there is much that is calculated to nourish and strengthen the spiritual life. While there are parts which give evidence that he was not fully emancipated from an undue reverence for some of the forms and doctrines of his church, there are others which show such deep insight into the work of Divine grace in the soul, that they could only be the utterances of one who had drank of the cup his Master drank of, and been baptized with the same baptism.

Believing, as we do, that the principles professed by Friends are founded in truth, it is not a sectarian feeling that leads us to observe with pleasure, that in some of the religious works lately published, even where their authors appear not to understand the views and characteristics of Friends, there is a marked approach toward some of their rational and spiritual views. This is also observable to some extent, as we have been informed, in the practice of some of the religious denominations, in the encouragement of more silence in their assemblies, and in trusting more to unpremeditated utterances in their sermons. It would be interesting to trace minutely all these advances toward Friends in doctrine, practice and testimonies. The progress, indeed, seems slow, and circumstances arise at times, which cause a fear that the so-called Christian World may be retrograding; but if we compare long periods of time, there is encouragement to believe that those vital principles, which have ever been professed by Friends, (weakly and imperfectly as they have been carried out,) are slowly spreading in the religious world.

MARRIED, on the 27th of Sixth month, 1866, in accordance with the order of the religious Society of Friends, JOSEPH S. BUNTING, of Philadelphia, and HANNAH R., daughter of Obern Levis, members of Darby Monthly Meeting.

DIED, on the 3d of Sixth month, 1866, in West Philadelphia, MARTHA PYLE, aged 70 years.

——, at the residence of her sister, Alice Hunter, on First-day evening, 10th of Sixth month, 1866, MARY HUNTER, aged 61 years.

——, at Milton, Pa., on the 26th of Sixth month, 1866, AARON W. COMLY, in his 45th year.

——, on Second-day evening, 9th of Seventh month, 1866, ANNE S., widow of Caleb Foulke, late of Quakertown, Pa.

——, on the 9th of Seventh month, 1866, at Upper Darby, ESTHER H., wife of Samuel G. Levis, in her 47th year.

——, on the 12th of Sixth month, 1866, at Evergreen Hill, near Trenton, N. J., NANCY B., wife of C. V. Mead, in the 36th year of her age, daughter and only child of Charles and Mahala Drake, (the latter deceased.)

She was sick one year, and her physical sufferings which she endured with Christian resignation, were intense. When she died, it was like one falling into a sweet sleep. She was a member of Oswego Monthly Meeting of Friends, Dutchess Co., New York.

——, on the morning of the 15th inst., OGDEN TOWNSEND, son of the late Isaac Townsend, in the 49th year of his age.

——, on Sixth-day, the 18th inst., ISAAC ROBERTS, of Norristown, in the 53d year of his age.

——, at her home in Greene Co., Ohio, on the 21st of Fifth month, 1866, ABIGAIL SCHOOLEY, wife of Wm. SCHOOLEY, in the 64th year of her age; an exemplary and useful member of Green Plain Monthly and Oakland indulged Meeting.

——, in Baltimore, on the morning of First-day, the 15th inst., PATTY ELLICOTT, daughter of James E. Tyson, in the 12th year of her age.

——, on the 14th of Seventh month, 1866, SAMUEL K., infant son of Philena and H. A. Salter, aged 11 months.

——, at Norristown, on the 4th of Seventh month, 1866, RACHEL SHOEMAKER, in her 47th year.

——, on Sixth-day evening, 13th of Seventh month, 1866, WILLIAM T., only child of Thompson and Rachel T. Shourds, aged 2 years; members of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS IN SALEM QUARTER.—CORRECTION.—An error appears in the arrangement as published. It should read *First-day, Seventh month 15th*, instead of *14th*, and all the following meetings each one day in the month later.

Never neglect one duty under pretence of attending to another; you honor God as much in

attending to your calling in a right spirit, as you do when upon your knees.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INQUIRY OF OLD FRIENDS.

The undersigned would anxiously ask the attention of Old Friends of Philadelphia and vicinity, also Camden and vicinity, to retrospective memories of from twenty-five to thirty years. I am lost from all my friends,—know not a cousin, even,—and am well nigh without a clue, though I have a few memories, as I seem to recollect my mother's family were Friends,—by name Gardiner. My aunt, who had charge of me before my first memories, bound me out when near two years old, probably, and I have never heard from her since. Her name was Rachel Gardiner. My father's name was Fitzgerald. He had a trade of lady gaiter making. He died at sea. My mother died when I was an infant. She gave me to her sister Rachel, and she married a McColligan. Her friends disowned her, and she went to Baltimore, Md. It appears to me she (my aunt Rachel) told me of her uncle Keats, or Sheets,—I am not sure which. There were four or five nearly grown girls in the family. It was in or near Philadelphia, I think, where the family lived. I shall be very glad to find some one who is my blood kin. My life has been rough all through, but a rather good organization was my fortune. I am not a member of any religious sect. I am weary living unknown, and earnestly solicit the notice of Friends; and if any one claims me, or can give information, and will address by letter to High-point, Decatur Co., Iowa, I shall feel very happy and obliged.

CHAS. GARDINER FITZGERALD.

The long continued heat we have recently witnessed will be remembered as the "hot term" in the 7th month, 1866, and as a matter of record, we copy the following statements for future reference.

THE HOTTEST WEATHER FOR A CENTURY.

The following statement from Yale College will be read with interest:

This afternoon, at 3 P. M., my thermometer, suspended in the shade upon the north side of the New Haven Hotel, indicated 103¾ degrees, being the highest temperature known to have been obtained in New Haven since 1778, a period of 89 years. The highest temperature recorded before the present season was 102 degrees, viz: June 24th, 1864. Previous to this the thermometer had been twice observed at 101 degrees, viz: in 1798; and there have been three other cases in which the thermometer has risen to 100 degrees, viz: in 1781, 1800 and 1845; making in all seven known instances in which a thermometer, fairly exposed in the shade, had risen to 100 degrees and upward.

The period just passed has been quite as remarkable for the long continuance of extreme heat, as for its intensity. Within a period of eleven days, the thermometer has risen five times to 95 degrees and upward Since 1778 there has been only one other instance in which the thermometer has risen to this height, five times during the same summer, viz: 1845; and these cases are spread over an interval of thirty-six days. During the same period, there have been but two other cases in which the thermometer has risen to 95 degrees, as many as four times during the same summer, viz: in 1780 and 1798.

The hottest month at New Haven since 1778, was the month of July, 1825. The heat of the past thirty days has been somewhat higher than that of July, 1825, so that we seem authorized in asserting that the heat of the recent period has been more intense, and the extreme heat has been longer continued, than has occurred before in eighty-nine years, and probably for a much longer period. E. LOOMIS.

Yale College, July 17, 1866.

The change in the temperature of the weather within the past forty-eight hours may be recorded as decidedly agreeable, yet very seductive. The mercury at one time yesterday (20th) was as low as sixty-six degrees—a fall of thirty-three degrees from the hottest period of the recent heated term. Although this low temperature felt very refreshing, yet the change was so sudden that individuals were likely to catch cold. The heated term seemed to extend over a vast region of the country. Even as far north as New Haven, Conn., the mercury reached a little over 103 degrees in the shade. At Long Branch, on the sea coast, it was 101 degrees; at Atlantic City 97, and at Cape May 97. In the interior of New Jersey it rose to 105; at Camden 101; on Smith's Island 99. This was the state of the weather about the same hour on the 18th, the hottest day of the season. The bill of mortality among children was very great. Healthy little ones early in the week sunk rapidly under the effects of cholera infantum, and many of them died within forty-eight hours.

A PARADISE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Eloise Hunt, of Heiner's Run, Clinton county, Pa., writes thus:

"My home has been for six years in a little rocky basin shut in on every side by the Alleghanies, without a neighbor, a church, or a school, seeing no human face for weeks,—aye, even months sometimes,—except those of my husband and child. Living thus I have come to love in a strange absorbing way all that nature has thrown around me. Earth with its

varied growth of trees and shrubs, plants and mosses, rocks and water, the clouds, blue sky and stars, every thing is beautiful to me; even the dead leaves, the old decayed trees and bare rocks are beloved. Think, then, how inexpressibly dear the living trees and flowers and moving water.

"I have tame trout, six yards from the door, that leap above the water to catch bits of meat from my fingers. The pheasants make their nests in sight of the house, and sometimes the male bird is seen drumming on the old log only a few rods up the mountain side. I have planted wild flowers round my doors, and in summer, the humming birds go through the open house on their visits to the flowers. Strangers from the world have said:

"'How can you exist in this dreary place?'

"Their eyes cannot see as mine; nor can they hear any of the pleasant voices I hear, and so I simply tell them what they comprehend: 'It is my necessity.' My place, which is so lonely to others, is so pleasent to me that I have named it Paradise, and here I will teach my son a love of truth, purity and beauty.—*The Press.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LABOR.

From the days tha tfirst in Eden,
Hand in hand our parents stood,
Through the slowly gliding ages,
Every thing that's great and good
Has by constant toil been wrought—
Work the price with which 'tis bought.

Brother, haste then! on to action!
Nerve thy limbs for toil anew;
Lo! the "fields are white with harvest,"
But the "laborers are few;"
Bring thy sickle, brother, haste,
Idly not a moment waste!

Life is labor—life is conflict;
Brother, gird on sword and shield—
In the conflict be not beaten,
Come forth victor from the field;
Fierce and constant is the strife,
In the battle stern of life!

Wrong and outrage, grim oppression,—
Unto these are altars built,
Where the fire is ever burning,
And where human blood is spilt;
Brother, beat their altars down—
In the contest win the crown!

Brother! not while life remaineth,
Mayest thou lay the armor by;
From the morn till fades the sunlight
In the gorgeous western sky,
Thou wilt find enough to do,
Battling for the Right—the True!

Help some weary, wounded brother,
Who has cast aside his shield;
Bring to him some healing balsam,
Lest he to the foe should yield.
Strongly tempted, all are weak—
Brother! words of comfort speak.

Pain and care and weary watching,
They must bear the prize who win;
Taste of suffering, self-denial,
In the crusade against Sin!
In the furnace gold is tried,
So by pain we're purified.

Toil is ever noble—holy;
Suffering sanctifies the soul;—
And though oft our feet are wounded
Ere we reach the distant goal,
Yet the Crown his brow shall grace
Who is victor in the race! A. R. P.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear:—
The rose saith in the dewy morn:
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.
The poppy saith amid the corn:
Let but my scarlet head appear
And I am held in scorn;
Yet juice of subtle virtue lies
Within my cup of curious dyes.
The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity.
The violets whisper from the shade
Which their own leaves have made:
Men scent our fragrance on the air,
Yet take no heed
Of humble lessons we would read.

But not alone the fairest flowers:
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.

For the Children.

ASK MOTHER FIRST.

How many pleasant things we can see and hear every day, if we watch and listen!

I was walking toward home late one afternoon in Winter. The country all around was covered with a deep snow, that seemed of a purer white than ever in the light of the departing day. I heard the voices of children behind me; and their little feet stepped fast over the hard, crisp snow. They passed along beside me, and I saw one was a little girl of about eight years, and her companion was a boy somewhat older. The girl wore a pretty crimson hood, which was quite becoming to her cheeks, made rosy by the fine Winter air. She was drawing a sled. The boy had a sled too.

"Come, Anne," he said, "let's go down to Pine Hill now; it's splendid coasting there; and we shall have time for some first-rate slides before dark."

"I must go and ask mother first, Henry," said Annie. She did not drawl out the words dolefully, as if she did not like to have to ask her mother; but she spoke in a very pleasant and cheerful tone. She hurried along with her

sled, and Henry after her. I soon lost sight of them; but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself, "How safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule—'I must ask mother first!'"

I know children who have sometimes got into a great deal of trouble because they did *not* "ask mother first." Remember, that it is unsafe to do any thing you think it possible your mother would not like to have you do.

Children, I mean boys as well as girls, you will be saved a great deal of unhappiness if you *ask mother first.—Child at Home.*

[From the Salt Lake (Union) Vidette, May 31.]

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST—A WORLD'S WONDER—THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

Away in the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, the air is thundered and the earth is rent by a cataract as imposing as Niagara. Situate on the sage-brush plains, which calmly sleep between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range, and are alike untenanted by Ceres or the god of gold, the Great Shoshone is a world-wonder which for savage scenery and power sublime stands unrivalled in America. As tourists tell, the cataracts of Southern Asia and the falls of the fair Rhine; the Victoria Falls, of Zambezi, Africa, as explored by Livingstone, and the Fall of Staubach, Switzerland, as immortalized in Byron's Manfred, may each have special charms which won celebrity for special points, but as a whole, for wildness and for witchery, for width and volume, this "Niagara of the West" will stand second to none of all. These falls of the Snake or Lewis Fork of the Columbia have been but a couple of years discovered, and have been seen as yet by scarce as many scores of white men; but before a few more years, with steam communication stretching from Salt Lake to the Columbia, their shrine is destined to have its thousands of worshippers and sight-seers, every season, from the travel across the continent. Idaho or the "Gem of the Mountains" contains in one of its counties (Owyhee) perhaps the richest gold and silver mines in the Great West; it has been described by ready writers often in the past few years, but it would seem that "quartz on the brain" prevented them from even making mention of the most magnificent phenomenon to be seen on the western slope of North America, the "Great Shoshone Falls." This majestic master-piece of nature's engineering lies a few miles off from the Overland Stage-route running northwesterly between Salt Lake and Boise cities, and half way (or about 200 miles) from those said capitals of Idaho and Utah. North of it, and distant fifty miles, though seeming closely near, the Salmon River Mountains show their shining peaks, gray with the cares of countless ages. East and west of it, as far as eye can see, the sage-brush prairie loads the desert air with its wild perfume. Southerly, the Great Salt Lake, a hundred miles away, is hidden by the Goose Creek Mountains, whose water partnership with the earth and clouds has caused them to believe themselves such Titans that they

> "Wear their caps of snow
> In very presence of the regal sun."

But here we must make note how singular the fact—to the shame of American exploration be it added—that neither Lewis and Clarke, in their travellings through this country sixty years since, nor Fremont, Stevens and certain others of later years, not to speak of the immigrants to Oregon and California, from 1847 to 1863, discovered—even accidentally—this Western queen of cataracts! This honor seems to have rested in reserve for parties of the 1st Oregon Cavalry, commanded respectively by Col. Steinberger, 1st Washington Territory Infantry, Major Truaxe and Captain Drake, 1st Oregon Cavalry, while scouting after Indians in the summer of 1863, through this section of Idaho, on the mail road between Salt Lake and Boise Basin, and at a point about a hundred miles southwest of old Fort Hall.

Travelling by compass from that station, northward for ten miles, across the boundless sage-plains, where no living being breaks the desert stillness, (save here and there a hissing snake, half hid between a regiment of horned toads, and a high range of ant-hills), and the roar of the cataract, that could be plainly heard at starting, has gradually died away. The sage-plain remains unbroken to the view, and no appearance of any river. Can it be possible, asks the traveller, that I have lost my way, or has Snake river grown a myth? Still riding on, and, suddenly, without warning, he reins up on the brink of a perpendicular precipice over a thousand feet in height, at the foot of which apparently unfathomable abyss Snake river seems but like a narrow silver ribbon. Down stream, about a half mile distant, a long monument of mist walls earth to heaven; hence, thinks he, there at least must be the safety-valve of foaming hell and liquid thunder. After proceeding along the edge of the cliff, down a graded slope that permits us to see the water's edge just above the falls, we leave them and descend still farther, to obtain a view of the great waterfall. The silence here is wonderful. A dull thump and a smothered roar alone are heard at intervals, but they seem to be miles away, and less loud than they sounded fifteen miles before. Ascending to the top of a cliff covered by groves of junipers, we turn around and see the queen of cataracts fast marching on with awful pomp, primeval peace and purity prismatic. Soon the eye conceives the scene's

great awe, the canyon's enormous depth, the river's width, and the tremendous *tumble* it takes into a canyon deeper still. Dazzled and wonder-struck, the observer is obliged to turn away for a few moments only to gaze again with increased admiration at the sublime sight. Presently the mind expands to its immensity, and the eye is educated to its exaltation. Surely there must be a God above who made this earth w th all its majesty—who spread this parched plain and bid the water-power leap to lave them! The majesty and *morale* of Nature stand here revealed, and the mind made worshipful with an intensity based on the strongest stratum of the soul—devotion—is reminded of its immortality and bows before the great Unseen who engineered all this with awful uniformity, forcing the most useful element of nature from its cradle in the mountain—the playground of the Oregon and Missouri—to thus wheel south and form this Snake river, as an epic of creation through these plains of prose! Intuitively the merest infidel is here obliged

"To look from nature up to nature's God!"

It is from the above spot that the best view of the whole of these falls is obtained. The river, about two hundred yards in width, coming slowly from the southeast, overtowered by perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, over eight hundred feet high, suddenly expands into a basin of twice its width, and there is divided into a half dozen streams by dark-looking rocks which raise their gloomy crests above the sparkling surf of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different shape, seeming fanciful and fluctuating, yet physically fixed, as they have ever been while centuries like shadows have flown over them. The river, resuming its course, is again divided, and takes a second tumble of sixty feet still farther, but this time by only three different streams. Three falls are the result; one on each side, unbroken and falling in solid sheets; the central one being formed by seven fan-shape steppes of rock. From the one of these benches to the other underneath, the water falls in a smooth, transparent sheet, forming a cascade unsurpassed in the world, and contrasting strangely, by its dark transparent color, with the rustling, roaring, foaming streams surrounding it both above and at the sides. The river becomes once more smooth and dark in color. Its banks suddenly jut out from both sides, narrowing the channel to four hundred feet; and through this gap the confined mass of water participates itself in one whole volume, without break or hindrance, into an ominous abyss almost three hundred feet in depth. No pen can describe this scene. This is in reality the "Great Fall," and is well worthy of its name, leaping as it does from the loom of nature like a colossal sheet of silver.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, its central waters appear blue until they meet the spray that rises ever heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam, and remind one of the pictured avalanches of the Alps. Right on the edge of the fall stands a lone pillar of gray sandstone, on whose summit, undisturbed by the whiz of waters or the fear of fate fast yawning on their eyrie, a pair of bald-headed eagles have built their nest, and are now rearing their young, secure in sight of the sublimity and solitude surrounding. The cataract's sound, but slightly heard above, is absolutely deafening as you reach the river's base, the roar of the falls confined as it is by the high walls of the canyon, rushing down the chasm and increasing in volume as it rolls, so as to be heard full thirty miles southwest. Close to the cataract is a square-shaped cave of fifteen feet each side and twenty high, whose walls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is unsurpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. Sliding out of this cave, and falling about eight feet on to a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the mist, and wet through in an instant. It is here that, by looking up, the enormous altitude of the fall can be realized, and the first feeling is one of self-preservation, and involuntary drawing back, for the whole mass seems ready to drop and crush you where you stand. Never can the weird beauty of this scene be forgotten by beholders. Rainbows of a thousand hues seem to surround you, and their irises to arch you in the skies.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background to the magic prisms pictured by the spray. The dark, frowning rocks, relieved by the bright green junipers, make a fitting frame for this magnificent sight, second to none in point of volume, as it is second to none in savage grandeur. As measured by officers of the 1st Oregon infantry, encamped adjoining, the main fall is 210 feet from the edge to the level of the water below. The upper falls have not yet been measured, but the total fall of the river, on the three distinct tumbles it takes, cannot be less than three hundred feet, while the river itself is over four hundred feet at its narrowest width. The channel of the stream below the falls is a chasm 1,500 feet in width and 1,000 in depth, with perpendicular walls of rock enclosing it.

Writers who have visited Niagara state that it cannot compare with these of the Snake river Idaho. A volume might be written on this wonder of the West, and withal not half ex-

jaust its interest. The outstretched earth overlooked by the everlasting mountains, mighty cyramids of stone that rear their snow capped bastions to the skies—the prancing fountains and the pouring floods—the solemn caves and continental clouds, true vaults of earth and talactites of heaven—are fit surroundings of these great Western falls, which soon shall mock the magic art of Eastern ones and sink them into insignificance.

SINGULAR DISCOVERIES.

The salt mines of Hallstadt, in Austria, are well known as being among the richest in Europe; but a new interest will henceforth attach to them in consequence of the patient researches continued for the last fourteen years by their present director, M. Ramsauer, as we collect from a letter addressed by M Fournet to M. Elie de Beaumont, and by the latter communicated to the Academy of Sciences. In the neighborhood of Hallstadt there is the Rudolfsthrum, a tower situated in the midst of an Alpine valley, in which the salt mines above alluded to are situated. Here M. Ramsauer has discovered and explored no less than nine hundred and sixty-three tombs, of the ages of bronze and iron. In some of these tombs the skeleton was found entire, in others only the ashes; in others, again, the bodies were found to have been only partially burnt, sometimes the head only, and sometimes the feet. When the head only had been burnt, its ashes were placed at the feet of the body.

The objects found in these tombs are extremely interesting; among them we may mention one hundred and eighty-two bronze vases, the largest of which are ninety centimeters in height. In those days soldering seems to have been unknown, since these vases are composed of pieces neatly riveted together. Besides these there are scarfs and belts, not of skin or textile materials, but of thin bronze with ornamental chasings, quite similar to those found in Helvetian and ante-Roman tombs, as, for instance, near Besancon; then knives, daggers, swords, and lance-heads, both bronze and iron; hatchets of bronze, of two principal patterns, one called the celt, and the other the paalstab, with four blades; then amber collars, some very few glass beads, two small glass vases, hundreds of fibulæ hair pins, bronze bracelets, and other trinkets, some of the latter attached to chains not unlike our modern watch chains; also, a deal of ornamental pottery; a few ivory articles, such as knife handles and sword hilts, one of which is inlaid with amber; and lastly, little gold, but not a particle of silver, and not a trace of money or an alphabet.

M. Ramsauer has also discovered in the mines themselves, the old galleries worked by the ancient race whose traces he has discovered, and the tools with which they had been worked. These tools are bronze pick-axes; and beside one of them there were found a fibula like those of the tombs, some remnants of woolen stuffs and chamois leather. It appears that these mines must have been worked for centuries before the Christian era.—*A. S. Standard.*

Alexander von Humboldt; or What may be accomplished in a Lifetime. By F. A Schwarzenberg. Harwicke.

(Concluded from page 318.)

Of Humboldt's travels and researches in Central Asia, Central Ameriea, and other parts of the world, Mr. Schwarzenberg gives a succinct and interesting account. Of his personal history he says less than one would wish to hear, though, perhaps, there was not so very much to be told about the private life of a bachelor, wedded wholly to science. These few paragraphs are, from this point of view, the most interesting in the volumes before us:

"When he first commenced his geological studies at Freiberg, and was more intimately associated with one of his fellow-students, Freiersleben, with whom he, for the first time, descended into the mines, we find his character already shaped as it appears in his latter days. On that occasion, his fellow-student said: 'The most prominent features of his amiable character are unwearied kindness, warm sympathy for friends, and love for nature; modesty, simplicity, and sincerity in his whole conduct; always attractive powers of communication; a cheerful and humorous disposition.'

"Those qualities which assisted him in after-years to obtain the good will of the savage races, amongst whom he lived for a long time, and in the civilized world everywhere, admiration and sympathy; the same traits of character gained him, in his early youth, the general friendship and love of his fellow-students.

"The expressions of Göthe, after Humboldt had paid him a short visit in December, 1826, indicate the further development of his character. In a state of considerable excitement, Göthe said to Eckermann, who entered his room soon after Humboldt's departure: 'Alexander von Humboldt has honored me with his presence for a few hours this morning. What a remarkable man he is! Though I have known him some time, I am anew surprised, and ready to say that in thorough knowledge he has no equal, and a universality which I never encountered before. Choose any topic you like, and you will find he is at home. He will remain a few days, and I feel already as if I had lived with him for years.'"

Having spent his middle age in travelling, he passed most of his later years in his native town.

"He inhabited for a long time, in a quiet

part of Berlin, a house in the 'Oranienburger Strasse,' formerly the property of the father of one of Germany's hero-poets, the well-known Theodor Körner.

"In an aged valet, named Seiffert, who had been the companion of Humboldt in his exploration of the deserts of Asia, and who was for nearly forty years acquainted with all his habits, he found, more especially in the declining years of his life, a most valuable and devoted servant and friend.

"The peculiar military appearance of this personage could not escape the notice of the visitors who entered the house of Alexander von Humboldt, and his whole bearing produced the impression of his entire devotedness to his illustrious master.

"Those who obtained access to the great savan were first conducted by Seiffert to the waiting room, a place filled with various kinds of birds, fishes, &c., scientific instruments, its walls being adorned by landscape paintings; from thence, through the library, to the audience room which has become familiar to a great number of the public. Humboldt entered this room from a private cabinet to receive his visitors, and pointing them to a seat on the sofa, whilst he took his place in an arm-chair near his writing-desk, being ready to hear, encourage discussion, or lead the conversation. To listen to him was undoubtedly the desire of every visitor, and in a kindly manner he encouraged their addresses.

"Humboldt was a man of middle stature; his feet and hands were small; his massive forehead adorned by snow-white hair; his blue eyes lively, expresssive; his lips, around which played a peculiar smile, half benevolent and half sarcastic, were the involuntary expressions of his superiority of mind.

"He walked at a pretty quick pace, though with somewhat faltering steps, his head slightly bent forward.

"During his conversation he looked habitually on the ground, but would frequently raise his eyes in expectation of a reply, or inviting further discussion.

"An inexpressible sign of sympathy was manifested in his noble countenance, if he recognized in his visitor a man of taste and mind. In such a case, his conversation was unrestrained, full of wit and humor, though he always expressed his opinion with delicate consideration, and was ever master of the word. Humboldt knew many languages: the Englishman praised his pure English, the Frenchman his Parisian accent.

"About thirty years ago, Humboldt rose regularly at four o'clock in the morning during the summer months; received visitors so early as eight o'clock, and only about twelve years ago he stated occasionally, that he was compelled to pursue his scientific labors at a time when most people were asleep, because he was during the ordinary business hours obliged to be with the King; but he could, speaking from experience, content himself with four hours of rest. In his latter days, however, after he had reached the age of eighty, nature demanded her right. He rose subsequently not before eight o'clock, over his frugal breakfast perused the letters received, and answered the more important, immediately. He afterwards dressed himself, in order to receive visitors, or to make visits himself. At two o'clock he was again at home, at three drove, nearly every day, to dinner at the royal palace, from whence returning at seven, he occupied himself until nine with reading or writing; proceeded again to the Court, or into other society, and returned generally about midnight. In the silence of the night this remarkable man commenced his real scientific labors, and not before three o'clock, when in summer already the new day greeted him, he allowed a short rest to his body, so powerfully influenced by its master spirit. During the closing years of his life he was, however, compelled, in consequence of frequently returning illness, to deviate from this rule

"Humboldt was never married. The children of his brother claimed and received his love. His birthday, September 14, was generally celebrated at the castle Tiegel, the residence of his niece, Madame de Bullow. On that occasion, his friends assembled, and science and art presented their cordial homage to the illustrious man.

"Although to all appearance Alexander von Humboldt led the quiet life of a man of science, he was, nevertheless, a magnet, who attracted the foremost minds of all nations, whose intellectual focus he was, and through him all scientific events were directed towards Berlin. His house was, to the end of his days, the centre of numerous intellectual aspirations, and he was intimately associated with all that was good noble and wise. Every honest effort found in him a warm and sympathizing friend, whilst on the contrary, he opposed every kind of unreality. Having once recognized the true and the good, Humboldt was ready with encouragement, with counsel, and with assistance. From the most remote parts of the globe he received applications for advice, not only in scientific but in public matters. To afford assistance to real talent, he considered an imperative duty. He knew neither envy nor resentment, and no opposite opinions could wound him, if he was sure that they originated from a desire after true knowledge.

"And though the outward life of the great savan seemed, in the latter period, calm and quiet, he was, nevertheless, in active commu

nion with the whole world, manifesting a youthful energy of mind. A pension granted by the King of Prussia, and the well-deserved success of his published works, afforded him pecuniary means in excess of what he required, considering his frugal manner of life. The surplus he employed in the furtherance of science, and in acts of beneficence."

The good and great man died on the 6th of May, 1859, nearly ninety years old.

From the Evening Post.

FORESTS PREVENT THE FORMATION OF WINDS.

"Forests not only protect from winds, they must prevent their formation. The air resting over a broken surface cannot be rapily heated to a uniformly high temperature, so as to rise upwards in great masses and create a violent wind." The importance of this fact is well illustrated on the western prairies, where the wind often blows a gale as violent as is experienced on the wide ocean, before which men and animals can hardly stand, and which must operate very unfavorably upon the stock raisers, as well as those more directly engaged in agriculture. We do not remember to have seen this subject discussed in its relation to the cattle raisers of the West. An English stock raiser remarks: "The fact that climate may be thus improved, that is by planting trees, has in very many instances been sufficiently established. It is indeed astonishing how much better cattle thrive in fields even but moderately sheltered, than they do in an open exposed country. In the breeding of cattle a sheltered farm or a sheltered corner in a farm is a thing much prized; and where fields are taken by the season for the purpose of fattening cattle, those most sheltered never fail to bring the highest rent."

Dr. Dean has observed, "pasture lands should be well fenced in small lots—and these lots should be bordered at least with rows of trees. It is best that trees of some kind or other should stand in scattered groups in every point in a pasture, not only to serve as a shelter from heat and cold for all kinds of stock, but for the equally important reason that they are absolutely necessary to the preservation of the quantity and quality of the grasses growing upon the soil. Often, indeed, are pastures once celebrated for their fertility rendered entirely sterile by the careless destruction of the protecting trees."

We have given this extract in this connection as we have just met with it—with the hope that some of our readers may see in it the solution of some of the evils complained of in regard to this important branch of rural economy. It will be seen that in a country so well informed upon the subject of the raising of cattle as England is regarded to be, the fact is considered as settled, inasmuch as fields or pastures sheltered by trees command much higher rents to this end than those without such protection.

There is a good illustration of the effects of protection in modifying the season within our own observation where we now write. It consists of an enclosure of about half an acre of land which we have planted mostly with dwarf pears. These trees are set in precisely the same kind of soil, all of it being a compost made in one mass and supplied to each tree to the depth of two feet, and five feet in diameter, and of course, as will be seen, furnishing all the food for each tree for the present season, the trees having been planted last fall. The whole of this small orchard is a portion of a plot of land of a number of acres sloping considerably to the south and east. About one-half of the orchard sinks abruptly down a number of feet below the general slope, preserving the same direction, however, that is to the south and east; and here in this depression these young trees have already made from nine to twelve inches of growth, while those on the height above are just beginning to make a vigorous start. And so of several hundreds of trees which we have planted during the past two years, a like difference of growth may be observed.

Another fact in this connection which may be of importance we have observed within the last few days, that is that our peach trees which are exposed to the wind are coming out with the curled leaf, while those in the same orchard which are somewhat sheltered, show no signs of this trouble. At Nahant we have witnessed the same effect in regard to peach trees shielded to some extent by low fences. The tops of the branches which grew above the shelter produced curled leaves, and invariably died down to a level with the fence during the winter. It was the observation of this very fact which first led Mr. Tudor to try his experiments with high fences.

ITEMS.

Congress.—The Senate passed the Freedmen's Bureau bill over the President's veto,—yeas 33, nays 12. The report of the Committee of Conference on the Indian Appropriation bill was agreed to. The Tariff bill passed by the House was taken up and referred to the Committee on Finance. The joint resolution fixing the time for the final adjournment of Congress was read and laid on the table. The bill to reduce the rate of interest on the national debt and for funding the same was taken up and considered in Committee of the Whole. It was then reported to the Senate, and the amendments agreed to by the Committee were adopted, with the exception of one which restricted the powers of the Secretary of the Treasury. The bill was then passed. The Civil Appropriation bill was then taken up, and a number of amendments were adopted. A bill was introduced providing for the immediate recognition of the Government of Tennessee. It was ordered to be printed. The bill providing for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at Portland, Maine, was taken up. An

amendment was agreed to authorizing the President to place fifty thousand dollars at the disposal of the Governor of that State. The bill was then passed The Committee of Conference on the bill to further protect the lives of passengers on steam vessels, made a report, which was agreed to.

The House passed the bill authorizing the construction of bridges over the Mississippi and making certain of them post roads. A message was received from the President, in which he refused his signature to the Freedmen's Bureau bill, on nearly the same grounds as before, with the added reason, that the Civil Rights act had rendered it unnecessary to protect the rights of the blacks. A vote was at once taken on the bill, which resulted in its passage—yeas 103, nays 33. The bill continues the Freedmen's Bureau for three years, and returns the sea island lands, now held by negroes, to the former owners on First mo. 1st, 1867. As it has also been passed by the Senate over the veto, it now becomes a law. The Committees of Conference on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, and the bill to provide for the additional safety of passengers on steam vessels and for other purposes, made reports, which were agreed to, and the bills were passed. The House then took up the joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee, which was passed without discussion. The resolution simply declares, that as Tennessee in good faith adopted the Constitutional amendment passed by Congress, she is now restored to her former rights in the Union, and is entitled to representation in Congress.

THE INDIANS.—The Commission sent to Fort Laramie to make a treaty with the Indians, telegraphed to the Department on the 16th inst., that satisfactory treaties of peace have been concluded with the Upper Plattes, Sioux and Cheyennes Indians at Fort Laramie. The contradictory reports are without foundation. The President has proclaimed the treaty between the United States and the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations of Indians, by which the latter covenant and agree that slavery shall never exist among them, and in consideration of the sum of $300,000 cede to this Government the territory west of the ninety-eighth degree west longitude, known as the leased district, and obligate themselves to bestow upon all persons of African descent, residents in the nations, and their descendants, all the rights, privileges and immunities, including the right of suffrage, of citizens, and also give them each forty acres of land, on the same terms as the Choctaws and Chickasaws. The United States declare a general amnesty of all past offences committed by these Indians, and restore them to all the civil rights which they enjoyed before they took part in the late rebellion.

THE FREEDMEN.—The Georgia reports for the 6th month enumerates 79 schools, 113 teachers and 7,792 pupils. All the schools taught by Northern teachers are having a recess until the Tenth month.

The Freedmen's Saving and Trust Company has declared a dividend of five per cent. on its deposits, which in fifteen months have amounted to upwards of $370,000.

The Commissioner of Freedmen's Affairs has received a report from Major General Foster, military commandant and assistant commissioner for the State of Florida. The General states that the colored people of Tallahassee celebrated the Fourth of July by merry-makings, barbecues and parades. The white citizens as a general thing discouraged any celebration of the day, and although many believed there would be violent interference by the evil disposed with the rejoicing of the freedmen, the day passed off quietly and peaceably.

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KENNETT SQUARE ACADEMY.—A Boarding School for Young Men and Boys will open the 1st of Tenth month, 1866, and continue in session twenty-four weeks. For Circulars, &c, address the Principal, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.B., 725 t 929. Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

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BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—The Fall and Winter Term of this healthfully and beautifully located BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will commence 10th mo. 1st, 1866, and close 4th mo. 12, 1867. For further information apply for a Circular to
ISRAEL J. GRAHAME, } Principals.
JANE P. GRAHAME, }
72 tf. Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.

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MARY S. LIPPINCOTT, *Principal*,
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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 4, 1866. No. 22.

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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A Memorial of Jericho Monthly Meeting concerning our deceased Friend, JOHN PLUMMER.

John Plummer, the subject of this memoir, was born in Falmouth, England, 2d month 20th, 1784.

His parents, Enoch and Abigail Plummer, had removed, but a short time previous to his birth, from Long Island, in the State of New York.

His father holding a military commission under the British Government, as appears, caused him to remove thither. But it soon became apparent that, for the health of the mother and child, they would be required to return to their native land.

About the eighteenth year of his age, his father was removed by death, leaving his widow and children with limited means for support; he therefore found it necessary to rely upon his own exertions for a livelihood, and apprenticed himself to a carpenter, in connection with the business of a wheelwright, which, together with that of agriculture, he continued to follow during most of the remainder of his life.

As he grew up to the state of manhood, being possessed of an active disposition, he was often led to join the young in their sports and pastimes, in some of which he greatly delighted; but even during those occasions, according to his own account, he sometimes felt the solemnizing power of truth operating on his mind, producing serious thoughtfulness.

He was educated in the forms and doctrines of the Episcopal Church. His mind becoming religiously awakened, he was led to look around and inquire as to the reality and truthfulness of what he had been taught. He therefore visited the meetings of different religious societies, by which he was surrounded, but did not find that satisfaction he was seeking for, and finally his mind seemed drawn to attend on the first day of the week a meeting of Friends, held at Westbury, about five miles distant. He accordingly went, and on foot. After sitting there in silence for a time, an aged woman Friend arose, and spoke a few words, which appeared so applicable to his state of mind as to make a lasting impression; and from that time he continued to attend that meeting, and soon requested to become a member of it, and was received accordingly. This occurred about the twenty-fourth year of his age, at which time he wrote a letter to his mother, from which the following extract is taken:

"When the Lord first began to strive with me, to bring me off from my evil ways, I was but young, yet there was something within me that reproved me for sin, which often caused me to pray to the Lord for strength to overcome it, and for a time I found some ease. But alas! my resolutions were made too much in my own will and strength, so that the first temptation hath led me away again; but when I have again as it were come to myself, I have had to grieve alone in the bitterness of my soul, and have

had to cry out with the Holy Apostle, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of Death?' In this state I went about seeking for the living among the sepulchres of the dead.

But blessed be the name of the Lord, for he hath at length brought me to see that he did not dwell in temples made with hands, but would dwell in and be worshipped by sanctified hearts."

Soon after his connection with the Society, while he was sitting in one of their meetings, he conceived it required of him to address a few words to the people. But he endeavored to put the impression aside, pleading like Moses to the Lord, "I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since thou hast spoken to thy servant, but am slow of speech and of a slow tongue," and suffered the meeting to close without a compliance; but his chastisement was so great that he resolved if he again should have so clear an intimation of duty, he would yield thereto, fully believing in the promise, "Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say," which was remarkably realized, being able in his public communications to overcome an impediment in his speech, which, in private conversation, was at times embarrassing.

Thus by submitting to the manifestations of the Holy Spirit, he was, in after time, qualified to declare to the people the way of life and salvation.

About the year 1815, he removed to Bethpage, a branch of Jericho Monthly Meeting, and in the year after joined in marriage with Martha Powell, a worthy member of that meeting.

In the year 1817, his ministry was acknowledged by the society. Sometime after this, he expressed to his Monthly Meeting a prospect of religious duty to make a visit beyond the limits of our Yearly Meeting, and although there was no opposition expressed, there was not that unity felt as to qualify the meeting to give him a certificate of approbation, and the concern was put at rest. He quietly acquiesced in the decision, but was heard to say it occasioned close searching of heart.

In after time he opened the concern again, when he received the cordial assent of the meeting.

The service was performed, and he expressed, on his return, that he was fully satisfied with the decision of the meeting in the first instance; showing the importance of waiting for the evidence to be clear, not only to his own mind, but also to that of his friends.

His religious labors were mostly performed at or near home, although he had attended all the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us, and some of the subordinate meetings.

Living in a neighborhood where there were many not members of our Society, but more or less convinced of our principles, by whom he was much esteemed and respected, he was often invited to attend the funerals of such, and his services, on many of those occasions, were peculiarly acceptable.

In the year 1848, he met with a severe loss in the death of his wife. In 1850, he joined in marriage with Elizabeth Dodge, another member of that meeting, who still survives him.

On Third-day morning, the 11th of 4th month, 1865, he was violently attacked with pleurisy, which proved beyond medical skill.

This sickness was borne with much resignation, showing his mind was stayed on the supporting arm of Divine Power.

To a friend who called to see him the day previous to his death, he said he felt perfectly resigned as to the result; that the religion of Christ produced peace and quietness, a state he now enjoyed; and that if his Master had anything more for him to do, he would be enabled to perform the requisition.

At another time, when he appeared to be near his end, he desired his family not to be alarmed; that he did not think his time had quite arrived, and that he saw his way clear, and was now ready to be offered up.

Again, shortly before his death, when his family were gathered around him, he took each one by the hand, and, bidding an affectionate farewell, earnestly entreated them to do right, and to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things necessary would be added;" when gradually growing weaker and weaker, until he quietly breathed his last, on the morning of the 17th of the same month, in the 82d year of his age.

Signed by direction and on behalf of Jericho Monthly Meeting, held 3d month 15th, 1866.

DANIEL UNDERHILL, } *Clerks.*
CAROLINE UNDERHILL, }

At Westbury Quarterly Meeting, held in Westbury, 4th month 26th, 1866.

The foregoing memorial of our friend, John Plummer, was read, approved and directed to be forwarded to the meeting for sufferings.

Extracted from the Minutes by

ELLWOOD VALENTINE, } *Clerks.*
MARY K. MERRITT, }

At a Meeting for Sufferings, held in New York on the 28th of 5th month, 1866,

Westbury Quarterly Meeting forwarded a memorial of Jericho Monthly Meeting, concerning our friend, John Plummer, deceased, which was read, approved and directed to the Yearly Meeting.

SAMUEL WILLETS,
Clerk.

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM A FEW LETTERS CONVEYING WEIGHTY, EDIFYING COUNSEL.

BY ISAAC PENINGTON.

It is of the infinite mercy and compassion of the Lord, that his pure love visiteth any of us, and it is by the preservation thereof alone, that we stand. If he leave us at any time, but one moment, what are we? In the truth itself, in the living power and virtue, there is no offence; but that part which is not perfectly redeemed, hath still matter for the temptation to work upon, and may be taken in the snare. Let him that stands, take heed lest he fall; and, in the bowels of pity, mourn over and wait for the restoring of him that is fallen. That which is so apt to be offended, is the same with that which falls. O, know the weakness of the creature in the withdrawings of the life, and the strength of the enemy in that hour, and the free grace and mercy which alone can preserve.

When the pure springs of life open in the heart, immediately the enemy watcheth his opportunity to get entrance; and many times finds entrance soon after, the soul little fearing or suspecting him, having lately felt such mighty unconquerable strength; and yet how often then doth he get in, and smite the life down to the ground; and what may he not do with the creature, unless the Lord graciously help.

Friends,—Be not discouraged because of your souls' enemies. Are ye troubled with thoughts, fears, doubts, imaginations, reasonings, &c; yea, do you see yet much in you unsubdued to the power of life? O, do not fear it; do not look at it, so as to be discouraged by it; but look to him; look up to the power which is over all their strength; wait for the descendings of the power upon you; abide in the faith of the Lord's help; and wait in the patience till the Lord arise; and see if his arm do not scatter what yours could not. So be still before him, and in stillness believe in his name; yea, enter not into the hurryings of the enemy, though they fill the soul; for there is yet somewhat to which they cannot enter, from whence patience, and faith and hope, will spring up in you, in the midst of all that they can do. So into this sink; in this be hid in the evil hour; and the temptations will pass away, and the tempter's strength be broken, and the arm of the Lord which brake him, revealed; and then ye shall see, that he raised but a sea of trouble in your souls, to sink himself by; and the Lord will throw the horse and his rider, which trampled upon and rode over the just in you, into that sea; and ye shall stand upon the bank, and sing the song of Moses to him that drowned him, and delivered you from him; and in due season ye shall sing the song of the Lamb also, when his life springs up in you in his pure dominion; triumphing over death, and all that is contrary to God, both within and without.

Now, friends, in a sensible waiting and giving up to the Lord, in the daily exercise, by the daily cross to that in you, which is not of the life, this work will daily go on, and ye will feel from the Lord *that* which will help, relieve, refresh, and satisfy, which neither tongue nor words can utter.

And then as to what may befal us outwardly, in this confused state of things, shall we not trust our tender Father and rest satisfied in his will? Are we not engraven in his heart, and on the palms of his hands, and can he forget us in any thing that he doeth? Yea, shall he not bear up the mind, and be our strength, portion, armor, rock, peace, joy, and full satisfaction, in every condition? For it is not the condition makes miserable, but the want of him in the condition; he is the substance of all, the virtue of all, the life of all, the power of all; he nourisheth, he preserveth, he upholds with the creatures or without the creatures, as it pleaseth him; and he that hath him, he that is with him, he that is in him, cannot want. Hath the spirit of this world content in all that it enjoys? No: it is restless, it is unsatisfied. But can tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril or sword, come between the love of the father to the child, or the child's rest, content and delight in his love? And doth not the love, the peace, the joy, the rest felt, swallow up all the bitterness and sorrow of the outward condition? So let us not look out like the world, or judge or fear according to the appearance of things, after the manner of the world; but sanctify the Lord of hosts in our hearts, and let him be our fear and dread, and he shall be an hiding place unto us in the storms, and in the tempests which are coming thick upon the earth.

Concerning Love.

What shall I say of it, or how shall I in words express its nature! It is the sweetness of life; it is the sweet, tender, melting nature of God, flowing up through his seed of life into the creature, and of all things making the creature most like unto himself, both in nature and operation. It fulfils the Law, it fulfils the Gospel; it wraps up all in one, and brings forth all in the oneness. It excludes all evil out of the heart, it perfects all good in the heart. A touch of love doth this in measure; perfect love doth this in fulness. But how can I proceed to speak of it! Oh! that the souls of all that fear and wait on the Lord, might feel its nature fully; and then would they not fail of its sweet overcoming operations, both towards one another, and towards enemies. The great healing, the

great conquest, the great salvation is reserved for the full manifestation of the love of God. His judgments, his cuttings, his hewings by the word of his mouth, are but to prepare for, but not to do, the great work of raising up the sweet building of his life; which is to be done in love, and in peace, and by the power thereof. And this my soul waits and cries after, even the full springing up of eternal love in my heart, and in the swallowing of me wholly into it, and the bringing of my soul wholly forth in it, that the life of God, in its own perfect sweetness, may fully run forth through this vessel, and not be at all tinctured by the vessel, but perfectly tincture and change the vessel into its own nature; and then shall no fault be found in my soul before the Lord, but the spotless life be fully enjoyed by me, and become a perfectly pleasant sacrifice to my God. O! how sweet is love! how pleasant is its nature! how talkingly doth it behave itself in every condition, upon every occasion, to every person, and about every thing! How tenderly, how readily, doth it help and serve the meanest! How patiently, how meekly, doth it bear all things, either from God or man, how unexpectedly soever they come, or how hard soever they seem! How doth it believe, how doth it hope, how doth it excuse, how doth it cover even that which seemeth not to be excusable, and not fit to be covered! How kind is it even in its interpretations and charges concerning miscarriages! It never overchargeth, it never grates upon the spirit of him whom it reprehends; it never hardens, it never provokes; but carrieth a meltingness and power of conviction with it. This is the nature of God; this, in the vessels capacitated to receive and bring it forth in its glory, the power of enmity is not able to stand against, but falls before, and is overcome by it.

THE LIGHT OF CHRIST.

Placing the power of redemption from evil, in the light, is as sound in spiritual doctrine, as it is wise in moral experience. "Look unto me, and be ye saved," says He, who proclaims himself the light of the world; and who shines not partially on this or that individual, but who is the "true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." And who is there that, under the heaviest pressure of conscious guilt, has yet fixed a calm, humble, silent, but inwardly supplicating eye upon this day-star in the heart—this mighty one, who wounds but to heal—who kills but to make alive—who is there, we may confidently ask, that has steadily and perseveringly done this, and has not experimentally known, that the Most High "is a God at hand, and a present help in the time of trouble."—*Mary Ann Kelly.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"TRAINING UP THE YOUNG."

The subjoined article was published many years ago in the "American Annals of Education." The remarks are close and searching, but they exhibit a true picture of the practice of many who profess to be the followers of Christ. S. B. F.

The child will, as a general rule, love, worship, or adore what he discovers to possess the supreme regard or love of his parents. He is not slow to discover the bias of a parent's heart. He is not slow to worship what the parent worships.

It is hardly necessary to stop here to meet an objection which some may bring forward. To love a person or object with all our hearts may be said to be a very different thing from worshipping or adoring it. There may, indeed, be a difference in theory, but what is the practical difference? If it were possible for a person to love an object with all his heart, mind, soul, and strength, without adoring it, the consequences would be the same in both cases; since such entire love of an object, whatever that object might be, would at least exclude the possibility of any high-toned affections to any other object. And how does this differ in its practical results and consequences from adoring it.

We say, then, and we say it with confidence, that the child will be devoted to that which he sees to be the object of devotion in his parents. If it be good eating or drinking, that will become the object of his worship; if it be dress or equipage, he will worship extravagance and luxury; if it be money, he will worship that; if office or station, that will be the idol.

We have abundant reason for believing that there are some parents among us, of those who bear the name of Christian, and verily suppose themselves to be disciples of Christ, who, instead of training up their children in the way they should go, as if the latter were the supreme object; instead of training them up to love God with all the heart, they train them up by that example which always teaches more effectually than precept, to love with all the heart, mind, soul and strength, inferior objects.

Such parents as we have been describing may, indeed, tell their children that they have souls; that these souls are not perishable, after the lapse of a few years, like the body, but that they are to live on forever. And they may urge them to consider the great worth of the soul, compared with the body, and even compared with a whole world, like that in which we live. And yet what is their example? Do they spend nearly their whole time for the wants, present and future, of this very valuable soul? And

do their children see that it is so? Or do they find reason to think the parent does not believe, in reality, one word of all he says to them? What! shall we labor twelve, fifteen, eighteen hours a day, year after year, for the meaner body, and scarcely half an hour daily, the first day of the week excepted, for the immortal soul! Is not the child fully justified in the inference, that if the parent believes in the immortality of either soul or body, it is that of the latter? Could a rational disinterested being make any other conclusion?

They tell them of heaven, and speak occasionally of this life as a mere pilgrimage thither. But do they conduct in such a manner that the child can believe they care a straw about the country to which they profess to be going? If they are going on a journey to Ohio, or even to Maine, there must be preparation. And this preparation of the whole family to migrate, is often long and absorbing. How frequently is the journey and the plan of destination not merely the subject of much thought, but of much interesting conversation? With what animation are they spoken of? How the parental eye brightens, and how the heart throbs, when contemplating the pleasures and advantages which are wrapped up for him and his family in the great future? Is conversation on the Christian's course, and on the Christian's home, ever seen by the children of such parents as we are speaking of to enkindle any such raptures or emotions? But why not, if the heart is there? Why not, if the Father in heaven be the object of supreme regard?

They talk to their children or their pupils of the joys of heaven. But when, where, how long, and under what circumstances? Is it when they go out and when they come in, when they walk by the way, and when they sit in the house, when they lie down and when they rise up? In short, is it at every convenient opportunity? Do they so speak of these joys that every one can perceive they speak from the abundance of the heart? Or is a hundred fold more time spent in conversation about good eating and drinking, gay clothes, costly equipage and furniture? And when do the eye and countenance brighten, and the heart swell with emotion, and the tongue get loosened? Is it not most frequently in view of the pleasures of sense, such as we generally say are short lived, and perish in the using?

They talk to them, it may be, of a Heavenly Father, of a redeeming Saviour, and of a sanctifying Spirit. They endeavor, certainly once a week, to draw forth their admiration and peradventure enkindle their love for Him who is the author of their bodies and spirits, and their great preserver and bounteous benefactor. They speak of the preciousness of the Saviour, his glorious career, and his wonderful and never-failing love. They urge them to become his humble disciples and followers.

And yet, if they have any serious regard for the Saviour, how is it manifested? Can the greatest dunce in the world fail to discover that they look brighter, think most rapidly, speak most cheerfully, and act with most sprightliness and energy, when God is not in all their thoughts, but when they are engaged in making a good bargain, or at least, in *contriving* how to make one; in adding to their acres, their bank stock, their deposits, or their chests?

In short, go where you will, and who is not spending the sum total of his days and hours and minutes—a few short moments at morning and evening, and a few short hours of the Sabbath excepted—in worshipping the god of this world? Who does not love his body and the pleasures of time and sense, and the bodies of those earthly friends that God has given him, with all his heart, mind, soul and strength? and who does not worship them as surely as he worships any thing? And what child, who is not an idiot, does not know this? We thank God there are exceptions; there are those who do not deserve the severity of this charge. We only wish they were more numerous. Can we wonder at the prevalence of infidelity? According as we sow, must we not reap? Does not the passing seed-time betoken such a harvest of unbelief as no eye hath yet seen, and no human heart yet fully conceived? Is not such an expectation justified by the assurances of Him who cannot lie? Does not the promise which accompanies the command, "Train up a child in the way he should go," apply with equal force to the case of those who train him up in the way he should not go?

Let not the Christian friend of education pass lightly over these few pages, and regard them as the ravings of a distempered brain. Let him pause and consider whether the thoughts which they contain may not be founded on the truth of God, and dictated by truth and soberness. Let him not put away such friendly, and, at least, well meant admonitors, as something which only concerns others. If we are correct in our views, and have rightly defined idolatry, then it necessarily follows that idol worship is a thousand times more common among professing Christians than they are wont to admit or even to believe. Let him consider the danger of setting the example of a supreme devotion to material objects. Let him, in short, consider his course, and see whether it is, or is not, that which, though it "seemeth right" to a man, ends in "death."

A sunny cheerful view of life,—resting on truth and fact, with practical aspiration ever to make things, men, and self, better than they are,—is the true healthful poetry of existence.

THE NEED OF MORE HEART WORK.

It is very sad indeed that the heart should ever be dull and cold; but oh its stupidity, its lifelessness, its distance from the atmosphere of the canticles, is known and felt every day. The shallowness and narrowness of the flowings of the Spirit through us are well understood in the secret of the soul within us.

I am not sure that we have not been a little hasty after knowledge; and the soul in its search has not given space to pour itself out over the word with sufficient desire. *Better to break the heart over one truth than get many truths in the mind.* The Lord keep us that our growth in knowledge may be healthful! It is not our stock of knowledge which we need to have increased, so much as to have that stock to become more active and lively in our souls, to stir itself there, to be made a quickening mass, giving character to our minds more and more.

The Lord direct our hearts into the deeper affections of the Spirit, that we may be afraid to pursue any inquiry or seek any knowledge *apart from the power of communion with Himself.—British Herald.*

THE DUTY OF COMFORTING THE AFFLICTED.

In every point involved in the whole course of a godly life, the soul needs the light and touching kindness which can be shed upon its doubts and expressed for its struggles by the heart which has felt similar perplexities and anxieties. A stranger intermeddleth not with its sorrow, because he is a stranger. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." It will be seen in the order of Providence that those whom God designs for the greatest instruments of good to mankind, are prepared for their work by the discipline of suffering, and usually of the very kind of suffering which they are subsequently so largely to alleviate. Was there ever a Reformer whose heart was not pierced with the ills which he afterwards so valiantly combated and signally conquered? And do we not see that those servants of God who are most eminent in the power to comfort Zion, to build up and sustain sinking, doubting hearts, are those who themselves were the subjects of harassing skepticism or searching personal troubles? Their own trials have rendered them acquainted with the troubles of others, and tender and patient of them.

If we would comfort those who are in affliction, we can not be at a loss for opportunity or means. If we can do no more than express our sympathy, it will help. To go to those in sorrow, not with a patronizing air, or affecting our superior virtue, or reminding them that their sin had brought on their misfortunes, but entering into their trouble with a sincere "weeping with those who weep," must assuage the burdened heart. We can at least point the oppressed spirit to God as a refuge, to the precious promise of his holy word, to the relief to be found in faith and prayer. We may dilate upon some of the alleviating uses of affliction, and so aid the bewildered mind in some clear apprehension of the benevolent designs of the Heavenly Father in chastening his children. We can cite with due modesty the simple story of our history, its lights and shadows, its reverses and deliverance. There are none but have received comforts the recital of which will do good to others, though the causes of trial may not be precisely alike. "And when thou are comforted strengthen thy brethren." And how faithfully Peter did this, let his epistles attest! But instruction is not the only, nor the chief good imparted. People in trouble need not so much to learn new truths as to see and *feel* old truths as related to themselves. The ablest physician in illness requires the physician as much as the most untutored. He is rendered by pain incapable of the diagnosis of his own disease, and of administring the appropriate remedy. Any mind in severe trial, whatever its wisdom, piety, and faith, absolutely wants the ministry of another mind independent of, though not indifferent to its sorrow. "When the stern gladiator is exhausted in the contest, even a child may refresh him with a cup of cold water."—*The Methodist.*

THE AMERICAN FAMILY AND DISCIPLINE.

. . . . American parents, as a rule, have very little inclination to tyrannize over their children, and are very strongly disposed to loosen the reins of family government. Looking around among our own acquaintance, we do not call to mind a single parent who is a terror to his children; and we rejoice that is so. But we do know multitudes of parents who never had their children under their control; and this we cannot rejoice over. The days when children were tied to bed-posts and flogged for slight transgressions are, thank Heaven, substantially past; but the extreme to which our grandfathers carried their notions of discipline is no justification for the other extreme into which we are now disposed to run. If there is really no middle path, doubtless the license which is now allowed to children is better than the excessive severity of old times; but no such excuse for laxity can be truly made. There *is* a middle path; but it requires more patience, perseverance, and enlightened parental love than either of the rival systems of wholesale flogging or *laiessez faire.*

A certain distinguished clergyman once told in our hearing an incident which illustrates our meeting. His little girl, then a little over three years old, was playing in his room, when

he called upon her to fetch his shoe. She had often done it before and been proud to do it; but this time she looked at her father with a smiling face and did not stir. "I repeated my command," said the father "but with no better result. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'comes the crisis, and we must see who is to gain the day.' I called her to me, and she came to me quite cheerfully. I pointed to the shoe, but she would not look at it; she threw her arms around my neck, and would kiss me just as long as I would let her; she brought me an apron, a a book, anything but the shoe; that she would not touch. And nothing but the shoe would satisfy me. 'Fetch me that shoe,' said I; but no. For more than two hours the conflict lasted, and then she suddenly grasped the shoe in her little hand, and rushing up to me, threw herself into my arms in a violent fit of weeping, her little frame perfectly convulsed with sobs; but she was conquered." Such struggles as these occur at least once in the life of every high-spirited child. The majority of American parents find it easier to abandon the contest, and let their children enjoy a demoralizing triumph, than to persist with mingled firmness, tact, and patience till obedience is secured.

Divine wisdom has made obedience necessary to the true happiness of every child. A spoiled child is the emblem of misery to itself and discomfort to all around. And American children are universally presumed to be spoiled, not merely by the judgment of foreigners, but by the tacit evidence of our own people. Why is it that landlords are so unanimous in preferring tenants without children? Why is it that children, in all other countries esteemed the object of marriage, are here so commonly thought of as its drawback? There can be no doubt that it is because they are expected, as a matter of course, to be a source of irritation and anxiety, undisciplined little nuisances, worrying their parents' lives and driving off their parents' friends. Unquestionably the most judicious training fails in many instances; but as a rule it develops a condition of moral health which makes children the joy of the household and the special attraction of visitors. And it is from the rule and not from the exceptions that the common judgments of men are formed. We conclude, therefore, from the general anticipation that children, at any rate *other people's* children, will be disagreeable and mischievous, that there is a general belief that children are badly trained.

We have already been led incidentally to remark how much discomfort, and even crime, is indirectly caused by the general lack of proper family discipline. These are, however, only part of the evils to which it gives rise. "Young America" is proverbially pert, obtrusive, and irreverent. Unaccustomed to obey at home, our young men are apt to lack respect for lawful authority everywhere; untrained at home, they rush into life with shallow thoughts and little training of any kind. Probably half the cost of our late civil war may be fairly charged to the lack of *habits* of discipline, obedience, and self-command on both sides.

It is even more melancholy to witness the causes which most frequently excite parents to the exercise of their authority, and the manner in which that authority is spasmodically exercised, than it is to observe the general absence of parental control. A falsehood, a petty theft, an act of meanness or cruelty, which ought to excite the parent at once to grief and indignation, is usually passed over with slight reproof or total indifference. Charley may torture the cat, or destroy his baby sister's doll, or steal her apple, or show a meanly-selfish spirit toward his playfellows, with comparative impunity, though he is thus giving way to the basest tendencies of his nature; but woe be to Charley if he breaks his mother's china, or stains her silk dress, even though it should be done by pure accident and in the excess of affectionate zeal. On the one hand the child displays a temper which, if entirely unchecked through life, would make it a fiend. For this it receives no punishment. On the other hand, through mere natural thoughtlessness, it injures a few dollars' worth of goods, which must in any case soon perish. This brings upon it bitter words, perhaps bodily chastisement. Every one knows that this is a contrast daily witnessed in thousands of families. For ourselves, we see it often, and with ever-growing abhorrence.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

HOW TO WIN A CHILD'S HEART.

The heart of a child is easily won. It needs no besieging, no formidable preparation for a grand assault, no advancing by regular approaches. You have only to go, in the name of love, and demand a surrender; and without parleying, the prize is yours.

"Love begets love." Anger and hate beget anger and hate. Smiles are like musical voices amid the hills which come back to those that utter them with all their original sweetness.

Did you ever smile on a child without receiving an answering smile? On the contrary, when you have looked down coldly, perhaps with a frown, into the eyes of a child, have you not seen the reflection of your manner and expression in the mirror-like face of the little one?

Love children, and they will love you. Let children feel that you care for them—that you sympathize with them in all their little sorrows, and rejoice with them in all their little joys, and that you are their true and unselfish friend, and in those feelings you have the key to their hearts.

One word for you, dear teachers. You want to be loved by your scholars; then love your scholars. If you do love them, it will not be necessary for you to say so, in order that they may be conscious of the fact. Children read hearts intuitively. They read your affection for them in every line of your face, in your moistened eye, in your unforced smile. They hear the declaration of it in every tone of your voice. They have the assurance of it in your manner—in your actions, which "speak louder than words."

Happy are ye who have the love of little ones under your care. It is a fountain of no common joy to your heart, and it gives you an influence over them which can be obtained in no other way. Thus may you win those dear young hearts to Jesus. God help you to do it. —*Western Christian Advocate.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 4, 1866.

MARRIED, on the 11th of Seventh month, 1866, in the city of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at the residence of Alexander J. Coffin, after the order of the religious Society of Friends, RICHARD C. SOUTHWICK and AVIS COFFIN, all of said city.

——, on the 30th of Eleventh month, 1865, in accordance with the order of the religious Society of Friends, EDWARD P. THOMAS to MARY H., daughter of Richard T. and Edith T. Bentley, all of Sandy Spring, Md.

DIED, on the 20th of Fourth month, 1866, at his residence in Yorktown, West Chester Co., N. Y., WRIGHT FROST, aged 68 years; a member of Amawalk Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 22d of Seventh month, 1866, BENJAMIN COX, in his 55th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 15th of Seventh month, 1866, ELIZABETH M. BRUNER, aged 54 years.

In the draft of a proposed treaty sent out from England to Madagascar—a treaty of amity and commerce between England and Madagascar—there occurred these remarkable words:

"Queen Victoria asks, as a matter of personal favor to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians."

In the treaty that was signed, there occurred these words:

"In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages that there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

Let us cherish, in religious exercises, serenity and love, and gentleness of mind and feeling.

Meekness and modesty are the rich and charming attire of the soul.—*Penn.*

Extracts from the Minutes of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in New York, opened on the 28th of 5th Month, 1866.

At a Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, held in New York, and opened on the 28th of 5th month, 1866,

The following named Friends from other Yearly Meetings, are acceptably in attendance with us with minutes of concurrence from their respective Monthly Meetings, viz:

Samuel Townsend, a minister, from Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

Elizabeth Paxson, a minister, from Middletown Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

Ann P. Jackson, a minister, from Birmingham Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

John Hunt, a minister, from Burlington Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

Catharine P. Foulke, a minister, from Richland Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

Hannah B. Lester, her companion, from Richland Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

William Dorsey, a minister, from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

Rachel Wilson Moore, a minister, from Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

Mary A. Smith, a minister, from Medford Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

John and Mary Haines, companions of Mary A. Smith, from Chester Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

Seth W. Bosworth and Catherine E. Bosworth his wife, elders from Farmington Monthly Meeting, New York.

Mary B. Needles, a minister, and John Needles, her husband and companion, an elder, from Baltimore Monthly Meeting, Maryland.

George T. Trimble informed that he was requested by the Representatives to propose the name of Nathaniel S. Merritt for Clerk, and of Thomas Foulke for Assistant Clerk, which being separately considered and united with, they were appointed to the respective services.

The accounts from Westbury Quarterly Meeting inform that that meeting (both men's and women's) was united in proposing that an addition be made to our Discipline at the end of the first paragraph of the article under the head of Distilled Spirituous Liquors, of the following words, viz: "and also against renting their premises for the purpose of selling or manufacturing them."

The proposition was referred to a joint Committee of men and women Friends, to report their judgment thereon at a future sitting.

The following proposition is contained in the accounts from Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting, viz: "This meeting has under consideration the subject of establishing a Boarding School, to be located at Oswego, and to ask of the Yearly Meeting a proportion of the Yearly Meeting's School Fund for that purpose."

It was concluded to refer the case to the Committee appointed last year on the subject of the Yearly Meeting's School Fund, for their consideration, to report at a future sitting.

Job S. Dennis, a minister from Farmington Monthly Meeting, acceptably attented this meeting with a minute of unity from that Monthly Meeting.

The meeting resumed the consideration of the State of Society, as shown in the Answers to the remaining Queries.

The many departures exhibited in them from the support of some of our Christian testimonies, brought exercise over the meeting. Much excellent counsel was extended by concerned Friends, tending to turn our minds to an attention to that principle and power which alone can furnish strength successfully to resist the temptations which have led into some of these deviations.

The joint Committee to consider the proposition from Westbury Quarterly Meeting to make an addition to our Discipline, reported that they were united in recommending the addition of the following words, viz: "Or renting their premises for the purpose of selling or manufacturing them." And they propose that the added words shall follow the words, "vending ardent spirits," in the first paragraph in the clause of our Discipline, under the head of "Distilled Spirituous Liquors."

The Report was approved of by the meeting, and was referred to the Women's meeting for their judgment in the case.

The Committee continued last year for the purpose of presenting the memorial adopted on behalf of the Freedmen, presented the following report:

TO THE YEARLY MEETING:

The Committee appointed last year to present the memorial to the President of the United States and other heads of the Government, report, "That soon after their appointment they proceeded to Washington and presented the address to the President, and to several of his Cabinet, and in our interviews with them, were kindly received and treated with much regard. The President and Secretaries to whom the address was presented assured us, that they were glad to receive it, and that it would be duly considered."

On behalf of the Committee,

SAMUEL WILLETS,
RACHEL HICKS.

New York, 5th month, 28th, 1866.

A verbal communication was made by one of the Committee, giving a more detailed statement of many interesting circumstances that occurred during the interviews with the President and members of his Cabinet, which was satisfactory to the meeting.

An exercise arose in this meeting in regard to the fact shown by the Answer to the First Query, in the report from Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting, that in one of the Monthly Meetings in that Quarter, no mid week meetings have been held for a considerable time past. After deliberate consideration it was concluded that an advantage might arise from the appointment of a Committee of men and women Friends to inquire into the causes of this omission, and to render such advice and assistance as may seem necessary in the case.

The subject was then referred to the Women's Meeting for their judgment in the matter.

A memorial of Jericho Monthly Meeting concerning our friend, John Plummer, deceased, approved by Westbury Quarterly Meeting, and examined by the Meeting for Sufferings, was now read. It was satisfactory to the meeting, and was directed to be recorded.

The Committee appointed last year to consider the proper disposition of the fund held by the Yearly Meeting for Educational purposes, made the following report:

TO THE YEARLY MEETING:

The Committee appointed last year on the School Fund of the Yearly Meeting, and to consider the subject of a Boarding School for the guarded Education of the children of Friends—

Report, That they have given careful and deliberate attention to the subject committed to them, but are not prepared to report fully at the present time, and they would therefore propose to the Yearly Meeting that the Committee be continued another year.

They have also considered the proposition of Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting, referred to them the present year, and are united in proposing to the Yearly Meeting to pay over to that Meeting their proportion of the School Fund in accordance with their quota, for the purpose of assisting them in the establishment of a Boarding School under the care of that Meeting. The amount to be paid when the title of the property shall have passed to Trustees appointed by the Quarterly Meeting.

On behalf of the Committee,

THOMAS FOULKE.

New York, 5th month 30th, 1866.

The Committee was continued another year, as proposed.

The recommendation of the Committee to pay the Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting that meeting's proportion of the funds now in the hands of the Treasurer of this Meeting, was united with, and the Treasurer was authorized to pay to the Trustees, when appointed, as proposed by the Committee, the proportion of the amount that would belong to that Meeting under the quota at the time of payment.

Women's Meeting informed that they have appointed a Committee to unite with one from this meeting to render such advice and assistance to Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting as way may open for in relation to the omission to hold mid-week meetings in one of their Monthly Meetings. A Committee was appointed to that service by this meeting.

The Women's Meeting also informed that they were united in adopting the proposed addition to the Discipline, as recommended by the Committee.

The following minute embraces some of the exercises of the meeting:

The minds of many of us have been tendered under a renewed sense of the continuance of Divine goodness, mercifully extended during the several sittings of this meeting.

The necessity of meeting together as a public acknowledgment of love for and dependance upon the Author of our being, is admitted to be an important duty.

Our worthy predecessors, those faithful sons of the morning, permitted neither persecutions nor sufferings to restrain them from assembling for this purpose. It is to be regretted that we, their descendants, who profess to believe in the spirituality of the Gospel dispensation, should, many of us, be more deficient in this respect, even than others of the professed Christian name. Yet it is too evident from the reports of our subordinate meetings that many deficiencies exist amongst us in the fulfilment of this duty.

The great importance of love in the family circle was feelingly alluded to, and Friends were encouraged to cultivate it. It was set forth that this heavenly principle only can bind and cement the family together. Under its influence parents and children would be drawn together, and would often be enabled to sit in heavenly places, and enjoy the sweet incomes of peace. Then might we hope again to behold that which formerly was so beautifully witnessed in the Christian Church, that in place of the father would be the son, and of the mother, the daughter, prepared to sustain our principles and testimonies.

The awful effects of intemperance have been feelingly portrayed by instruments, who, through the mercy of God, have been preserved to testify of the efficacy of his grace, and of the impotency of creaturely resolutions merely, in extricating the poor victim from the toils of this dreadful evil.

The pernicious tendency of much of the current literature of the day has caused renewed concern at this time, and Friends were feelingly advised to a frequent and serious perusal of the Scriptures of Truth, invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit for a right appreciation of them.

Though the desolations of war have been stayed amongst us, and peace proclaimed throughout the land, yet we feel drawn to urge close attention to guard against the influence of the spirit of war, remembering that our testimony in favor of peace, and against injustice and oppression must ever remain important to be upheld.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRAGMENTS OF BARK FROM OUR CLUB.

NO. II.

It is now summer's high noon. The heat is intense. Over the golden grain fields and silent tree tops it quivers with delight. The winds are held back, and even the zephyr's breath is hushed, or employed in ruffling the silver edges of the clouds seen floating in the west.

"The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;
The feathers dropped from moor-hen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem,
As stones beneath them in the stream."

But nature's true lovers know right well that many phenomena of plant-life can be studied best when the heat is greatest. Our club on this occasion preferred the cooler paths along the water-courses and by the shaded streams. We could dip our bare arms into the current, or pour great handsful on our hot heads as we stooped to look beneath the surface. We saw the blue sky—calm, patient, unfathomable, heaven's typical image—reflected from the river. We looked into the spring, as we knelt to drink from its lips: the same unfathomable blue was painted on *its* surface. And in the dirty mud puddle, still holding a little water, was mirrored the same suggestive reflection. And is it not so in human life? None are so great or so high but the Highest is still above them; and no human soul is so degraded or unclean, but it may reflect that Divine light which descends from above.

Covering the water all over in places with a carpet of green, we found the little duck-meat (Lemna minor) probably our smallest flowering plant. Its minute blossoms, when found, project from the margins of the leaves at this season, unshaded from the fiercest suns. Depending from its minute leaves are the roots, about half an inch long, each one having in the centre a bundle of spiral vessels; and on its free end a little cap, not unlike in form the extinguisher sometimes placed over candles in former times. This little cap may be separated from the root by gentle pressure without being crushed, and will give an idea of what is meant by a spongiole, which exists in some form on the ends of all roots. These little leaves, moreover, give off buds from their edges, which sink in the water, and remain buried until the sun of another summer warms the water and brings

them to the surface. But we have not yet seen all the beauties of our little Lemna. Place one of its round leaves on the thumb nail and shave off the upper surface. Now place it under a microscope, and we behold nearly every cell containing a crystal. That floating carpet, then, is spread over a crystal pavement, and shades with its bud-spangled and gem-decked canopy myriads of little animals and smaller plants, whose names alone would fill a column of this journal.

The water-shield (Brasenia peltata) grows a near neighbor often with the duck-meat. We found it in water more than a foot in depth, sending up from creeping root-stalks, thread-like stems, wholly encased in transparent jelly. Each stem bears on its summit one or more peltate, oval leaves, one or two inches in diameter. It is very interesting to observe the unfolding of these leaves, as we have done for many days in succession. In the bud, they are rolled up from two opposite edges, thus forming a line resting on the water. Gradually these convoluted edges unfold, exposing the polished dry surface of the leaf with its edges turned up a little all round. Now they lie flat on the water like little shields, drinking the sunshine, or like fairy cradles rocked on the bosom of the lake, lovelier

> "Than Naiad by the side
> Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
> Sole sitting by the shores of old romance."

In the roots of the water-shield we find starch granules of larger size than probably in any other plant

Near the margin of a pond we found the Saururus cernuus growing in profusion. Its beautiful spikes of white flowers nodding over the stream resemble somewhat a lizard's tail, and from this circumstance the plant derives its common name.

In our walks looking for common things, we observed that plants and animals are not found in reality arranged in natural orders like we find them in our books. We see earth's green carpet woven of *dissimilar* materials, all interlapping with each other; and we take our illustrations therefore pretty much as we find them in our path, without aspiring after scientific arrangements, caring more for *hidden* beauties, generally unseen by those who are amused by the names and ever-changing dress of classification. Our sharp knives and dissecting needles reveal to us in the stem of the common spatter-dock, beautiful and brilliant stars, piercing the fragile cells with their sparkling rays. We admire the structure, but we also obtain an idea of a portion of the *unchanging* framework of nature; of something which has been from the beginning, and will be long after botanists shall have discarded the name of Nuphar. To us it is inspiring to know of that beautiful galaxy of stars in the stem of the spatter-dock, and by them to be reminded, that not only aloft in the immeasurable distance, do stars of beauty twinkle, but often *close around* us, if we could only see their cheering light.

We saw the round, dark, green leaves of the lotus lying on the bosom of the sluggish stream, one or two feet in diameter; or lifting their umbrella-like forms above the surface. From the stems which come up in the centre of these leaves radiate many ribs or aquatic rafters, filled with air cavities, which help to buoy them up. The cream-colored flowers are very beautiful, and often six inches in diameter when mature. The numerous petals surround a many-celled ovary, resembling in size and form a boy's top when in the position for spinning. In each cell is one large round seed which the boys eat, and call water chinquapins. The broad leaves of the lotus roof over many tiny inhabitants of the stream. The water snails come and glue to them their crystalline eggs, and the young snails hatch out and travel round the leaf—a world of their own. The water-tigers, (larva of Dityscus), with jaws more terrible in miniature than their royal namesake of the jungle, hunt their prey among the confervoid filaments velveting their surface. Or we find the social Lascinularia, often fifty in the same family, caressing and consoling each other because of the wickedness going on around them. Truly the lotus is a right royal plant. To our fancy it expresses the idea of silence. Its ribbed and ample leaves rest on the water with such unspeakable repose. It looks old, even as Egyyt is old among the nations; it was fashioned when Time was young, and employed his building materials vigorously and generously. We love plants more after having seen the lotus.

In our walks after water-plants, we observe some are fashioned to float *on* the surface. Are there not parallels in human life? Their leaves are broad and entire, seldom marked with eccentricities around the margin. They give *shade* to other beings; and are we not thankful for a little shade? Others are adapted to live only *beneath* the surface,—to go down into the tide and struggle with the contending eddies and currents. These have finely divided leaves, thus offering multiplied points of contact,—giving a great surface to the elements. This class of plants has a *vital* office to perform, viz., to purify our lakes and rivers by their life-giving oxygen. There are stagnant pools along the margin of life's stream, which can be purified only by living *beneath* the surface, and by putting out many points of contact with the elements. Then, when Divine light touches these multiplied surfaces, oxygen will stream through their sluggish channels.

The Water Ranunculus, lifting its delicate,

white blossom above the surface—the Anacharis, with its calyx tube, often three inches long, pouting its sweet lips out of the water to kiss the sunshine—the bladder-wort, which fills its leaf-stems with air just at flowering time, and thus floats its curious golden blossoms to the light—the stately Vallisneria unrolls its green ribbons beneath the surface—the horn-wort too, that graceful nurse of the higher infusoria; and the chara and nitella, like spun glass, twine their transparent stems *beneath* the surface. We love these plants, and accept their teachings. We cherish them as true friends, as counsellors, who have never spoken but in the language of truth and wisdom.

But nature is inexhaustible in her offerings. We have gathered only a few sheaves from the harvest. Others stand ripe and waiting. We will part your sweet company for the present, joyously looking to the future.

ONE OF THE CLUB.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

Men of the Northland, sons of Pilgrim Fathers,
To lonely wilds by persecution driven,
Whose souls soar upward, as the tempest gathers,
Nearer to heaven;

Long as the shadow of your granite mountains
Tells the swift progress of the circling sun,
Long as the sparkling water of your fountains
Shall sea-ward run;

Nor time nor fate shall bend the free-born spirit
That once could dare a haughty despot's rage;
Millions unborn your boldness shall inherit
From age to age.

From lofty peaks the cry is ever swelling,
"Power—Freedom—Right, must come from God alone!"
And the wild waves the same stern truth are telling,
In thunder tone.

It thrills the pulses of the sinewy farmer,
It swells the chorus of the maiden's song,
And sparkles, from the clinking of the hammer,
Hatred of wrong.

O! many a year we watched the North star shining
To guide the fugitive to other lands,
Raising to heaven forever, unrepining,
Our suppliant hands.

That prayer was heard—through crime and tears and battle;
Our chains are broken by an avenging God;
No longer cannons boom and muskets rattle
Where armies trod.

Hushed is the slaver's whip—the shriek of anguish
From dear ones torn apart to meet no more—
Rusted, the prison fetters,—none may languish
Within its door.

Yet though we hail, with songs of rapturous gladness,
The birth of Freedom for our dusky race,
To mar our joy a passing gleam of sadness
Darkens each face.

Of what avail that we no more forever
Shall water with our tears the soil we tread,
If to the dignity of manhood never
We raised the head?

Can sordid gain from ill-requited labor
Beget the generous sympathy we need,
If no kind friend, no Christ-like loving neighbor,
Bid us God-speed?

Must we still bend before each former master,
Abject, degraded, as in Slavery's years,
And dream of blighted hopes, while fast and faster
Flow bitter tears?

Have we not fought beneath our starry banner,—
Emblem of liberty in far off lands?
Have we not bled to save it from dishonor
By traitorous hands?

O! by the love of right and truth we cherish—
By all the hopes that crown Columbia's brow,
By our long sufferings—leave us not to perish
Neglected now.

Men of the Southland! who have seen the sorrow
Your iron will inflicted on the slave,
From earliest day till nightfall, while the morrow
No respite gave,

Shall not the memory of our age of trial
Attune a chord of pity in your breast?
How long must we abide the cold denial
To give us rest?

The sunny skies,—the rich and boundless meadows,
Where flies the breeze o'er myriad scented flowers
Or panting herds repose in cooling shadows
At noon-tide hours;

The cane's rich sweetness, or the golden splendor,
When Autumn tints the waving fields of maize,
Awake they not the grateful heart to render
The meed of praise?

Shall not the night, in almost tropic beauty,
While brilliant galaxies of stars above
Light all the heavens, teach man the solemn duty
Mankind to love?

And, more than these, will not the oft-told story
Of all our toils and watchings, stripes and wrongs,
Plead earnestly for freedmen old and hoary,
With thousand tongues?

Born side by side and nursed by sable mothers,
May we not claim your sympathy to share?
May we not bend the knee, as friends and brothers
In reverent prayer?

Shall we, to alien lands in exile driven
Hopeless and outcast from our cabins, pine,
Till retribution drops from outraged heaven,
In wrath divine?

No! while the bondman's cry is heard no longer,
And Freedom's glory gilds our humble home,
Dearer than ever, all our vows grow stronger,
Never to roam.

Men! Christians! Patriots! heal our wounds yet bleeding,
Bind up the broken-hearted, while ye may;
O! hear the voice of Truth and Mercy pleading
To hold their sway.

Deal justly, truly, kindly with the living,
For their sake who have toiled in by-gone days
And from our hearts shall rise in loud thanksgiving
One hymn of praise.

A person may believe as he pleases about things; but things will not, therefore, be as he pleases.

For the Children.

HABITS OF FLOWERS.

Flowers have habits, or ways of acting, just as people have. I will tell you about some of them.

All flowers naturally turn toward the light, as if they loved it. You can see this, if you watch plants that are standing near the window. The flowers will all be bent towards the light, if you let the pots stand just in the same way all the time. By turning the pots a little every day or two while the blossoms are opening, you can make the flowers look in different directions.

There are some flowers that shut themselves up at night, as if to go to sleep, and open again in the morning. Tulips do this. I was once admiring in the morning some flowers that were sent to me the evening before by a lady. Among them were some tulips, and out of one of these, as it opened, flew a humble-bee. A lazy, dronish bee he must have been, to be caught in this way as the flower was closing itself for the night. Or, perhaps, he had done a hard day's work in gathering honey, and just at night was so sleepy that he staid too long in the tulip, and so was shut in. A very elegant bed the old bee had that night. I wonder if he slept any better than he would have done if he had been in his homely nest.

The pond lily closes its pure white leaves at night as it lies upon its watery bed. But it unfolds them again in the morning. How beautiful it looks as it is spread out upon the water in the sunlight. The little mountain daisy is among the flowers that close at night, but is as bright as ever on its "slender stem" when it wakes up in the morning. When it shuts itself up, it is a little round green ball, and looks something like a pea. You would not see it in the midst of the grass, if you did not look for it. But look the next morning, and the ball is opened, and shows "a golden tuft within a silver crown." And very beautiful it is when there are so many of the daisies together that the grass is spangled with them in the bright sun. It is supposed that this flower was at first called "day's eye," because it opens its eye at the day's dawn, and after awhile it became shortened to daisy.

The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night. They are folded up so closely in their green coverings that they look like buds that had never yet been opened.

There is one curious habit which the dandelion has. When the sun is very hot, it closes itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this way sheltered in its green covering from the sun. It sometimes, when the weather is very hot, shuts itself up as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

Some flowers hang down their heads at night, as if they were nodding in their sleep; but in the morning they lift them up again to welcome the light.

Some flowers have a particular time to open. The evening primrose does not open till evening, and hence comes its name. The flower named four o'clock opens at that hour in the afternoon. There is a flower commonly called go-to-bed-at-noon, that always opens in the morning, and shuts up at noon.

Most flowers last for some time; but there are some that last only a few hours. The red flowers of the delicate and rich cypress vine open in the morning, and in the afternoon they close up, never to open again.

It is delightful to one who loves flowers to see every morning a new set of these bright blossoms appear among the dark green leaves of this vine.—*Worthington Hooker.*

THE CHALETS OF THE ALPS.

Those who have not in person visited the Châlets can form but little idea of the primitive simplicity with which these rude dwellings are built. In some places they are merely made of large stones piled on one another, with a sloping roof, and surrounded by a narrow gutter to carry off the rain; others, when situated within reach of the forests, are built of rough logs of wood, placed across each other, the interstices being filled with moss and dried leaves; those are better than the stone huts, as they are much warmer and retain less damp. The whole building is about 20 ft. by 14 ft., and divided by a slight wooden partition, the larger portion being used as a cowshed. Above this apartment, and under the slanting roof, is the place where the hay is stored, and which forms the shepherd's sleeping chamber. The remainder, a space of about 14 ft. by 6 ft., is reserved for kitchen and parlor, and is not unfrequently shared by one or two favorite goats, or even a pig. This part is open to the roof, and through a trap door, kept open by means of a long fir-pole, the smoke finds exit, chimneys not being in vogue. It has also another slight partition or screen across one corner, which is appropriated as pantry or larder.

There being no windows, daylight is admitted through the door, which is kept open for that purpose. The floor is of stone, or rather a mixture of earth, rock and stone; and there is no fireplace, a fire being made when required on the ground in a corner. Its furniture consists of a wooden bench or settle, and perhaps a large stone boulder, which serves as a table or seat, as may be required. The kitchen utensils comprise two or three porringers, a kettle, and a few wooden spoons, besides two milking-pails. Above the hearth, which is formed of stones, is suspended a little wooden crane that turns on a pivot, upon which is hung the great copper cauldron that the king of the herd brought up in triumph on his head from the village below, and in which the milk is scalded

preparatory to making it into butter and cheese. There is no lack of ventilation in the dwelling, for around, above and between the bare rafters which form the walls the wind and cold air from the glaciers above whistle freely, though this is in a measure tempered by the warm and fragrant breath of the cows, which are closely packed every night within the hut.—*Chamber's Journal.*

From the Evening Post.

A NEW BOOK ON AFRICA—BAKER'S DISCOVERY OF THE NILE SOURCES.

The explorations of Bruce, Livingston, Speke and Grant have thrown much light upon the topography of Africa, and now Samuel White Baker, "Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society," tells us of his own discoveries in the latest and most successful effort to trace the sources of the Nile. His account of his remarkable expedition has just appeared in London, in two volumes, under the title of "The Albert N'yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources."

Mr. Baker says that he has been "permitted to succeed in completing the Nile sources, by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters, the Albert N'yanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile." Speke and Grant started from Zanzibar, pierced the African continent from the east, and went due west for a time, turning northward to the Victoria Lake—the object of their labors—and thence home through Abyssinia and Egypt. Mr. Baker started from Cairo, and travelled against the stream of the river, taking its own channel for a guide as far as Gondokoro. At this point he met Speke and Grant on their return. Mr. Baker was naturally "disheartened at the idea that the great work was accomplished, and that nothing remained for exploration." He asked Speke if there was not a leaf of laurel left for him?—a question frankly answered, and in words which at once restored hope and opened a new area of investigation.

From Gondokoro Mr. Baker struck southeast through Ellyria, described as a rich and powerful country, in which, however, he could get no provisions, for the natives refused to sell. Mr. Baker and his wife (who bravely accompanied him during the whole journey) were compelled to select a new path. They went east, passed through the Latooka country, where more trouble was caused by the superstitions of the natives, and then made a sharp turn to the southwest, and thence to Obbo, where an elevated plateau was found, fourteen hundred feet above the general level of the country, on the east of the mountain range.

The Obbo country is not only desolate, but the climate is unhealthy. Mr. Baker suffered four months of misery, and Mrs. Baker was prostrated by a gastric fever. The journey was then resumed in a southwesterly direction towards Shooa, which is described as a lovely place, the country forming a natural park, "remarkably well watered by numerons rivulets, ornamented with fine timber, and interspersed with numerous high rocks of granite, which, from a distance, produced the effect of ruined castles." The government is somewhat patriarchal. Mr. Baker speaks of the district as "flowing with milk and honey," the people "precisely the same as at Obbo in language and appearance, exceedingly mild in their manner, and anxious to be on good terms." Continuing their southerly course, the travellers passed through immense prairies, hindered and delayed by dangerous swamps, and again troubled by sickness.

Soon afterwards, however, success rewarded Mr. Baker's perseverance. He reached Karuma Falls, on the White Nile—the point to which Speke tracked the river from Victoria Lake. From its exit it takes a northern course; at Karuma it turns suddenly and directly west, and when Speke and Grant, on the northward course, left it in latitude two degrees seventeen minutes—not to meet with it again until they arrived in latitude three degrees thirty-two minutes—they attached great importance to an exploration of its unknown channel. "The natives and the King of Unyoro had assured them that the Nile from Victoria N'yanza, which they had crossed at Karuma, flowed westward for several days' journey, and at length fell into a large lake called the Luta N'zigé; that this lake came from the South, and that the Nile on entering the extremity almost immediately made its exit, and, as a navigable river, continued its course to the north, through the Koslu and Madi countries." Such, in the main, proved to be the truth; and the exploration of this channel, with the discovery of the lake and the new exit of the Nile, form the distinguishing features of Mr. Baker's memorable labors. Thus Speke was right in supposing that this lake was a second source of the Nile; and in revealing it Mr. Baker earned the laurel leaf he despaired of winning.

The route then lay parallel with the river, and the goal was Lake N'zigé. During this portion of the journey a terrible catastrophe occurred—no less than the prostration of Mrs. Baker by sunstroke, and the supervention of positive madness. This scene is described by Mr. Baker with great power. His wife happily recovered, and, in due time, they reached the lake. The story of its discovery is told as follows:

THE ALBERT N'YANZA.

"The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them

to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows, of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach; I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, and with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. Everything smelt of fish, and everything looked like fishing; not the "gentle art" of England, with rod and fly, but harpoons were leaning against the huts, and lines almost as thick as the little finger were hanging up to dry, to which were attached iron hooks of a size that said much for the monsters of the Albert Lake. On entering the hut I found a prodigious quantity of tackle; the lines were beautifully made of the fibre of the plantain stem, and were exceedingly elastic and well adapted to withstand the first rush of a heavy fish; the hooks were very coarse, but well barbed, and varied in size from two to six inches. A number of harpoons and floats for hippopotami were arranged in good order, and the *tout ensemble* of the hut showed that the owner was a sportsman."

The exit of the Nile from the northern end of the lake was plainly visible, and Mr. Baker designed to navigate it straight back to Gondokoro. But this purpose was finally defeated by the unwillingness of his escort and of residents at Magungo to pass through a district where "they would all be killed." Nothing was left, therefore, but to retrace his steps, and, after a northerly course, to strike the river at the earliest point. This was done at Apuddo, the junction of the Un-y-amé with the Nile, in latitude three degrees and thirty two minutes north.

POWER OF FORGIVENESS.

A worthy old colored woman was walking quietly along a street in New York, carrying a basket of apples, when a rollicking, michievous, and partly intoxicated sailor seeing her, saucily stumbled against her, and upset her basket, and then stood to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the apples without any resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, "*God forgive you my son, as I do.*" That touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude Jack tar. He felt ashamed, self-condemned and repentant; the tear started in his eye; he felt that he *must* make some reparation. So heartily confessing his error, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pulling out a lot of loose "change," he forced it upon the wondering old black woman, exclaiming, "*God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again.*" Thus it is always sweet to forgive and be forgiven. Let us beware lest we should be only asking God to condemn us when we say, "Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive* those who trespass against us."—*Union Magazine.*

ITEMS.

The Atlantic Cable.—The great news of the week is the successful completion of the Atlantic Cable, through which messages have been transmitted to the heads of Government both in England and America, as well as private dispatches to some of the journals of this country.

Congress.—A substitute for the joint resolution passed by the House for the admission of Tennessee was reported to the Senate from the Committee on the Judiciary. Several amendments were proposed and adopted, and the resolution was then passed. It declares that as Tennessee has ratified the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery and the amendment lately passed by Congress, the said State is restored to "her former proper practical relations to the Union, and is again entitled to be represented by Senators and Representatives in Congress." This resolution went back to the House for concurrence. The Civil Appropriation bill was then taken up and the following amendments agreed to: the amendment appropriating one million five hundred thousand dollars for the repairs of the levees on the Mississippi River; the amendment appropriating nearly one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars to pay for repairs on the Senate wing of the Capitol; an amendment fixing the yearly pay of members of Congress at five thousand dollars—the mileage to remain as heretofore; an amendment appropriating forty thousand dollars for the expenses of a survey of the Isthmus of Darien, with a view to the construction of a ship canal, and one appropriating twenty thousand dollars for repairing and furnishing the President's house. The Committee of Conference on the Indian Appropriation bill made a report, which was adopted. The Committee of Conference on the Amendatory Tariff bill made a report, which was adopted. The bill for the admission of Nebraska and the House bill for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire in Portland were passed. It was resolved that all subjects now before the Senate, and which shall not be disposed of at the present session, be continued until the next, as if no interval had occurred.

The House concurred to the Senate amendment to the bill for bridging the Mississippi, which provides for a bridge at St. Louis, and also to the amendments to the bill annulling the thirty-fourth section of the declaration of rights of the State of Maryland, so far as it applies to the District of Columbia. The Senate amendments to the House joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee were concurred in, and also the Senate amendments to the preamble of the same, on which a separate vote was taken. A motion was made and agreed to that the members from Tennessee be paid for the full

Congress. A message was received from the President announcing his approval of the joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee. He takes occasion however to express his opinion that Congress has no power to fix terms of restoration, and maintains that Tennessee has not ratified the Constitutional Amendment. The House agreed to the report of the Committee of Conference on the Indian Appropriation bill, and the bill was passed; also the Senate bill providing that in the election of United States Senators by the State Legislatures the voting shall be *viva voce*. House refused to concur in the Senate amendment to the House bill to amend the tariff, and asked for a Committee of Conference. A message from the President was laid before the House. It enclosed a letter from the Secretary of State, stating that a correspondence had been entered upon with the Government of Great Britain for the release of Fenian prisoners. It was ordered to be printed and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Special Committee on the Memphis riots made a report, which was ordered to be printed. A bill was passed for the relief of the Portland sufferers, by suspending the customs duty. The Civil Appropriation bill, with the Senate amendments, was reported back from the Committee on Appropriations, and concurrence in some and non-concurrence in others of the amendments was recommended. The Senate amendment appropriating one million five hundred thousand dollars for repairing the levees on the Mississippi was disagreed to, after some discussion, on the ground that it would benefit "Rebels." The amendment increasing the pay of members of Congress, after being twice referred to a Committee of Conference, was finally agreed upon. The Senate bill for the admission of the State of Nebraska into the Union was concurred in.

Congress adjourned on the 28th ult.

THE FREEDMEN.—Major General O. O. Howard recently received a report of the operations of the Bureau and the condition of the freedmen in the State of Mississippi. The first year of the existence of the Bureau in Mississippi closed Sixth month 30, it having been organized about the commencement of Seventh month, 1865, under the direction of Col. Samuel Thomas, Assistant Commissioner, formerly Provost Marshal General of Freedmen for the department of Mississippi under the military establishment.

The entire regulation of labor was placed in the hands of the civil authorities Twelfth month 31, under the State laws on contracts, and since that date the operations of the Bureau have been almost exclusively by means of the laws, ignoring or rejecting such as were in conflict with orders or abrogated by competent authority.

At the present time, the importance and value of the work accomplished during the first few months of the existence of the Bureau under the administration of Colonel Thomas are fully realized. The civil authorities are generally disposed to administer justice without prejudice; the people, with a few exceptions, manifest good feeling toward the freedmen. There has been little opposition to the establishment of colored schools, and the freedmen, appreciating this state of affairs, are faithfully at work. Some persons are disposed to take advantage of the ignorance of the freedmen, and discharge them without breach of contract on their part, simply because the necessity for their services is not so imperative as during the earlier part of the season. The number of outrages are rapidly diminishing, and affairs are becoming more settled throughout the entire State.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF ELIAS HICKS.

First-day, the 28th of 11th month, 1813. Feeling my mind drawn last evening and this morning to attend Friends' meeting at Martinicock, I submitted thereto and went alone. In the forepart of the meeting, I had to combat a spirit of ease and stupefaction, which is generally prevalent among the worldly-minded, although they may be pretty steady in attending meetings; yet it is to be feared with little or no profit, if it be true what the beloved apostle has affirmed, that, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." In the latter part of the meeting, I was led to view the excellency of the pacific principles of the gospel, as promulgated by Jesus Christ and his apostles; and to show to the people, the very great and essential benefit and blessing which would result to the professors of Christianity by a strict adherence and submission thereunto; as they stand in direct opposition to the spirit of violence and war, and breathe forth nothing but peace on earth and good will to men. It proved through mercy a season of favor; many hearts were contrited, and the faithful and poor in spirit comforted and strengthened; and my own mind inspired with gratitude and thankfulness for such unmerited mercy.

First-day, the 5th of 12th month. The six working days of last week were principally spent in my worldly concerns, except attending our Fifth-day meeting, and the Charity Society meeting yesterday; an institution of Friends for educating the children of poor black people. Our funds, agreeably to the last report of a settlement with the Treasurer, amount to upwards of thirteen hundred dollars; the interest of which is yearly expended for the above purpose, by a committee of the Society, who superintend the educating of said children. The directors of the Society are limited to thirty members, who meet quarterly for the promotion and oversight of the institution. I attended our Fifth-day meeting in silence, and sat our meeting in like manner to-day, in poverty of spirit, which terminated in a peaceful close.

First-day, the 12th of 12th month. At our meeting to-day, my mind was largely opened to set forth before the people the difference between the law state and that of the gospel. It was, I trust, an instructive edifying season, worthy of grateful remembrance.

Second-day afternoon I rode to New-York, in order to attend the meeting for sufferings to be held there the next day. It opened at the ninth hour. We got through the business at two sittings, and closed in the evening. Fourth-day afternoon I rode home. Fifth-day was our Monthly Meeting. The meeting for worship was, I think, a favored comfortable season; and the testimonies communicated instructive and edifying: such repeated favored seasons make it evident beyond controversy, that we are still a highly favored people, and shall be account-

able according to the manifold mercies and blessings bestowed upon us: and we have great cause often to query, like the psalmist formerly, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me;" for his mercies are new every morning; great is his faithfulness.

Sixth and Seventh-days. Spent in my ordinary concerns; yet, I trust, my mind was preserved in a state of watchfulness and care, that what I do, even in my temporal business, may all be done to the glory of God, and be useful to myself and to my fellow creatures.

First-day, the 19th of 12th month. While silently musing in our meeting towards the latter part, a subject opened which led to the necessity of communication, wherein that petition in the prayer our Lord taught his disciples, viz: "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;" was opened to the audience; and the necessity of our individually witnessing it fulfilled in us, as the only medium through which we can obtain salvation, and a preparation for the kingdom of heaven. This was pressed upon the people, showing from the analogy of things, that as there is nothing but the Lord's will done in heaven, a soul that is not reconciled thereto, cannot enter therein, nor partake of its celestial enjoyment.

The rest of the week was carefully employed in my household concerns, with the attendance of our Fifth day meeting, agreeably to my invariable practice when at home, if not prevented by indisposition. It was a quiet, comfortable meeting.

Sixth-day. Attended the funeral of our honest friend Richard Townsend. There was a large collection of Friends and neighbors, he being generally esteemed. A meeting was held on the occasion, which proved a very solemn season. The people's attention was called to the necessity of a timely preparation for death in a large arousing testimony; setting forth the great and singular advantages which would redound to the children of men, by their obtaining right ideas and apprehension of God. The want of these left them to be led away into a belief of many strange and ideal notions concerning him, particularly that of foreordination; the inconsistency of which, my mind was led to unfold to the auditory, by this and other undeniable arguments:—that, as God's ordination, and God's creation, and God's will, are always in perfect unison, and cannot be diverse one from the other; and as all that he wills and creates is immutably good, agreeably to his own declaration in the work of creation; hence, whatever he ordains must likewise be immutably good: therefore, if there is any such thing as sin and iniquity in the world, then God has neither willed it nor ordained it; as it is impossible for him to will contradictions. And secondly, if he has, previous to man's creation, willed and determined all his actions, then certainly every man stands in the same state of acceptance with him, and a universal salvation must certainly take place; which I conceive the favorers of foreordination would be as unwilling as myself to believe. And moreover, if man was not vested with the power of free agency, and a liberty of determining his own will, in relation to a choice of good or evil, he could not be an accountable creature; neither would it be in his power to commit sin. It was a time of favor, and the Lord's blessing on the labors of the day was reverently supplicated. O, saith my soul, may they have the desired effect.

First-day, the 26th of 12th month. Sat the greater part of our meeting in much weakness and poverty of spirit, to which I felt perfectly resigned, believing it to be agreeable to the Lord's will. But towards the close an honest elderly Friend, though young and small in such service, expressed a sentence or two accompanied with a degree of life, which seemed to give spring to a concern on my mind, which led to communication. The subject which opened was to show that plainness and simplicity were the true marks and badges of the Lord's people and children in every age of the world, witnessed to be the true nature and analogy of all things in the universe; and confirmed by the testimony of the grace and good spirit of God through his servants in all the generations of mankind. The youth were exhorted and tenderly invited to submit to the *cross of Christ*, with the assurance assented to by the experience of all the faithful; that if they bowed willingly to his yoke, it would become not only easy but delightful. But alas! how true is that declaration of the prophet: "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Certainly to none but the obedient, which number, if we are to judge by their fruits, is doubtless very small.

Second, Third and Fourth days. Spent mostly in my temporal business, but not without a watchful care, lest it should engage too much of my attention. The evenings were partly spent in reading the scriptures, in which I greatly delight. How excellent are those records! although old, yet they seem ever new.

The prophecy of Micah was a part of my present reading: what a dignified sense and clear view he had of the gospel state and worship; and how exceedingly it lessened the service and worship of the law, in his view, in the clear sense given him of its full and complete abolishment, with all its shadowy rituals when he was led to set forth its insufficiency in this exalted language: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year

old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" No, none nor all of these were sufficient to give access to the divine presence, or to the divine law under the gospel; they being only shadows, and therefore could only give access to the outward law and outward lawgiver Moses, and the law and ordinances given by him; which were also shadows of the true substance. For Moses, and his outward law and ordinances, stood in the same relation to outward Israel, under the shadowy dispensation, as Christ the spiritual Moses, with his spiritual law written in the heart, does to his spiritual Israel under the gospel; "which is a dispensation not" of shadow, but of substance; as is clearly shown by the sequel of the testimony of Micah above alluded to, where he goes on as follows: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good;" then certainly not shadow nor sign, but real substance, "and what doth the Lord require of thee," not only by an outward, but by his inward, divine law, "but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." This is the sum and substance of all true religion and worship. and needs not the continuance of any outward elementary washings or eatings or drinkings; but opens to the necessity of our drinking at that spiritual river, the streams whereof make glad the whole heritage of God. For those that drink thereof will never thirst again, at least for the water of any other stream.

Fifth-day. Sat our meeting to-day in silence. It is not unpleasant to feel ourselves sometimes circumstanced as Mordecai formerly, sitting at the king's gate, and, in its season, is as grateful to the truly humble and submissive mind, as riding on the king's horse, and all bowing before us.

First-day, the 2d of 1st month, 1814. Another year is ended. Oh my soul, how hast thou improved it, and what progress hast thou made in thy heavenly journey? As I sat in our meeting to-day, my mind was led to contrast the law and gospel, or shadow and substance. "While I was musing the fire burned," and my heart became warmed within me; "then spake I with my tongue," and endeavored in a zeal for the Lord's cause, to open to the people, the superior excellency of the gospel, above and beyond that of the law, as set forth by the precepts, doctrines, example and commands of our great and gracious lawgiver Jesus Christ. The life rose towards the close of the meeting into a good degree of dominion, through hard labor and toil. For many professors lie so securely in their graves, that nothing short of the powerful voice that raised Lazarus formerly, is sufficient to quicken and raise them therefrom.

Second-day. This day principally spent in making provision more favorably to meet the inclemency of the ensuing winter.

Third day. Spent as yesterday. In the evening read Thomas Ellwood's relation of his sufferings and cruel usage from his father, because, for conscience' sake, he could not pull off his hat and stand bare before him; and for using the plain language of thou and thee, instead of the plural, you. Alas! what a spirit of pride, arrogance and cruelty governs the children of men, while living in the lusts of their fallen nature, estranged from God and from his true nature and image. And it is to be feared that many in this day, who profess to be the successors of those primitive sufferers, our worthy predecessors, who stood faithful, and patiently bore the burden and heat of the day, through many years of cruel persecution, are now turning back like a broken bow; and through the fear or favor of men, are disregarding the testimonies which their forefathers in the truth purchased at so dear a rate; and are ready to account many of them but small, or as indifferent things, which may, or may not, be attended to, at their own pleasure. But alas for these, it is to be feared they will never have a view, much less be permitted to enter the promised land, the heavenly Canaan: but will fall in the wilderness as did the unbelieving and rebellious in former ages. I often mourn and take up a lamentation, when I behold the children of believing parents, turning aside, disobedient to their parents, and disregarding the travail and exercise of their concerned Friends, who are laboring for their return: but those who are faithful to give the watchword in season, will be clear of their blood, and the Lord will be clear. For he will have a people, and, as formerly, will send his servants into the highways and hedges, and gather from thence, that his house may be filled: but those children of the kingdom, who are making excuses, and will not come when they are bidden, will be cast out into outer darkness, where will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

RULES BY FLORENTIUS.

Never speak ill of any one, unless it be to benefit him or some other.

When you find fault, do it with true pity for the person, as a weak brother.

Do not envy any one for being superior to you in piety or reputation; but love the gifts of God in him, and they will be your own.

It is dangerous to have to do with civil rulers and ecclesiastical dignitaries; rather eschew the worldly and great.

Abide in humble simplicity, and Christ will abide in you.

In doing what is good, do it simply and purely

for the glory of God, and wholly without self-seeking.

A short account of our esteemed friend A. M. Carpenter has been sent us, from which and a few notes from her diary the following is compiled for the Intelligencer.—Eds.

ANNA M. CARPENTER.

Anna M. Carpenter was the daughter of Wm. and Mary Carpenter, and was born in Elsinborough, Salem Co., N. J., Ninth month 19th, 1819.

In early life she felt an obligation to be faithful to the manifestations of truth in her own mind, but like many others she endeavored to put them aside and suffered the pangs of a guilty conscience in the quiet of the night season. She often tried to be more faithful, but the love of "the things of this world" prevented a full surrender, whereby she was deprived of what afterwards became her chiefest joy. She was blessed with the comforts of this life, but they failed to yield the happiness which her young and tender spirit craved.

When about eight years old she had had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and her constitution being naturally weak, she was a great sufferer. She applied to divers physicians, from whom she derived but little benefit, and felt the best remedy consisted in doing what was required of her.

To lay aside her gay dress was a great trial to her, but she made a change gradually, hoping by that means to avoid remark.

By the removal of her parents to Salem in 1837, she was situated favorably for the attendance of meetings, and was diligent therein, notwithstanding her delicate health. In 1849 she had a paralytic stroke, by which her eyes were ever afterwards affected, though in other respects she partially recovered. Her mind became increasingly exercised for her own salvation, as well as that of others. She had been educated by her parents in the principles of the Society of Friends, her mother being in membership with them, and after many deep exercises of mind she also became a member.

In 1850 she met with a sad bereavement in the death of her brother, a very promising youth, who fell from a building, by which he was so seriously injured that it occasioned his death, after lying five days in an unconscious state. His sudden removal seemed almost more than Anna could bear; but she sought for resignation, and, under the deep impression it made upon her mind, she endeavored to perform faithfully the duties devolving upon her. Among these was the cause of the poor and destitute, whose pressing wants she was often enabled to relieve, through the kindness of her parents. When queried with, why in her delicate health she should feel thus called upon, she spoke of the example of her grandmother, Mary Ware, whom she believed to have been a good woman —"and she turned none away."

About this time (1850) she felt her mind drawn to note the dispensations through which she was passing, in order not only to strengthen her own good resolutions, but for the encouragement of others, to press through the many hindering things which might encompass their pathway. She felt this to be a weighty matter, and was discouraged with the feeling of a want of a qualification for it; but said, as she yielded to the impression, she felt great comfort in trying to do what she thought was right.

From the record thus kept, it appears she was seriously impressed with the importance of being prepared to render an account of her stewardship, and frequently felt the language applicable, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt surely die." She therefore was concerned "not to put off till to-morrow the work of to-day," but to have her "lamp trimmed and burning."

Retirement of mind is several times alluded to as producing strength and peace; and as she became acquainted with the benefit derived from silent and spiritual communion, she felt an increasing concern on account of the delinquency apparent in the attendance of our religious meetings, and was very desirous that parents might feel the importance of taking their children with them for the purpose of public worship. She also notes her concern that the New Testament and Friends' writings should be more frequently read in Friends' families, and by her young friends. She feared that the abundance of newspaper reading, and the light literature of the times, were sometimes perused to the exclusion of that which would satisfy the cravings of the immortal spirit, and cautioned her young friends against what she feared was a growing evil. In conversation, too, she would have them circumspect, as for want of care in this particular we might not only wound the precious life in ourselves, but be instrumental in doing harm to others. She cites in her own case one or two instances in which she has suffered much for slight equivocations: so dear does the truth become to those who abide under its teachings.

Being mostly confined at home on account of feeble health, our friend sometimes used the pen to express the concern she felt for individuals, and acknowledges that faithfulness to the intimations of duty in this respect brought its own reward. Her interest was not confined to her own sect, but her love flowed out freely towards others, and she fain would have gathered all into the peaceful enclosure of the Shepherd of Israel. She had long felt there was no cloud intervening between her and a future

life, save a natural dread of the poor body being laid in the earth. But as she has said this dread would be removed, so it proved; and when the frail tenement yielded to the weight of disease which it had for years borne, she was as one who, having fought the good fight, was prepared for the crown of righteousness which fadeth not away. She died on the morning of the 23d of Third month, 1855, in the 36th year of her age. She was interred in Friends' burial ground at Salem.

The Lord is more or less present in every human soul; and from His dictates to the mind the righteous speak. He is no where so present as in the mind of a good man. "For behold the kingdom of God is within you."

When all self is merged in the Lord, or controlled by the divine precepts, then it is seen that every one that wilfully offends against his neighbor, offends against his ownsoul, and injures himself far more grievously than he can injure another.

"Against Thee, and Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight."

When the will of God is perfectly accomplished in us and concerning us, we shall enter into the region of rest and peace.—*Rays of Light.*

EDUCATION OF THE SENTIMENT OF VENERATION.

Reverence is an original sentiment constituting an element of every mind, and, like other gifts, it varies in strength and fruitfulness in different minds.

The work of education, therefore, will differ in different families, and in different children of the same family. With some, the educating work requires veneration to be developed. It exists with comparatively little power. It needs strengthening and opening up. With others, this feeling exists in excess, and colors all the other feelings from the beginning of life; and it needs direction, restraint, curbing. Still others require simply training, or the knowledge of how to use the feeling that exists in them with ordinary degrees of power.

We must learn to accept the same diversity of moral gifts as to strength and ease of training that we recognize in social and intellectual gifts. We are not surprised to find some natures poetic, and others prosaic, or literal, or practical, as it is said. In such cases, everybody recognizes an organic and original difference which no training would have equalized; and nobody thinks of ascribing partiality to Providence. There are no moral difficulties in saying that this man has strong understanding, and that man has a comparatively feeble one; or in saying that this man has the gifts of reflection, while that man has the gifts of observation. Every day we see that some men have a natural tendency to order and symmetry, while other men are devoid, to any considerable degree, of these qualities. Some men from the beginning show oratorical gifts, and some men with the greatest amount of training are still slow of speech and difficult of utterance. It never surprises a teacher that this child has mathematical tendencies, and that that child is extremely unapt in figures, and hard to instruct. We know that some children are mirthful, and that some are sober. We know that some children are cheerful and buoyant, and we know just as well that some children are melancholy and sad, from the force of their original disposition. And we have learned, that in the understanding and in the social affections, God distributes mental powers with different degrees of strength in different dispositions.

Now, add one step of knowledge. Learn that the same thing is true in respect to the moral feelings. God distributes them differently. To some he gives more, and to some less. Some are fertile in directions in which others are barren of original gifts.

Hence, a child is not to be regarded as wicked, primarily, that is simply feeble in the direction of any moral faculty, any more than a child is to be regarded as wicked that is born lame, or maimed, or blind, or deaf; though such a child should have more care and more education than one more happily organized. It is required of us according to what we have, and not according to what we have not. There be many parents who suppose themselves to have very wicked children, because they are dull and slow in certain moral directions. They have children that will require at their hands much attention, and these children, by reason of their defects, *may* become more wicked; but the mere want of strength in any faculty, intellectual or moral, is not wickedness in a child.

In the light of the difference in original gifts which I have pointed out, many things done or neglected by persons who have but little of this quality, should not be judged by your susceptibility, but by a consideration of *their* gifts and their nature.

This feeling, like many others of the moral sentiments, comes into activity at different periods of growth in different individuals. With some it opens up among the earliest feelings of the mind, and colors the earliest experiences. It is late with others, acting only after the maturity of reason, and after other moral sentiments have excited it.

It should not, therefore, be a cause of discouragement if your training does not at once show success; and if your children seem to be devoid of veneration, do not lose hope. You may now be sowing seed that by-and-by will come up and bring forth fruit. For a child's

mind does not develop at once; and different parts of it develop very differently; and the same parts in different children develop at different periods.

This is true of many other moral qualities besides veneration. Sometimes the moral feelings are the earliest, and at other times they are the latest to develop. Some natures there are, therefore, that grow far richer in age than ever they were in youth, while some are rich and morally beautiful from the beginning. We must bear this in mind in training, or we shall make mistakes and fall into discouragements. Our children are not for ever to be irreverent because they are heedless of divine and sacred things in the earlier hours of their existence. Wait, instruct, and have faith.

Experience shows that a weak feeling is better excited through some other feeling than by a direct appeal to itself. The mind helps itself from within—one part stimulating another. The moral feelings are not exceptions.

A child lacks generosity. It refuses to divide a gift with its companions. The mother cannot persuade it to generosity by making a direct appeal to that feeling. She takes the child upon her knee, and reasons with it. She attempts to excite generosity through the reason. She fails. Then she attempts to excite the child's emulation by holding up and praising the conduct of other children that are generous, hoping to reach generosity in the child through its desire to equal or excel those with whom it is contrasted in that which is praiseworthy. Again she fails. Then she shames the child; *i. e.*, she endeavors to excite its generosity through the feeling of shame. She fails still again. Then she puts the child down firmly and gently, and gives it to understand that she is wounded and grieved that a child of hers should be ignominious. *That* masters its selfishness! The child's affection for its mother is deep and strong; and that feeling at last comes to the rescue; and the child is willing to do, out of love for mother, what it was not willing to do out of shame, or pride, or generosity. Here was this feeling that lingered to be excited by one of its co-ordinate feelings; and the mother learns to deal with the child by drawing out first one and then another of the collateral feelings by which to excite a third.

It is thus with veneration. Where it is naturally active and fruitful in a child, it will need no stimulation, and will, perhaps, need some restraint. In some natures, in which it is not active and fruitful naturally, it will only respond occasionally, and will respond at no time except to the accompaniment of the affections. It is dull, it is reluctant to move; and yet it will move through quick and vivid affections, keeping company with them. In others it will act only under the influence of the imagination. Visible objects will not be venerated; not places; not persons; but those ineffable things that the imagination brings down and clothes with realities *will* excite veneration. In others it will only take form and development through benevolence.

Some, also, will be found to reverence *things*, and not qualities. They will reverence a temple, they will reverence a vast cathedral, they will reverence that which their senses can distinctly comprehend and bring to them; but that which they cannot see, nor in any way measure, has no power upon them.

There be others on the other hand that reverence qualities, ideas, invisible truths. These things stir them wondrously; whereas visible things seem barren and literal; and they scarcely experience any veneration in their presence.

The early education of the child to veneration is properly mother-work. It cannot begin too early. It should not be left to any besides parents. Yet, sometimes, humble servants and good nurses are better for children than parents. Some sisters there are that are the moral mothers of sisters' children. All honor to such! Nevertheless, as a general truth, it is mother-work to educate the child in every religious tendency. The parents are God's appointed instruments, and are, themselves, objects of infantile veneration. They are the first objects as well as the first educators of it. To the little child, God is a vague and remote idea, while father and mother are near, and definite, and potent. The most powerful instructor is a parent's own self. The natural influence of tenderness, of goodness, of patience, of generosity, of self-sacrifice and care, is to open the child's mind to love and to reverence. A good mother is always saintly to her child.

The older brothers and sisters serve next as proper instructors of the young. The difference of age and rank is a fit difference on which to build some sentiments of respect and reverence; and due obedience in common things to superiors in the family lays the foundation of reverence in after life for those in authority.

Indeed, the whole household epitomizes life. The parents are to the children as gods; the elder brothers and sisters are as magistrates; and it is in the family that the germs of all those qualities are to be developed, which are to carry children through their experiences in after social and civil life.

There might be in the household, were parents wise enough and good enough, the very idea and semblance of heaven itself, in the love that the parents inspire; in the veneration that springs up in the young heart toward them, and in all the relations which subsist between child and child.

So, too, in the household, old age, honorable

and beautiful in itself, will go far to serve as a means of educating the young to reverence. I mourn the unhappy decline of this spirit among us. It is far from being to our credit. The aged are respected; but, after all, there is not commonly a tenderness, a carefulness, an obvious respect manifested toward them, such as there was once, and such as there ought to be; not alone for their sakes that are old, but for their sakes that are young. Not to inspire your children with reverence for the aged, is to betray a parent's trust. I cannot sufficiently emphasize to those that are young, to those that have not had this instruction in the family, the sacredness of age, and the benefits that will accrue from a religious veneration of the aged. I have been shocked in cars, on ferry-boats, and in all public places and conveyances, to see the selfishness with which the young literally run over the needs and necessities of venerable persons—aged men and women. For in this regard old age effaces all distinctions of condition. An old man, if he is a pauper, is sacred. A woman with silver locks, no matter if all her life long her hand has grown hard in service, is venerable; and I should be sorry to carry a heart that did not instinctively honor and respect such a one

On such natural basis the parent lays the foundation on which to develop reverence for God. I do not mean that the parent should wait for these things; but I wish to urge that, through family training, religious reverence should take form and gather strength.

Nothing will better serve as an education of religious reverence than the peculiar habits of teaching that belong to a mother. The mother that has a sweet narrative gift, and that, not with cold, didactic instruction, but with that witching effect that goes with melody and poetry, describes the future or the past in their connection with that which is sacred—she thinks that she cheers the hour; she thinks that she is preparing to fold her child to sleep; and she is, but she is also preparing that child to wake into a higher and better moral experience. No mother knows what she writes in the whole after-life of her child, that sings instruction into it day by day.

We are not to be unobservant in teaching our children reverence for sacred things of fit times and occasions. Reverence is not to be commanded. It is to be inspired. It is a kind of love witch-work; and suitable periods ought to be taken advantage of. The hour at evening is worth all the rest of the day. The effect of twilight on the senses can scarcely be appreciated but by a poetic nature. The sounds of a summer evening; the coming out of the stars, that seem to be eyes to the little child looking out upon it from heaven; the chirp of the cricket and of insects—all these things, and as many more, excite the child's imagination. And now, in a mother's lap, and from a mother's lip, the story of God's love, of God's Fatherhood, of Christ's advent, of hymning angels, of the passion and death of Christ, of the heavenly glory, and of the ascended Savior, cannot but produce a marvelous effect. Such instruction, from such a pulpit, in such a holy season, and by such a preacher—what other instruction is like it? And having received such instruction, do you suppose that the child can ever meet in after life the salient truths which it has received, and not be conscious that it has been trained to reverence, to veneration?

All the nobler aspects, all the sublime phenomena of nature, should also be employed in the mother-work of training children to this feeling. Storms; the motion of the clouds; the sounds of thunder; the appearance of the mountain, the sea, the river, the cataract; the coming on of spring, or the resounding footsteps of winter—these may all be made to give depth and power to this sentiment. The Bible itself, the chiefest and earliest of all books, made use of natural phenomena to inspire reverence toward God. Nowhere else are clouds, and storms, and trees; nowhere else are animals and birds; nowhere else is the procession of the seasons so employed as in the Old Testament.—*H. W. Beecher.*

"The reason why it is not granted man to foreknow events is, that he may be able to act from freedom, according to reason.

The desire of foreknowing the future has its origin in evil. To those who believe in the Divine Providence, there is given a trust that the Lord disposes their lot; hence, they do not wish to foreknow it, lest they should themselves, in any manner, interfere with the Divine Providence."—*Swedenborg.*

HABIT IN WELL-DOING.

Every thing is a labor just in proportion as we have to do it by a separate effort. If a person were obliged to do up all his breathing once a week, to eat his food only at rare intervals, or to put on his clothing simply for a few days in the year, he would find them a very wearisome task. It is only frequency of these acts, only breathing every moment, eating every day, and wearing our clothes literally as a habit, that keeps them from being irksome. Drive your wagon over a road where the planks are two feet apart, and the motion is excruciating: let the planks be shoved up together, and it is one delicious roll. So in the Christian life. We must make our duties come so near to each other that they will touch, if we would have them a pleasure. It is easier to give fifty times a year than it is ten; easier to go to church every Sunday than every month; easier to pray

each night and morning than only now and then; easier to be a Christian on every day, and in every place, than only in the church, and once a week. Habit is the great helper that takes away the burden from all labor, and makes even the roughest place smooth. And, in our well-doing, the best way never to be weary is never to stop and rest.—*Rel. Mag.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 11, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Joseph Head, a Minister of East Hamburg Monthly Meeting, N. Y., obtained a minute to attend Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting, C. W., and Scipio Quarterly Meeting, N. Y., and to appoint some meetings within their respective limits if way should open.

"THE FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY, AND THE PROPHETS, DO THEY LIVE FOREVER?"—This Scriptural inquiry forces itself upon the mind on occasions of the frequent removal of those who have been looked upon as fathers or prophets in the Church Militant—who have stood as upright pillars in the Lord's house; and, under a feeling of the void thus created, the spirit is sometimes oppressed with the weight of the concern, of who shall be found to fill these vacant places? We look around with increasing interest upon those who are not indifferent to the cause of Truth, and yet have not made a *full* surrender of the heart, by which they might be prepared to step into the thinned ranks, and render the service required, in order that the work of righteousness and peace may be advanced in the earth. We would ask, that there be no longer a hesitation whom these will serve. The invitation goes forth with renewed earnestness, "to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty,"—yea, to "come up," to leave the things that are behind, and press forward toward the mark which has been set as the Christian's goal—a place wherein to obey the Father's will, will be the chiefest joy. In the expansion of spirit, there will be found an enlargement of the sphere of usefulness, and strength, with wisdom, will be furnished, to nobly bear the cross and maintain with integrity the testimonies of Truth, for which many of our predecessors suffered imprisonment and death.

We are fully sensible that the principles advocated by these apostles have not been as faithfully maintained by all bearing the name of Friends, as their worth demands; but the fault lies wholly with individuals, and is no proof that they are not what many, to their great joy and peace, have found them to be—emanations from the Fountain of Light and Life.

With the view that this Society has not yet fulfilled its mission, which is, we believe, to give *practical* evidence of the sufficiency of its "foundation principle," the "Light of Christ within," to save from sin, and to redeem from iniquity, we call upon its members, especially those in the meridian and youthful periods of life, to examine for themselves this blessed testimony, that it may become theirs through conviction, and not merely by tradition. If we are favored with this rich inheritance, we shall not become "a by-word nor a reproach." The shaft of the adversary will fall harmless at our feet. The cry of heresy and unbelief, can no more move us from the immutable Rock, than it did the pioneers of a great reform in the days of George Fox.

MARRIED, on the 27th of Sixth month, 1866, by Friends' ceremony, at the house of Abram R. Vail, Quakertown, New Jersey, SAMUEL M. ROBINSON to ADELIA S. VAIL, daughter of Abram R. and Jane D. Vail.

DIED, on the 10th of Seventh month, 1866, at her residence in Menallen Township, Adams County, Pa., MARY H. GRIEST, wife of Jesse W. Griest, and daughter of Charles Hollingshead, of Medford N. J., in the 27th year of her age; a member of Menallen Monthly Meeting.

——, At Taylorsville, Bucks Co., Pa., on the morning of 20th of Seventh month, 1866, BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, in the 40th year of his age.

——, On Fourth-day, Eighth month 1st, BENJAMIN ALLEN, late of Bristol Pa., in the 74th year of his age.

——, on Seventh-day morning, Eighth month 4th, at the residence of her grandson, Thompson Reynolds, REBECCA REYNOLDS, in her 92d year; an esteemed member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

A CORRECT IDEA OF LIBERTY.

Burke's idea of liberty. He says, "Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good in preference to the flattery of knaves.

From the "Chimney Corner" in The Atlantic Monthly.

VENTILATION.

The want of suitable ventilation in school-rooms, recitation rooms, lecture-rooms, offices, court-rooms, conference rooms, and vestries, where young students of law, medicine, and theology acquire their earlier practice, is something simply appalling. Of itself it would answer for men the question why so many thousand glad, active children come to a middle life without joy,—a life whose best estate is a sort of slow, plodding endurance. The despite and hatred which most men seem to feel for God's gift of fresh air, and their resolution to breathe as little of it as possible, could only come from a long course of education, in which they have been accustomed to live without it. Let any one notice the conduct of our American people travelling in railroad cars. We will suppose that about half of them are what might be called well-educated people, who have learned in books, or otherwise, that the air breathed from the lungs is laden with impurities,—that it is noxious and poisonous; and yet travel with these people half a day, and you would suppose from their actions that they considered the external air as a poison created expressly to injure them, and that the only course of safety lay in keeping the cars hermetically sealed, and breathing over and over the vapor from each others' lungs. If a person in despair at the intolerable foulness raises a window, what frowns from all the neighboring seats, especially from great rough-coated men, who always seem the first to be apprehensive! The request to "put down that window" is almost sure to follow a moment or two of fresh air. In vain have rows of ventilators been put in the tops of some of the cars, for conductors and passengers are both of one mind, that these ventilators are inlets of danger, and must be kept carefully closed.

Railroad travelling in America is systematically, and one would think carefully, arranged so as to violate every possible law of health. The old rule to keep the head cool and the feet warm is precisely reversed. A red-hot stove heats the upper stratum of air to oppression, while a stream of cold air is constantly circulating about the lower extremities. The most indigestible and unhealthy substances conceivable are generally sold in the cars or at way-stations for the confusion and distress of the stomach. Rarely can a traveller obtain so innocent a thing as a plain, good sandwich of bread and meat, while pie, cake, doughnuts, and all other culinary atrocities, are almost forced upon him at every stopping-place. In France, England and Germany the railroad cars are perfectly ventilated; the feet are kept warm by flat cases filled with hot water and covered with carpet, and answering the double purpose of warming the feet, and diffusing an agreeable temperature through the car, without burning away the vitality of the air; while the arrangements at the refreshment-rooms, provide for the passenger as wholesome and well-served a meal of healthy, nutritious food as could be obtained in any home circle.

What are we to infer concerning the home habits of a nation of men, who so resignedly allow their bodies to be poisoned and maltreated in travelling over such an extent of territory as is covered by our railroad lines? Does it not show that foul air and improper food are too much matters of course to excite attention? As a writer in "The Nation" has lately remarked, it is simply and only because the American nation like to have unventilated cars, and to be fed on pie and coffee at stopping-places, that nothing better is known to our travellers; if there were any marked dislike of such a state of things on the part of the people it would not exist. We have wealth enough, and enterprise enough, and ingenuity enough, in our American nation, to compass with wonderful rapidity any end that really seems to us desirable. An army was improvised when an army was wanted,—and an army more perfectly equipped, more bountifully fed, than so great a body of men ever was before. Hospitals, Sanitary Commissions, and Christian Commissions, all arose out of the simple conviction of the American people that they must arise. If the American people were equally convinced that foul air was a poison,—that to have cold feet and hot heads was to invite an attack of illness,—that maple-sugar, pop-corn, peppermint candy, pie, doughnuts, and peanuts are not diet for reasonable beings,—they would have railroad accommodations very different from those now in existence.

We have spoken of the foul air of court-rooms. What better illustration could be given of the utter contempt with which the laws of bodily health are treated, than the condition of these places? Our lawyers are highly educated men. They have been through high-school and college training, they have learned the properties of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic-acid gas, and have seen a mouse die under an exhausted receiver, and of course they know that foul unventilated rooms are bad for the health; and yet generation after generation of men so taught and trained will spend the greater part of their lives in rooms notorious for their close and impure air, without so much as an attempt to remedy the evil. A well-ventilated court-room is a four-leaved clover among court rooms. Young men are constantly losing their health at the bar: lung diseases, dyspepsia, follow them up, gradually sapping their vitality. Some of the brightest ornaments of the profession have actually fallen dead as they stood pleading,—

victims of the fearful pressure of poisonous and heated air upon the excited brain. The deaths of Salmon P. Chase, of Portland, uncle of our present Chief Justice, and of Ezekiel Webster, the brother of our great statesman, are memorable examples of the calamitous effects of the errors dwelt upon; and yet, strange to say, nothing efficient is done to mend these errors, and give the body an equal chance with the mind in the pressure of the world's affairs.

But churches, lecture-rooms and vestries, and all buildings devoted especially to the good of the soul, are equally witness of the mind's disdain of the body's needs, and the body's consequent revenge upon the soul. In how many of these places has the question of a thorough provision of fresh air been even considered? People would never think of bringing a thousand persons into a desert place, and keeping them there, without making preparations to feed them. Bread and butter, potatoes and meat, must plainly be found for them; but a thousand human beings are put into buildings to remain a given number of hours, and no one asks the question whether means exist for giving each one the quantum of fresh air needed for his circulation, and these thousand victims will consent to be slowly poisoned, gasping, sweating, getting red in the face, with confused and sleepy brains, while a minister, with a yet redder face and a more oppressed brain, struggles and wrestles, through the hot, seething vapors, to make clear to them the mysteries of faith. How many churches are there that for six or eight months in the year are never ventilated at all, except by the accidental opening of doors? The foul air generated by one congregation is locked up by the sexton for the use of the next assembly; and so gathers and gathers from week to week, and month to month, while devout persons upbraid themselves, and are ready to tear their hair, because they always feel stupid and sleepy in church. * * * *

(To be continued.)

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

'Tis little by little the bee fills her cell,
And little by little a man sinks a well;
'Tis little by little a bird builds her nest,
By littles a forest in verdure is drest;
'Tis little by little great volumes are made,
By littles a mountain on level is laid;
'Tis little by little an ocean is filled,
And little by little a city we build;
'Tis little by little an ant gets her store,
Every little we add to a little makes more;
Step by step we walk miles, and we sew, stitch by stitch,
Word by word we read books, cent by cent we grow rich;
Little rills make great rivers, an acorn an oak,
We tunnel by inches, fell trees stroke by stroke.

To speak to the purpose, one must speak *with* a purpose.

FAITH.

Restless, and oft complaining, on his bed
Tossed a fair child, as burned along his veins
The fire of fever with consuming pains;
And ever and anon he rai ed his head
From the hot pillow, and beseeching, said—
"Water! oh, give me water!" By his side
The healer stood, and tenderly replied:
"Wait yet awhile, this potion take instead."
"No," cried the child, "'tis poison, and will kill."
His father took the cup—"My son, be sure
This is a nauseous draught, but it may cure;
Will my boy drink it?"—Then said he, "I will—
I'm not afraid 'tis poison now—I know
Thou would'st not give it, father, were it so."
Oh, trusting childhood! I would learn of thee
This lesson of pure Faith, and to my heart
So bind it, that it never may depart;—
Therefore, shalt thou henceforth my teacher be,
For in thy perfect trust the sin I see
Of our own doubts and fears. The cup of life,
Drugged with the bitterness of tears and strife,
Shall I not drink it when 'tis proffered me?
Yes—for 'tis mingled by a Father's hand,
And given in love—for, rightly understood,
Trials and pains tend ever to our good,
Healing the soul that for the better land
Thirsts with a deathless longing! Welcome pain,
Whose end is bliss and everlasting gain.

W. H. Burleigh.

IS THY PATH LONELY?

Is thy path lonely? Fear it not, for He
Who marks the sparrow's fall is guarding thee;
And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
But He hath known that it will reach thy sight;
And not a joy can beautify thy lot,
But tells thee still that thou art unforgot.
Nay, not a grief can darken, or surprise
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thy eyes,
But it is sent in mercy, and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

EXTRACT FROM "SELF-HELP."

Perhaps the life of the late Dr. Lee, Professor of Hebrew, at Cambridge, furnishes one of the most remarkable instances in modern times of the power of perseverance and resolute purpose in working out an honorable career in literature. He received his education at a charity school at Lognor, near Shrewsbury, but so little distinguished himself there, that his master pronounced him to be one of the dullest boys that ever passed through his hands. He was put apprentice to a carpenter, and worked at that trade until he arrived at manhood. To occupy his leisure hours he took to reading; and, some of the books containing Latin quotations, he became desirous of ascertaining what they meant. He bought a Latin Grammar, and proceeded to learn Latin. As Stone, the Duke of Argyle's gardener, said, long before, "Does one need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn everything else that one wishes?" Lee rose early and sat up late, and he succeeded in mastering the Latin before his apprenticeship was out. Whilst working one day in some

place of worship, a copy of a Greek Testament fell in his way, and he was immediately filled with the desire to learn this language too. He accordingly sold some of his Latin books, and purchased a Greek Grammer and Lexicon. He took pleasure in learning, and he soon learned the language. Then he sold his Greek books, and bought Hebrew ones, and learned that language, unassisted by any instructor, without any hope of fame or reward, but simply following the bent of his genius. He next proceeded to master the Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan dialects. But his studies began to tell upon his health, and brought on disease in his eyes through his long night watchings with his books. Having laid them aside for a time and recovered his health, he went on with his daily work. His character as a tradesman being excellent, his business improved, and his means enabled him to marry, which he did when twenty-eight years old. He determined now to devote himself to the maintenance of his family, and to renounce his luxury of book-learning; accordingly he sold all his books. He might have continued a working carpenter all his life, had not the chest of tools upon which he depended for subsistence been consumed by fire, and destitution stared him in the face. He was too poor to buy new tools, so he bethought him of teaching children their letters; a profession requiring the least possible capital. But though he had mastered many languages, he was so defective in the common branches of knowledge, that at first he could not teach them. Resolute of purpose, however, he assiduously set to work, and taught himself arithmetic and writing to such an extent as to be able to impart the knowledge of these branches to little children. His unaffected, simple, and beautiful character gradually attracted friends, and the acquirements of the "learned carpenter" became bruited abroad. Dr. Scott, a neighboring clergyman, obtained for him the appointment of master of a charity-school in Shrewsbury, and introduced him to a distinguished Oriental scholar. These friends supplied him with books, and Lee successively mastered the Arabic, Persic, and Hindostanee languages. He continued to pursue his studies while on permanent duty in the local militia of the county, gradually acquiring greater proficiency in languages. At length his kind patron, Dr. Scott, enabled him to enter Queen's College, Cambridge; and after a course of study, in which he distinguished himself by his mathematical acquirements, a vacancy occurring in the professorship of Arabic and Hebrew, he was worthily elected to fill the honorable office. Besides ably performing his duties as a professor, he voluntarily gave much of his time to the instruction of missionaries going forth to preach the Gospel to eastern tribes in their own tongue. He also made translations of the Bible in several Asiatic dialects; and having mastered the New Zealand tongue, he arranged a Grammar and Vocabulary for two New Zealand Chiefs who were then in England, which books are now in daily use in the New Zealand schools. Such, in brief, is the remarkable history of Dr. Samuel Lee; and it is but the counterpart of many similarly instructive examples of the power of perseverance in self-culture, as displayed in the lives of many of the most distinguished of our literary and scientific men.

There are many more illustrious names which might be cited to prove the truth of the common saying that "it is never too late to learn." Even at advanced years men can do much, if they will determine on making a beginning. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of Natural Philosophy. Dryden and Scott were not known as authors until each was in his fortieth year. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he entered upon his literary career, and Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learnt German at an advanced age, for the purpose of reading Niebuhr in the original; and in like manner James Watt, when about forty, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker in Glasgow, learnt French, German and Italian, to enable him to peruse the valuable works on mechanical philosophy in these languages. Robert Hall was once found lying upon the floor, racked by pain, learning Italian in his old age, to enable him to judge of the parallel drawn by Macaulay between Milton and Dante. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Indeed hundreds of instances might be given of men who stuck out an entirely new path, and successfully entered on new studies, at a comparatively advanced time of life. None but the frivolous or the indolent will say, "I am too old to learn."

And here we would repeat what we have said before, that it is not men of genius who move the world, and take the lead in it, but men of steadfastness, purpose, and indefatigable industry. Notwithstanding the many curious stories which have been told about the infancy of men of genius, it is nevertheless true that early cleverness is no test whatever of the height to which the grown man will reach. Precocity is quite as often a symptom of disease as an indication of intellectual vigor in youth. What becomes of all the "remarkably clever children?" Where are all the duxes and prize boys? Trace them through life, and it will often be found that the dull boys, who were invariably beaten at school, have shot ahead of

them. The clever boys are rewarded, but the prizes which they gain by their greater quickness and facility, rarely prove of service to them. What ought rather to be rewarded is, the endeavor, the struggle, and the obedience; for it is the youth who does his best, though endowed with an inferiority of natural powers, that ought above all others be encouraged.

An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces,—dull boys, but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances. Pietro di Cortona, the painter, was thought so stupid that he was nicknamed "Ass's Head" when a boy; and Tomaso Guidi was generally known as "heavy Tom" (Massoccio Tomasaccio,) though by diligence he afterwards raised himself to the highest eminence. Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to a fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will, and determined also to vanquish his antagonist as a scholar, which he did, rising to the top of his class. Many of our greatest divines have been anything but precocious. Isaac Barrow, when a boy at the Charterhouse School, was notorious chiefly for his strong temper, pugnacious habits, and proverbial idleness as a scholar; and he caused such grief to his parents, that his father used to say that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising of them all. Adam Clarke, when a boy, was proclaimed by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" though he could roll large stones about. Dean Swift, one of the greatest writers of pure English, was "plucked" at Dublin University, and only obtained his recommendation to Oxford "speciali gratia." The well-known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook were boys together at the parish school of St. Andrew's; and they were found so stupid and mischievous, that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy, that he was presented to a tutor by his mother with the complimentary accompaniment, that he was an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy, always much readier for a "bicker," than apt at his lessons. At the Edinburgh University, Professor Dalzell pronounced upon him the sentence that "Dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercisee. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Alfieri left college no wiser than he entered it, and did not begin the studies by which he distinguished himself, until he had run over half Europe. Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, shipped him off to Madras; and he lived to lay the foundations of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. Of the former the Duchess d'Abrantes says, "he had good health, but was in other respects like other boys." John Howard, the philanthropist, was another illustrious dunce, learning next to nothing during the seven years that he was at school. Stephenson, as a youth, was distinguished chiefly for his skill at putting and wrestling, and attention to his work. The brilliant Sir Humphry Davy was no cleverer than other boys; his teacher, Davies Gilbert, said of him, "while he was with me, I could not discern the faculties by which he was so much distinguished." Indeed, he himself in after-life considered it fortunate that he had been left to "enjoy so much idleness" at school. Watt was a dull scholar, notwithstanding the pretty stories told about his precocity; but he was, what was better, patient and perseverant, and it was by that means, and by his carefully cultivated inventiveness, that he was enabled to perfect his steam engine.

What Dr. Arnold said of boys is equally true of men,—that the difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy. Given perseverance, and energy soon becomes habitual. Provided the dunce has persistency and application, he will inevitably head the cleverer fellow without these qualities. Slow but sure, wins the race. It is perseverance that explains how the position of boys at school is so often reversed in real life; and it is curious to note how some who were then so clever have since become so common place; whilst others, dull boys, of whom nothing was expected, slow in their faculties but sure in their pace, have assumed the position of leaders of men. The author of this book, when a boy, stood in the same class with one of the greatest of dunces. One teacher after another had tried his skill upon him and failed. Corporal punishment, the fool's cap, coaxing, and earnest entreaty, proved alike fruitless. Sometimes the experiment was tried of putting him at the top of his class, aud it was curious to note the rapidity with which he gravitated to the inevitable bottom, like a lump of lead passing through quicksilver. The youth was given up by many teachers as an incorrigible dunce,—one of them pronounced him to be "a stupendous booby." Yet, slow though he was, this dunce had a sort of dull energy of purpose in him, which grew with his muscles and his manhood; and, strange to say, when he at length

came to take part in the practical business of life, he was found heading most of his school companions, and eventually left the greater number of them far behind. The last time the author heard of him, he was chief magistrate of his native town. The tortoise in the right road will beat a racer in the wrong. It matters not though a youth be slow, if he but be diligent. Quickness of parts may even prove a defect, inasmuch as the boy who learns readily will often forget quite as readily; and also because he finds no need of cultivating that quality of application and perseverance which the slower youth is compelled to exercise, and which proves so valuable an element in the formation of every character. Davy said, "What I am I have made myself;" and the same holds true universally. The highest culture is not obtained from teachers when at school or college, so much as by our own diligent self-education when we have become men. Hence parents need not be in too great haste to see their children's talents forced into bloom. Let them watch and wait patiently, letting good example and quiet training do their work, and leave the rest to Providence. Let them see to it that the youth is provided, by free exercise of his bodily powers, with a full stock of physical health; set him fairly on the road of self-culture; carefully train his habits of application and perseverance; and as he grows older, if the right stuff be in him, he will be enabled vigorously and effectively to cultivate himself.

From the Leisure Hour.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SCHOOL FEES.

Like most things that can neither be eaten nor subjected to material handling, the educational art is apt to be considerably undervalued in the market. It is one of the many things not seen, and never thoroughly laid hold of. When, by the exercise of his physical powers, a man builds a house; or, by the use of his mental and physical ones, he produces a book, the world is willing in certain cases to look upon him as a laborer worthy of his hire. The result of his industry is tangible; it has a certain value, and passes from hand to hand in the form of a currency. But there is no material and tangible sign by which the achievements of the schoolmaster may be duly estimated. Let those who believe that the profits of teachers are unreasonably great take the case of a schoolmaster having twenty pupils, each paying £35 per annum. This will yield him an income of £700. The expenses will be—for the board of pupils, at £16 a year each, £320; rent, rates, and taxes, say £80; salaries of two tutors, £80; board of ditto, £40; wages of three servants, £30, and board of ditto, £60, independently of many individual expenses, bad debts, and interest upon capital employed. The net income, therefore, cannot be estimated at more than £150 a year, a sum that every reasonable person must consider very moderate. Let grumblers examine facts and then state whether they consider the general scholastic fees of the present day too high. If persons will send their sons to private schools, and require them to be properly fed, decently lodged, and efficiently taught, it follows that they must pay more than mere out-of-pocket expenses. They must, moreover, take into consideration the "wear and tear" of the master and mistress, and, indeed, of all those persons upon whom rests the responsibility of turning out a reputable article in the way of a finished scholar. There is reputation and prestige, too, to be considered, just as speciality is valued in matters of pure business. A man who has made a name in the scholastic world has a right to set upon that name its due value, and to regulate his tariff of charges accordingly. He may consider himself as in some sense the dispenser of a patented article, which bears an exceptional price, and to the perfection of which he has, perhaps, devoted the best years of a busy life. If he make a profit of £500 a year by it, he is only doing what the skilful physician, the able pleader, and the successful artist are also doing; and it may be presumed that, in cases where exceptional high prices are paid, something better than the average is got for the money.

At the same time, it does not follow that the best education is to be procured in the most expensive schools. Indeed, where general tuition is required, the contrary is frequently the case. In an establishment where the charges are high, the number of pupils is "limited and select," and the domestic expenses are great, while the outlay for teachers is too small. The proprietor is generally a man of high classical or mathematical attainments, who by himself is enabled to impart thorough tuition in the subject that is his speciality. The more general branches of study are, however, neglected, inasmuch as the income of the school will not admit of a proper number of tutors being employed. If special training, or superior association, be not required, there is not anything gained by youths being placed under expensive tutors. It may often happen that the best general training is to be procured in a school where the terms are moderate, the pupils numerous, and a large staff of masters reside on the premises. Tuition by visiting professors has not the same advantages, except in special branches, and for advanced pupils who can be trusted to exert themselves during the long intervals between their visits. Parents are too apt to consider that, where the principal devotes all his time to tuition, the boys will turn out better scholars than where assistants are employed. Such, however, is not the case. A

head master may be a very gifted man, but a bad teacher; and when he descends to teach minor subjects, his pupils may gain less knowledge than they would from a person of mediocre attainments, who devoted himself wholly to the instruction of not more than two branches. Subdivision of labor is as necessary in teaching as in every handicraft; and one or two masters can very rarely be competent to undertake the whole range of studies.

MAGNESIUM.

The metal magnesium is now extensively manufactured in this country and Europe. As we have large quantities of the native carbonate in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, we ought to be able to compete with England in this article. Various methods are used in its production: 600 parts chloride of magnesium, 100 parts fused chloride of sodium (or better, a mixture of 7 parts chloride of sodium and 6 parts chloride of potassium,) 100 parts pure pulverized fluorspar are to be intimately mixed, and to the mass 100 parts sodium in fragments added, and the mixture projected into a hot crucible and covered. After the first energetic decomposition has passed, the fused mass must be stirred. The magnesium will be gathered in globules, and can easily be separated from the slag. It is afterward purified by downward distillation. The metal can be drawn into fine wire, and is now extensively used as a source of light in photography. Two ounces of magnesium will produce a light during ten hours equal to that afforded by 74 stearine candles, of 5 to the pound, consuming 20 pounds of stearine.

The Boston Magnesium Company produce the metal in quantities, and some enterprising photographer ought to take pictures cheaply at night. By means of the magnesium light the drawing-rooms of private houses, with the family sitting around the table reading or with their work, a family group can readily be taken. For microscopic photographs the magnesium wire is more available than the sun, inasmuch as it is always ready.

It has been finely said by Dr. Smith, "that of all the arts to which a man can apply himself, the most excellent and important is the right ordering of his own life."

FIFTY-FIVE SUBMARINE CABLES.

The Atlantic cable is the fifty-fifth deep sea line now in working order. The oldest line is that from Dover to Calais, twenty-seven miles long, which was laid in 1851, and has, therefore, been in operation for fifteen years. The line from Dover to Ostend has been worked for thirteen years. A cable was laid from Corsica to Tuscany ten months ago.

The following is a list of the lines now in operation:

PLACES CONNECTED.	Length.	Conductors.	No. of Years in Operation.
Laid.			
1851—Dover to Calais	27	4	15
1853—Denmark—across the Belt	18	3	13
1853—Dover to Ostend	80½	6	13
1853—Frith of Forth	6	4	13
1853—Portpatrick to Donaghadee	25	6	13
1853—Across River Tay	2	4	13
1854—Portpatrick to Whitehead	27	6	12
1854—Sweden to Denmark	12	3	12
1854—Italy to Corsica	110	6	12
1854—Corsica to Sardinia	10	6	12
1855—Egypt	10	4	11
1855—Italy to Sicily	5	3	11
1856—St. of Canso to Cape Breton	1½	3	10
1857—Across Norway Fiords	49	1	9
1857—Across Mouth of Danube	3	1	9
1857—Ceylon to India	30	1	9
1858—Italy to Sicily	8	1	8
1858—England to Holland	140	4	8
1858—England to Hanover	280	2	8
1858—Across Norway Fiord	16	1	8
1858—S. Australia to King's Isl'd	140	1	8
1858—Ceylon to India	30	1	8
1859—Alexandria	2	4	7
1859—England to Denmark	368	3	7
1859—Sweden to Gothland	64	1	7
1859—Folkestone to Boulogne	24	6	7
1859—Across the Rivers in India	10	1	7
1859—Malta to Sicily	60	1	7
1859—England to Isle of Man	36	1	7
1859—Suez to Jubal Island	220	1	7
1859—Jersey to Piron, France	21	1	6
1859—Tasmania to Bass's Straits	240	1	6
1860—Denmark—Great Belt	28	9	6
1860—Dacca to Pegu	116	1	6
1860—Barcelona to Mahon	180	1	6
1860—Minorca to Majorca	35	2	6
1860—Iviza to Majorca	74	2	6
1860—St. Antonio to Iviza	76	2	6
1861—Norway across Fiords	16	1	5
1861—Toulon to Corsica	195	1	5
1861—Holyhead to Howth	64	1	5
1861—Malta to Alexandria	1535	1	5
1861—Newhaven to Dieppe	80	4	5
1862—Pembroke to Wexford	63	4	4
1862—Frith of Forth	6	4	4
1862—England to Holland	130	4	3½
1862—Across River Tay	2	4	4
1863—Sardinia to Sicily	243	1	3
1863—Persian Gulf	1450	1	2
1863—Otranto to Avlona	60	1	1½
1865—La Calle to Biserte	97¼	1	1
1865—Sweden to Prussia	55	3	1
1865—Biserte to Marsala	164¾	1	1
1865—Corsica to Tuscany	66	1	10 mos
1866—Valentia to Newfoundland	1866	7	5 days
Total miles	8677		

Several cables of shorter lengths, not included in this table, are in operation in different parts of the world, but they are of minor importance, and their working does not materially affect the probability of deep sea telegraphy.

England, Ireland, and Scotland are the starting points of nineteen of the whole number of submarine lines. Italy has three; Norway has laid three across the Fiords since 1857; France has two; Spain has one, and India two. The Malta and Alexandria line, next in length (1,535 miles) to the Atlantic cable, is laid in three sections, and the part in deep water has never caused any expense for repairs.—*The Press.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

SEVENTH MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	12 days.	15 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	0 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms,	7 "	2 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	12 "	14 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 7th month per Penna. Hospital,	77.80 deg.	80.33 deg.
Highest do. during month,	96.00 "	99.25 "
Lowest do. do. do.	60.50 "	63.00 "
Rain during the month,	2.97 in.	2.52 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 5 current weeks for 1865, and 4 for 1866,	2233	2047

Average of the mean temperature of 7th month for the past *seventy-seven* years,	75.68 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period (according to Peirce) 1793–1838	81.00 "
Lowest do. do. the memorable 1816	68.00 "

Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, believes the week from the 12th to the 18th to be the hottest on record, and furnishes the following maximum for each day:

12th,	91 degrees.
13th,	95 "
14th,	97 "
15th,	94 "
16th,	98 "
17th,	99·25 "
18th,	97·25 "

He also gives a memoranda of the maximum for July, 1830, from the 16th to the 18th, both inclusive, wherein there were *four* successive days reached a maximum of 95 degrees, *one* 96 degrees, *one* 97, the balance ranging from 90 to 94½ degrees. This was also a *heated term* worthy of being remembered.

While the heat was so intense in Philadelphia on the 16 h, neighboring cities also made the following records:

Baltimore,	96 to 100
Allentown,	96 to 108
Albany,	100 to 104
Boston,	94 to 100
New York,	80 to 94

PHILADELPHIA, 8th mo. 4, 1866. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—On the morning of the 28th ult., the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable was finally accomplished, and the insulation between the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland was pronounced perfect, despatches being hourly received from Europe, at Heart's Content. The steamship Great Eastern, left Sheerness on the 30th of 6th mo., and arrived at Beerhaven, 7th mo. 5th. The other steamers joined the Great Eastern at Beerhaven, as follows: the William Corry and Terrible on the 6th; the Albany on the 7th and the Medway on the 10th. On the 7th, the end of the Irish shore cable was landed from the William Corry, and at 2.30 the next morning the laying was successfully completed, and the end buried in ninety-four fathoms. On the 13th, the shore end was connected to the main cable on board the Great Eastern, and at 2.40 P. M. the telegraph fleet started for Newfoundland. The weather was favorable during the whole passage, which was fourteen days. The distance made by the Great Eastern is sixteen hundred and eighty-six miles; the length of the cable is eighteen hundred and sixty-six miles. The Great Eastern was in constant communication with Valentia since the splice was made on the 13th ult., and daily received news from Europe which was posted up outside of the telegraph office, for the information of all on board of the Great Eastern, and signalled to the other ships. The telegraph fleet has already sailed for the spot where the cable was lost last year, to recover the end, and complete a second line between Ireland and Newfoundland, and then the Medway will proceed to lay the new cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The process of splicing the main cable with the shore end was commenced as soon as the Great Eastern came to anchor. The operation was performed successfully, and dispatches were instantly sent throughout the country, announcing the completion of the event which joins the Old and New World.

It is a curious coincidence, that the first news despatches received by the Atlantic Cable in 1858 and 1866 have been messages of peace. The dispatch of 1858 announced the conclusion of the war in China. The one by the New Cable, a treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia.

Congratulatory messages have been received and sent between the two continents.

From the Queen of Great Britain to the President of the United States.

OSBORNE, July 27, 1866.—To the President of the United States, Washington, D. C.—The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S REPLY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 30, 11.30 A.M.—To her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.—The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of her Majesty's dispatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the western and eastern hemispheres may serve to strengthen and to perpetuate peace and unity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

The President's message to the Queen, containing seventy-seven words, was passed through the Atlantic cable in eleven minutes, and delivered to the Queen almost immediately.

During the first twelve hours that the line was

open, four thousand words were transmitted across the wires, with as much ease as on an ordinary land route. The provisional charges for the transmission of messages through the Atlantic Telegraph cable are as follows:

From any telegraph station in America to any telegraph station in Great Britain, for twenty words or less, including address of sender and receiver, £20 in gold; for every additional word not exceeding five letters, 20 shillings sterling per word.

From any telegraph station in America to any telegraph station in Europe, for twenty words or less, including the address of the sender and receiver, £21 sterling in gold; and for every additional word not exceeding five letters, 21 shlllings in gold per word.

From any telegraph station in Africa, Asia or India, for twenty words or less, including the address of sender and receiver, not exceeding in all one hundred letters, £25 sterling in gold; and for every additional word not exceeding five letters, 25 shillings per word. The letters in all words after the first twenty will be counted and divided by five; each five or fractional remainder will be charged a word. Messages in cypher will be charged double the foregoing rates. All figures intended for transmission must be written in full length, and will be charged as words.

Messages destined for places beyond the telegraphic system will be forwarded by mail.

Five attempts have been made to lay an Atlantic Cable, and the period covered by the different experiments is nine years. In 1857, the expedition failed on the fifth day; the first expedition of 1858 was abandoned on the twentieth day; the second and successful expedition in the summer of 1858 occupied eighteen days, including the run to mid-ocean for splicing the Cable, and the return of the Agamemnon to Valentia with one-half of the line; twenty-three days later, the cable became dumb. The expedition of 1865 failed, by the breaking of the cable, on the eleventh day of the Great Eastern's voyage. This year the whole time occupied in the run of the great ship was twenty days.

Death of John Ross.—John Ross, the well-known chief of the Cherokee nation, died in this city yesterday evening. Ross, for more than a third of a century, exercised a powerful and controlling influence, not only over his own people, but upon all the border tribes. He was a man of great political sagacity, which is shown in the fact that he so long maintained the ascendancy as chief of his nation, to which place he was elected every four years, a place which he filled when the Cherokee people went from their old home in Arkansas, into 1835. He married a lady, we believe, in Delaware, and leaves a numerous family counection. Mr. Ross was the representative of the "full blood" portion of the nation, and that being the controlling element of the nation, his ascendancy was always secure. He was a man of intelligence, conversed well, bore himself with dignity, and used a pen handsomely and with force. He was a politician of intense ambition, loved power, and his opponents accused him of unscrupulousness in securing his purposes. When the war opened, he embarked with the South, carrying with him the most of the full bloods of his nation; but subsequently he changed front, and was afterwards with the Union. He could not have been much less than seventy-five years of age at the time of his death.—*National Intelligencer, August 2d.*

A few young men can be accommodated with board by applying for two weeks at 1604 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
811.1tp

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CHESTER VALLEY ACADEMY.—The next term of this Institution commences 9th mo. 3d., 1866. Whole number of pupils last year, 107,—60 boarders. 47 day pupils. Send for a Catalogue. J. K. Taylor, *Principal.*
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A YOUNG WOMAN of experience wants a situation in a private school, or as Governess in a family. Address
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WANTED, by a Female, a situation as Teacher; qualified to instruct in the usual branches, having had several years' experience. Good recommendations given. Address or apply to
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BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—The Fall and Winter Term of this healthfully and beautifully located Boarding-School for Girls will commence 10th mo. 1st, 1866, and close 4th mo. 12, 1867. For further information apply for a Circular to
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CHERRY STONERS,—(seed 2 bushels an hour.) Pea and Bean Shellers, (shell 50 qts an hour,) Carpet Sweepers, Wire Dish Covers, Champion Cog-Wheel Clothes-Wringers, (we consider them the best yet invented for durability and convenience;) and a variety of other new articles of Hardware, Cutlery and Tools. For sale by Truman & Shaw,
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WALL PAPER!—*Price reduced to* 12½, 18 *and* 20 *cts.* Gold and Glazed Paper Hangings reduced. Linen Window Shades and Fixtures, of neat designs and all sizes. My prices are moderate. Work done in the country. Call at
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The Fifty-Second Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of 5th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address Henry W. Ridgway,
4766 t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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A SELECTION FROM THE LETTERS OF SARAH (LYNES) GRUBB.

An address to her children, written at several different periods.

Stoke Newington, 28th of 12th month, 1832.

My dearly beloved Children,—Being now in the sixtieth year of my age, and not knowing how long it may please Infinite Wisdom to leave the ability for employ of this kind, I embrace the present time to commit to writing some short account of my past life; hoping the perusal of it may be blessed to you.

I was born at Wapping, London, in the year 1773. My father's name was Mason Lynes; he was, by trade, a block and mast maker. My mother's name was Hannah Holdway. I have been informed that they both came of respectable families in the middle class of community, and were each favored to experience something of vital religion. My dear mother has spoken to me of the tenderness of my father's conscience, and of the day of Divine visitation to her own soul in early life. She was a beautiful person, and much admired when young; but could not see her way to enter the married state, until she had an offer of the hand of the plain, simple-hearted Mason Lynes. She has related to me an instance of my father's abuse of religious duty, as being worthy the first attention. Having some urgent business on board a vessel lying in the river, that was to sail at a certain time, he suffered some work to be done on the first day of the week, which I understand, cost him many weeks of bitter remorse. He was in great repute for upright dealing; and being of industrious habits, had realized some property, when it pleased the Lord to call him from every worldly pursuit, and every tender tie in nature, to a fixed state of existence in the world of spirits. Those who best knew him, and witnessed his departure, were comforted in the persuasion that an entrance into the everlasting kingdom of God was abundantly ministered to him, through redeeming love and mercy, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. I well remember his taking a final leave of his seven children, one by one. While he labored hard for breath, he counselled us severally to fear and love God. I was then about six years old.

Two years after this solemn and deeply affecting event, the three youngest of us were placed at "Friends' School," Islington, or then Clerkenwell. The change was severely felt by us who had come from every comfort, to endure sore privations, but our heavenly Father blessed all to my mind—even He who had visited me by his love when not more than five years old; so that I delighted then in the "Divine Songs" of Watts, which an amiable elder sister had made me acquainted with, at that early period of my life.

At school I sought the Lord; feeling His power in my heart operating against the evil propensities of my nature; yet to these corrupt inclinations, I many, many times gave way;

and for this I was brought under great condemnation, even as early as when nine years old; so that I bemoaned my condition, and have begged and prayed at that period, for a better state and a happier. I went on sinning and repenting for years; still my love for good books increased, and for good people. We had few books. The Bible, and one or two journals of Friends, are all that I can recollect reading; and I really valued them as highly as I was capable of doing in this my childhood. When I grew to about thirteen years of age, I began to discover something about me, or in my mind, like the heavenly anointing for the ministry; for the Lord had revealed His word as a hammer, and had broken the rock in pieces in my living experience; and I was contrited under a sense of power and love; saying even vocally, when alone, "Lord, make me a chosen vessel unto Thee!" I could even then utter good things, and have done so to my schoolfellows in select companies; and once I saw several in tears while I spoke to them. I was not, however, sensible of a Divine requiring to do as I then did.

Soon after I was fourteen years old, a friend from Ireland took me into her family to attend her children, who were young, there being four of them. This situation was as a fresh ordeal to me. At one time I wrote thus:—

"3*d of* 6*th month*, 1791.—Oh the deep distress and sore anguish of soul which I now feel! It is beyond expression; yet, out of the depth of my tribulation, have I been permitted this morning to cry unto the depth of His mercies, whose compassions fail not. Oh! there is something in me which perhaps is not of His pure Spirit; that wishes it might please Him to cut the thread of my life, or that I might go into some solitary place, where I might mourn and none know it. But I find another language, peradventure more profitable to attend to, 'Is this keeping the word of my patience?'"

I was then eighteen years old; had come forth as a minister, yet discovered great need of further refinement, both for my own acceptance with the Lord, and that I might be fit for the Lord's use. Truly I had to abide the fiery furnace.

With respect to my first appearances as one called to speak in the high and holy name of the Lord, they were in great fear, and under a feeling that my natural inclination would not lead me into such exposure, for I shrunk from it exceedingly; and often have I hesitated, and felt such a reluctance to it, that I have suffered the meeting to break up without my having made the sacrifice: yea, when the word of life, in a few words, was like a fire within me. Great has been my mourning through these omissions of duty, although but seventeen years old when I first gave utterance publicly to a sentence or two; and I had opened my mouth in private many months previously, under the constraining influence of the Spirit of truth; being without the shadow of a doubt that it was indeed required of me, poor child as I was, I had sweet consolation in coming into obedience; and after a while was surprised to find, that although I stood up in meetings expecting only to utter a *little* matter, more passed through me, I scarcely knew how.

Thus the gift grew and much baptism and suffering was my portion from time to time: the great work of my salvation and sanctification going on, while I was occasionally induced to invite others to the needful acquaintance with Him who came to redeem us from all iniquity. I have never known an easier way to favor with the Lord of life and glory, than that of passive submission to all His holy will concerning me, even under dispensations most proving and mortifying to the fleshly mind.

I lived nearly ten years in the family to which I went from school, viz, that of Sarah Grubb, of Anner Mills, near Clonmel, Ireland. Never, all that time, could I see my way to change my situation; for, through all the difficulty that lay in my way of fulfilling my religious duty, I believed that the Great Master had some good end which He designed to answer, in permitting me to be as it were cramped in the gift dispensed to me as a minister of Christ: and my faith was at times renewed and confirmed, that if I would patiently endure to the end, my reward would be sure. Thus I was mercifully enabled to "wait all the days of my appointed time until my change came; until, in the clear openings of truth, I was led back to my native land, to my near relatives, and sent forth *largely* to publish the glad tidings of the Gospel. I had been some journeys while a servant in Ireland, but now a very wide field of labor opened before me; and, with the consent of my Monthly Meeting, I travelled much, up and down in England, both among Friends and others, for some successive years; and many blessed and powerful meetings were had, to the praise of His excellent name, with whom we can do nothing, and are nothing. For some considerable time I was joined by my beloved friend Ann Baker, daughter of Samuel Baker of Birmingham, and afterwards wife of Stanley Pumphrey, of Worcester. We passed through tribulation together, which, as well as experiencing some rejoicings, had a strong tendency to unite us in true sisterly love and friendship; and in it we were preserved to the end of her course, which was finished with her triumph many years since. Neither hath death itself dissolved the heavenly bond by which our spirits were united; even in that which outlives all probation.

It pleased the Lord to call me into a path much untrodden, in my early travels as a messenger of the Gospel; having to go into markets, and to declare the truth in the streets. This sore exercise began in Cork, Ireland; but it was only in one instance required of me in that nation: in England, however, many, very many such sacrifices I had to make in pursuit of peace: and in pure obedience to the will of my Heavenly Father I gave up. No one knows the depth of my sufferings, and the mortifying, yea, crucifying of my own will, which I had to endure in this service; yet I have to acknowledge to the sufficiency of Divine grace herein. Many times I had brave opportunities on these occasions, to invite the people to the Lord Jesus Christ, who manifests Himself in the conscience as a light, and who would discover the evil of covetousness and of all unrighteousness; leading and teaching "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." Hundreds, possibly thousands, who would not, even though requested, come to meet us in a house, or place of worship, have thus felt the power of the living God, in hearing tell that he rewardeth every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings. In some instances we were rudely treated. Once in a great town (Leicester) while I was speaking in the market, there came two men who looked really furious. They said the mayor ordered me down; coming toward me through the crowd that stood round, evidently intending to pull me down from where I stood; but I observed them, and looking at them, their countenances fell, and they appeared to have no power to touch me: however, as they came with an order from the mayor of the town, I told the people how it was, and commended them to their inward Teacher—Christ. When we obeyed the order, and were leaving the place, some said, had it been a mountebank who stood in my place, he would have been suffered to proceed; but that which drew their attention to God was prohibited. Others who were light and wicked, reviled us. I had, as usual, some dear and tender friends among the brethren, who accompanied and stood by me in such great exercise. These partook of the insults offered—the people throwing at them: indeed somebody was unfeeling enough to bring hot melted lead and cast at us; some of which was found on some part of the clothing of one dear friend. I retired to my chamber at a friend's house, after this bustle; and oh the sweet tranquillity that filled my mind! I thought it a foretaste of that glorious *rest* prepared for the children of God in His eternal kingdom.

At Durham a clergyman came in a rage, while I was preaching in a market place, wanting some of the people to hale me away; but they took little or no notice of him, and he passed on. Next day we appointed a meeting for First-day morning, in a hired room in this dark town; and, as was usual, posted up notices. These were torn down, and we were informed, that if we held the meeting, we should be heavily fined. The meeting was nevertheless held, and owned by the great Head of His own Church. At the close another was appointed for the evening of the same day, and a large heavenly meeting it was. We tarried there all that night, but heard no more of the threatened fine. This was but one of divers visits to Durham. It is not my intention, in writing a narrative, to enter much into detail of my journeyings from place to place, but to leave my dear children some testimony to the sufficiency of that Name in which we are called to confide, and to encourage to come up in faithfulness to all truth's requirings.

Once, when young in the ministry, being at an inn with the family with whom I lived, I heard one of them say she had placed a handkerchief in one of the chambers; and on going to fetch it, could not find it. Immediately my mind was impressed with a sense that a young girl whom I had seen in the house, had stolen the handkerchief. I was astonished at my conviction of this fact, for I had by no means a disposition to suspect any one of evil. It was not, however, to be suppressed; for I saw with clearness she had committed the theft: what showed it me was the light of the Lord, which came like lightning into my mind. I ran to enquire for the girl, who came, not knowing my business with her. I looked at her, and in the fear of the Lord told her she had stolen the handkerchief, which she dared not deny, and it was produced. Then I spoke to her; the power of the Lord accompanying what I said, in a wonderful manner, the girl turned very pale, almost like a corpse. I continued to declare of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to warn the young creature for perhaps twenty minutes. While the Lord's word was passing through me, a servant was cleaning the floor of the room where we stood; one apparently of the very lowest of her class. She felt so struck by the authority with which the communication was attended, that she raised her hands with astonishment. The mother of the young girl came to me before we left the inn, and asked me how I could tell that her daughter had taken and concealed the handkerchief; to which I replied, that I was made acquainted with it from a sense given me by the Spirit of truth in my own mind—the anointing which could not only give me to be without doubt in this thing, but also did influence all that take heed to it, so as to lead them out of sin, and bring them to live godly lives. I told her she had this gift of God in herself; that all the children of men had it, or a measure of it; and

warned her to take heed to it. I understood they were all Papists who heard me speak. After this was over, and we passed away from the place, I was so overcome with what had occurred, that I could not refrain from many tears.

Another time in my life have I been *alike* filled with the mighty power of the Lord in the sacred work of the ministry. These two instances were extraordinary. The second was in the case of a member of our Society, a high professor, but who was of a contentious spirit. It came upon me to set before him his corrupt and dark state, and to warn him of the day of the Lord who searcheth all hearts; that if he did not speedly repent, and humble himself as in the dust, this day would overtake him, bring him down, and he would come to nothing. I was engaged to keep my eye upon him, while thus addressing him in the dread of the Most High: he attempted to look at me once or twice in defiance, but he could not hold up his head, nor oppose the power: he grew quite pale, and was some time silent, as we sat together after. When, however, we were about to separate, he began to rail against me for what I had said. His words seemed but as chaff before the wind. After this also, my bodily powers seemed so shaken, that I was quite weak, and obliged to lie down for a while. Thus did it please Infinite Wisdom to show forth His own mighty power through a mere nothing

(To be continued.)

Never neglect one duty under pretence of attending to another: you honor God as much in attending to your calling in a right spirit, as you do when upon your knees.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ELIAS HICKS.

BY RACHEL HICKS.

Having been favored from early life frequently to hear Elias Hicks in his public ministry and in conversation on religious subjects, in which he bore abundant testimony to the all sufficiency of the "Spirit of Truth," to teach and qualify for every good word and work, I feel constrained to unite with those who have testified, that his daily walk in life was consistent with the doctrine he preached, which he sometimes said was the hardest task he had to perform, because the divine principle Friends profess to be guided by, and that he invited the attention of others to, requires great watchfulness, prayer and the daily cross, so as to live righteous, holy and godly lives among men. His testimony was strong and clear that this was the only means of bringing about that reformation in the human family so much desired by those who sincerely love mankind. He believed that "Friends were designed to be a peculiar people, called to hold forth to the world peculiar testimonies," among which are plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel, industry and economy, benevolence to the needy, kindness, justice and mercy to all. The Scriptures of Truth and a pure Gospel ministry he viewed as secondary means of instruction; but, above all, the Divine Spirit in man he believed to be the only means of preservation from sin and iniquity. Therefore, when he heard of members of our Society mixing in associations with other people, in their governments and politics, Bible and missionary societies, and charitable associations, he was grieved, because he thought familiarity with those who did not rely on the Divine light to call and qualify for good work, tended to lead to a dependence upon other means of instruction. The politician generally depends upon his reasoning powers; the missionary receives a salary, studies to qualify himself for the ministry, teaches that the Bible is the word of God and our only rule of faith and practice. Even in benevolent associations there is a danger of being led off from a reliance on that Wisdom, which is profitable to direct in all things, and which enables us to take up the daily cross, and also from a strict regard to that sobriety of conduct that Truth requires of all its professors. An important part of E. H.'s mission undoubtedly was to warn Friends of this danger, the revival of which may be even now as a watchword to those who in sincerity join associations for benevolent purposes.

Elias Hicks was a strong man and often made use of strong expressions, and was not always so minute in his explanations of his subject as some desired. One of his travelling companions made some remarks to him respecting it, when he replied, the view of the subject treated on was so plain to his mind that it seemed to him all could understand it.

When he labored with his fellow members, to stand alone and not mingle with the nations or people around them in associations, it was in love to all of every class, believing that we as a Society would be more useful in giving evidence of the sufficiency of the Grace of God, to lead into all truth, by practicing that pure morality which Jesus Christ taught by example and precept in meekness and quietness of spirit.

His consistency in daily life has been testified of by members of other religious societies who knew him well and understood the doctrine he taught. One instance now occurs. A young man, about the year 1828, after hearing an individual speaking to the passengers on board a steamboat of the—as the speaker supposed—unsound and dangerous principles held forth by Elias Hicks. The young man, a Presbyterian, stepped up to him and said, "I will tell you my views of Elias Hicks. I am not a member

of his Society, but I have known him from my childhood up to the present time; his moral character is and has been without a spot or blemish, and he will stand, and his doctrine will stand, when you, his opposers, will be scattered to the four winds."

And of latter time an Episcopalian minister said to a Friend, after some wise remarks relative to our Society, "If you had lived up to your principles and Elias Hicks' doctrine, slavery would have been abolished without the shedding of blood; if you had, as he recommended, abstained from the use of and trading in articles raised by slave labor, others would have seen the consistency of it, and many would have followed your example; so that the slaveholder would have seen the market for his goods was passing away, while those who had no slaves, had a ready and profitable sale for theirs. Therefore, for his own benefit, he would have been induced to set his slaves free; thus gradually, safely, and in a peaceable manner would slavery have been abolished, and we would not have had this desolating war;" and then added, "The time will come when the historian will set down Elias Hicks' name as the greatest man of his age."

Upham says, "Some Christians remain in the condition of *servants*, followed and scourged by an inward condemnation, and do not cheerfully and boldly take that of sons. They wander about, oftentimes led captive by Satan, in the low grounds of the gospel life, amid marshes and tangled forests; and do not ascend into the pleasant hills and land of Beulah, where are the spicy breezes and perpetual sunshine."

From Janney's History of Friends.

BARBARA BLAUGDON.

Barbara Blaugdon was from her youth religiously inclined. She had received a good education and was much esteemed in her profession as a teacher of youth. On being convinced of the principles of Friends, believing it her duty to take up the cross, she adopted the simplicity of manners peculiar to this Society in dress and address, in consequence of which her pupils were withdrawn, and she lost her employment.

She even carried her self-denial so far as to abstain from all flesh, wine and beer during the space of a year. In the meanwhile, she continued to advance in spiritual knowledge, and being faithful to her religious convictions, she went forth as a messenger of the gospel of Christ.

Being moved by a sense of duty, she sometimes went into parish houses of worship, in order to exhort the people to the fear of the Lord and amendment of life, for which she was several times committed to prison. For no other offence than this, she was, in one instance, whipped until the blood ran down her back; but she did not flinch from suffering; on the contrary, she sang aloud, and was made to rejoice that she was accounted worthy to suffer for the name of the Lord. In some instances, even her persecutors were touched with a feeling of compassion for her, and convinced of the truth of her testimony. She was repeatedly engaged in interceding for her persecuted friends, and not without success. . . . .

"On the same day that Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill left Dublin, Barbara Blaugdon arrived there. She came from England in a vessel bound for Cork, but which was, by foul weather, carried to Dublin. When the storm was raging with violence, the seamen imputed the cause of it to her, because she was a Quaker, and were conspiring to throw her overboard; but she overheard their conversation, and told the captain that if he did not prevent them, her blood would be required at his hands. He interposed his authority, and frustrated their wicked purpose. The storm continuing, and it being the first day of the week, she went on deck, being moved by a sense of duty to exhort the seamen and to pray for them. They were very quiet and sedate; acknowledging that they were obliged to her for her prayers, at a time when the chaplain of the ship was silenced through fear.

On landing at Dublin, she went directly to the Deputy's house; but was told that she could not speak with him, and that he had just banished two others of her persuasion. She applied to the secretary, and at length got permission to see the Deputy.

When she came into the withdrawing room, a person came out of the Deputy's chamber *covered*, while those who attended him stood bareheaded; for they, knowing she had never seen the Deputy, designed to impose on her by substituting another person in his stead. The room being nearly full of people, some of them asked her "Why she did not speak to their lord." But she, having a sense that a deception was intended, answered, "When I see your lord, I shall deliver my message to him." Soon afterwards, the Deputy himself came forth, and sat down on a couch. She then stood up and spoke to him; cautioning him to beware that he was not found fighting against God, in opposing the truth and persecuting the innocent, but, like wise Gamaliel, to let them alone; for, if it was of God, it would stand, but, if of man, it would fall." She added, that the enmity did not lie so much in himself as in the magistrates and priests by whom he was instigated to persecute the people of God. After she had thus spoken, she returned to her lodging at the house of Captain Rich, who, coming home, told her the Deputy was so much troubled, and so mel-

ancholy, that he could not go to bowls, nor engage in any other pastime.

Barbara having performed her service in Dublin, went to Cork, where she had some relatives; but feeling a religious engagement to appear at places of public resort, and to preach repentance and amendment of life, she met with much abuse, and was subjected to imprisonment. It was remarked, however, that in almost every place where she published the principles of truth, some of the audience embraced her doctrines.

After her release from prison, in 1656, she embarked for England; but did not remain long at her home in Bristol, until she again returned to Ireland in the service of the gospel. The vessel in which she came foundered near the Irish coast; but her life was providentially saved, and, after landing, she pursued the same course as before, preaching with zeal and success; but her sufferings for conscienee sake were even greater than on her former visit. She was imprisoned both at Dublin and at Limerick, and on her passage homeward she was robbed by a privateer of all the property she had with her."

The intellectual and spiritual treasures of the past should indeed be reverently preserved and used; but they should be used as seed. Instead of indolently living on the stores which our fathers left, we should cast them into the ground, and get the product fresh every season —old, and yet ever new. The intellectual and spiritual life of an age will wither, if it has nothing to sustain itself but the food which grew in an *earlier* era: it must live on the fruits that grow in its *own time, and under its own eye.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

"*Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*"

All that saintly experience ever had to teach resolves itself into this, the lesson how to say affectionately, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Slowly and stubbornly our hearts acquiesce in that. The holiest, so far as he has mastered the lesson, will acknowledge that many a sore and angry feeling had to be subdued, many a dream of earthly brightness broken, and many a burning throb stilled in a proud heart before he was willing to suffer God to be sovereign in His own world, and do with him and his as seemed Him best. The earliest record that we have of this struggle in the human bosom is found in the book of Job.

It is the most ancient statement we have of the perplexities and mysteries of life, so graphic, so true to nature, that it proclaims at once that what we are reading is drawn not from romance, but life. It has been said that religious experience is but the fictitious creation of a polished age, when fanciful feelings are called into existence by hearts bent back, in reflex action and morbid, on themselves. We have an answer to that in this book. Religion is no morbid fancy. In the rough rude ages when Job lived, when men did not dwell on their feelings as in later centuries, the heart-work of religion was manifestly the same earnest, passionate thing that it is now.

The heart's misgivings were the same beneath the tent of an Arabian Emir as they are beneath the roof of a modern Christian. Blow after blow fell on the Oriental chieftain:—One day he was a father, a prince, the lord of many vassals, and many flocks, and buoyant in one of the best of blessings, health; the next he was a childless, blighted, ruined man. And then it was that there came from Job's lips those yearnings for the quiet of the grave, which are so touching, so real, and, considering that some of the strongest of the elect of God have yielded to them, we might almost say, so pardonable: "I should have been at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together: they hear not the voice of the oppressor. Wherefore is light given unto him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter soul, which longs for death but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hid treasures—which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave?" What is the book of Job but the record of an earnest soul's perplexities?

"Afflictions," said the tried man, "cometh not out of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground—superintending all this I know that my Redeemer liveth."

And here there is one word full of meaning, from which we collect the truth of sympathy. It is that little word of appropriation, "My" Redeemer. Power is shown by God's attention to the vast; sympathy, by His condescension to the small. It is not the thought of heaven's sympathy by which we are impressed, when we gaze through the telescope on the mighty world of space, and gain an idea of what is meant by infinite.

Majesty and power are there; but the very vastness excludes the thought of sympathy. It is when we look into the world of insignificance, which the microscope reveals, and find that God has gorgeously painted the atoms of creation, and exquisitely furnished forth all that belongs to minutest life, that we feel that God sympathizes and individualizes. When we are told that God is the Redeemer of the *world*, we know that love dwells in the bosom of the most High; but if we want to know that He feels for us individually and separately we must learn by heart this syllable of endearment, "My Redeemer." Child of God! if you would have your thought of Him something

beyond a cold feeling of His presence, let faith appropriate Christ. You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself. He has counted the hairs of your head. In Old Testament language, "He has put your tears into His bottle." He has numbered your sighs and your smiles. He has interpreted the desires for which you have not found a name nor an utterance yourself. If you have not learned to say, "My Redeemer," then, just so far as there is anything tender or affectionate in your disposition, you will tread the path of your pilgrimage with a darkened and a lonely heart; and when the day of trouble comes, there will be none of that triumphant elasticity which enabled Job to look down, as from a rock, upon the surges which were curling their crests of fury at his feet, but could only reach his bosom with their spent spray.

THE HIGH PREROGATIVE OF SUFFERING.

Men commonly look upon protracted suffering only as an evil and bitter thing. It seems to them like an interruption, an *interference* with the real purpose and business of life. They chafe and fret beneath its heavy hand, wondering why they are thus laid aside and their work hindered, and perhaps complain, "To what purpose is this waste?" They bear it because they cannot escape from it, and it may be that years pass away before they learn that in the very suffering which has so disappointed all their plans and hopes they are fulfilling the vocation to which the Lord has called them. For suffering is, and ever ought to be considered, *a vocation;* not indeed a calling which one would choose for himself, but which his Father has chosen for him. Jesus said to Peter, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdest thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shalt gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. *And when he had spoken thus, he said unto him, Follow me.*" So in later times, all down through the history of the church, many a disciple has been *called* to glorify God, not in the manner of his death only, but through intervening years of privation and pain. Looking at suffering in this light, how is its whole aspect changed. No longer a fearful weight of unmixed misery, crushing body and spirit, and seeming to defeat entirely the original intention of one's being, it becomes an ennobled, sacred, fruitful *calling*. For outward acts, however praiseworthy and useful they may seem, do not constitute religion. What we *are* is of far more consequence in God's sight than what we *do*. How often, in the course of the Saviour's earthly ministry, he taught men that the external life might seem fair and good, while yet the heart was full of all uncleanness. How little he said about *doing*—how much about *being*. The beatitudes do not refer to public ordinances, alms-deeds, toil, and busy care. Rather, "blessed" are the *poor in spirit*, the *pure in heart*, the *mourners*, the *meek*, the humble souls who *hunger and thirst after righteousness*. So Paul wrote to the Corinthians that, though they should speak with angels' tongues, and give all their possessions to the poor, and even withhold not their bodies from the fires of martyrdom, yet would they be nothing without *love*. And the same apostle taught the Galatians that the fruit of the Spirit is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." This is personal religion, to be attained by the most helpless and obscure; without it the most active life is a failure. Oh, fellow sufferer, believe that this blessed religion, this true piety, may be developed in the endurance of your sick room, as truly as amid all the activities of the most busy life. The end of your being is not frustrated; your usefulness has not come to an untimely end; your life of pain and seclusion is not a failure. God, who is wise and perfect and kind in his every plan, says to you, "*I* have *chosen* thee in the furnace of affliction." Do you think that he forgot his own glory when he made the choice? His honor is dearer to himself than to you; and you may be sure that he has placed you where you can best promote that honor. Though eternity alone can reveal what this suffering shall have wrought out for you, yet you suffer not for yourself alone, but *for his sake*. From his calm all-seeing infinity the great master builder surveys the spiritual temple of his grace. He fits each stone to its one appropriate place, cutting and polishing it more or less according to its nature and preciousness and the position it is to occupy. Is it not an honor to be such a stone, in such hands?

Besides a suffering life is not of necessity useless to one's fellows. How many have learned the beauty of patience and gentleness, of meekness and self-abnegation and perfect trust, at the bedside of the Lord's "hidden ones." How many have been led to the cross of Christ from seeing the power of his grace to sustain and cheer through long and fearful anguish, and to take away all fear of the last enemy. How much sympathy and love flow out from a chastened spirit to comfort and encourage others. What clouds of incense ("which are the prayers of saints") have gone up from couches of sleeplessness and pain, descending again in blessing upon the church and the world. Who can say that Chloe Lankton, strong and well, would have been more useful in these thirty years than Chloe Lankton, the "example of suffering, affliction, and of

patience?" But the crowning glory of suffering is that it allies the soul to Christ. It makes the servant as his Master, the disciple as his Lord. I know that nature shrinks from pain, and that mere pain is not the severest part of the protracted trial. I know the fierceness of the struggle, the helplessness, the disappointment, the anguish that cries out, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." So Jesus himself prayed, but the cup was not removed.

—*Boston Transcript.* L. E. C.

Love is not duty; but duty cannot be performed without love. It is love that gives vitality and power to all forms of duty. And if you look at religious life, that which you look at from the inside as speculation may seem vague; but there is no person that has ever had the inbreathing of the Spirit of God, and the awakening of a true religious life, who is not conscious that his religious life has been dependent upon the element of love, that he is free and happy just in proportion as this element is developed, and that he is burdened just in proportion as it is absent.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 18, 1866.

DIED, at his residence in Loudoun County, Virginia, on the 19th of Fourth mo., 1866, LEVI T. SHOEMAKER, in the 34th year of his age.

He was an exemplary member of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends, and during the long illness that preceded his decease, gave evidence that he was prepared to enter into the joys of eternal life.

——, at her residence in Milton, Wayne County, Indiana, after a painful illness of 4 months, HULDAH H. WARD, aged 30 years, daughter of Allen and Sarah Griffith.

The Secretary of "Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen," would call the attention of Clerks and other Friends to whom the Annual Report has recently been sent, and earnestly request them to make collections in the different neighborhoods. It is desired to place an increased number of teachers in the field, and to sustain these, money and clothing are required.

HENRY M. LAING, *Secretary*,
No. 30 N. Third street.

Christ sometimes comes to the redeemed soul as rain upon the fleece, in calm and sweet serenity. Their hearts are too full for analyzing their feelings; but there is a sense of silent unutterable happiness—an absorbing overflow of tranquil joy—which disdains the feeble expression of the tongue. There hope seems to seize upon His strengthening hand, and faith to gaze upon His inspiring eye, and love to bury its face in His bosom, and humble sorrow to sit at His feet and weep. True, the vision soon dies away, and leaves us to the drearier duties of the day, its burthen and heat; but the dew of the morning will lie upon that Christian's soul long after the bright cloud that dropt it hath faded away.

For the Children.

THE BRAIN AND NERVES IN ANIMALS.

I have told you how your mind learns about the world around you, and how it makes use of its knowledge by means of the machinery of your body—the muscles, bones, &c. Your mind is in the brain, and uses the brain to think with; and from the brain branch out all the nerves by which it works all the various machinery of the body. Your brain, then, may be considered the central workshop of your mind; or it is like an engine-room of a factory, where the engine is, that keeps the machinery in other parts of the building in motion.

The different animals have a brain and nerves just as you do, and their minds in their brains learn about things around them. They do not learn so much as your mind does, it is true, but they really do learn. If you look at a kitten when it is just born, it is very much like a baby. It does not know any thing. But, like the baby, it knows more and more every day, and when it gets to be a cat it knows a good deal; and all that it knows has come to its mind in the same way that what you know has come into your mind. It has come in through its senses. All its knowledge came in at its eyes and ears, &c., and got to its brain by the nerves.

The mind in animals, too, uses the muscles in the same way that your mind does. See a kitten at play; the muscles that move her paws are directed by her mind in the brain, by means of the nerves. As she pokes at the thing that you hold out to her, the nerves of her eyes are telling the mind in the brain all the time about the string, and then the mind is telling the muscles of the paws what to do. See her as she springs to catch the string that you draw along on the floor. As she watches it, messages are going from those bright eyes to her mind in the brain; and then, as she springs, messages are sent from her brain to a great many muscles in different parts of her body. The mind tells the muscles just when and how to act; and they all do exactly as the mind tells them. A great deal of machinery the mind of a cat sets to work when she makes a spring to catch any thing.

What I have told you about some animals is true of all. The little insect that flies out of the way when you strike at him, has a little brain, and there his mind thinks about what it sees, and hears and feels, &c., just as your mind does; and when he flies away so quickly from the blow that his eyes see coming, his mind

tells the muscles to make the wings go. There are nerves that carry messages from his senses to the mind in his brain, and there are nerves that carry messages from his brain to his muscles, as there are in you. The brain is very small and the nerves are very fine, but they do their work well. They make a little telegraph, but it is a good one.

What a quantity of thinking there is done in the brains of all the animals in the world! How busy their minds are receiving reports from their senses, and working all the machinery of their bodies. Go out into the garden and see the birds, the butterflies, the bees, the flies, the ants, the frogs, the toads and the worms; they are all busy thinking. They cannot move without thinking. It is their thinking that makes their muscles move them. And they think about what they move for.

Some of them think more than others. The bird thinks more than the worm. Some think faster than others. The humming-bird, that darts so quickly from flower to flower, thinks as fast as he works. But the lazy toad is a slow thinker. His mind does not work the machinery of his muscles much, and so does but little thinking. But even he once and a while thinks quickly. Let a fly walk along pretty near him, and he will catch it with his tongue so quickly that you cannot see just how he does it. He watches the fly intently, keeping very still all the while, and when it gets near enough, he thrusts out his tongue, and the fly is gone. You would hardly think that so lazy a looking animal could do any thing so quickly. But very nimble is he as a fly-catcher if he is not nimble at any thing else; and very quickly must the mind in his brain think when it is working its fly-catching machinery.

The more an animal thinks, the larger is the brain, as compared with the rest of the body. Man thinks more than any other animal, and so he has a larger brain. But the oyster has hardly any thing that can be called a brain, for in his still life, shut up as he is in his shell, he thinks but little. But such animals as horses, dogs, cats, birds, monkeys, &c., have quite large brains, for they think a good deal. Their brains, however, are not by any means as large as the brain of man is, in proportion to the size of the body.

This is as we should suppose it would be. The brain is the machinery with which the mind thinks. Now, whenever we see a great deal of machinery together at work we know it is because there is much to be done by it; and when we see a small machine, that has not many different parts, we know that it is not intended to do much. So it is with the mind's thinking machinery. The brain of an animal that thinks but little is small and simple; but the brain of one that thinks much is large and has many parts. Though animals do their thinking with their brains as we do with ours, there is some thinking that we do that they cannot. There are some things about which they know nothing; but this I shall tell you about in another chapter.

WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

THE BROOK AND THE POND.—AN ALLEGORY FOR THE BENEVOLENT.

BY A. A. WILLITS.

"Sweet brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?"—*Sir Robt. Grant.*

In the cool and shadowy clough of a distant mountain, hard by a mossy spring, a little brooklet had its birth; and with a pure heart, a generous nature, and a lively and cheerful spirit, it started upon its course through the world, bent on a life of activity and usefulness.

One day after it had reached the plain, and was hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river, it chanced to pass near by a stagnant pond. The pond hailed it—

Pond.—"Whither away, Master Streamlet?"

Brook.—"I am bearing to the river this 'cup of cold water,' which God has given to me."

Pond.—"You are very foolish to do that; you will need it yourself before the summer is over; we have had a very backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it, and then you will dry up."

Brook.—"Well, if there be danger of my dying so soon, I had better work while the day lasts; and if I am likely to lose this water from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it."

And so on it went, singing and sparkling upon its useful way.

The pond smiled contemptuously upon the folly of the "babbler," as it styled the brook, and settled down very complacently into the conviction of the superior wisdom of its own covetousness; and so husbanding all its resources against the imagined day of need, it suffered not a drop to leak away.

Soon the midsummer days came round, and very hot days they were, indeed. But what was the effect of the heat? Did the little brook dry up? Nothing of the kind. Why how did it escape? Well, the trees crowded to its brink, and throw their sheltering branches over it, for it had brought life and refreshment to them; and the sun, peeping through the branches, only smiled pleasantly upon its dimpled face, as if it said, "Who could harm *you*, pure and beautiful brooklet?" Indeed, all things seemed inspired by similar sentiment toward it. The birds of the air, after sipping its

sweet water and laving their wings in its silver tide, sang its praises in the overhanging branches. The flowers sprang up along its border, and reflected their brightest tints from its mirror-like surface and breathed their sweetest fragrance upon its bosom. The poet came to hear the music of its warbling voice, and the artist to behold the beauty of its winding way. The husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that so plainly marked its course through his fields and meadows. Even the beasts of the field love to linger by its banks, or to stand and drink the pure water from its quiet eddies. And so on it went, blessing and blessed of all.

But giving so freely and so constantly, did it not exhaust its resources? did it not *run* dry? Not at all; God saw to that. It carried its full cup to the river, and emptied it freely in; the river bore it on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it with uplifted hands; the sun smiled warmly upon the sea, and the sea sent up its vapory incense to greet the sun; the clouds, like great censer cups, caught the tribute in their capacious bosoms, and the winds, like waiting angels of God, took the clouds in their strong arms and bore them swiftly away—away to the very mountain that gave the little brooklet birth, and there, over that cool ravine, they tipped the brimming cup, and poured it all *back again;* and so God saw to it that the little brook, so active, so generous, so useful, should never run dry.

But how fared the pond? Ah, very different indeed was its fate. In its mistaken prudence and selfish idleness, it grew sickly in itself and pestilential in its influence, so that all beheld it but to dislike it. The farmer sighed and shook his head whenever he looked upon it. The citizen who came to seek a country-seat, declined to purchase as soon as he discovered it. The artist and the poet saw no charm in it, and hastened past it. The beasts of the field wet their lips, but withdrew them without drinking, and turned away toward the brook. The evening zephyr stooped and kissed it—in the twilight, by mistake—and caught its malarious breath, and carried it unconsciously into all the homes around. The people of the region soon grew sad and sallow, and began to shake with ague and to burn with fever; and at last, with constitutions well-nigh shattered, they were compelled to move away from its neighborhood. And finally Heaven, in mercy to man and to nature, smote it with the hottest breath of the sun and dried it up forever.

And the wise pondered the history of the pond and the brook, and saw how the book of nature confirmed and illustrated the book of revelation, and how true a saying of the latter it was: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself." (Prov. 11: 24, 25.)

ALL LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY BELLE BUSH.

All life is beautiful, the humblest flower
That cheers the dusty highway with its smiles,
Has something in it of a heavenly power
That oft my heart of weariness beguiles.

The blue-eyed violet of the glen and grove,
Spring's sweetest offering, is a thought of God;—
A tiny poem whispering of his love,
And making eloquent the soulless clod.

A shining pebble in the river's bed
That scarcely makes a ripple where it lays,
May teach a lesson worthy to be read
By all who murmur at the world's dull ways.

The soft green moss we tread beneath our feet,
The waving grass that carpets hill and plain,
Take to their generous hearts the dew or sleet,
And, uncomplaining, greet the Autumnal rain.

They do not question of its use or power,
But meekly they receive whate'er is given,
Thankful alike for sunshine or for shower,
As we should be for all the gifts of heaven.

There's nothing comes within our scope of vision,
From flower to star, from insect up to man,
But seems to say to us, I have my mission,
And fill my place in the Creator's plan.

The world is filled with elements of power
Which only want the chemistry of Thought
To make them known, and fill each passing hour
With wonders mightier than the past ere wrought.

Earth, air, and ocean, teem with life unseen—
Undreamed of by the Sages of our time;
Its subtle links pass not before the screen
On which are shadowed all our hopes sublime.

We need not wander far in quest of Truth;
She has her habitation everywhere:
The rose is one, and the warm heart of youth
Receives, whene'er it seeks, her jewels rare.

We might see more, if we were not so blinded
By lusts of earth, its pomps and fleeting shows;
And richer grow in soul, were we so minded
To read the lessons Nature's works disclose.

We walk with faltering feet and downcast eyes
Through God's vast treasure-house of truth and
love,
And feel not half the heavenly harmonies
That float around us from the realms above.

We think too meanly of the world without,
Too little of the wonderous world within,
O'er canopied in each, and wrapped about
By the dear love that knows no storms or sin.

Like moles or bats men grope their way through li
Dazed by the *light their lamps* of wisdom give,
Or all absorbed in petty cares and strife,
Heart-starved, in poverty of Soul they live.

Why is it thus? since God such bounteous sto
Has spread before us, why not use it all?
Why sit like beggars starving at the door
Where plenty smiles, nor heed his generous ca

Oh! could our souls but rise above the din
Of the world's discord, and lose its greed of gain,
Then might we turn to the great world within
And dwell where order, peace and beauty reign.

Then should we trace in every thing we see
The love that gives us what so e'er we need,
And feel our souls grow large in liberty,
The liberty that makes us free indeed.

The liberty of love *fraternal, deep*,
The conqueror of envy, *fear* and scorn,
The love that feels with sorrow's child to weep,
And in God's Kingdom knows no *lowly* born.

Such love would bring to us the fruits of peace,
The golden harvest waited for so long,
When *wars* and *rumors* of them *all shall* cease,
And Freedom be our universal song.

Ah! holy love, God speed the blessed day,
When thou shalt reign o'er all the realms of earth,
And hold o'er human hearts thy gentle sway,
Till they look up and own their heavenly birth.

Then will they go as angels do, to trace
The mysteries of life in all things here,
And wear its beauty and the nameless grace
Of the high soul that knows no doubt or fear.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, June 8th.

From the "Chimney Corner" in The Atlantic Monthly.

VENTILATION.

(Concluded from page 362.)

The ventilation of private dwellings in this country is such as might be expected from that entire indifference to the laws of health, manifested in public establishments. Let a person travel in private conveyance up through the valley of the Connecticut, and stop for a night at the taverns which he will usually find at the end of each day's stage. The bed-chamber into which he will be ushered will be the concentration of all forms of bad air. The house is redolent of the vegetables in the cellar,—cabbages, turnips and potatoes; and this fragrance is confined and retained by the custom of closing the window-blinds, and dropping the inside curtains, so that neither air nor sunshine enters in to purify. Add to this the strong odor of a new feather-bed and pillows, and you have a combination of perfumes most appalling to a delicate sense. Yet travellers take possession of these rooms, sleep in them all night without raising the window or opening the blinds, and leave them to be shut up for other travellers.

The spare chamber of many dwellings seems to be an hermetically closed box, opened only twice a year, for spring and fall cleaning; but for the rest of the time closed to the sun and the air of heaven. Thrifty country housekeepers often adopt the custom of making their beds on the instant after they are left, without airing the sheets and mattresses; and a bed so made gradually becomes permeated with the insensible emanations of the human body, so as to be a steady corrupter of the atmosphere.

In the winter, the windows are calked and listed, the throat of the chimney built up with a tight brick wall, and a close stove is introduced to help burn out the vitality of the air. In a sitting-room like this, from five to ten persons will spend about eight months of the year, with no other ventilation than that gained by the casual opening and shutting of doors. Is it any wonder that consumption every year sweeps away its thousands?—that people are suffering constant chronic ailments,—neuralgia, nervous dyspepsia, and all the host of indefinite bad feelings that rob life of sweetness and flower and bloom?

A recent writer raises the inquiry, whether the community would not gain in health by the demolition of all dwelling-houses. That is, he suggests the question, whether the evils from foul air are not so great and so constant, that they countervail the advantages of shelter. Consumptive patients far gone have been known to be cured by long journeys, which have required them to be day and night in the open air. Sleep under the open heaven, even though the person be exposed to the various accidents of weather, has often proved a miraculous restorer after everything else had failed. But surely if simple fresh air is so healing and preserving a thing, some means might be found to keep the air in the house just as pure and vigorous as it is outside.

An article in the May number of "Harper's Magazine" presents drawings of a very simple arrangement by which any house can be made thoroughly self-ventilating. Ventilation, as this article shows, consists in two things,—a perfect and certain expulsion from the dwelling of all foul air breathed from the lungs or arising from any other cause, and the constant supply of pure air.

One source of foul air cannot be too much guarded against,—we mean imperfect gas-pipes. A want of thoroughness in execution is the sin of our American artisans, and very few gas-fixtures are so thoroughly made that more or less gas does not escape and mingle with the air of the dwelling. There are parlors where plants cannot be made to live, because the gas kills them; and yet their occupants do not seem to reflect that an air in which a plant cannot live must be dangerous for a human being. The very clemency and long suffering of Nature to those who persistently violate her laws is one great cause why men are, physically speaking, such sinners as they are. If foul air poisoned at once and completely, we should have well-ventilated houses, whatever else we failed to have. But because people can go on for weeks, months, and years, breathing poisons, and slowly and imperceptibly lowering the tone of their vital powers, and yet be what they call "pretty well, I thank you," sermons on

ventilation and fresh air go by them as an idle song. "I don't see but we are well enough, and we never took much pains about these things. There's air enough gets into houses, of course. What with doors opening and windows occasionally lifted, the air of houses is generally good enough;"—and so the matter is dismissed.

One of Heaven's great hygienic teachers is now abroad in the world, giving lessons on health to the children of men. The cholera is like the angel whom God threatened to send as leader to the rebellious Israelites. "Beware of him, obey his voice, and provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions." The advent of this fearful messenger seems really to be made necessary by the contempt with which men treat the physical laws of their being. What else could have purified the dark places of New York? What a wiping-up and reforming and cleansing is going before him through the country? At last we find that nature is in earnest, and that her laws cannot be always ignored with impunity. Poisoned air is recognized at last as an evil,—even though the poison cannot be weighed, measured, or tasted; and if all the precautions that men are now willing to take could be made perpetual, the alarm would be a blessing to the world.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE SHETLAND ISLES.

At the Anthropological Society, a paper was read "On the Archaic Anthropology of the Zetland Islands," by Dr. Hunt. The author of the paper gave an account of a recent visit made by him to the Zetland Islands, with the object of investigating the antiquarian relics reported to exist in those Islands. He first visited Unst, the most northerly of the group, but found that the chief objects of interest had been previously explored. He proceeded to examine the other islands, and described various points of antiquarian interest in several of them. He gave a detailed account of the discovery of an underground structure of considerable dimensions, from which were dug a large number of rough stone implements, resembling in form and size those that have been found in Persigny-le-Grand, in France, and the objects of which have occasioned considerable discussion. These implements (which are not of flint, as are those of Persigny) were exhibited to the Society, and the author mentioned the various theories current as to the uses of these and similar stone implements, stating at the same time his opinion that any definite conclusion as to the purposes or age of these objects could not be decided from the present data. He considered the subject as one of great importance, and deserving of further investigation by the society. The author of the paper mentioned, in conclusion, the various gentlemen to whom he had been indebted for acts of courtesy whilst prosecuting his investigations, and mentioned especially the liberal donation of the Earl of Zetland to assist in carrying out the researches which had been made under the auspices of the Anthropological Society. Mr. Tate, who accompanied Dr. Hunt to the Shetland Islands and assisted in his explorations, made a separate report respecting the antiquities and human remains found in Unst, the most northern island, where he pursued his investigations while Dr. Hunt proceeded further south. He described particularly the remains of two ancient burial places enclosed within circular walls on a hill 100 feet high, also an underground chamber about 30 feet long that had contained urns, some of which were large enough to hold four or five quarts of liquid. He mentioned that these and similar places of burial had been generally constructed on the highest hills, some of them having been found at a height of 1500 feet. At Ness five cairns had been discovered in the hollow of a sandbank, where the sand had been blown away by the wind. Skeletons were found within, and two of them were lying on a bed of fish bones two feet thick.—*Exchange Paper.*

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE EFFECTS OF TREES UPON CLIMATE.

In concluding what we have to say in regard to the effects of trees upon the various phenomena of the seasons, we have to consider their influence in preventing freshets, and the drying up of our ponds and streams by evaporation and other methods. We have before referred to the action of the wind in blowing both cold and hot, causing rapid freezing in the one case, and a rapid thawing in the other, and that the only barriers on the large scale which we can erect to control its effects must be those which nature herself offers to our hands, and "only asks us but to spare," that is, the forests. As we have before remarked, the unobstructed blowing of the wind causes the rapid abstraction of caloric in those cases where it is colder than the objects with which it comes in contact, and as rapidly imparts heat when the reverse is true—that is, when the wind is warmer than those objects. Evaporation also goes on in a greater or less degree when the air is not saturated with moisture under all degrees of temperature. We can easily convince ourselves of this by exposing a piece of wet cloth to a current of air when the temperature is very low even, and we shall find that notwithstanding it freezes at once under these conditions, it very rapidly becomes dry. From this we can understand how snow and ice waste in very cold weather. In addition to the waste caused by evaporation from water surfaces exposed to the action of the winds, the

and surfaces of course are also subjected to the same action, and by this means one of the great sources of supply by which the streams, which under other conditions are kept in a steady flow, is cut off. Freshets, as they are called, are also one of the principal causes of the extreme low stages of water in our ponds and streams, which are now so much complained of. They are produced by the rapid concentration of water in the streams, and in this country this result is brought about in most cases by the sudden thawing of snow and ice, sometimes assisted by rain, but mainly dependent upon the blowing of warm winds. In the woods, as every one is aware, the snow remains much longer than in the open country, and as of course it lies level there, the ground protected by it, and also by a coating of fallen leaves, is but little, if any, frozen in our most severe winters. When a thaw begins the porous nature of the soil and the obstructions presented by a mass of leaves, together with the hollows between the trees, and many other obstacles which are only found in the forests, retain the water until it sinks into the earth, when it slowly trickles through its pores to the small streams and ponds which supply the rivers, which by this process are kept in an equal state of flow. But in the open country the surface of the ground is more regular and the soil more compact, while in winter it is often frozen to a great depth, and as the snow is usually blown into heaps, the frost penetrates irregularly, so that in the bare spots a long time is required before it is thawed. Under these circumstances, when the weather becomes warm or rain falls, the water at once concentrates in the ponds and small streams. These in their turn pour out their overflowing contents, and thus cause those floods which every year do so much mischief in portions of our country. It is quite easy for any one to verify, by a simple experiment, how much more rapidly snow and ice is dissolved when exposed to air in motion than when at the same temperature it is subjected to the action of the atmosphere where no lateral current exists. Take, for the experiment, equal parts, by weight, of snow, and as nearly as possible of the same density. Place each portion in separate vessels, (earthenware bowls of the same size will answer the purpose well); then place the bowls on tables of the same height in different parts of the room, where the temperature is very nearly equal, and subject the one to air put in motion by the process of fanning, while the other is left undisturbed. As the result of this experiment it will be found that snow which is left in quiet to the action of the warm air will be many times longer in thawing than the other, which is subjected to the air in motion. If we cover the one bowl with a piece of paper or any slight covering the effect will be still more striking. This we are aware does not agree with the evidence of our senses in regard to the use of a fan when suffering from heat; but we must remember that if we should chance to be placed in an atmosphere much warmer than our bodies we should come to a very different conclusion. We should then understand what is meant by the "wind feeling like the hot blast from a furnace."

In writing a series of articles upon subjects of such widespread and varied importance as those under consideration, we are compelled by the very nature of the case to leave unnoticed a vast number of facts of much interest to our readers, and our endeavor has been to discuss those points which seem to us to be of the most practical value: that is, to give such facts as may furnish a reason for action in certain directions, and over which we have control to some extent, and for which we are therefore more or less responsible.

VOLCANOES.

In a letter addressed to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Fouqué, who visited Santorino at the time of the great volcanic eruptions, gives an account of various other places in Greece where similar disturbances occur. One of the most important is the crater of Methuna, mentioned by Strabo, and which had hitherto escaped the investigation of geologists. This place is rich in mineral springs, and one of them, M. Fouqué says, is extremely rich in bicarbonate of potash, and evolves a considerable quantity of carbonic acid. Moreover, at the Solfatara of Sousaki, he has discovered a grotto of the same nature as the Grotta del Cane, at Naples, where dogs are suffocated by the carbonic acid which occupies the lower stratum of the atmosphere, in accordance with the laws of gravity, while men, in consequence of their erect posture, escape its influence. The grotto of Sousaki is richer in carbonic acid than the Neapolitan one, and its evolution is owing to an old eruption of serpentine, the geological age of which our author thinks he can determine. In the island of Milo, he has found emanations of carbonic acid, in some instances mixed with hydrosulphuric acid. There are ten different points of the island where such emanations occur. One of them is accompanied with all the circumstances attending those of the Salinellas of Sicily. At four other points there is no evolution of gas, notwithstanding the high temperature he has ascertained in the air. All the various eruptions of Milo are not of the same geological period. The western region of the island is almost entirely volcanic, and there are much fewer rocks of ancient date than had been hitherto supposed. M. Fouqué has also measured the principal summits of the island, which will enable him to make a better

map of the island than the existing ones. At Santorino the volcanic action continues; the detonations continue, and new points of activity have manifested themselves. Professor Silvestri has also written to the academy to describe an earthquake which was felt throughout the eastern part of Sicily. There were two shocks, one lasting three seconds, and another five. All this confirms what had been said regarding the general volcanic activity at that time all over the northern regions of the Mediterranean.—*Manchester Weekly Times.*

From the London Review.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.*

Mr. Baker's work is full of interest—in parts, profoundly exciting; the pictures suggested, rather than described, are often wild in the extreme, while the narrative of personal suffering has been very seldom paralleled in the annals of travel. It must be observed, moreover, that Mr. Baker has not labored and endured in vain, since he has discovered one of the most extraordinary lakes hitherto known to exist in Africa. Having stated thus much, which we do with the greatest pleasure, we feel bound to add that, in imagining he has solved the problem of the Nile—that is, found the spot at which its mysterious head emerges from the earth—he is cherishing a mere delusion. The source of the Nile is at this moment as little known as it was in the time of Julius Cæsar, and it almost surpasses our comprehension how a traveller so intelligent and so well informed as Mr. Baker should fail to be conscious of this. To make use of a common expression, Mr. Baker and all other travellers in Central Africa have been simply beating about the wrong bush, while the bird they are in search of lies hidden far off in another. Yet Mr. Baker, Captain Speke, and Captain Burton, may be almost said to have touched the great river with their finger, and to have looked wistfully in the direction from which, through utterly unknown lands, it comes rolling towards the Victoria Nyanza, into which it flows in a deep flood two hundred and forty feet in breadth, and with a current of four miles an hour. This is the Nile whose source it is necessary to discover—a thing which no one has yet done or even attempted; but, until this shall be done, it will be wrong to take credit among civilized nations for having thrown light upon a subject which philosophers and conquerors have desired to illuminate in vain. Bruce, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, have deserved well of the public, by exploring new regions, and adding largely to our geographical knowledge; but, in spite of their efforts, old Nile keeps his secret still, his source being a virgin spring, of whose waters no civilized man has yet tasted. The Kitangulè rises far away towards the south-west, and its course is known to the natives for eighteen days' journey before it reaches the lake. How much farther its stream must be followed ere the lake or tarn is reached in the Blue Mountains, whose lofty summits, from the shores of the Nyanza, may be dimly discerned by the telescope in the south-west, no one can decide; but wherever this tarn may be, that is the source of the Nile. We say this under the impression that the accounts which former travellers have given are correct. There may, however, be other rivers, still larger than the Kitangulè, falling into the Victoria Nyanza, both from the east and west, and it will be necessary to trace every one of these to its well-spring before we can be said to have cleared up the mystery which for three thousand years has defied the learning, the enterprise, and the energy of man. To return, however, to the Kitangulè; after pursuing a north-easterly course for thirty-five or forty days, it falls into the Victoria Nyanza, which it traverses in part, as the Rhone does the Lake of Geneva; it then, through a gap in the rocks, breaks forth from the lake, and pushes its way through a channel honestly marked in parts with dots in the maps, to intimate that no one has followed its current the whole way. It may be assumed to be the same river which is again fallen in with farther on, and which flows into the Albert Nyanza; but beyond this the uncertainty increases. No doubt Mr. Baker was told of a stream which issued from the lake, and this stream he fairly enough infers to be the White Nile; but before anything is positively stated about that river, much research and investigation will be needed. If Great Britain should think it worth while, the only plan for ensuring success would be to appoint a commission of travellers—ethnologists, geographers, geologists, botanists, photographers—who should survey the whole lake region of Central Africa, and be accompanied by a military escort sufficiently strong to remove from the explorers all idea of danger. A small screw steamer should be taken, and put together on the lakes one after another, so that the whole of their shores might be examined and described. On the return of these commissioners, after completing their labors, we might truly be said to have discovered the sources of the Nile—but not till then.

One practice of our travellers we cannot sufficiently condemn—we mean that of imposing English names on African rivers, lakes, mountains and falls. Why should the White Nile forfeit its ancient appellation, and be lost to geography by being transformed into the Somerset? What had Lord Ripon or Sir Roderick Murchison to do with the Nilotic cataracts, that

* The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker, M. A., F. R. G. S. With Maps, Illustrations and Portraits. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

we should find their names associated with that of Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon? What has the Queen of these realms to do with one of the great lakes, or her lamented consort with the other? Our courtier travellers forget themselves when they revolutionize geography after this fashion. If we had conquered the country and converted it into a colony, such a practice might be tolerable; but, as the case now stands, it is altogether absurd, and we trust that, through reverence for science, geographers will firmly set their faces against so incongruous a mixture of names. Should foreign travellers follow the example set them by our countrymen, what a strange aspect would the surface of Africa soon present, studded with Danish, Swedish, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Greek names, jumbled up with negro appellations, unpronounceable by the European tongue, and with the grand nonomenclature of the Koran! Having made these remarks—which apply to the proceedings of nearly all recent travellers, who, considering their strong propensity to transform everything, may deserve our gratitude for not obliterating Cairo and Damascus from the map of the world, and calling one Hutchison and the other Murchison towns—we go on to observe that, viewed merely as a book of travels, Mr. Baker's work is entitled to high praise. It would be difficult to exaggerate the intrepidity displayed both by him and his wife, who may truly be regarded as one of the most unflinching and devoted of her sex. It is impossible to contemplate without strong sympathy, not the perils she encountered, which we estimate as nothing, but the miseries from fever, from ague, from hunger, from thirst—above all, from the effects of a sunstroke which nearly put a period to her existence in the most odious solitudes on the surface of this globe.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES BY LEPSIUS.

The London *Athenæum* publishes the following extract from a letter written by M. Lepsius, under date of 21st of April, 1866, giving an account of the discoveries he has recently made in Egypt:

"On leaving Port Said one of the engineers of the Isthmus told me that he had seen a short time before a Greek inscription in San, which I very soon found out. It was the corner only of an inscription, the body of which was still covered with masses of old rubbish. A part of this, as well as the rubbish, had by accident fallen down twelve or fourteen days before we arrived there, and had revealed the corner of the inscription. I employed some boys to clear the rest of the stone from the rubbish which lay above, and had the good fortune to discover it to be a great bilingual inscription, in a perfect state of preservation. The hieroglyphical inscription has thirty-seven, the Greek no less than seventy-six, lines of considerable length in small letters, containing much more text than the inscription of Rosetta.

"It is also found that the demotic inscription on this monument was ordered to be added by the priests, 'on a stone or brass stele, in the sacred writing of the Egyptians and in Greek characters.' This is unfortuntaely wanting; but it is evident how precious the other two texts, every word of which is perfectly legible, from the beginning to the end, must be for hieroglyphical studies. The contents of the inscription are not less interesting. It is dated the 9th year the 7th Apellæus—17 Tybi, of the reign of Euergates 1. The priests of Egypt came together in Canopus to celebrate the birthday of Euergates 1. on the 5th Dios, and his assumption of the royal power on the 25th of the same month, when they passed the decree here published. They enumerate all the good deeds of the king, amongst them the merit of having recovered in a military expedition the sacred images carried off in former times by the Persians, and order great honors to be paid in reward for his services.

"One of these rewards is a feast to be celebrated in honor of the king and queen on the day of the rising (or coming forth *perr*) of the *shaa* (or crowns) of Isis, which the priests call the first day of the year; and another honor is a second feast of the same gods, introduced every fourth year between the Epigomena and the first Thoth, in order as it is clearly stated, to avoid henceforth the inconvenience that some of the great feasts relating to the summer were, by the wandering of the civil year, celebrated in the winter and others in the summer which belonged originally to the winter.

"Thus we have the whole theory of the two years—one in use amongst the people, the other known by the priests, as I had stated in my Chronology, and against which a new theory had been started by M. Brugsch in his nevertheless interesting 'Materiaux.' As the stone was not excavated by M. Mariette, whose kind reception and whose full permission to study and to work in the Museum at Bulaq I have to acknowledge, I am sure that it is entirely with his consent that I shall publish this important inscription as soon as possible after my return to Berlin.

"At the Isthmus I found a series of Persian monuments of the time of Darius to commemorate his work of the canal between the Red Sea and the Nile; two of them were hitherto called Serapis and Cambyses, the third was only lately removed by the engineer of the Isthmus. It is remarkable that on one of the blocks near Shatuff

made known by M. de Rozière, of the French expedition, the name of Darius is written in cuneiform characters, but in a cartouche of entirely Egyptian form. M. Mariette, at whose order, on the request of M. de Lesseps, the blocks were laid open, will publish these fragments in the July number of the *Revue Archéologique*.

"Lastly, I have to tell you that I believe we found the ruins of Hauaris (Avaris) on the spot where we pitched our tents for a night in the neighborhood of Pelusium, and where it had been always expected to be found."

ITEMS.

The Peace Conference is to be held at Prague. The preliminaries thereto, as agreed upon, are as follows:

Austria is to withdraw from the German Confederation, and is to lose Venetia and her part of Schleswig Holstein. Austria is also to pay ten million dollars to her adversaries for the expenses of the war. The German States north of the Maine are to form a union under the guidance of Prussia. The German States south of the Maine are to form an independent union.

THE FREEDMEN.—Superintendent Alford reports that in the Southern States there are 1,002 Freedmen's schools, 1,409 teachers and 91,413 scholars. South Carolina and Virginia has the largest number of scholars reported, being respectively 12,017 and 11,784. In North Carolina the number of colored pupils daily attending school averages 9,034. The District of Columbia has 74 schools, 132 teachers and 6,552 scholars. Reuben Tomlinson, Superintendent in schools in South Carolina, reports that "the educational efforts of the past term have had another result not less satisfactory than the progress of the colored children—a growing conviction among the white residents favorable to their education. In many districts the bitterness that was openly manifested toward Yankee teachers is abating, and, in in some cases, requests have been made for northern teachers to be sent to their neighborhoods." In several localities in that State the colored people have interested themselves in the erection of schoolhouses, and have defrayed an equitable proportion of the expenses.

The Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgetown has made application for authority to place Stewart county, Georgia, under martial law, on account of the indisposition of the civil authorities to do justice to the freedmen.

It is fearful to read the accounts of wrong and violence done to the blacks at the South. In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana, great outrages have been committed, and there appears little prospect of a cessation of these wrongs.

The teachers of "Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" located at South Carolina, five in number, have come North, on account of the sickly season. They desire to return to their duties as early as practicable. In order to keep them in the field, it will be necessary to increase the funds of the Association. There is urgent need that the labors of these faithful and earnest teachers should not terminate, and we trust that the many whose hearts are in this cause will not weary, but continue to do what they can to aid the grateful and long-suffering freedmen in the efforts for education.

R. G. Gardiner, presiding elder of the colored district of the Kentucky Conference of M. E. Church, was brutally mobbed on the 24th inst., in Georgetown, Scott county, Kentucky.

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EATON FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A Friends' Boarding School, situated on the Phila. & Balt. C. R. R. Next Term will commence on the 1st of Tenth month next. For Circulars, giving full information, inquire of
EVAN T. SWAYNE, *Principal and Proprietor*,
8 mo. 15, 1866—awa at p 106. Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

BACON ACADEMY.—The Friends' School, Woodstown, N. J. This Institution will be open for Boarders, Ninth month 24th, 1866. Terms, $4.25 per week. For Circular, addresss
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A SELECTION FROM THE LETTERS OF SARAH (LYNES) GRUBB.

An address to her children, written at several different periods.

(Continued from page 372.)

Another remarkable exercise I had, which lay as a perpetual burden on my mind for one whole year. It was to go, on the day called Christmas Day, into the great cathedral called St. Paul's, in London. Shortly before the time arrived, I acquainted some friends with my concern. They did, I believe, tenderly sympathize with me; and having been engaged, for some time previously, visiting in the City, both Friends and others, in company with two friends, they both felt much for me, and one offered to accompany me. About the time the people were to assemble, we two women went into the worship house; taking our places in a gallery not far from the pulpit. The Bishop preached. There did not appear to be a large congregation: they gave marked attention while this man repeated something called a sermon: it was not long. He then immediately kneeled, and uttered words in the form of prayer; but I may acknowledge I was not prepared to witness anything so dry and formal as his communications were altogether. It seemed to me like nothing more than the mere repetition of words, devoid of all that could render them impressive to the hearers. No sooner had the bishop risen from his knees, than he retired without sitting down, or looking at the people: his attendants seemed to be in waiting at the door of the vestry room, as I supposed.

Now while the bishop was withdrawing, I asked, in a loud voice, if the service was over. This I repeated, expecting an answer; but two of the officers of the place came and led me away (my companion following) toward the large entrance, where the people rushed after us to gratify their curiosity, while the men told us we must depart, and not speak there: however, I turned from the great door, and addressed the audience for a short time, to the relief of my own mind: indeed, for this act of dedication in giving up to so singular a thing, I was favored with the time of the flowings of sweet peace in my own soul—*that* which the world can neither give nor take away. When we met my endeared friend J. G. Bevan, who was anxiously waiting for us outside, I felt inexpressible joy, in which I believe he partook. My heavy burden was laid down, and I was like another person. At *least* for twelve months had this matter occasioned me to go bowed down, although I was mostly engaged travelling in the work of the ministry. I did not consider that in this instance of obedience, the way opened for enlargement in preaching the true Teacher, Christ Jesus—the everlasting Bishop of souls; but then I was favored with a belief that the acceptance stood in the obedience, and my soul blessed and praised the Lord.

Divers have been the *peculiar* calls to religious duty, of which my mind from time to

time has been made sensible; once having to walk through Worcester streets, and to speak in the markets there. As I passed along I was drawn to address a recruiting sergeant who was near me: I spoke to him in the dread of the Most High, and had to allude to his employ. At first he seemed ready to be scornful, but as I proceeded, he changed countenance; looking pale, and held down his head, not answering a word. The like has occurred with others. At another town in particular, I recollect seeing a young woman under a gateway; I think it was at Carlisle. She was conversing with a man who stood by. My mind was arrested with a belief that I ought to warn her of the awful consequences of sin, and to turn her to that of her Saviour in her own heart, that would lead from, and redeem out of all iniquity. She listened without any reply; looking as if she would have fainted: the man also waiting to hear me out. Children and young lads who would follow us from place to place in a town, had often been overawed in my turning to them, and charging them to love and fear their God.

At Bath I had to go to the Pump Room, and declare the truth to the gay people who resorted there. This was a time very relieving to my sorely exercised mind. In these days and years of my life, I was seldom from under some heavy burden; so that I went greatly bowed down; sometimes ready to say, "If it be thus with me, O Thou who hast given me a being, I pray Thee take away my life from me." At length I saw to the end of this trying dispensation. I saw clearly that it was fulfilled, like other dispensations that had been allotted me in inscrutable wisdom, and which all have had a tendency to "crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts;" even bringing into a disposition to "bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." Oh! it is good to say amen to the *whole* will of God concerning us: to be patient when brought to a low estate, and "make not haste in time of trouble."

In the year 1801 I wrote thus:—"Oh! my heavenly Father, Thou hast seen me in the depth of tribulation, in my many journeyings and travails. When, in obedience to the holy leadings of thy Spirit, I went forth, Thou didst take cognizance of me: when I felt the woes of the wicked, when I passed by the gates of death. It was thy power which supported me when no flesh could help; when man could not comprehend the depth of mine exercise. Without Thee I could not have gone, bearing my cross into the public streets, into the hurrying markets; warning the people of thy justice in "rewarding every man according to his works, and according to the fruit of his doings;" inviting all to love and fear thy great, thy holy Name. By Thee have my feet entered the prison-houses, and my tongue declared of thy goodness: holding forth the invitation to be acquainted with Thee in thy Christ, and be set free from the bondage of corruption: to come from under the law of sin and death, into the glorious liberty of thy Gospel. Thou hast many, many times led me into the sick ward, unto the bed of languishing, and unto the rolling pillow. Thou hast given me to minister of thy word to the afflicted, and to put my soul in their soul's stead, in some degree. Thou hast enabled me to lift up my voice as a trumpet, not only to thy gathered Church, but as it were to Jews and Gentiles. Without Thee, O Thou fulness of strength, I am less than the worm of the dust. Be Thou only, and forever exalted in, by, and through thy poor child; and let nothing be able to pluck me out of thy hand. Amen."

I am far from acknowledging myself to have been without unwatchfulness, even while preaching to others. Often, very often, have I mourned over my frail erring nature; and bitter anguish hath at times taken hold upon me, in a sight and sense of my wretchedness without my Saviour. Yea, to this day do I find shame and confusion cover me, because of my want of strict adherence to the all-preserving principle of Divine grace. In it lies *our* sufficiency, as certainly as was the case with any, in any age; for it is the manifestation of Christ Jesus the Lord, who came in the flesh, and is come in the spirit, to save us from our sins. There have been seasons mercifully afforded me, notwithstanding all that I deplore, when an evidence has been granted that my past sins were remitted, and that He who had brought my soul through tribulation, had also washed me with the water of regeneration, and purged me from mine iniquities in His own blood, of His own free mercy; to whom be ascribed salvation and glory, now and for ever, Amen. And oh that I may be vigilant—that I may be kept low in the fear of the Most High; "lest, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

In the year 1803 I was united in marriage to your dear father. After leaving Anner Mills, and while on board ship, crossing to England, a secret caution seemed given me, to beware how I listened to any proposals of this kind. And although it was my lot to be tried therewith in more than one instance, in this my native country, I was kept from encouraging the thing (there being a want of clearness in my mind respecting it) until the fulness of time came, that your beloved father and myself were to enter into the solemn covenant with each other, to share the toils and joys of life together. Oh, I have no doubt, not the least, that Divine Wisdom pointed out the suitableness and propriety of our becoming each other's;

and He has been with us from time to time, through all the vicissitudes experienced. Yea, in blessing He has blessed us, and rendered us a blessing to each other. He hath enabled us to go, as it were, hand in hand, while pursuing the path cast up for us. He has been graciously pleased to sustain us in many trials; evidencing that He knew our souls in adversity, and, in His own time, hath brought deliverance May His works praise Him still, even by and through His unworthy children!

The tribulations attendant on illness, and twice that of death, have been heavy. In one of my long fits of illness, and while several of our household were visited with indisposition, my dear husband and I held certificates for travelling. Great, truly great, was the trial of my faith; and much did I seek to commit all into the Divine hand, again and again. At length, while yet confined (I think) wholly to bed, my soul distinctly heard the voice of its Well beloved, saying, in the very language of Scripture, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Oh! my mind was prepared to understand and receive the gracious answer to all my prayers, my sighs, and my groans. I saw indeed that of myself I was vile; but He who, to me, was the chief of ten thousand, had again and again washed me in His own blood; and I found my spirit united to Him in the covenant of His own life, in which I bowed my heart and gave thanks. From this time I rapidly mended in health; and before long, we left home to accomplish the service of the Gospel before us.

We have seldom been easy to stay at home more than a few months at a time, even since it has pleased the Almighty to vouchsafe to us our precious offspring. When nursing you I was led to engagements in the ministry around our dwelling; and when my love babe, my first-born, was but eight months old, I left her for five months, to travel in Ireland, Scotland and England; my dear husband accompanying me. This, and many such sacrifices, have cost my nature much suffering; but I have apprehended them called for, as the first-fruits of all bestowed upon us by our bountiful Creator.

In 1818 I wrote as follows:—

"*Clonmel, 25th of 6th month.*—Having for some years believed that the Lord, who hath a right to dispose of us as He sees meet, was drawing my mind to a residence in England; and being aware of the very great importance of such a step, many and deep have been my conflicts, and great the searching of heart to know that the call was indeed in that which cannot err. I acquainted my dear companion in life from time to time with my views; and knowing that I was much pressed down by the weight of this concern, and being himself truly desirous of following the leadings of truth, he surmounted the great difficulty of bringing his mind to consent to go out from his native country, and from his kindred, and to leave also his business and property, and to live away from it, where he possessed nothing, but must draw his outward support, from time, for himself and family, from his own land; being resigned to all this, and to the very great reluctance of friends to part with us. We acquainted our Monthly Select Meeting with what lay upon our minds, in the 3d month last. From them we met with much discouragement, and continue to meet with it from all but a very few, who, in this thing, are enabled to look beyond 'things that are seen, and are temporal, to those that are not seen, and are eternal.' My beloved husband is favored with a sense that it is right to go; and there seems no reason for us to be greatly moved, or to draw back. We are not likely, in removing, to promote our worldly interest, but are brought to a willingness to give up all to the Lord. He can bless the little, or cause a blast to come upon that which is more. The opposition we meet with is like a host; our friends find it hard to let us go, and many reason strongly against it; which if we had done, we should not have mentioned it to them. I see plainly, that should we be led forth from this place, it must indeed be by a patient reliance on the strong hand, and the outstretched arm of Him who is mighty, and hath already done for us great things. My beloved J. G. had, some weeks back, to supplicate the Great Name in a remarkable line, and with great solemnity, that He would make our way, and enable us to erect an altar to His wonderful and excellent Name, where He might appoint.

"*28th of 6th month.*—Many times of late have I thought on the dear Redeemer's condescending goodness and mercy, in enduring temptation for our sakes. It is an unspeakable consolation that we have Him, the great High Priest, to look to in all our trials; who being Himself 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities,' knows how to succor us in our greatest temptations. Oh Lord keep me, I beseech Thee, low in thy fear.

"*5th of 7th month.*—Some amongst us have given me plainly to understand, that they believe me to be under a delusion with respect to the prospect of removing with our family from this place to England. How then is it, that while this concern was ripening, it pleased the Lord to be with me; to send me forth in His name through this nation; to grant the living and blessed authority of His Spirit in declaring the truth? Yea, even just before disclosing my

views, how did I go in His fear, and visit the meetings in this province of Munster: the humbling, baptizing power of truth being, from place to place, in blessed dominion; so that divers felt it like a farewell visit, and some say they believe the Great Master was about to remove me, at least for a while, from this Quarterly Meeting. I was truly of their opinion, and strengthened in my views as to leaving Ireland. After a painful interview with some friends on this subject, my dear husband had it from the Lord, to encourage me to attend to the pure openings of truth; saying, 'Thy God whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee.' Even now, under all I have to bear, I find that the name of the Lord is a strong tower, where my soul finds refuge. Were it not so, how could I adopt the language as I do, 'Cast down, but not destroyed,' &c.? Indeed I have lately felt, that were it not for the invincible fortress which is open to the oppressed and bowed down, I must have been destroyed by that which is without. Blessed be Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts; and blessed be my Rock and my Redeemer! Ah! He knows the simplicity with which He enabled me to look to Him in this great exercise; and to Him I appeal, who knows that I have no motive in wishing to remove from this land, but to follow His holy leadings, to act in His counsel, and to prosecute my day's work in His fear."

(To be continued.)

EARLY MORNING.—Who has not felt the calm influence of that peaceful hour? To a thoughtful mind, it inspires the heart to holy contemplation, and bows the spirit in adoration before the throne of the great Ruler of nature. It is then, obedient to his mandate, darkness retires, and the young day springs into existence. What time so fitted to crave the blessing of our Heavenly Parent and ask his protecting care.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A Testimony of Nine Partners Monthly Meeting concerning our esteemed Friend, ELEAZOR HAVILAND, *deceased.*

For the strength and encouragement of the living, we think it right to preserve the memory of the faithful laborers in the Church, and those whose example through life have been worthy of imitation. Such has been the case with our dear departed friend.

He was born in the town of Patterson, then in Duchess county, State of New York, the 22d of Fifth month, 1777. His parents, Isaac and Anne Haviland, were worthy members of Society, and concerned to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This, their son, by accounts, in his early years, did not give way to the excesses of vivacity, to which youth is too often prone, but his conduct through that period was marked with steadiness and gravity. After his marriage, he settled within the verge of this Meeting, where he continued to the end of his days. He was a worthy member of Society, and received a gift in the ministry, which was acknowledged about the year 1812, though it was not in the eloquence of man's wisdom, yet sound and edifying, to that of dividing the word aright. He was many times engaged in the weighty service of visiting families, for which he was well qualified, not only those in his own Monthly Meeting, but those of others.

At one time he performed an extensive visit to the families of Friends and friendly people on the Island of Nantucket, at the close of which, a worthy elder, who had accompanied him from house to house, remarked to his companion, that he never had attended a Friend on such a mission whose gift was so remarkable to speak to their several states and conditions as he himself knew, being his neighbors and intimate friends. He was a man of sound judgment, both in matters of spiritual and important nature, and remarkable for his moderation and discretion, especially in times of excitement. He was diligent in the attendance of meetings, and once in a severe storm in winter, on the first day of the week, when to all probability none would attempt to attend, he thought it right to open the house and perhaps sit alone; but a neighbor, a man of dissolute habits, seeing the indications of a meeting in such inclement weather, was induced by motives of curiosity to come in and take a seat. After a time of silence, Eleazor imparted a few words of counsel and admonition, which so reached him, that from thenceforth he forsook the evil of his ways.

He always manifested a lively concern for the welfare of Society, and that Friends, both by example and precept, should live consistent with their profession. Among his papers was found he had penned an exercise respecting their taking a part in the affairs of government, of which the following is an extract:—

"I have my doubts of the propriety of Friends exercising their right of suffrage in common with others, even under our Federal Government, which seems best suited to the present state of the people; yet it is sustained by physical and coercive measures. Friends, as a religious Society, have declared to the world that they profess an acquaintance with a knowledge of the dispensation of the Gospel, and Christ the Saviour of men testified, that His kingdom was not of this world, else would his servants fight; therefore, dear friends, I would most affectionately and tenderly query, if we were a well organized and united body, we should not be more likely to be instrumental in hastening the coming and establishing the

Redeemer's Government, than by a participation in the commotion and excitement of politics;" and these views were demonstrated by his example.

This our dear friend was much devoted to the cause of truth, travelling in the ministry, not only in his own Yearly Meeting, but performed, several times, extensive visits in all the Yearly Meetings on this continent, and by testimonials on his returning minutes it appears that his gospel labors were very acceptable to Friends.

In all his movements he had a particular regard to the good order of society; never going from home on a religious account, without the concurrence of his friends and obtaining a minute, except to two or three adjacent Quarterly Meetings; and often expressed the strength their unity and sympathy afforded him when far from home, under trials and deep baptism.

When ministers came amongst us, he was careful not to stand in their way, evincing a thoughtfulness that his labors in his own meeting could be performed at a more appropriate time.

He frequently expressed a wish that he might be preserved from committing any act tending to the dishonor of truth.

By accounts, he had attended his own Yearly Meeting for more than fifty years in succession, and at the last one, after a few sittings, his attendance was interrupted by the rupture of a bloodvessel, but in a few weeks recovered so as to attend steadily his own meeting for eighteen months after, till within about two weeks of his death. His communications continued to be in the life to the last, and also his social intercourse agreeable and instructive; verifying the declaration of the Psalmist, "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age."

He was confined to his bed but a few days, during which time he was patient, cheerful and affectionate, remarking to a Friend that nothing stood in his way, and he felt nothing but love towards the whole human family; at another time, to one who called to see him he said, "I feel unable to converse much, but love to have my friends come in and sit with me in silence." About half an hour before his departure, his nephew perceiving his laborious breathing, asked him why it was the good should suffer? After a little pause he replied, "Our good Lord and Master suffered." Soon after, being assisted to lie down, remarked, "I think you will not assist me again;" and, turning himself over in bed, expired without a struggle, the 27th of Twelfth month, 1863, aged 86 years and 7 months. His remains were interred on the 31st, from Friends' Meeting-house, after a large and solemn meeting.

Signed by direction and on behalf of Nine Partners Monthly Meeting, held 20th of Tenth month, 1864.

JUSTUS C. HAVILAND,
MARY BARROW,
Clerks.

At Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting, held 8th of Eleventh month, 1864.

The foregoing memorial of our friend, Eleazor Haviland, was read and approved, and directed to be forwarded to the Meeting for Sufferings.

Extracted from the Minutes by
CLARK C. BARMORE,
MARY BARROW,
Clerks.

At a Meeting for Sufferings held in New York on the 29th of Fifth month, 1865.

Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting forwarded a memorial from Nine Partners Monthly Meeting, concerning our friend Eleazor Haviland, deceased, which was read, approved and directed to the Yearly Meeting.

SAMUEL WILLETTS,
Clerk.

"The law of Truth is, that it cannot be shut up without becoming a dead thing, and mortifying the whole nature. Not the truth which a man knows, but that which he says and lives becomes the soul's life.

Truth cannot bless except when it is lived for, proclaimed and suffered for.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.—PROVERBS.

Thus to conduct the "ways of her household" is, indeed, the fulfilment of a high trust; but I have felt that the text may have, also, a deeper significance. A "virtuous woman" (or man, for they are one in Christ) is engaged to look well to her household—to the temple of her own heart,—that all may be rightly ordered there, every faculty and gift in its proper place, and subservient to the design of the great Architect. He or she who is thus vigilant, and concerned that the work of each successive day may be done in its season,—nothing suffered to accumulate in corners or by-places, submitting all to the light which makes manifest, endeavoring to bring every thought to the obedience of Christ—*these* will not eat the bread of idleness, but when the bridegroom cometh, will be prepared to open unto him immediately; and if he come in the second watch, or in the third watch, and find them so, "blessed are those servants."

"*Her candle goeth not out by night.*"

Much of the instruction contained in Scripture is conveyed in metaphor. In Revelation the Church is represented "as a woman clothed

with the sun,"—as a bride. Again, she is described as coming out of the wilderness, leaning on her beloved! A beautiful and glorious figure, the union of human and divine—human weakness sustained by omnipotent strength—joined in an everlasting covenant.

When outward prospects are most gloomy, her faith and confidence endure. Her candle goeth not out by night, but shines brighter in surrounding darkness. As with the church collectively, so with the individual, we must each account for the talent committed to our trust. The candle is placed in the heart, and if not obscured by the defilements of sin, would shine more and more, not only directing our individual steps, but as a guide to others in their journey through the labyrinth of time.

R. HILL.

It is a grand idea of St Augustine, to designate the whole Church of all time, "The city of God,"—the building made without hands, which grows up through all the centuries, to stand when time shall be no more. At present we live in its *narrow streets*, and we cannot command a view of the whole; but when our standpoint is *in Heaven*, we shall be able to trace its vast circumference and progressive architecture.—*S. R. Pattison.*

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such and no other, can come out.—*Leighton.*

From Home Life.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

BY J. G. WARE.

There is not a gift of God to man which has been so universally misunderstood and abused as the gift of the Sabbath day—misunderstood and abused quite as much by the religious as by the irreligious.

Handed from generation to generation—always found in our homes and accepted there,—we have gone up thinking that woe remained for those who should depart by one jot or one tittle from the accustomed method of keeping it.

The sanction of years has had with us the weight of authority, and wherever the New Englander has gone, has gone with him, as a peculiar institution, the New England Sunday I would not speak lightly of a day about which clusters so much that is sacred. I would not deny influences of good that have gone out from it. Stern, harsh, repulsive, exacting, we owe to it much of that which distinguishes New England character, and wins for it confidence and respect. I honor the day. I believe in its capacity for good. I respect the memory of those old men who fashioned and transmitted it to us, while I long to see a more thoroughly Christian spirit pervading it.

Ours has been too long rather the Jew's Sabbath, than the Christian's Sunday. I would still wish to remember the Sabbath to keep it holy; but it should be with the holiness of the spirit of the religion of Jesus, not with that of the letter of Moses.

Nothing can be clearer than the abrogation of the Jewish Sabbath.

The Saviour more than once showed that its ceremonies and forms, and its idea of rest, had no place under his religion.

He said that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Man was not to conform to it, but it was to conform to man, changing its methods and modes as the changing circumstances of man required. He was not to be the slave, but the lord of the Sabbath. It may have been all very well that the Jew should keep the day as he did. It was, perhaps, the best way for him. It may be that the Puritan kept it in the best way for himself and his age; but that Puritan strictness and narrowness are desirable, or can be efficacious, in our day, were it not for the power of education and prejudice, no one would allow, and the persistent attempts to force an observance upon a generation every way unlike those going before, is producing pernicious and lasting, if not fatal results. Many, both of the older and younger, are repelled from the day, or observe it only in form, to whom it would be holiest and welcomest if it came in the broad and liberal spirit of the gospel; while others, frowned upon by those who take to themselves the exclusive spirit of sanctity, are using it to truest advantage. Another generation will not pass without a radical change in the keeping of holy time. There are signs which make that sure.

How shall I best spend the Sunday? is the anxious question of many, and the patent answer less and less suffices. Not the indifferent and the scoffer, but the man with serious faith and devout life, begins to doubt of so much church-going, of such exclusive religious and public use of the day. I am free to confess that I believe the Sunday will only be safely and sacredly used when it shall be made to minister to a man's domestic and social needs quite as much as his religious. . . . . .

If the Sabbath was made for man, it was made for man in the home, just as surely as for man in the church; and he who, through devotedness to his church, leaves the home to itself, does not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

The Jewish day was reckoned from sunset to

sunset. The Jewish Sabbath, consequently, began with the setting sun of the day previous, —if such an expression be allowable. The Puritans, who were rather Jewish than Christian in their faith and in their forms, imitated this custom, and, as it was called, "kept" Saturday night as a sort of preparation. There was an element of truth and value in that, though carried by them to an extreme.

It chanced that part of my boyhood was passed upon the Connecticut River, where then lingered, in all its force, the old Puritan vigor of faith and conduct and form. The sinking of the Saturday's sun was a thing of dread to us children, for it ushered in the long, weary, monotonous Sabbath, born, as we thought, out of due time. In the short winter days, how soon that setting came; and then woe to that luckless youngster whom the desire for one coast more, or one more skate over the pond, prevented from reaching home before the stars came out. My own was a harder case than most, for those under whose charge I was had brought with them from their home the habit of observing the Sunday evening, while the community in which they resided demanded as scrupulous observance of Saturday evening; so that I, instead of escaping both, as I ought, was compelled to keep both. I can see now those Sunday suns sinking in the west.

Anxious eyes, through the village and at the farm-house windows, wait for the last ray, and then, as the cautious father decides that Sunday is really past, the doors fly open, the boys and girls rush out to play, and upon the still evening air resound the blows of the farmer's axe as he prepares the wood for the Monday washing. All of this I saw,—I, too, longed to be free,—but alas! the inexorable Sabbath held me till the morrow.

This was the extreme, and it is thus that in the end all extremes caricature the truth. The idea of preparing for Sunday was a good one, but the loosening of all restraint upon the Sunday evening—a virtual compensation for the thrall of the evening previous—was an inconsistency unworthy of the day, ludicrous in many respects at the time, and injurious in its influence. At school, in other places, I encountered, in a mitigated form, the use of the Saturday evening as a preparation for the ensuing day, and I have seen something of it in homes, and I pronounce it good. Many a little household duty may just as well be attended to on Saturday evening as left to worry and harrass a morning, the most pressed and anxious of all the week—if the truth were told—in many a home.

It would be great wisdom in the head of the home to insist that a certain class of Sunday necessities should be attended to on Saturday, and a greater wisdom still if a later portion of the evening should be used for such reading and thought as will gradually bring the mind away from its world life, and prepare it to enter upon the higher duties and privileges of the morrow. Largely the Sunday fails of accomplishing what it should, because it finds us unprepared. We break sharply and reluctantly and but half away from the routine of ordinary life, rather at the compulsions of a regular hour than from the impellings of the heart. We need a gradual *toning down* of thought and life. We cannot really enjoy and improve Sunday without it. The great gulf we fix between our work days and our Sundays, between our world-life and our soul-life, we cannot jump or bridge, but must pass quietly and deliberately over.

Saturday evening should be for the subsiding of the things of the world, that the dawn of the morrow may be the right dawning for the first day of the week. It should be as the porch to the temple of the Sabbath.

I have brought with me from childhood a reminiscence of Saturday afternoons, which I enjoy vastly as a reminiscence, but in vain strive to produce again as a fact. I cannot make Saturday afternoon seem as Saturday afternoon used to. All things about them wore a peculiar aspect. All sounds and silence even were unlike what they were at other times. It was as if Nature were preparing for the Sabbath,—as if her unpolluted ear caught from far the first signal of the approaching of one of the days of the Son of man, and reverently prepared to meet it.

Other nights shut down around us as calm and still. Just as sweet and cheerful were the evening songs of the birds, just as content the loitering cows coming from pasture, just as long and silent the shadows upon the fields and away off upon the hills each night as then; but there was something ineffable of peace, content, rest, that no other evening had,—a foreshadowing of the Sabbath,—which must have been caught unconsciously from those preparatory duties always associated with the last evening of the week. It was a feeling of childhood, perhaps, and, like childhood, has passed away forever; but as David longed for the water of the well by the gate of Bethlehem, so have I longed to feel as I once did on the evening of the day preceding the Sabbath.

(To be continued.)

"A lighted lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing; it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are in the house." And so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

TEMPTATION.

One end that God has in permitting his people to be tempted is, for the prevention of greater evils, that they may not grow proud or careless, or be ensnared by the corrupt customs of the world. The light carriage, vain confidence, and inconsistent conduct of many professed Christians, might have been, in some measure, prevented, had they been more acquainted with this spiritual welfare, and had they drank of the cup of temptation, which but few of those who walk humbly and uprightly are exempted from tasting the bitterness of, though not all in the same degree.—*John Newton.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 25, 1866.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.—An essay bearing this title contains so much that is suggestive, and by which many may profit, that we are disposed to give it a place. We do not adopt all the views of the writer, and wish that he could in his pleasant style have brought out more forcibly the great truth, that each day of the week is alike holy in the sight of Heaven; yet we fully approve the practice of abstaining from secular labor one day in seven. It is, we believe, not only conducive to the health of mind and body, but mercy to the animals by which man is so faithfully served, demands that they should also be considered and permitted a season of rest; and we have been pleased to find the subject treated in so attractive a manner.

The rigor with which the so-called Orthodox Christians have enforced their peculiar faith in relation to the "Sabbath," has occasioned, no doubt, many to adopt the opposite extreme. But the rational tone of the article in question is calculated to disabuse the mind of the errors into which these religionists may have fallen, and lead into a serious investigation as to what this day, set apart for religious and physical benefit, requires of us, so that we may prove good exemplars in a community which we are solicitous may be found fearing, or, in other words, *loving* God and keeping his commandments, which the Bible tells us "is the whole duty of man."

To the allusion to home-teaching, we would especially call attention, as we have long felt there exists a lack of familiar intercourse between parents and children in relation to that which most nearly affects our present and future well-being. From the feeling of a want of qualification for it, or through fear of improperly biassing the tender mind, have not opportunities been neglected wherein spiritual instruction might have been given, which would have strengthened the love for "the beautiful and the true," even in early childhood.

In no way, perhaps, are parents made more fully to realize the importance of having themselves *sought* and *obtained* than when, in the development of its mental powers, the object of their tenderest affection and care turns towards them with the fullest confidence in paternal ability for an answer to every query which is suggested to its active and inquiring mind.

The author of "Sunday at Home" tells us that "above and before all others, the parent ought to be the religious teacher of the child;" that "through all discouragement, defeat and failure, we are to toil at it, till, by experiment and the blessing of God, we have arrived at the ability to meet and discharge our obligation."

The Seventh-day afternoon relaxations brought pleasantly to mind the days of yore, when, the business of the week having been accomplished, we were at liberty, in holiday attire, to indulge our childish inclination to read, ramble or visit our friends—precious privileges in the estimation of children! And now that we have grown older, let us not forget to sympathize with their *needs* in the spring-time of life, that so happily we may gain their confidence and love, and thereby make it easy for them to fulfil the commandment to "Honor thy father and mother in the days of thy youth," and to become subjects of the higher law engraven by the Divine finger upon the tablet of the heart.

The time of holding Nottingham Quarterly Meeting has been changed from the sixth day after the third Second-day, to the sixth day after the fourth Second-day in the Second, Fifth, Eighth and Eleventh months.

DISCIPLINARY ACTION TOWARDS THOSE WHO HAVE VIOLATED OUR TESTIMONY AGAINST WAR.—Our Society has, since its rise, through trial and persecution, maintained inviolate the

belief that the Spirit of the Gospel breathes "peace on earth, good will to men." It has ever been its earnest concern to adhere faithfully to "our ancient testimony against wars and fightings, avoiding to unite with any in warlike measures, either offensive or defensive; that by the innocence of our conduct we may convincingly demonstrate ourselves to be real subjects of the Messiah's peaceful reign, and be instrumental in the promotion thereof."

This holy and beautiful principle of peace has come to be recognized as one of the badges of our profession, and that we cannot consistently enter into war, or under any circumstances perform military services, is now generally acknowledged by the governments of the world. For the establishment of this fact we can scarcely feel sufficiently grateful. Our fathers labored, and we are entered into their labors.

That all have not seen this principle so clearly as to enable them to manifest it fully before the world, need not cause undue discouragement. On the contrary, when we consider that Christian humility is the only soil in which no germ of enmity can flourish, and remember how difficult it is to dwell in that state in which the passions indulge in war no more, instead of feeling discomfitted that all had not attained unto that measure of faith which would enable them to rely upon Divine power, should we not rather rejoice and take courage that so many gave evidence that their trust is not in chariots, nor in horses, but in the name of the Lord our God.

The Discipline or Constitution of our Society emphatically declares that "the kingdom we seek is not of this world, but a kingdom whose subjects are redeemed from those captivating lusts from which wars and fightings proceed;" and it enjoins upon us to "seek peace and pursue it, remembering that we are called to love one another." Could this condition be maintained, it would establish us in that humble, watchful spirit, in which, through close attention, to the monitions of Divine grace, we should be preserved in a conduct consistent with our holy profession. But as we are liable to deviate from the path of rectitude and to fall under temptation, it is the province of religious association to strengthen the weak and build up one another in that faith which works by love to the purifying of the heart.

When individual members go counter to the principle of peace and violate any of the specifications of the Discipline, they become amenable thereto, and subjects of the concern and care of their respective meetings. But while there is one spirit, the revelation of it varies in different minds and different conditions of the same mind; so there are many points growing out of our testimony in relation to war and connected with it, as the payment of duties, taxes, investing in government bonds, and using government money, that have been wisely left to individual feelings. But so far as Friends have felt themselves, as a body of Christians, called upon to bear to the world their principles and testimonies, they have incorporated them in their Discipline and have maintained them as a Society. To the Discipline all are amenable; and unless a member has violated some expressed point, he is not a subject for disciplinary action, and should not, either publicly or privately, be charged with unfaithfulness or inconsistency: though we all should ever feel willing to receive counsel or the manifestation of concern for our welfare and progress in the truth, whether we have become amenable to the Discipline or not.

The duty of Society toward those of its members who, during the late time of trial, violated our testimony in relation to war, has claimed the deep and solemn consideration of many of the Monthly Meetings in this and other Yearly Meetings. As far as we have heard, the course usually pursued has been to appoint a committee of solid Friends to confer with Overseers, and report their united judgment for the action of their respective meetings. As many of these cases of violation arose from inexperience and under excitement, time was given for due reflection and examination, before disciplinary action, and tender care was taken, in order for their preservation and restoration. They were encouraged to examine carefully the importance and necessity there is for all who are members to maintain inviolate our righteous principles and testimonies. "The law maketh not the comers thereunto perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope does."

This extension of Christian tenderness and

love, has, in many instances, had the effect to attach those who had deviated, more closely to the Society of Friends, and some of these have acknowledged they have been led to see the peace testimony in a light they never did before. We annex the addresses of two of our Monthly Meetings to such of their members as were delinquents on this account.

To the Members of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, who have violated our Discipline by bearing arms, or otherwise participating in warlike measures.

Dear Friends: During the progress of the late war, our Monthly Meeting followed with affectionate interest and solicitude such of its members as went forth to the field of slaughter, with earnest desires that they might be preserved and restored again to their families and friends. While the strife was raging, and the voice of mourning and lamentation was heard over the land, we could only offer our prayers that these ravages might be stayed, and that our country might again be favored with the blessing of peace.

Our spirits are clothed with thankfulness that harmony is now measurably restored, and in that love which would gather all, we would affectionately invite you to a consideration of those peaceable principles which you were led to disregard. No argument is necessary to prove the value of the Christian testimony to peace, and we may safely assert, that as we advance in the spiritual life, we shall be led out of the disposition which leads to war and strife. We confidently appeal to each one of you, whether the teachings of the blessed Saviour, if faithfully followed, would not only lead out of wars and fightings, but would enable all to place their dependence for preservation upon that Almighty arm, which, in the hour of trial, has never failed those who have trusted in it.

The advent of the Messiah was ushered in by the angelic anthem, "Glory to God in the highest—and on earth peace,—good will toward men." When brought before Pilate, he emphatically declared, "My kingdom is not of this world; else would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered unto the Jews." And when he sealed this testimony with his blood, he meekly submitted, and breathed forth the sublime prayer, "Father, forgive them—they know not what they do."

We believe the testimonies of Friends are in accordance with the teaching and example of our Divine Master, as recorded in the New Testament, and the Discipline of our Society enjoins upon its members "in no way to unite with any in warlike measures, either offensive or defensive, that by the inoffensiveness of our conduct we may convincingly demonstrate ourselves to be real subjects of the Messiah's peaceful reign, and be instrumental in the promotion thereof towards its desired completion, when, according to ancient prophecy, "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," and its inhabitants "shall learn war no more."

We are sensible, dear friends, that the peculiar circumstances by which we have been surrounded during this great struggle, has involved most Friends in a greater or less complicity with warlike measures, and while we feel our deficiencies in this respect, our Monthly Meeting is concerned that all its members may unite in more faithfully upholding the peaceable testimony, by which our Society has been distinguished since its rise.

With this view we have been appointed to confer with you, and we propose to forward this communication through members of our committee, when practicable, in the hope that by personal intercourse your interest in the concerns of the Society may be increased, and that you may unite with us in the endeavor to advance the testimony to the peaceable nature of Christ's kingdom.

James Mott,	William Hawkins,
William Eyre,	William C. Biddle,
Caleb Clothier,	John Saunders,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Geo. W. Robins,
Samuel Parry,	Edward Parrish,
William Dorsey,	Hugh McIlvain,
J. H. McIlvain,	Jos. M. Truman, Jr.

Philadelphia, 12th mo. 22d, 1865.

To the Members of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street, Philadelphia, who have violated our Discipline by bearing arms, or otherwise participating in warlike measures.

Dear Friends: We address you in the spirit of Christian love, with the view of calling your attention to the fact, that having been engaged in bearing arms, or otherwise participating in warlike measures, you have made yourselves amenable to the Discipline of the religious Society of which you are members.

It must be patent to all of you, that no organized body, whether civil, political or religious, can exist and properly exercise its functions unless its members do conform to its rules and requirements.

The religious Society of Friends is not an exception to this rule; and, while we are disposed to extend widely the mantle of charity, yet we feel it our duty, as a society, faithfully to uphold our discipline and testimony against all wars and fightings.

We censure and condemn none who, from nest motives, differ from us in religious ntiment, and who have pursued a course we nnot approve; yet we greatly desire that our loved youth, and all those of our members ho entered into the strife of war from what er motives, may become willing to enlist nder the banner of the "Prince of Peace," be bjects of His kingdom and follow his teachgs, which will lead out of all strife and conntion, qualify for the enjoyment of this life, nd prepare for that which is to come.

We know there are different growths in ligious knowledge and experience, and that be able fully to understand and appreciate e Discipline and Testimonies of the Society Friends, its members must have made conderable advancement therein.

There may be many who have not yet come into nat condition, and, as the religious Society of riends holds the same comparative relation to s members as that of parent to child, it is the nty of each to respect and observe its Discine with that trustful confidence that an edient child reveres the counsels and reraints of a godly parent; and, as a tender ther is ever ready to restore into his confience and love a child who may have gone unter to his commands, even so we are ready receive back again into full religious fellowip such of our members who manifest by ord and deed a desire for that restoration. We therefore kindly, but earnestly, ask you to riously to consider the subject, and endeavor seek that qualification by which you may see e matter in its true light, and be enabled to ake such an offering as will be acceptable to e Monthly Meeting.

We affectionately invite you to the more freent attendance of our religious meetings, in e hope that your interest in the Society of riends and in one another may thereby be inreased, and that we may all be strengthened upholding the peaceable doctrines of Christ id the testimonies professed by us as a people.

At a Monthly Meeting of Friends held at reen street, Philadelphia, on the nineteenth ay of the Seventh month, A. D. 1866, the ove Address was read and adopted, and the lerk was directed to sign it on behalf of the eeting.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

PHILADELPHIA, 7th mo. 19th, 1866.

MARRIED, on the 16th of 11th mo., 1865, according the order of the religious society of Friends, HARLES E., son of Charles Swain, to MARGARET, aughter of Elwood Brown, all of Fall Creek Meetg, Ind.

———, on the 17th of 5th mo., 1866, according the order of the religious Society of Friends, ISAAC , son of Richard M. Lukens, to EDITH, daughter of seph M. Satterthwait, all of Fall Creek Meeting, d.

DIED, EDWARD D. COWGILL, son of Henry and Angelica S. Cowgill, at their residence near Willow-Grove, Kent County, Delaware, Seventh month 23d, 1866, in his twenty-sixth year.

——, on 6th of Eighth month, 1866, of typhoid pneumonia, SARAH J. BONSALL, daughter of Thomas and Susan P. Bonsall, the latter deceased, in the fortieth year of her age, a member of Bradford Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 1st of Ninth month, 1864, L. TAYLOR, son of Enos and Ann T. Heacock, of Mahoning Co., Ohio, aged nearly ten years.

——, on the 11th of Seventh month, 1866, EMMA A., daughter of Uriah and Sarah B. Heacock, of Mahoning Co, Ohio, in the twelfth year of her age.

—— on the 31st of Seventh month, 1866, WILSON, son of Nathan L. and Maria L. Heacock, of the same County and State, aged eighteen months.

——, on the 24th of Seventh month, 1866, J. COMLY LAMBORN, aged 3 years, 3 months and 6 days, only son of George S. and Sarah W. Lamborn.

——, on Seventh-day, 11th of Eighth month, at the residence of his brother, John Lancaster, near Fallston, Md., JOSEPH LANCASTER, in the 69th year of his age, a member of Little Falls Monthly Meeting.

For more than 32 years it was the lot of this Friend to be afflicted with an incurable disease of the spine, which rendered him almost helpless throughout those long and wearisome years. Having been in moderate circumstances at the commencement of this afflictive dispensation, he felt very keenly, for some years, the sense of his helpless and dependent condition, under an apprehension of being burdensome to his friends; but for the last sixteen years of his confinement he appeared to be entirely reconciled to his situation.

He was possessed of a cheerful and social disposition, and enjoyed the company and conversation of the Friends who visited him. His waking hours, when not suffering extremely with his complaint, were mostly spent in reading or knitting; or when not thus engaged, in innocent amusements, to gratify the children of his brother's family, to whom he became an object of strong attachment.

Many a frolicsome hour of childish glee was spent in "Uncle Josey's room;" for, though he was unable to walk, he could sit up on the bed, or on his chair, and shuffle himself about, and many were the diversions he would contrive for their entertainment. Throughout his long and tedious confinement, he was an object of careful solicitude to his brother and sister-in-law; on the latter the special care of the invalid brother chiefly devolved, and her kind attentions inspired him with feelings of deep gratitude and affection.

About two weeks previous to his decease he was taken ill, and his complaint not yielding to the usual remedies, he became sensible that the time of his departure was at hand, and expressed to the Friends who visited him his entire resignation, the serenity of his countenance fully confirming the assurances that he gave of an abiding hope, that when the earthly house of his tabernacle should be dissolved, he would have a building of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In the life and in the peaceful departure of this afflicted friend, we have a memorable evidence that it is not to the blessing of health, the acquisition of wealth, of position, or worldly advantages alone that we are to look for our highest and purest enjoyment; but to a full and entire surrender of the human to the Divine will; hoping, believing, and trusting that the Judge of the whole earth will do what is right.

Fallston, Md., 8 mo. 15th, 1866. E. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRAGMENTS OF BARK FROM OUR CLUB.

NO. III.

8th month.

In our studies among the water plants last month, we saw much that was curious and beautiful. We brought home, for leisure inspection, several floral beauties of the stream; more especially for the curious little animals which we guessed had built their frail homes among their branches, or kept happy play-grounds beneath their grateful shade. We propose, therefore, in this paper, to gather up a few fragments for our Club from the invisible world of animal life; from the curious little inhabitants of our streams; who see, but not with eyes; who breathe, but not with lungs; and who feel impulses a million times too delicate for our rose-tipped fingers.

Nor are such studies without rich remuneration. The surpassing skill of a Creator is seen, as plainly in an atom, as it is in man; and a drop of water may be richer than a mine. The inhabitants of our glass jar will equal in number and outmatch in beauty all the living forms spread over the broad landscape of our beautiful State of Pennsylvania. We spread out before us, for illustration, a wet leaf of the lotus, an old one, that has dozed on the sleepy stream through all these long summer days. Under the microscope, we see hills and mountains moss-fringed and tree-clad, bounding meadows and valleys, and happy hunting grounds. Trees, higher in comparison with the soil they grow on than the "Sentinels" of California, spring up in forests, and up their frizzled trunks, and along their branches, creep animals more curious and beautiful than man's fancy has ever pictured. Near the edge of a quiet lake, a large stem rises; its summit is crowned with branches, about one hundred in number, all radiating like an umbel, from one common centre. On all these branches, multitudes of little crystal bells are hung. A thousand visible currents of water, carrying food to as many mouths always open, flow towards this curious structure. It is beautiful to look at. But now, quicker than the eye can follow, every branch and bell contracts into a shapeless speck at the top of the trunk, as though an invisible bolt had descended upon it. Does death come so quickly, then, to these frail but unsinning people of our streams? Wait but a moment. Its branches cautiously grow out again; its little bells all unfold precisely as they were before, and the currents of water flow once more towards its thousand open mouths. And this contraction and expansion go on repeatedly as necessary acts of life—possibly, the creature, after all, has only closed its mouths in order to swallow its breakfast, even as we are unable to perform the same act with open mouths. We have been describing hastily the little Carchesium, probably one of the least curious of these creatures; for in these studies surprising richness of material, and startling excentricities of form, keep the mind alert with agreeable and healthful excitement; and, at the same time, increase our capacity for comprehending the infinity of that Power,

> "With whom 'tis one,
> To guide a sun beam, or create a sun";
> To rule ten thousand, thousand worlds, or none."

What need is there, then, to travel all over the land, seeking the beautiful or that which is novel, in these long summer days, when the sun joins hands with the dog star, and walks with him through a sky of fire?

Do we crave variety—a new series of mental pictures which we may frame in happy and healthful thoughts? We may enjoy them in comfort, at our own homes, surrounded by loved and familiar faces, and by little hearts accustomed to beat in harmony with our own.

We will remove from our glass jar two or three members of the class Rhizopoda, so called by M. Dujardin, to express the chief peculiarity of their organization, viz: that of protruding root-like processes, by which they move or acquire nourishment.

And first, we observe a little atom, posessing no definite shape, for it is always changing and resembling a minute drop of jelly. It moves. Five hundred placed in a line, touching each other, might measure an inch; and to travel across one printed line of this page, would consume an hour. Like ourselves, it squanders time generously. Let us look somewhat carefully at this singular creature, because learned men tell us it lies at the very base of the great pyramid of animal life. But some facts, which we shall mention presently, render it doubtful that the all-wise Creator should have placed this mere speck of jelly—this Amœba—in such a precarious position. Without a mouth or digestive canal, our Amœba is nourished; as it travels along, fragments of matter lying in its path are enveloped by its body, digested perhaps, and left lying in its track; leaving no mark where the entered or emerged. Progression is accomplished by protruding one or more parts of its body in finger-like processes, and then rolling or pouring the remainder of itself into these advanced portions. It may increase by cell division, each part forming a new Amœba. Now is this creature animal or vegetable? Until very recently all naturalists agreed in calling it animal. But Dr. Du Barry has found, in his investigations of a species of white rust (Cystopus) growing on the shepherd's purse (Capsella) that this very Amœba form occurs as an invariable link in the life-history or development of that fungus. Now Du Barry is very high authority, and this discovery is, therefore, the more remarkable. It removes from the animal series one of its accepted members, and if these o

rvations shall be verified by other observers, e Amœba will join company with the toadstool d its allies :

"Those dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,
Crushing the violet dew in the acorn cup."

Another interesting animal belonging to this ıss, and found like the Amœba in our jar, is e Difflugia. Its body is exceedingly minute d jelly-like, too; without a trace of separate gan; but has the ability to cover itself with a autiful little house, in shape like a Florence sk, but spangled all over, except one orifice, th brilliant points and reflecting surfaces. ırough that orifice its finger-like processes are otruded, either as means of locomotion or in ıest of food. We have observed no difference tween this animal and the Amœba, except e is permitted to live in a house ornamented th beautiful designs and cunning tracery, ıile the other is a homeless wanderer, groping out among the obscure shadows lying between ımal and plant life. The Arcella, found with e two others of this class, just described, is so a singular creature. Like the Difflugia it inıbits a little box; but here we meet with geoetrical uniformity. Little plates are arranged perfect order, like a hexagonal truncated ramid, and from apertures in its minute base, e animal protrudes its fingers while in the act feeding. The material of the Arcella cases, sembles that which envelops most insects, beg peculiar in character, not apparently mineıl, but more like horn in structure. Nothing hatever is known in regard to the development reproduction of these creatures. We see em in perfect beauty as they live and move in ır glass jars; they are classed with animals, ıt in view of the remarkable facts being disvered in regard to this class of creatures, we el uncertain about their true position.

The Polycystina and Foraminifera are marine embers of this class, and their numbers are truprodigious. Their fossil houses—empty now -drift over hundreds of square miles of the ean floor; and in some localities, are piled most mountain high by the currents. On a edle's point we may pick up several; and t each one of these countless millions is perct in beauty and wonderful in architecture. anguage alone cannot adequately describe em. Their walls are polished crystal, without int or seam, little windows of endless shapes, ngly or in rows, open into bed chambers or arkling halls, once the abodes of little fairies. ı many, star-like corridors and snow-white lonnades, lead off at regular intervals from the ntral chamber. They are very beautiful. ere may man see, perhaps, all *his* architecture efigured and excelled, both in beauty of degn and durability of form. Before the Pyraids were, these frail houses gemmed the bottom the sea; and their fossil remains, still perfect in beauty, form great masses of our sedimentary rocks.

Has the Creator brought into existence this obscure class of creatures, that they may, simply, sport for a time through their brief period of exquisite life? No! They are being employed as the building material of our world—the march of time's unsparing foot is grinding them to powder, while our plants and trees strike down into them, their hungry roots for the lime, and iron, and silica they contain; and thus the great circle goes round—all for our good. And while we learn the lesson, not to despise little things, we perceive decay, all over the earth, leading to a higher and a fresher life :

"The night *is* mother to the day,
The winter to the spring;
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud, the starlight lurks,
Through shadows sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hope with all."

ONE OF THE CLUB.

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

BY JANE CREWDSON.

"My sheep hear my voice."—JOHN x. 27.

Oh! for a friendly tuned ear,
The Shepherd's voice to hear and know,
Both when it speaks, distinct and clear,
And when it whispers, soft and low!

Oh! for an ear to list its call,
When sounds it in the stormy hour,
And when its accents gently fall
Like dew upon the fainting flower.

An ear to hear each warning word,
To hearken for each gracious tone,
And when the stranger's voice is heard,
To know it from the Shepherd's own.

But oh! when doubts and fears shall dim
The pathway of the Shepherd's choice,
'Tis they who walk most close to Him
Who best can hear his guiding voice.

'Tis they whose path is safe from harm;
'Tis they who know the good from ill,
And strengthened by His mighty arm,
Are strong to do His holy will.

Then grant me, Lord, the list'ning ear;
And grant the Heaven-directed eye;
The faith that waits Thy voice to hear;
The love that keeps me ever nigh.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

And so he bringeth them to the haven where they would be.

Yes, billow after billow—see, they come
Faster and rougher, as yon little boat
Nears the desired haven. Oftentimes
It seems to sink and fall adown the wave,
As if borne backward by the struggling tide;
Yet mounting billow after billow, wave
On wave o'er-riding, tempest-tossed and shattered,
Still it nears the haven evermore.
"Poor Mariner! art not thou sadly weary?"
Dear brother, rest is sweeter after toil.
"Grows not thine eye confused and dim with sight
Of nothing but the wintry waters?" True;

But then my pole-star, constant and serene,
Above the changing waters, changes not.
"But what if clouds as often veil the sky?"
Oh, then an unseen hand hath ever ta'en
The rudder from my feeble hands the while,
And I cling to it. "Answer me once more,
Mariner: what think'st thou when the waters beat
Thy frail boat backward from the longed-for harbor?"
Oh, brother, though innumerable waves
Still seem to rise betwixt me and my home,
I know that they are numbered; not one less
Should bear me homeward, if I had my will;
For One who knows what tempests are to weather,
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,
He bids these waters swell. In His good time
The *last* rough wave shall bear me on its bosom
Into the haven of eternal peace.
No billows after! They *are* numbered, brother.
"Oh, gentle Mariner, steer on, steer on:
My tears still flow for thee, but they are tears
In which faith strives with grief, and overcomes."

From the Evening Post.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S DISCOVERIES.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NEW SPECIES OF FISH FOUND IN BRAZIL.

At one of the meetings of the National Academy of Science in Northampton, Mass., Prof. Agassiz spoke of the geographical distribution of the fishes in the waters of the Amazon. He found, when he went there, that about one hundred and fifty species had been described, and there was trustworthy information that the greatest number seen was not over two hundred and thirty. He, himself, had collected specimens of over eighteen hundred species, and he was convinced that the whole number of species was at least three thousand.

The Professor spoke warmly of the facilities extended to him by the government of Brazil, the Amazonian Steamship Company, and by every one whom he met, without which he could have accomplished little. Even the fishermen were ordered by the mayors or presidents of the provinces to go fishing for him. Often five or six boats would be about his ship, bringing fish which had been speared, shot with arrows, caught in nets or with hooks, or poisoned. He thought, therefore, that such a collection of fishes as he had brought home would not soon be seen again. The Emperor of Brazil, returning from the army on the Paraguay, sent for him to talk with him of the Amazon. Imagine his delight (he said) at finding the table covered with dishes filled with the fishes of the Uraguay, which the Emperor himself had gathered, and which he then gave him for comparison.

The known fishes of the Amazon are more than the known fishes of the Atlantic, while the number of aquatic birds is amazing. He then spoke of the characteristics of our fishes and those of the Amazonian fishes in comparison. The most characteristic class is that of the goniodouks, which corresponds to our hornpouts, but much more nearly to our sturgeons. There is a kind of sturgeon in the Mississippi river which is very closely allied to them. It is a family of tropical distribution. It may be said, is it not possible that these fishes migrate? so that nothing could be inferred from their presence in certain localities only. He had foreseen this difficulty, and had divided his party, making collections on different parts of the river for many months at the same time; so that he felt that his conclusions were not based on insufficient knowledge.

Another family, which is quite numerous, is that of the Siluroids. He knew of no lake or small river in this country which furnished more than sixty-two species. But in a very small lake in Brazil, he obtained three hundred species, and from larger lakes and rivers, he procured still larger numbers. The next family is that of the Chromids. It is almost exclusively South American, with a few species in Africa. He believed the number of these known to exist in the Amazon was eleven. He, himself, had added nineteen. Where the boundaries of transition in geographical distribution of these fishes were and what were the causes of this distribution he could not say. He had spread his assistants about so that he was sure of the fact, but he could not yet go beyond it. Every prominent type of the ocean had its type among these same Chromids. He might speak of the habits of these fishes. Many species carry their eggs in the sides of the mouth like food, or tobacco, if you please, others bury them in holes. There are others in which the eggs become attached to the lower part of the abdomen, others sit upon their eggs like a bird, one class covering them with the mouth; the ærated water thus helps to hatch them. Another family is the Carasidæ, corresponding to our minnows and herrings. But there are some kinds of fish which ran all along the Amazon and its tributaries. We cannot tell why they should have a general distribution any more than we can at present explain the local distribution of the swordfish, &c.

He finally spent three weeks at the mouth of the Amazon, receiving every facility from the President of the province of Para, to see what fishes went into the ocean from the river, or the other way. He did not know a single codfish like fish on the coasts of Brazil, nor anything like the sculpins. He added that the artist of his expedition had prepared paintings of eight hundred fresh water fish, and of three hundred species from the ocean. If Professor Hey could let him fill ten volumes of the Smithsonian publications, he had the material wherewith to do it.

It has been finely said by Dr Smith, "that of all the arts to which a man can apply himself, the most excellent and important is the right ordering of his own life."

From the Ledger.

SUMMER EATING AND DRINKING.

Marvellous is the capacity of the human stomach for receiving and retaining such a quantity and variety of substances to gratify, in the first place, hunger and thirst, and, afterwards, the palate, made capricious and exacting by long indulgence. A history of the dietetic usages of the different races and tribes now spread over the face of the earth would almost deter us from trying down rules for selecting the kinds of food best adapted to the attainment of health and bodily vigor. Passing over as decidedly exceptional the cases of those poor wretches who, with a stomach equal to that of an ostrich, have swallowed and partially digested jack-knifes, rusty nails and the like, we come to the people of the extreme north, such as the Greenlanders and Esquimaux, who luxuriate on the grossest animal food—blubber, bear's flesh, &c.—and contrast them with the inhabitants of the extreme south, such as the Hindoos and people of Central Africa and the islands of the Pacific, whose food is almost entirely vegetable. The aborigines of Australia are mainly carniverous; they enjoy very much as relishes grubs and ants, with their eggs. We must go beyond the animal and vegetable kingdoms to look to the mineral, if we would learn the entire range of substances used by man for his food. Humboldt tells us that the Ottomagues, upon the banks of the Orinoco, feed on a fat, unctuous earth, a species of pipe clay, tinged with a little oxide of iron. They collect this clay very carefully, distinguishing it by the taste, and kneading it into balls of four or five inches in diameter, which they bake slightly before a slow fire. These balls are soaked in water when about to be used, and each individual eats about a pound of the material every day. The only addition which they make to this unnatural fare consists of small fish, lizards and fern roots.

These apparent vagaries of appetite—and the list might be easily enlarged—are really the result of the necessities of the people, who are unable to procure more abundant and nutritive food. The actual difference in the proportional consumption of animal and vegetable substances must be sought for in geographical causes, climate and soil. The inhabitants of high northern latitudes require a much larger supply of animal food, and that of a gross quality, than those in temperate climates; while the latter, again, are more carniverous than the inhabitants of the equatorial regions, whose food is chiefly vegetable. In a climate like that of the United States, in which our seasons assimilate us to the extremes of almost arctic cold and tropical heat, we ought to obey correspondingly varied rules of hygiene. In our manner of living during the summer months, we ought to copy from the people of Southern Europe, if not from those of India and Southern China. Our meals should be light, and in large proportion of vegetable substances and fruits; but in saying this we do not mean to include damaged or badly cooked vegetables, sour bread or unripe fruit. A little improvement in the culinary art—a thing, by the way, sadly needed—would furnish, with the addition of milk and eggs, a great variety of dishes, both nutritive and palatable. At this season flesh meat is not required, and, except to the hard-laboring man, is not wholesome more than once a day, and then in the earlier part of it. The heavy suppers enjoyed in winter are now distasteful, and, if taken, they are apt to disorder the digestion and prepare the way for serious disease. We know that fatal results have followed a hearty supper of lobster and other shellfish. Next in importance to the question of the relative digestibility and wholesomeness of the several articles of food, is that of the time of the day or the meal at which they are taken. The Spaniards have a saying about the use of pine-apples—or, as some allege, oranges—which is applicable to the use of our own fruits: "Gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night." We laid stress on this point when speaking of the *Prevention of Cholera*. This lesson cannot be too often repeated. If a trial is to be made of a new article of food, or one of doubtful digestibility, let it be at breakfast, but never in the evening.

ITEMS.

The Old Cable.—The Great Eastern left Heart's Content on the 9th instant, accompanied by the Medway, the Terrible and the Albany, for the purpose of picking up the Cable of 1865. Great hopes of the success of the fleet are entertained by the engineers, electricians and all on board. Captain Anderson hopes to return in twelve or fourteen days with the old cable recovered and the balance safely laid, thus connecting Europe and America by two magnetic bridges. The Great Eastern carries eight thousand tons of coal and six months provisions, and Fields says the attempt will not be abandoned while the coal and provisions last.

The English Government has consented to submit the right to hold public meetings in the parks to legal decision. The Reform League in the meantime will hold its meetings elsewhere than Hyde Park.

One of the first acts of the new ministry has been to continue the suspension of the *habeas corpus* in Ireland.

In the House of Lords, the Jamaica affair had been debated, and the conduct of the officials denounced; but it was held that Gov. Eyre could not be indicted or accused of murder.

There was great excitement in London on the 9th at a supposed attempt to blow up the two Houses of Parliament. Ten packages of gunpowder, with a fuse partially burned, were found near the entrance to the Lord Chamberlain's office in the House of Lords.

The session of the English Parliament has closed. The Queen's speech thanks the United States Government for the action taken in the Fenian trouble.

Advices have been received from the Continent indicating a probable renewal of war between the Prussians and Bavarians upon the territory of the latter Power. Great fears are entertained of such an event.

Prussia has informed Austria that she will maintain the right of Italy to Venetia.

An armistice between Austria and Italy has been signed for four weeks, and to continue after the expiration of that time, unless notice is given by either side. A line of demarcation has been agreed upon.

The French Government has receded from its demand made upon Prussia for an extension of the frontier of France to the Rhine.

THE FREEDMEN.—The Steadman-Fullerton Report has been given to the public. It is a vehement special pleading against help or protection for the Freedmen.

According to reports from South Carolina, the freed-people on Edisto are in a prosperous condition. All who are able to work will earn sufficient to feed and clothe them comfortably during the present year, until they can make contracts for the ensuing year. Many of them will make from four to eight hundred dollars, if no accident happens to the crops, and about one-half of them will, in addition to their cotton crop, raise sufficient provisions to support their families during the next year. Two plantations on Edisto and one on James Island are held by freedmen under possessory titles, and are worked on their own account. They have large crops in good condition. As a general rule, on these islands, the freed people are working for one-half the cotton crop, though in some instances on more advantageous terms than these. There are about seven thousand freed people on Edisto, and yet during the last four months a dozen cases of petty larceny and trifling assault and battery are the only crimes that have occurred. On Edisto, Wadmelaw, Johns, and James Islands are about three hundred freed-people who are unable to support themselves, and who should be cared for by the communities where they live. They are the old, cripples, and orphan children.

DESTITUTION AT THE SOUTH.—The Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau has received an elaborate report from a special inspector, who was charged with the duty of investigating the reports of destitution received from Alabama and Georgia. This officer visited, in the course of his inspection, Northern Alabama and Georgia, and travelled incog. in order the better to reach the truth amongst all classes. After giving a detailed report in reference to each county visited, he says his observations have convinced him that there has not been a single case of starvation in either State. That the amount of destitution has been largely exaggerated, and the officers of the Bureau, few, scattered, and so located as to be, in many cases, unable to visit the interior, grossly deceived in reference thereto.—That although some destitution exists, and has existed, it is not absolute, but consists mainly in confinement to some one or a few articles of food, of which, in nearly all cases, there has been a sufficiency; and that it has been ascribable in great part to the idleness of the people. That the issue of rations as at present conducted, is producing great demoralization and idleness among the people, and that, so long as it is continued, the apparent necessity for it will exist. That the crops, though small, are amply sufficient, with economy, to supply the people with the necessaries of life till another crop is harvested.

ORANGE GREEN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Situated at Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., will commence its next session, of 22 weeks, with a Spring Term of 16 weeks,—on Second day, 9th mo. 24th. Terms $4 per week. No extras for Latin, Greek, or French. Apply to SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE and SIDNEY PUSEY, Kennett Square, or EMMA BOWMAN, Byberry Pa.
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CONCORDVILLE SEMINARY.—The Fall and Winter Term of Concordville Seminary, commences Tenth month 1st, 1866. In addition to the regular course, a Commercial Department has been instituted. For circulars address, JOS. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Principal, Concordville, Delaware Co., or MAGGIE B. JACKSON, Kennett Square, Pa.
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EATON FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A Friends' Boarding School, situated on the Phila. & Balt. C. R. R. Next Term will commence on the 1st of Tenth month next. For Circulars, giving full information, inquire of
EVAN T. SWAYNE, *Principal and Proprietor*,
8 mo. 15, 1866—awa at p 106 Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

BACON ACADEMY.—The Friends' School, Woodstown, N. J. This Institution will be open for Boarders, Ninth month 24th, 1866. Terms, $4.25 per week. For Circular, addresss
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A SELECTION FROM THE LETTERS OF SARAH (LYNES) GRUBB.

An address to her children, written at several different periods.

(Continued from page 388.)

"1818, 9*th of* 7*th month.*—I assuredly believe, that as I look to Him who is almighty, He will yet raise me up out of my present depressed condition; that He will give me to see that all things work together for good to those who love Him with the whole heart; for in my measure 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate' His dedicated children from His love 'in Christ Jesus our Lord;' who encouraged His disciples in the language of, 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' It is certainly trying to be suspected of having self-gratification in view, by professing a call to England; but I am made willing to suffer reproach, and to pass through evil report for the sake of a good conscience. Had I anything in pursuit but the will of my Heavenly Father, how could I hope to be supported, or look for the divine blessing, which is only to be found in our right allotment? How could I again expect the protection of the Good Shepherd for myself and my dear family? I should surely be most ungrateful, were I to presume to take us all from the situation in which Divine Providence placed me fifteen years ago; which is as in a 'south land;' and where I have found also 'springs of pure water:' where I have been every way prosperous; the Great Disposer of events bringing about that which I long foresaw to be His gracious design; even uniting me, in the most endearing earthly bond, with one who has ever been a man of clean hands, and among the faithful has stood with singular uprightness.

"16*th of* 7*th month.*—Again and again have we looked toward complying with the earnest desire of our friends to remain where we are; but finding no light upon it, nor feeling any rest therein, we have concluded to give up all, and obey our Divine Master; and forthwith intend to prepare ourselves and our family for the journey. We are not without the unity and tender sympathy of a few unbiassed minds, which proves strengthening and consoling.

"6*th of* 9*th month*, 1818.—We had a heart-contriting farewell meeting on the First day, consisting of Friends of our Monthly Meeting, including Clonmel and Garryroan particular meetings. All opposition appeared to me to give way in the minds of those present, who before were much against our leaving them; but truly the Lord's everlasting power was in dominion."

We left Clonmel the 9th of Ninth month, 1818, for Bury, in Suffolk; for to this place my inward eye was directed, although I knew not why. It was only while pursuing our journey that we either heard of, or had liberty

to make much inquiry for a habitation. We arrived there on the 10th of Tenth month, with peaceful feelings. Our habitation was very inferior to that which my husband had built for us in Ireland, and which we had just left; but I may gratefully acknowledge that I believe this quiet spot, with the fine bracing air of the place, had a great use in strengthening the constitution, both of my beloved husband and our children. The meeting was small to which we now came to belong; we were, however, but little at home; that is, my husband and I—still it was our lot to travel in the work of the Gospel.

I wish to narrate an illness I had some years ago, which was attended with great bodily suffering; and it being tedious, brought me very low. The pain I endured was excruciating. Tedious days and wearisome nights were appointed me for weeks together; and for a season I thought that my sufferings would terminate in death. I earnestly waited upon the Lord, and it was frequently the language of my heart, "Oh! my Heavenly Father, when wilt Thou be pleased to send forth thy word and say, 'It is enough?'" Being under a great weight of illness, and looking toward dissolution, I was opened into a view of the love of my gracious Saviour toward my soul; feeling assured that nothing stood in my way of acceptance with the Judge of quick and dead. I saw clearly that my transgressions were forgiven; that all defilement was purged away in that living, blessed "fountain, opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem." I had a degree of foretaste of eternal glory: I saw the light of heaven: I beheld, as "through a glass darkly," something of His majesty who sitteth upon the throne, and the ineffable brightness of those garments worn by the redeemed. I had no doubt of being admitted to their blessed company, should it please Divine Wisdom to cut the thread of my life. I relate this with reverent humility, and in the unreserved acknowledgment that I felt assured, if presented faultless before the throne of my Saviour's glory, it would all be of His free mercy and infinite loving-kindness to one of the least of His family. I think it was given me to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." As to the restoration of the poor afflicted frame, I did, however, find myself much exercised about my loved family; and one morning I was engaged to petition that I might be spared to them, when I became sensible of receiving the earnest of my prayer; these words being heard in my soul, "I will spare thee;" and that Scripture occurred to remembrance which tells us, that when Jacob had made an *end* of blessing or commanding his children, he gathered up his feet in the bed, and gave up the ghost. I believed that I might yet be of use to my beloved family in the Divine ordering. Immediately I wished to call you and say, "Your mother lives; the Lord will raise me up again:" but such was my weakness, I could not request to see you. I was worse after this time than before, yet never wholly lost sight of recovery. (This illness occurred at Bury in 1820.)

At Bury we resided five years, when it seemed right to remove nearer to the Quarterly Meeting of London. Our way opening to take a house at Chelmsford, in Essex, we settled down there for the space of six years; often going up to London and travelling to other parts.

For some time while at Chelmsford, I had to believe that our lot would one day be cast still nearer to the great metropolis; and after having Chelmsford for our home as long as we were sensible of its being our right place, we removed to Stoke Newington, near London, where we have resided three years. There seems to be much wisdom in the leadings and instructions of the Great Shepherd us-ward. We have not dared to guide ourselves, nor to conclude, because we have felt at home for a season, where Divine Providence has set the bounds of our habitation, that it was to be our "certain dwelling place" to the end of our day, but have again been made willing, from time to time, to have our rest in this respect broken up; which is no pleasant thing to that part that would like to be able to say, "take thine ease."

Now in this place our dear children know that we have no tie but that of religious duty, One is settled in life in Suffolk, the county where we were first led from Ireland; two are in Essex; so that we can still adopt the language, "Lo! we have left all and followed Thee." Oh! our morning light, be pleased to be our evening song.

You are aware, my dear children, that all we have we owe to the Lord. He was pleased to take back the precious gift of your lovely infant brother, many years ago. Your father and I dared not murmur, but pursued diligently the path of duty still. You are spared to us; yet, for the sake of the answer of a good conscience, our place of abode is many miles from you all; not one of us repining that so it is, nor you wishing to hinder us from pursuing the Divine will. May Almighty kindness be with you; giving you also to know the voice of the true Shepherd, even Christ; who doth lead His own forth, doth go before them, and giveth unto them life eternal: proving, in the blessed experience of His sheep, that none are able to pluck them out of His holy hand.

In this place, so near the city, we find our exercises and religious duties to fill up; and it has often appeared remarkable to me, that it was not until, from the infirmities of age, we

became unlikely to travel much, that our lot was cast in so wide a field of labor as is found here within the circuit of a few miles; where we have many meetings of Friends quite within a ride of a morning: besides which, we have again and again to hold religous meetings with other people.

In this work we are now engaged. Many very deep baptisms of spirit does it occasion me, yet if I may but be found in the Divine will, it is enough. What signify the "light afflictions which are but for a moment," seeing they are not worthy to be compared with the "glory" that shall be revealed?

I may here remark, that from youth to this last stage of life, I have had but a few intimates; and in some of those few I have been disappointed. Friendship, true friendship, is indeed a precious thing—a rare gem—hard to find. It is, however, to be met with here below. It is unchangeable as the source from which it springs. Its value is equally known and appreciated in prosperity and in adversity.

Concluded these lines 10th of First month, 1833. S. G.

Seventh month, 1834.—For a number of years past it has been my lot to warn Friends, and particularly in the Yearly Meeting in London, against a spirit of subtlety that would draw us from an attention to the inward manifestation of our blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; for I have long seen that some of those most prominent and influential characters among us, never have been altogether of the Lord's own forming, either as Friends, or as ministers of Christ: and now many, very many, have embraced something short of Him who remains to be the fulness, and are settling on the surface of things—building on the sand; highly extolling in words, the "One Offering," which, indeed, is to be appreciated with feelings of adoration and heart-felt gratitude; but these know not of what they speak, while they preach up the literal faith in Christ crucified, and endeavor to bring people from a pure dependence on the leadings and unfoldings of the Spirit of Christ, or the inward and heart-felt power and coming of Christ within, the hope of glory. Divers ministers of our Society are sliding, and others are already gone from that which first called them to the preparation, and then did really bring them into the sacred office: much of this is to be traced to their adopting the views and sentiments of those mentioned above, who never wholly left their own works, but have sought to bring all things to a test of *reason*, instead of to that "Spirit which searcheth all things, even the deep things of God."

Oh that my dear children may walk in humility and fear before the Lord in this evil day; that they may be sheltered from all that is airy and notional in religion, being covered with the Almighty wing; for it is written, "He shall cover thee wish His feathers."

During the Yearly Meeting this spring, great was the exercise and travail of my soul, which produced the following effusions in my pocket-book.

"1834.—After the third sitting of the Yearly Meeting. The appearance of things amongst us is very specious; an exact resemblance of what should be known, felt, and evidenced in the Church of Christ, through His own power, who is the second Adam, the Lord from heaven—the quickening Spirit; but the absence of this quickening Spirit is, in my apprehension, mournfully and oppressively felt, while 'Mystery Babylon' mimics it in various ways—in language, in orthodox sermons, in dissimulation of love, in solemn silence, not the solemnity of the Lord's own power. We have a zeal among us which draws from the influence and motion of the inward anointing into creaturely activity; and we are so blind, in many instances, as to mistake Babylon's streams, where go the 'gallant ships, and the galleys with oars,' for the 'place of broad rivers and streams,' where none of these are found. Our predecessors suffered much in avowing the leadings of the Spirit of truth, which brought them away from all will-worship; shall we, with impunity, trample upon the testimonies of the everlasting Gospel, which they embraced at the risk of the loss of property, personal liberty, and life itself; and which they maintained through the hottest persecution? Our Society has thus stood on higher ground than any of those around; shall we descend to the level of things in the religious world (at large)? Or shall we profess more full light on the truths of the Gospel than was their experience, and so deceive ourselves? Surely *they* did come to the meridian brightness of this last and most glorious day and dispensation, and to the summit of that 'holy mountain, where nothing shall hurt nor destroy;' and unto which 'all nations' of the earth 'shall flow.' With all the prying wisdom of this present age, we shall find nothing beyond what these dear servants of the Lord were privileged to obtain. Oh that, by full dedication of heart to the Most High, we may be found in their footsteps; even in the narrow way that leadeth to 'life everlasting.' Amen."

19*th of* 11*th month*, 1838.—My dear children will be aware, that since the date of the foregoing, great have been the shaking and sifting that have come upon us as a Society: every foundation has been tried, yet that which cannot be shaken still evidences itself to be the invincible, eternal Rock on which Christ Jesus builds "His Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." For years past the mourn-

ers in Zion have had to wear sackcloth, and sit on the ground, with ashes on their heads, except when the Lord has lifted them up and clothed them in the beautiful garments, to show forth his mighty power in and through them. Some has He made very skilful in lamentation in these days: He has also given them to be mighty to suffer in His cause, and He will take the "cup of trembling" out of their hand, placing it in the "hand of them that afflict them." The Most High is able to put the harp of victory into the hands of His dear servants and children, with the song also in their hearts and mouths, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." It may be confessed that we are made very desolate as a people because we changed our glory for that which hath not profited us; and in a Society capacity, have turned judgment backward; sanctioning publications and ministry which are not in accordance with the true doctrines of the unchangeable Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and which, therefore, the few among us who have stood fast in the Lord cannot own: the heavenly anointing and blessed harmony of truth not being in these things, but wisdom of words substituted and held up.

Thus have we been in a worse condition, as I apprehend, than in former trials; because the *body* did not then become responsible, by its acts, for that which is out of the true unity, and the wisdom from above. And now it seems to me that the Lord's power and the Lord's wisdom have so far prevailed, as to lay low the Philistine nature—prostrating it on the ground in great measure, and scattering that which sought to lay waste the inheritance of the Mighty One of Israel: yea, and that head will soon be cut off, that reared itself on high; but we must come clean out from all that opposeth itself to the simplicity, the purity, the wisdom, and the power which is for ever and ever. I believe the great Head of the Church will purify His people—not cut them off in anger; and that the "remnant of Jacob shall be as a dew" from Him, "in the midst of many people." Blessed be His adorable name!

S. G.

THE WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: "It is no matter; I shall live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken disparagingly of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—*a good conscience.*

From the British Friend.

THE ONLY TRUE TEACHER.

"Who will show us any good: Lord, lift up thou the light of thy countenance upon us."

This supplication of the royal Psalmist, as it directs to the only true Teacher, inspires a sense of the insufficiency of man's teaching. It is not for man to prescribe the means used by Omnipotence in the salvation of his creatures; but it is a vain hope that man is designed to become more than a beacon in the hand of his God, and his sphere of action ceases in directing the sinner to the Rock of ages. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, the increase is with God—to lift up the light of his countenance, to manifest his divine attributes, and to reveal, by the inshining of his Holy Spirit, our true and individual condition before him. When the eyes have been opened, it matters not in what sect or denomination, the saving grace of God will work the same, bear the same fruit, and tend to the same end; it will be equally realized that the awakened and seeking soul cannot serve God and Mammon; that we must pass the refiner's fire; the cross, the crucifixion of nature, must be endured in order to win the crown. "Marvel not that I say unto you, Ye must be born again;" born after the Spirit; after the Spirit which was in Christ, the begotten of the Father. The words of Jesus may not be overlooked nor mollified, or we shall, when the day of visitation has closed, be like unto him who built his house upon the sand; the bed will be too short; the covering too narrow. Moral virtue, however excellent, possesses no saving power; not what we are by nature, but what we are by grace, is the momentous inquiry. Jehovah, the mighty One of Israel, the Alpha and the Omega, must be our God, if we would become his people. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul," is the command of the Supreme.

When, in obedience to the divine injunction, the affections have been set on things above, the things of time are held in subordination: we can reciprocate to the language, "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee." The path will have proved equally straight and equally narrow. Scripture extends no more latitude to one than to another; our strength, our safety is in obedience to manifested duty. Keep in the light, and thou shalt not grope in darkness. "Thy light and thy truth let them guide me."

If such a state of things were maintained; if the glory of God and the salvation of the soul were the impulse of action, there would be less division in the church; but these divisions appear to arise from two prevailing evils: a mistaken indulgence in the activity of the creature, not satisfied that the government should be laid upon His shoulder; or the desire to widen the path prescribed by Christ our Teacher.

WITNEY. S. C. W.

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS NOT IN WORD, BUT IN POWER."

We are less and less disposed to measure the piety of others by peculiarities of faith.

Men's characters are determined, not by the opinions which they profess, but by those on which their thoughts habitually fasten, which recur to them most forcibly, and which color their ordinary views of God and duty. The creed of habits, imitation, or fear, may be defended stoutly, and yet have little practical influence. The mind, when compelled by education or other circumstances to receive irrational doctrines, has yet a power of keeping them, as it were, on its surface, of excluding them from its depths, of refusing to incorporate them with its own being; and when burdened with a mixed, incongruous system, it often discovers a sagacity, which reminds us of the instinct of inferior animals, in selecting the healthful and nutritious portions, and in making them its daily food. Accordingly the real faith often corresponds little with that which is professed. It often happens, that through the progress of the mind in light and virtue, opinions, once central, are gradually thrown outward, lose their vitality, and cease to be principles of action, whilst through habit they are defended as articles of faith. The words of the creed survive, but its advocates sympathise with it little more than its foes.—*Channing.*

Never maintain an argument with heat and clamor, though you are confident of being in the right; but give an opinion coolly and modestly, which is the best way to convince. And if that does not do, try to change the conversation in a gentle, easy way; for truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers. If you would convince others, stand open to conviction yourselves; and if you would please others, do as you would be done by. To acknowledge a mistake when convinced of it, indicates an ingenuous mind; but obstinately to adhere to our sentiments when convinced of an error, bespeaks stubbornness, pride, and self-importance.

He who cheerfully commits the universe to God, has nothing in the universe to fear!

LIGHT OF CHRIST.

BY JOB SCOTT.

"He that keeps a single eye to the light of Christ in his own heart, will find himself gradually filled, till he becomes full of divine light, which will open and unfold to him "the deep things of God;" give him to see many of the errors and false doctrines of mystery Babylon; raise him up into the strength, victory, and dominion of the divine life, and most sweetly lead the soul along through all the several stages and gradations of reconciliation, till God becomes *all in all.* This is something substantially experimental. All other schemes of salvation by Christ are but so many dreams of man's imagination; which, under high pretences of magnifying the merits of Christ, divert the soul from the only possible way of being benefited by them, or rightly understanding and magnifying them.

But man will choose to remain in the mist, and generally would rather trust to any *imaginary* means of salvation, than submit to the *real* means; because this is only and always through *death*, real total death to all corrupt selfishness, all gratification and enjoyment out of the love and life of God. Indeed, no soul is thoroughly saved till God is all its consolation. For, till then, God is not become its *all in all;* so death must still have place in order that God may thereby put down and destroy all its enemies. This is the true reason why so few find the "narrow way" to life, because they will not submit to perfect death. They can easily be dipped in water, and call that, being *buried with Christ;* which is, at best, but a mere shadow of the thing itself, and brings no soul to arise with him in the newness of life. But in the newness of life, *all* must arise with him, even *here,* and here know him to be to them, and in them, "the resurrection and the life," that will ever be able to say, because he lives we live also. None will ever live with him, who do not really die with him; nor reign with him without suffering with him; drinking of the cup which he drank of, and being baptized with the baptism he was baptized with; which is strictly and truly the baptism of sufferings, and into *real death:* thus filling up what remains behind of the "sufferings of Christ." They are, indeed, *truly his* sufferings, not metaphorically, or transferredly, or imputatively, but absolutely. Hence, "forasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of these,* ye have done it unto me." These are *bone* of his *bone* and *flesh* of his *flesh; these little ones,* these births of divine life that can truly cry, Abba, Father. God being in the strictest sense their *Father,* they are absolutely heirs of God, yea, *joint-heirs* with Christ; he in them and they in him, as himself says, and that as really and truly as he is in the Father, and the Father in him. So he calls them brethren: he is and

must be unavoidably with them, not now and then only, but "always, even unto the end of the world." They are his very members, the real branches of him, the vine. Now, the vine is not one thing, and the branch another in nature and kind, but one in absolute union; the same sap of life circulates through both, and all the fruit is in the real union and oneness.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

(Continued from page 391.)

The Sabbath comes. How perfect and how grateful is its silence! Dumb is labor, and hushed all tumult and care. Even the great marts of trade are deserted, and cities rest. The very birds sing a new song, and a certain delicious soothing greets you at your waking, and murmurs to you gratefully: "This is the day the Lord has made." Dull and dead must he be, beyond the dulness and deadness of the mere sluggard, who does not feel some awakening of the better man within him at the hallowed advent of the sabbath morning.

At the very threshold of the day, we meet with that which has much to do with the character of our home Sundays. I mean that general habit of self-indulgence which permits two or three extra hours of sleep on Sunday.

I do not believe there is any one thing introduces so much trouble and vexation into the home, tends to so much Sabbath-breaking, and gives rise to more and more various disturbance, than this habit, which ought to be honored only in the breach. What a record would the Sunday morning at home of a village or city be, and what varied unhappiness should we find beginning there, and dragging its troubled trail through the live-long day, "from morn till dewy eve."

The day has not started right, and it cannot go on right. Something is lost that cannot be found; something escaped that cannot be recaptured. Squandered at the drowsy importunacy of the body is time that was not yours to squander. Your home had a claim upon it,—made a direct demand of it. Your selfishness clogged or stopped the domestic wheels. The day long it suffers because of you. Something is omitted, or is imperfect, or postponed. I grant that there are sometimes those upon whom labor lays so heavy a hand that the Sunday demands some longer indulgence in sleep; but in the vast majority of cases the plea for the necessity is simply the plea of our indolence. It is the sluggard's plea. You do not take special interest in Sunday. You have got nothing to do. Sunday is a day of rest, and so you turn again to slumber. Is there not something of self-reproach when at last you fairly rouse yourself, and feel that it is late,—when you hurry yourself and hurry others and are hurried by them, and when all your hurrying will not bring things as they ought to be? Your domestics have taken their cue from you, and they are late. Your breakfast is late. Things that ought to have been done yesterday,—shoes that ought to have been blacked, hats and gloves that ought to have been found, buttons that ought to have been sewed on, all come at the last impossible moment to be done,—all importunate,—making of the Sunday morning at home, clatter and confusion and worry,—destroying its peace, unsettling the mind, unstringing the nerves, and the second bell calls perturbed and every way illy-prepared spirits to the sacred solemnities of worship, hurries you late into church, or keeps you in vexation at home. Ah! the wretchedness every week entailed upon homes, every week repeated, because of the needless extra sleep of the Sunday morning!

It is a wretched mistake men make, when they take it for granted that the prime purpose of the Sabbath is physical rest, and that so they have a right to use its hours in a dull animal torpor. Inordinate lying in bed is not the sort of rest that even the animal economy demands. Idleness does not rest the mind, laziness cannot rest the body. No good comes of it.

The truest rest is that which comes, not of lethargy, but of simple change of work; and the father, mother, son, daughter, who will rise as early on Sunday as on any other day, and set about the Sunday's duties, will find themselves as truly refreshed when Monday comes as those who have loitered long in bed, while they will have gained a day in which every thing had its proper place and time.

It is a grave mistake of the home to allow the earlier hours of its Sundays to be spent in sleep.

To consecrate and complete the home, there must be religion in it; and, as the world and life are, Sunday must be looked to mainly for the giving that consecration and completeness.*

In itself the home is a sacred place. Its founder is God. Its gifts, its possibilities are His. The things sacred to the soul and life are of it. It is the place of birth, of growth, of death,—and these three great mysteries, these processes in being, sanctify it unto us. Distinctively religious then should the home be made by us, and every father and mother be known as the priest and priestess of the domestic altar. The old Levitical law should be revived among us, and every man "sanctify his house to be holy unto the Lord."

But here we are in the midst of difficulties

* Not necessarily; we would not thus separate religion from the daily avocations of life; we would rather enforce the apostles' exhortation—"Whether *ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*"—Eds.

various and great,—which many seem to think they escape by avoiding altogether,—which are only to be escaped by being met. What is to be the religion of home, and by what means is it to be established?

The religion of home should be broad and genial as religion in itself is, not confined to seasons and to tasks, not to catechisms and articles of faith, not to set acts and forms, not to the Bible and devotion, but liberal and complete, enfolding and touching every thing, every body, every position, relation, act,—joys as well as sorrows,—the least, the common as well as the greatest and the exceptional. It should have all the reverence of the first commandment, and all the scope of the second; and this secured by word and work, by precept, by influence direct and indirect,—not by causing to know and do, but by leading the way in knowing and doing. The thing most to be apprehended, most to guard against, is disgusting the members of the home with the subject of religion,—a thing many well-meaning homes have done.

I presume that nearly every child in what would commonly be called a Christian home has been taught to pray. That is, in its early childhood it was taught the Lord's Prayer, or some simple petition which it nightly repeated to its mother. But this habit would seem to be put away with other childish things, and the parent really knows nothing about the devotional habits of the growing boys and girls, who probably have long ago discontinued a practice, the spiritual meaning and importance of which they never knew any thing about. Of the religious habits of their parents, children are left very much in the dark, save as a suspicion may grow in their minds that they talk of, and perhaps demand of them, that of which in themselves they give no evidence. A child will sometimes be so simple as to turn upon a parent and ask him if he prays, or believes, or does this or that, to the parental confusion, perhaps, though scarcely to his reformation. This is wrong. No child should ever be left to doubt or suspect a parent's faith. There should be a free and true communion on this first and greatest of subjects,—an interchange of thought and feeling, purpose and hope.

Home was made for the soul, and the parent is parent of it, as well as of the body,—and he has but skimmed the surface of his duty, who has fed and fashioned the body, stored and disciplined the mind, but done nothing for the soul.

I do not believe in talking about one's inner life for talk's sake, but how it would hallow the relation of parent and child, help them both, if the interior of each heart were laid bare, as it many times may be in the confidential intercourse of home,—and how it would speed a child onward in its work could it but know that through just these experiences and struggles father and mother have passed before.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGIOUS.

BY F. W. R.

To be religious is to feel that God is the ever near. He is to go through life with this thought coming instinctively and unbidden: Thou God seest me.

A life of religion is a life of faith; and faith is that strange faculty by which man feels the presence of the invisible, exactly as some animals have the power of seeing in the dark. That is the difference between the Christian and the world. Most men know nothing beyond what they see. This lovely world is all in all to them; its outer beauty, not its hidden loveliness.

Prosperity—struggle—sadness—it is all the same. They struggle through it all alone, and when old age comes, and the companions of early days are gone, they feel that they are solitary. In all this strange deep world, they never meet, or but for a moment, the Spirit of it all, who stands at their very side. And it is exactly the opposite of this that makes a Christian. Move where he will, there is a thought and a Presence which he cannot put aside. God looks out upon him from the clear sky, and through the thick darkness,—is present in the rain-drop that trickles down the branches, and in the tempest that crushes down the forest.

A living Redeemer stands beside him, goes with him, talks with him, as a man talks to his friend. The emphatic description of a life of spirituality is, "Enoch walked with God."

"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when others have every sort of nice things," muttered Charley, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and work all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the mud, while others roll about in their coaches."

"It is a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting—"it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless. It's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charley, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charles, who thought

that at last his grandmother had found some cause of complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful to God for present blessings."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 1, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—James and Lucretia Mott have obtained a minute from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting to attend Easton and Duanesburg Quarterly Meetings, in the State of New York, and to appoint some meetings within their limits.

Benjamin Tomlinson, a minister from Byberry Monthly Meeting, Pa., has obtained a minute to visit the Yearly Meetings of Ohio and Indiana, and some meetings composing Ohio Yearly Meeting.

Samuel Levick, of Richland Monthly Meeting, Pa., has obtained a minute to visit Ohio and Indiana Yearly Meetings; also, Prairie Grove Meeting, Iowa, and the meetings of Friends through the above Yearly Meetings, as way opens.

Charles Teas, an Elder from Horsham, a minute to visit Ohio Yearly Meeting.

PARTY POLITICS UNFAVORABLE TO RELIGIOUS FEELING.—As a time of great political excitement is probably approaching, it may be well, in advance of the occasion of temptation which may be presented to the minds of some, to review the excellent caution on this account embodied in our discipline. Perhaps few will deny that active participation or interest in party politics, tends to create and foster feelings adverse to that Christian love and good will which it is our duty to cultivate and practice towards all men. The irritating discussions and perpetual strifes to which the spirit of party subjects those who indulge in them, either by joining with political associations, or cherishing at home a feeling of contention, by assiduously reading distracting newspaper animadversions, stir up the passions to an unholy purpose, and occupy the thoughts to the exclusion of better things. The heart, under such circumstances, is filled with other guests, and there is no room for the birth or entertainment of the babe immortal.

As civil governments are established for the greater security of peace and prosperity in the community, many friends feel it incumbent upon them to unite with other citizens in placing in office those whom they consider best qualified to promote the object designed. Others, upon equally conscientious grounds, refrain from any participation in government affairs. The discipline wisely leaves these points to the scruples of individual members, only prohibiting such words and actions as are "inconsistent with our religious principles," or calculated "to lay waste our Christian testimony." It fervently recommends to our members, "that they be religiously guarded against approving or showing the least connivance at war, either by attending at, or viewing military operations, or, in any wise, encouraging the unstable, deceitful spirit of party, by joining with political devices or associations, however speciously disguised, under the ensnaring subtleties commonly attendant thereon; but that they sincerely labor to experience a settlement on the alone sure foundation of the pure, unchangeable truth." Again, it declares "that the principle of truth calls us out of contention; it even seeks not its own ends by means productive of animosity; much less, therefore, should its professors indulge themselves in strife, for objects of a perishable nature."

This advice is not an obsolete, valueless caution, applicable only to the time when it was issued, but it remains as true now as in any former state of society. The spirit of the Gospel leads its followers away from that which would "divide in Jacob and scatter in Israel," and brings them into that peaceable condition in which they can pray the Father of the universe for blessings upon all, even upon their enemies. The latitude given in political discussions to personal censure, tale-bearing and detraction, is subversive of true religious feeling; and, if indulged, destroys the ability to exercise the God-like qualities of justice, mercy and truth, which it is incumbent upon us to practice. "If any among you seemeth to be religious," says the Apostle James, "and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain."

We earnestly ask such of our members as, from a desire that the right may prevail, or from any other motive, have been induced to unite in political organization with those who make no pro-

fession of relying upon Divine guidance, seriously to examine whether their spiritual life has not languished, and their strength and usefulness been impaired by such association; and, if this has been the case, we would affectionately encourage them to avoid, in future, such occasions of stumbling.

MARRIED, on the 30th of Sixth month, 1866, in accordance with the order of the religious Society of Friends, HARRISON VANSYOC and ANGELINA G., daughter of Nathan and Asenath Thomas, all of Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting, Henry County, Iowa.

DIED, on the morning of the 20th of Eighth month, 1866, at Burlington, N. J., JAMES MARTIN, in the 41st year of his age.

——, on the 22d of Eighth month, 1866, at her residence in Still Pond, Kent Co., Md., MARY ANN ALLSTON, wife of the late John C. Norris, in the 65th year of her age; a member of Cecil Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 17th of Fourth month, 1866, of cancer, ABIGAIL T. FLITCRAFT, in the 71st year of her age; an exemplary member of Wilmington Monthly Meeting, Del.

——, on the 11th of Eighth month, 1866, of typhoid fever, CAROLINE E., youngest daughter of Theodosia T. and the late William Marriott, in her 18th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 14th of Eighth month, 1866, THOMAS S. ELLIS, in his 56th year; a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

——, on the 15th of Eighth month, 1866, MARY M., wife of J. Foster Sheppard.

——, on the 18th of Eighth month, 1866, at the residence of her daughter, Sarah P. Leedom, Norristown, Pa., TACY, widow of Samuel Parker Garrigues, in her 72d year, formerly of Radnor, Pa.

——, on Second-day, the 20th of Eighth month, 1866, at her residence near Hatboro, Pa., SIDNEA, wife of John Lloyd, aged 64 years.

——, on Fifth-day, the 23d of Eighth month, 1866, BENJAMIN SERRILL.

——, on the 17th of Eighth month, 1866, at her residence in Springboro, Ohio, MARY, widow of Jonathan Wright, in the 80th year of her age.

A Meeting of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will be held at Race St. Meeting House, Fourth-day evening, the 5th inst., at half past seven.

9th mo. 1st. WILLIAM C. BIDDLE, MARGARET A. GRISCOM, } *Clerks.*

"MY MASTER IS ALWAYS IN."

"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly at a dry-goods clerk of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure. Your master is not in."

Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face, and replied:

"*My Master is always in.*"

Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let every tempted child, aye, and adult, too, adopt Johnnie's motto, "My Master is always in." It will save him from falling into many sins.

For the Children.

THE VARIETY OF MACHINERY IN ANIMALS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

(Continued from page 377.)

You have seen what a variety of curious machinery there is in our bodies for our minds to work, besides that which is needed to keep the body in repair. But I have told you some things about other animals as I have gone along. There is in them, also, a great deal of machinery, and it is different in each. The variety of it is wonderful. You see that the world is every where full of many kinds of animals, making it a very busy world. I do not believe that you have even thought how different they are from each other. I will therefore tell you a little about this.

See what a difference there is between man and some animals. Look at the oyster. He lives in the water, shut up in his rough shell. He is no traveller. He has no eyes to see sights with. He has no smell. He has taste for his food, and no doubt enjoys it. He has the sense of touch; this he needs, both to manage his food and to guard himself against harm. As he does not move about, and has no feet nor hands, he has but few muscles. He has one to shut up his shell tight, which he does when he is alarmed. His brain and nerves are very small affairs, for he has no great use for such things.

There is little machinery, then, in an oyster, as you compare it with the machinery in your body; and it is simply because he does not need as much as you do. If he had needed more, God would have given it to him. But there is, after all, considerable machinery even in the oyster. He has machinery for digesting his food. He has circulating machinery—a heart with its arteries and veins. And he has gills like fishes, by which his blood is aired by the air in the water. Then he has a few muscles, some nerves, and a sort of brain.

The variety in the contrivances in animals is so great, that when one undertakes to study them, he finds continually something new. And one thing is always true of the machinery in animals—it is perfect. It is always exactly fitted to do just what it is made for. No machinery that man ever made is equal to it.

Animals are suited in their shapes and arrangements to the way in which they live. Some are made to fly. These have wings; and the wings exhibit great variety, as you see if you look at the birds and insects that are so busy in the air. Some animals are made to live in the water; most of these have a broad tail and fins to swim with, but some crawl, as the crab. Some float about, like the hydra, and some lie still, like the oyster.

Some animals walk about on the ground. Man is the only animal that walks erect upon two feet. The beasts, you know, are four-footed. The monkey is one of the most singular of beasts; he has neither feet nor hands, but some things which are like both. With these he is more of a climber than a walker. There are many small animals that walk on many feet. And the snakes, without any feet, crawl upon the ground. Some animals hop as the frog and toad. Some go by a long jump, as the grasshopper and the troublesome little flea. Very strong muscles must this little animal have to enable it to make such leaps with its long, crooked legs.

Some animals are much more like man than others. The bones, and muscles, and nerves, and heart, and brain of some are very much like the same things in our bodies. This is true of many of the four-footed animals. You can therefore know how the parts of the machinery inside of you look by observing the different parts of animals at the meat market. In a calf's head you can see how your brain looks. Its lungs, or lights, as they are commonly called, are very much like yours, and its heart is quite like your heart. And so of other parts.

The more an animal moves, the more muscles he has to make his motions with. Man has more variety of motion than any other animal, and so has more muscles. God gives to each animal just the machinery that it needs. Some have machinery that others do not have at all. Some have very little, while others have a great deal. In our bodies there is a great variety of machinery, for our busy minds want to know and to do very many things.

The mind of man does more things with the hand, than with any other part of its machinery. I shall therefore now go on to tell you about the hand, and then about those things that in different animals answer somewhat in place of hands.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO YOUNG MEN WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Dear Friends: The blessed Jesus emphatically advocated the principles of peace when he declared, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." Pure Christianity and true Quakerism are identical. They are neither based upon nor upheld by the sword. Under this belief I think it my duty to call your attention to a little incident which recently occurred, and which illustrates the view that a faithful adherence to the peaceable principles professed by our religious Society will more effectually preserve us from the wrathful attacks of our fellow men, and at the same time afford us more real satisfaction than an resort to deadly weapons for defence.

From a clear impression of duty, in the fal of 1864, I left my Pennsylvania home to teac the freedmen of Stevenson, Ala., and to d what I could toward elevating their conditio in life in every respect. Although I receive many violent threats at various times from th white population, yet I was never physically in jured by them until the seventh day of las Fifth month. A short time previous to tha finding the white citizens were proudly boastfu and exultant in having, through the encourage ment they had received from the change i political affairs, succeeded in carrying out thei various plans, some of them offensive to th best interests of the colored people, I deeme it prudent to assemble that class, and give the some advice in regard to the proper course f them to pursue in case of an event similar t the disgraceful affair at Memphis.

Near the close of the meetings the colored pe ple passed a *unanimous* resolution, that if suc an emergency as that above referred to shou arise, they would take no active part in it witl out first consulting me about it.

On the 7th of Fifth month, through the i fluence of certain parties, a partly intoxicate young man of low character (an entire strang to me) was induced to boldly enter the roo where I was, and after some fruitless attemp to provoke me to anger, by making use of ve abusive language, at a sign given him by th crowd outside, he drew back and struck me severe blow with his clenched fist upon my rig temple, which knocked me over against the wa and stunned me severely. He quietly walk away and concealed himself, fearing the color people might hear of it and attack him. In few minutes I was accosted by a number stout, active colored men, who heard of t affair, and immediately rushed to my protectio After vainly attempting to get my consent pursue the young man, they quietly resum their daily labor in accordance with my wish It was then nearly night. Soon after dark *large* crowd of colored men, women and ch dren (some of them gray-haired men and wom from several miles distant in the country) c vened at the school-house, sent guards to wa the movements of my assailant, and appoin a committee to wait upon me and beg me allow them to inflict capital punishment up the offender.

Hearing of the meeting, and fearing th excitement might induce them to commit so rash act, I went up there (though scarcely a to do so, and entered just after the appointm of said committee. After making some marks in the meeting, I earnestly requested present to return quietly to their respec homes, and told them I firmly believed that

who carefully and continually watches over all the workmanship of his holy hand, will mercifully protect us in our earnest and sincere efforts to do right far more effectually than we can protect ourselves by means of swords, bullets, &c. After a short silence the meeting dispersed in a quiet, orderly manner, which quite disappointed some white spies stationed outside.

During the following evening I wrote a long letter addressed to the white citizens in and around Stevenson; and afterwards invited them to meet me in their Town Hall the next First-day afternoon. We met according to appointment—the colored people all keeping away, as I had requested them to do. After reading my letter to them, I made some remarks, the substance of which was nearly as follows: "My friends, I belong to a religious denomination the members of which profess to be guided in their daily lives by a Divine light placed within them, which enables them to see what is right and what is wrong for them as they move along, and to depend upon a higher and more reliable source of protection than all the carnal weapons which man can invent. Although I acknowledge myself to be a very unworthy member of that Society, yet I am glad to be able to say that I have never in my life carried any deadly weapons for defence, and I do not intend ever to do so. From the appearance of your pistols and other weapons, I suppose you may have come here to day for the purpose of carrying out the threats you have repeatedly made of taking my life. Now, my friends, I left my Pennsylvania home nearly two years since, believing it to be my duty to do what I could to improve the condition of these poor, ignorant colored people, whom you and your neighbors and antecedents have been keeping in bondage and degradation for centuries past. Although we may honestly differ in opinion as to the comparative merits and mental faculties of the two races, yet I cannot see how any of you, after the reflection, can regard it as a crime for me to come here and do what I can to exercise and improve the God-given talents (whether great or small) which these colored people possess. I cannot think it wrong for any person to do all in his power for any portion of the human family created by Divine wisdom, in order that they may become wiser, better and happier than they have heretofore been. If you think, as some of you say, that these people are not susceptible of intellectual culture, even then you can only look upon it as a waste of time—but as an actual sin—for me to make an *effort* toward cultivating their moral and mental faculties. But there is one thing I want you to distinctly to understand, and that is, I am not troubled with any fear of you, either individually or collectively; you may knock me down, as your agent did the other day, or you may murder me, as you have threatened; but that is all you can do; and so long as I feel as I now do, that I am merely performing my simple duty toward these sadly abused and greatly neglected people, all the individual or combined threats that you can utter against me will not induce me to leave here one day before the time fixed upon for closing our schools. If my life is spared until that time I expect to leave in a quiet and peaceable manner. Whatever you may think of the *propriety* of educating these colored people, you must acknowledge that in doing so, I am acting in accordance with the laws of our general government. I now ask you, my friends, to be manly enough to stand up before me, and plainly state in my hearing your real reasons for making these threats against me; and I appeal to every man, woman and child now present, boldly to state upon this occasion every thing you have known me to do or say during the nearly two years that I have been in your midst that was contrary to law or tending to interfere with your just rights and privileges in any way, or that was intended to excite your prejudices; and, in short, every thing that you considered really wrong."

After a pause of several minutes, waiting for a reply, but receiving none, I proceeded as follows:—

"Now, my friends, you have virtually acknowledged by your silence that I am not guilty of any of the items which I have just specified; and I will say in conclusion, that if there is a man in this assembly who seriously thinks it would be an honorable transaction to take the life of an unarmed man under all these existing circumstances, or if there is one who thinks he will feel any better or any happier, either here or hereafter, for murdering me upon this occasion, let him come forward now and commit the deed, and I will abide by the consequences, offering no physical resistance to him."

In looking over the assembly I observed that every head was bent down in apparent shame; and after remaining a short time in that silent, thoughtful mood, I dismissed them. Most of the company then arose, except two noted "bushwackers," who quietly remained in their seats, apparently engaged in serious reflection. One of them soon broke the silence, and I happened to overhear the following conversation between them:

"Well, Mr. ———, wot did you think of dat ar enna way?"

"Wall, sir, I's been a studdyin dis yer thing over and over, an I declar I bleeve we-uns cant find enna fault wid wot Mr. Walton's been a sayen yer to day, and I do bleeve we-uns 'l jist have to let him stay on yer arter all, and not pester him no more."

"Wall, I bleeve so too."

Several of the citizens present, who had never

spoken to me before, then came forward and spoke to me in a pleasant, friendly style; and the people dispersed, apparently with the best feelings. I was not molested by any of them, either by word or deed, from that time forward. I continued my school until the time fixed upon for adjournment, (Sixth month 1st), and then peaceably left for my northern home. Although I feel that my labors are ended at that point, yet I should have no fear of returning, provided duty should call me there again; and I now believe that the time spent in that wretched place has proven of quite as much benefit to me as to any of the pupils under my care. It has at least increased my faith that the divine Being stands ever ready to help those who try to help themselves *in the right way*.

I will just add that I have received by mail an interesting letter from one of my colored pupils, in which the writer states that although it was very hard at the time for them, the colored people, to refrain from striking the fatal blow to the white man who attacked me, yet they are now satisfied that the proper course was pursued in the case; for the very arm with which he struck me has since been so nearly shot off accidentally, that it has to be amputated at the shoulder; and they regard this as a just retribution for his deed.

Sincerely hoping that every member of our Society will examine well the non-resistant principles professed by Friends, before shouldering the musket to engage in either offensive or defensive warfare with his fellow-men, designing to deprive a human being of that life which God alone can give, and which God alone has the right to take away, I will now leave the subject with you, and subscribe myself your well-wishing friend, WILMER WALTON.

NEW BRIGHTON, PA., 8th mo., 1866.

ONLY BELIEVE.

"This is an hard saying—who can hear it."

Is the saying too hard to believe?
Doth reason stand baffled and dumb?
Is the doctrine too deep to receive?
Then wait till the Master shall come.

Till the light of His presence is poured,
We may search through the problem in vain;
The Master who gave us the Word,
Himself must its meaning explain.

Himself gives the faith to adore
The truths that are hidden from sight;
For their depth I would love them the more,
And revere them but more for their height.

Up the measureless heights of His love,
Down the fathomless depths of His grace,
I would gaze till all doubts shall remove,
And faith all misgivings displace.

Oh, sweet is the blessing for those
Who see not, and yet have believed,
And safe is *their* place of repose,
Who rest on the promise received.

J. CREWDSON.

ONE STEP MORE.

What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for one to see?
I ask but light for one step more;
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close—
So close, I fear to stray,—
Patient I wait a little while,
And *soon* it clears away.

I would not see my farther path,
For mercy veils it so;
My *present* steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny and hard and steep;
And knowing this, my strength might fail
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way;
But, seeing this, I might despise
The journey of *to-day*.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done;
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey, or its length;
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that I shall always have
Light for just "one step more."

—*Christian Treasury.*

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know—
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marsbaled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

Let us to-day, therefore, hear His voice, do not harden our hearts who speaks to us many ways: in the Scriptures, in our hearts, by his servants and providences; and the sum of all His holiness, and charity.—*Penn.*

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

Give your children a love for nature. It was r favored lot to be brought up by a loving, in-ligent, Christian mother, and never shall we ıse to feel gratitude to her memory for the ıny pleasant hours her early lessons have in-ced us. From childhood we were trained to mire and love natural objects. What an ova-n was performed in honor of the first violet, d what a joyous discovery it was to espy the ıt pale primrose of the season! Even after ıg years of sorrow and trial, a thrill of happi-ss returns at the recollection of these innocent asures; of the approval she never omitted to nifest at indications of a desire to solve any of ı many wonders of leaf, and bud, and flower; the pleasure with which she would survey our lections of variegated snail shells, or the ar-ıgement of all the varieties of grasses we could lect. She also allowed us to feed caterpillars, ways, however, being most scrupulous as to ı kindness with which they were treated), and words could describe our delight as we watched ı wondrous change into chrysalis and butter-, while she would take advantage of it to lead r thoughts to the still more wondrous trans-mation of the human body. The evening urs of an intelligent child might be profitably ployed in arranging the shells, grasses, flow-, etc., collected during the summer, placing ım carefully on paper or card, and writing the scription of their classes, orders, or parts be-ath. Live pets, also, deserve notice here, ce tending, feeding, and nursing them, afford at delight to children, and foster their kindly lings.

By all means encourage brothers and sisters to e the same amusements. Of course those of intelligent kind are meant, since we have no ire to transform our boys into women, or to ke our girls romps. But in the study of bot-y, or natural history, one may materially aid other. The boy will exhibit more courage l dexterity in securing the prizes, which the eat-handed Phillis" can more deliberately nipulate and examine; or the girl may make ery pretty drawing of the various butterflies, tles, etc., which the boy may color; while neatest writer may add the description. A rming little volume might thus be commenced a comparatively early age, which both would oy to review as they progress, and mark the provement they have made. Or, again, a boy o was clever as a carpenter might be directed w to form very pretty baskets and vases, to d the flower pots in the drawing-room or gar-, while the girl could cleverly decorate them h pine cones (split down the centre in order be more easily glued), which, if wished, could erwards be varnished; or bouquets of flowers ght be skeletonized and bleached at the sole pense of time and trouble, and thus a charm-ing ornament for the parlor would be produced. Hundreds of these little employments will suggest themselves to the mind of any intelligent mother, and she will then be spared the annoyance of a listless, "What *shall* I do? I have nothing to do!" that too often degenerates into ill-humor and peevishness. Never mind how trivial the occupation, so that it be but useful, and trains your child to an abhorrence of idleness.

Never think it too much trouble to answer your children's questions. How often do we hear the tart reply, "I am sure I don't know, child; pray don't tease me when you see I'm busy!" This is the surest way to stunt the growth of your child's mind. It is the most cruel and ruthless conduct possible, thus to deny a child the information for which he craves, and allow him to feel all the awkwardness and pain to which ignorance exposes him. Rather hail with joy these indications of a growing mind, and make the little inquirer happy by drawing him to you with a kiss, and as full and patient an elucidation as he may require.

Make your children happy in each other, encouraging them to feel that a pleasure enjoyed alone is only half enjoyed. If one of them buy only a farthing sugar-stick, teach him to feel a delight in offering a taste to the rest. As far as possible, let their presents to each other be of their own manufacture—not purchases. Let the boys carve silk-winders, or make bone crochet hooks, or copy in their best style some favorite poem, transcribing it into a neat manuscript volume, perhaps adorned with original illustrations. Let the girls make bookmarks, satchels for school books, or a leathern cover for some favorite volume. Cherish the little outbursts of affection natural to them. Do not chide your boys for a few irrepressible tears at leaving home for boarding school, nor encourage "manliness" at the expense of brotherly affection, and do not grudge an hour bestowed upon a little pains-taking letter-writer or juvenile composer, who is anxious to give an account of various home details to the absent one. Let him write two or three sentences of his epistle each night, overlooked by an elder sister; the one will feel happy at being able to instruct, the other will be grateful at the sight of the letters that grow beneath his pen. By any means, at any expense of trouble to yourself, make home happy to your children; let it always remain in their memories as a type of all that is peaceful, loving and attractive; let them constantly revert to it, as a soothing remembrance in the hours of pain, sorrow or privation, and let its associations be so hallowed and precious as to restrain them in temptation and strengthen them in trial. Yours is a noble mission; oh, parents, see that ye fulfil it with that wisdom and gentleness which shall prove you worthy of the dignity and honor it confers!—*The Leisure Hour.*

THE USEFULNESS OF BIRDS.

Dr. Trimble, of Newark, N. J., one of the leading entomologists of this country, recently addressed the Essex County (New Jersey) Sportsmen Club upon the importance of protecting the insect-eating birds. A report appears in the Newark Advertiser, from which we extract the following:

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

He first spoke of the Baltimore oriole, showing different specimens, illustrating how much the female and the males of different ages differ from each other. They are becoming quite numerous; large elms suiting them. This family is chiefly insectivorous. When it first arrives, it feeds upon leaf-curling caterpillars, so injurious to our fruit and shade trees. Now it is feeding upon the canker worm, that terrible pest in New England. Later in the season, it is found eating the drop worms. The lecturer stated that by the aid of the microscope he had been able to prove positively that the oriole feeds upon that terrible enemy of the fruit-grower, the curculio; that a small portion of the head of what was supposed to be a curculio was found amongst the comminuted contents of the stomach of one of these birds, and the microscope enabled him to count the one hundred and forty-seven lenses in one of the eyes.

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.

This is the most valuable of all the birds of our country. It knows where to find and is busy in searching out the apple-worm—the second in importance of the insect enemies of fruit, which, with the curculio, are the chief cause of the ruin of the fruit business, especially in our State. The little chick-a-dee also feeds upon the apple-worm, but finds it accidentally, and not by boring for it, as thedowny woodpecker does.

THE CEDAR BIRD.

Of the cedar bird, or cherry bird, the Doctor spoke at some length, wishing to rescue it from its bad reputation as a thief of cherries. It is a gross feeder, and consumes immense numbers of canker worms, span worms and other injurious insects of that class. This bird and the yellow bird, or finch, resemble each other in one respect, both remaining in flocks till midsummer, and are thus on hand in great numbers when their services are most required, while most other birds are at home attending to their domestic duties. You find the cedar birds in New York and Philadelphia in large flocks in Jnne, after the "worms,' and if they could be properly protected by closing the parks so that they should not be frightened away by the people, they would do much towards ridding those cities of these pests. The yellow birds, in immense flocks, will be found in those wheat fields where the midge is so destructive. They are in pursuit of the larvæ of these flies in th heads of the wheat while the grain is in its milk state, and farmers have supposed these bird were the cause of the trouble, not knowing tha they were their best friends.

THE WARBLERS.

The family of warblers includes some thirt or forty species. They are all small, but exclu sively insectivorous—most of them are ver beautiful, and some are charming songster Many are with us all summer, but others bree further north. They sometimes remain with u a few days, both going and coming. In th spring they will be feeding on plant lice, a found in the orchards; in the fall they stop an feed on the late brood of Palmer worms, that s infest our elm and maple trees, becoming ex ceedingly fat.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Individual insects are as wonderfully mad as any of the rest of creation. Moths fly onl at night, yet "Solomon in all his glory was n arrayed like one of these." Ten thousan lenses to form the eyes; one hundred thousan feathers to complete the wings; yet the whi poorwill will snap up dozens of them in a sing night. The whippoorwill is a nocturnal bir and his beak is so formed that it takes in moth as a net takes in fish. The eyes of flies enabl them to see all around them, and the muscul force of their wings is so quick that they ca dodge the rain drops in a shower, yet the swa low is so formed that it lives exclusively on i sects taken on the wing.

THE BEAKS OF BIRDS.

The beaks of all species of birds differ fro each other, but the beak of each is formed ex actly for taking the insects its instinct teach it to choose as its food. Many of the birds liv exclusively on insects—as the warblers, blu birds and creepers. Some, again, that a classed as insectivorous, will occasionally tak berries, cherries or grapes—as the oriole mocking-birds, cat-birds, and thrushes. Son seem omnivorous, and eat almost anything, robins and cedar-birds, and are gross feeder A large class, as the bob-o'-links, blackbird finches and some of the sparrows, will live insects in summer and seeds in winter; or m them when the can find both. Others aga have a still wider range, as jays, crows a butcher-birds.

THE ICHNEUMON.

But the most important agent in the regul tion of the insect world is an order peculiar insects. We have nothing corresponding to in the other departments of animated creatio They are sometimes called parasites, but n correctly. Parasites are everywhere; even veg tables have them. The mistletoe is a parasit But these are not necessarily destructive to t

ife of the victim. The ichneumon is. I al- ude to those peculiar flies—wasp-shaped and ith four wings—that deposit their eggs in the odies of other insects—the young feeding upon he living flesh of these victims, and upon hich they grow to maturity. This seems a trange Providence, and hard to comprehend— ut still it is so. Without such an agent the Hessian fly would have destroyed the wheat rops of this country, but with it, the Hessian y was controlled in a single season, and has een kept in check for fifty years. Thousands f other insects that would soon be troublesome re controlled in the same way, and so quietly hat we hardly know how.—*Boston Transcript.*

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER FOR SEVENTH MONTH.

(Continued from page 367.)

Want of room crowded out the following infor- ation when the statistical portion of the Review as furnished, viz:

It will be seen by deducting from the monthly ac- ount of deaths in 1865, one-fifth for the extra week, gives an *excess* for this year of 268, which may irly be attributed to the excessive heat. For the eek ending the 21st of the month, the whole num- er of interments reported was 739. Of these, 50 ere reported as from the "effects of heat," 44 from coup de soleil," 31 from "congestion of the brain," 1 from "inflammation of the brain," and 17 from debility;" making 163 deaths that were probably aused or hastened directly by the heat. The deaths om choleraic diseases, which are always aggra- ated by hot weather, were very numerous. here were 10 reported of cholera, 168 of cholera ıfantum, 21 of cholera morbus, 14 of diarrhœa nd 25 of dysentery; in all 238. So that fully four undred of the interments of the week may be scribed to the peculiar atmospheric condition, aving a little over three hundred from ordinary iseases. The whole number of deaths reported uring the "*heated term*," of three weeks, from coup e soleil, were as follows:

From the 7th to the 14th,	-	-	10
" 14th " 21st,	-	-	44
" 21st " 28th,	-	-	5
Total,	-	-	59

Other large cities suffered equally with, if not still ore severely than Philadelphia—New York par- icularly. The account being for one day (precise ate not known.)

"The number of burial permits granted during e twenty-four hours ending at one o'clock yester- ay was 235, a number unusually large.

"There were sixty cases of sun-stroke and pros- ation by the heat yesterday in the city, forty- ree of them proving fatal. Thirty cases were ported in Brooklyn, seven being fatal, and in rsey City there were five deaths from the same use. Two hundred and fifty-eight cases of sun- roke have been reported during the summer, of hich one hundred and thirty-five proved fatal."

While referring to deaths, it may be well to cor- ct an error that occurred in our review of last onth. The number for the *last week* in the month as carelessly omitted by us. It should have read; r *four* weeks of 1865, 1296; and for *five* weeks of 866, 1419.

In making a record of the extreme heat we scarcely know where to begin or where to end. In fact, the public has been so thoroughly posted up, it is almost unnecessary to recapitulate, except in a condensed form for future reference of such as are in the practice of preserving these reviews.

In the first place we find (according to *Pierce*) it has never been equalled except in the years 1793 and 1838, while during the many years of the accurate record kept at the Pennsylvania Hospital it *has not been equalled.* As thermometers vary in different localities at the same hour more than the trifling difference in the above exhibit, it is fair to infer that during the long period of *seventy-seven* years of which we have records in our possession (some *thirty-three* of which are our own), Philadelphia and its vicinity *has never before experienced such a term of intense heat.* J. M. E.

FRIENDS' SCHOOLS,

Located at the Southeast corner of Fourth and Green streets, under the care of a Committee of Green Street Preparative Meeting, will open on the first Second-day in Ninth month next. Primary School for Boys and Girls. Secondary School for same. Grammar School, for Girls only. These schools are *free* for the children of Friends belonging to Green Street Preparative Meeting. For particulars apply to

Spencer Roberts, 421 N. Sixth St.
Beulah A. Allen, 721 Green St.
Emily H. Atkinson, 543 N. Eleventh St.
Sarah T. Rodgers, 321 N. Eleventh St.
John S. Wright, 735 Green St
George B. Lippincott, 455 Coates St.
Margaret Decou, 538 Marshall St.
Elizabeth W. Lippincott, 538 N. Sixth St.
William J. Gillingham, 929 Randolph St.
Louisa J. Roberts, 421 N. Sixth St.
Samuel Gillingham, 616 Poplar St.
Eli Dillin, 1218 Green St.

ITEMS.

The Paris Exhibition.—The exhibition building in the Camp de Mars in Paris, which covers about forty-eight acres, is more than half finished, and the laying out of the gardens around, which will comprise an extent of seventy-five acres, is already begun.

The terms of a treaty of peace between Prussia and Austria have been arranged.

The King of Italy has proclaimed a general amnesty to political exiles, which includes Mazini, as well as others of lesser note. Napoleon is to cede Venitia direct to Italy. Prussia makes large territorial gains both from Bavaria and Darmstadt.

The Indians.—Reports from Forts Sedgwick and Laramie confirm the burning of seven trains north of Fort Reno, and two between Laramie and Bridger's Ferry, besides other depredations by the Indians. Officers report their commands insufficient. Indian guides also report a battle at Fort Reno, in which from thirty-five to forty soldiers were killed. The 18th United States Infantry has been repulsed north of Fort Reno, and a whole train of emigrants are fleeing from the mountain valleys for safety. The Commissioner of Indian affairs has received a despatch from E. N. Wynkoop, who was sent from the Indian country for the purpose of investigating the outrages reported to have been committed by the Cheyennes in the Smoky Hill section. The chiefs stated that the dissatisfaction was principally caused by the proposed building of the Union Pacific Railroad through the Smoky Hill country, which formed their principal hunting grounds, though the failure

of the Government to furnish the annuities and goods promptly was another cause of dissatisfaction.

THE FREEDMEN.—The Secretary of the Treasury has received through the Department of State, within the last six months, contributions from citizens of Birmingham, England, amounting in the aggregate to over 9,000 in gold, which has been presented by them for the relief of the free race of this country. Besides these money contributions, a large amount of wearing apparel has been received from the same source, and used for the object designated. From the report of the Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in the State of Kentucky, it appears that there are thirty schools for colored children in the State, with an average attendance of 2,328 scholars. The average pay of laborers is $12 per month, with rations; in the tobacco district it averages from $20 to $30 p r month. Crops, with the exception of wheat, will be greater than ever before.

"The Tennessee Colored State Convention met and organized in Nashville on the 6th inst., and was in session till the following Saturday, when it adjourned to reassemble at Knoxville on the first Monday in September. The subjects for discussion were agriculture, mining, manufactures and education. The proceedings were highly creditable to the members, and the presentation of statistics relating to the several counties was, if not complete, very satisfactory and business-like. It appears that the freedmen throughout the State are generally working the land for shares of the crop—from a half to two-thirds; comparatively few for wages. Mechanics make a good living. Considerable real estate is owned, but almost wholly in the cities.

Resolutions were passed—to send a memorial to the Legislature, asking such annual appropriation of public school funds as will secure the colored children of the State the advantage of a common school education; appointing a committee of statistics on this subject; rejoicing that nearly 300 colored persons are already in the State normal schools and in Northern colleges, fitting themselves for teachers; urging their right to vote, and be enrolled in the militia; asking Congress to grant Tennessee a republican form of government.

Just before the adjournment, General Fisk delivered a speech full of plain good sense and good advice to the convention. He exhorted them especially to build up their schools, and he would look after those who burnt them down.

The following is the estimate of rations for September for the States of Arkansas, Missouri and the Indian Territory: Whites (refugees), 35,000 rations; freed-people, 5,000 rations.

The last monthly report from Arkansas shows the number of persons to whom rations had been issued, as follows: Whites, 11,287; colored, 1,490. A large portion of the wheat crop in Arkansas has been destroyed by rust. In some districts, equal rights are accorded to colored and white, whilst in others the old state of things remain. Indications are favorable for a large cotton and corn crop.

General Fisk reports, for the quarter ending June 30, 1866, that there are 77 schools in Tennessee, directed by 183 teachers, and having an average attendance of 18,326 scholars, less than 2,000 of whom, have not got beyond the alphabet. A first-class graded high school is to be opened in Memphis next month."—*The Nation.*

A YOUNG WOMAN of experience wants a situation in a private school, or as Governess in a family. Address
721 tf. E. W. C., Hockessin, Delaware.

FRIENDS SCHOOL, High St., West Chester, Pa.—This school, for both sexes, will reopen on 3d of Ninth month, 1866. For Circulars address CHARLES SWAYNE, *Principal.*
References.—HALLIDAY JACKSON, West Chester, Pa.
CLEMENT BIDDLE, Chadd's Ford, "
ENOCH SWAYNE, London Grove, "
623 afntf. WM. H. JOHNSON, Newtown, "

ORANGE GREEN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Situated at Kennett Square Chester Co., Pa., will commence its next session, of 22 weeks, with a Spring Term of 16 weeks,—on Second day, 9th mo. 24th. Terms $4 per week. No extras for Latin, Greek, or French. Apply to SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE and SIDNEY PUSEY, Kennett Square, or EMMA BOWMAN, Byberry Pa.
amvtimi

CONCORDVILLE SEMINARY.—The Fall and Winter Term of Concordville Seminary, commences Tenth month 1st, 1866. In addition to the regular course, a Commercial Department has been instituted. For circulars address, JOS. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Principal, Concordville, Delaware Co., or MAGGIE B. JACKSON, Kennett Square, Pa.
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EATON FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A Friends' Boarding School, situated on the Phila. & Balt. C. R. R. Next Term will commence on the 1st of Tenth month next. For Circulars, giving full information, inquire of
EVAN T. SWAYNE, *Principal and Proprietor,*
8 mo. 15, 1866—awa at p 106. Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

BACON ACADEMY.—The Friends' School, Woodstown, N. J. This Institution will be open for Boarders, Ninth month 24th, 1866. Terms, $4.25 per week. For Circular, addresss
AUGUSTUS C. NORRIS, *Principal,*
818. 4t. 98. Woodstown, N. J.

CHESTER VALLEY ACADEMY.—The next term of this Institution commences 9th mo. 3d., 1866. Whole number of pupils last year, 107,—60 boarders, 47 day pupils. Send for a Catalogue. J. K. TAYLOR, *Principal.*
84 10t 106. Coatesville, Chester Co, Pa.

KENNETT SQUARE ACADEMY.—A Boarding School for Young Men and Boys will open the 1st of Tenth month, 1866, and continue in session twenty four weeks. For Circulars &c, address the Principal, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.B.,
728 t 929. Kennett Square, Chester Co.. Pa.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—The Fall and Winter Term of this healthfully and beautifully located BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will commence 10th mo. 1st, 1866, and close 4th mo. 12, 1867. For further information apply for a Circular to
ISRAEL J. GRAHAME, } Principals.
JANE P. GRAHAME, }
72 tf. Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Third session of this Institution will commence on the 19th of 11th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $83. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 825t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N. J

FRUIT CANS AND JARS.—Fisher's Self-Sealing Cans, considered the best and most convenient now in use, a variety of Fruit Jars, and a general assortment of House Furnishing Goods such as Cutlery, Tin, Iron, Wooden and Willow Ware, Clothes Wringers, Carpet-Sweepers, &c. For sale by B. A. WILDMAN,
825 4t 915. No. 925 Spring Garden St.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND & SON, Produce Commission Merchants, No. 52 Light Street, Baltimore, respectfully solicit consignments of Grain, Flour, Seeds, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Poultry, &c. Constantly in store and for sale, Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass and other Field Seeds. Also Bone Dust and other Fertilizer, Dried Fruits bought and sold. 721 tfa.fm.

LESSONS ON OUR COMMON SONG BIRDS.—Tickets for a course of Eight Lessons, $3 00 each. Liberal reduction to Schools and Classes of over fifty persons.
Address GRACE ANNA LEWIS,
Care of EDWARD PARRISH,
66 3m. 800 Arch St., Philada.

CHERRY STONERS,—(seed 2 bushels an hour.) Pea and Bean Shellers, (shell 50 qts an hour,) Carpet Sweepers, Wire Dish Covers, Champion Cog-Wheel Clothes-Wringers, (we consider them the best yet invented for durability and convenience;) and a variety of other new articles of Hardware, Cutlery and Tools. For sale by TRUMAN & SHAW,
310a630 No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

WM. HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North Ninth Street.—A general assortment of ready-made Coffins and every requisite for Funerals furnished.
Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 311. 1y. w a s m p.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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A *Testimony From Grace Church St. Monthly Meeting of Friends, concerning* JOHN BARCLAY, *who died on the* 11*th of Fifth month*, 1838, *and his remains were interred at Winchmore Hill, Middlesex, on the* 18*th of the same.*

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see od.—MATT. v. 8.

This, our dear friend, was the son of Robert nd Ann Barclay, and was born at Clapham, in urrey, in the year 1797. His parents were iembers of our religious Society; his mother ied whilst he was very young.

From his own memorandums we find that he as early visited with the convictions of divine race; but becoming exposed to the influence f bad example at a public school, the sinful ropensities of the natural mind were strengthned: yet the strivings of the Holy Spirit ere graciously continued, and he was often rought into deep humiliation and sorrow on ccount of his transgressions; and his tears of pentance and his prayers for preservation ere poured forth in secret places. In refernce to the state of his mind at this time, he ys,—"As the evil tree cannot but bring forth vil fruit, as long as it is suffered to live and d thrive in the heart; so this being the case ith me, the fruits did show themselves abunantly indeed. Oh! that all who have been jured by my evil example could be shown a tieth part of the remorse and repentance, rrow and trouble, which has been, through unutterable mercy, experienced by me." He was made willing to abide under the judgments of the Lord, and was favored to know, that these chastisements from his heavenly Father's hand were administered in love; in a sense of which, his heart was often made to overflow with thankfulness; and he was brought into a state of submission to the Lord's will, and humble dedication to his requiring. Alluding, some years afterwards, to the circumstances of this eventful period of his life, he writes thus: "This I may say and leave upon record, that though many almost indescribable temptations and presentations of evil have been permitted to come about me, sometimes like a mighty flood, so that in hours of extreme weakness I have been many and many a time ready to give up the 'fight of faith;' yet to this day the Lord, strong and mighty, has been pleased in his abundant compassion, to encamp around me, and to give me songs of deliverance, songs of triumph and of praise. In His name will I set up my banner; who is a rock of defence, and sure refuge to my poor weary soul. O! young man or young woman, to whom this may come,—my friend, my brother, my sister,—who art seeking the better country, and Him who is the way and the guide;—oh! though thou art weary and heavy laden,—take courage:—there is a staff, a stay, and strength and succor with Him and in Him, who hath gone before, and who leadeth on his little ones gently and sweetly, as they are able to follow. Take this as the counsel of one who

writes from a sure and living experience, and who hath indubitably known His name (which is above every name) to be a strong tower indeed. He will be with *His*, even to the end of the world."

His mind for several years after his father's decease, was brought under much concern on the subject of business; and he felt it to be his duty to give up an offer, which was considered to be very advantageous. In a retrospective view of this step, he says, in a letter, "I know not that I have taken any measure, that now in seasons of calmness seems to afford the like peace to me." Alluding to this subject again he adds, "The ground upon which I think it best for me to be not much engrossed with the things of this life is, that having experienced no small share of the forbearance and mercy of the Lord,—having been delivered from the pit of destruction,—having sincere, hearty, and very fervent desires for my own preservation and salvation, as well as for that of my poor fellow-creatures everywhere,—I have inclined towards the belief, that the Lord will make use of me, if I am faithful to his requirings, in the way, time, and for the purposes which he sees best: under this impression it is, and not to encourage or give way to any apathy, or want of energy or exertion, that I believe it right for me to sit loose to this world and the anxieties thereof; lest I should be incapacitated for performing that service, which may be shown to be my duty. I believe it safest for me, if in any business, that it should be one of moderate profit, and not involving much attention."

He believed himself required to observe much simplicity and moderation in providing the needful accommodations of life; and in reference to this subject, he says, "I am clearly of the belief, that it is my duty to live in such a humble, plain, homely, simple manner, as that neither in the furniture, food, or clothing used, any misapplication of the gifts of Divine Providence be admitted or encouraged."

About this time, which was in the twenty-second year of his age, he writes thus: "O! the love that the Lord hath shed abroad in my heart!—O! the divine joy, the unspeakable peace, the blessed presence of the Most High,—how it seems to flow through me, making up for all trials, and tears of disquietude and distress!—O! may this feeble testimony speak out His adorable mercy, when this poor frail flesh shall be laid low in the dust; may it induce others to fear Him that made the heavens and the earth, and to trust in Him for ever! praises to the Lamb that liveth yet was slain!—Amen."

Early in the year 1820, he believed it right for him to remove from the family circle, and to reside for a time at Poole in Dorsetshire; and about the end of the same year, he wa married to Georgina Hill. Their union wa short, for in less than three years his dea companion was taken from him by death, a Marazion in Cornwall; whither they had re moved for the benefit of her health.

His mind had for several years been impresse with an apprehension that he should be calle to the work of the ministry; and in the pros pect of it, he was preserved in a waiting, de pendent state; and fervent was his concern t be entirely given up to serve the Lord in th way of His holy requirings. At the intermen of his beloved wife, in the Sixth month, 182 he was engaged in vocal supplication; and th autumn of that year he spoke as a ministe In allusion to this solemn and important work after describing the fear and caution with whic he had entered upon it, he says, "The weigh and sweetness that dwelt on my mind afte this surrender, cannot be set forth. O! ho it rested on my spirit all the day in an unutte able manner! and yet such freedom of spiri —so that nothing seemed a trial, or that t which I was unequal. I shall not easily forge how comfortable and at ease in my mind I fel O! it was a heavenly feeling, and nothing sho of Him that is in heaven could give it."

He was acknowledged a minister by hi Friends in Cornwall in 1825, and in the follow ing year was married to Mary Moates, and re moved to Alton. After a residence of thre years at that place, he settled at Croydon; an in 1835 he removed to Stoke Newington within the compass of this Monthly Meetin where he resided during the remainder of h life. In the course of the before-mentione period, he paid several religious visits, with th unity of his Friends; and in one of these jou neys he travelled into Scotland as far as Abe deen.

He had been from his youth of a tender co stitution, and for the last few years of his li he had suffered much from a disease in his kne which rendered walking or other active exe tion difficult to him. He was, however, ver exemplary in his efforts to attend our religio meetings; in which the exercise of his dedicate spirit was strengthening to many. His e gagements in the line of ministry amongst were not frequent; but he was at times led address his Friends in a weighty and feelin manner: endeavoring to turn their attentio from a dependence on man, and from all that superficial in religion, to a single reliance the great Head of the Church, "the Minist of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacl which the Lord pitched, and not man."

Our dear Friend was remarkable for integri and uprightness of heart; and in the priva walks of life his conduct was strikingly circu spect, and his conversation, whilst innocent

cheerful, was instructive, being seasoned with grace.

Notwithstanding he was, in the ordering of unerring Wisdom, much confined at home from bodily infirmity, yet his concern for the prosperity of our Society remained unabated; and his mind was actively employed in endeavoring to promote the spiritual welfare of its members. With this object, his time was much occupied in editing a series of publications, selected from the writings of our honored predecessors in religious profession.

In the Eleventh month, 1836, he paid an acceptable visit, in the love of the Gospel, to the families of Friends at Brighton; and in the Eleventh month, 1837, he felt attracted by the same precious influence, to a similar engagement in his own particular meeting of Stoke Newington. After going through nearly half the families, wherein his service was much to the comfort of his friends, finding his constitution increasingly enfeebled, he returned to the Monthly Meeting its minute granted him for that purpose, accompanying it with a letter, replete with the expression of religious concern, from which the following is extracted: 'On proceeding in the weighty engagement before me, I may acknowledge that although no wonderful outpouring of Divine Power was my portion, I was mercifully favored, during the few days that I entered upon the work, with such a sense that the Lord preserveth the simple and the upright, that it was as my meat and drink to be thus among my friends; hard things were made very easy, and bitter things full of sweetness; a gently flowing stream of heavenly goodness being extended in every hour of need, though in a way humiliating to the creature, and so as nothing of the flesh could glory.

His health continuing to decline, he went to Brighton; but there his indisposition increased, and on the 8th of the Fifth month, he was, by medical advice, removed to Tunbridge Wells; after which he survived but a few days.

On the evening of the 9th, when about to retire to rest, on rising from his chair, and leaning on the couch, and on the arm of his beloved wife, he supplicated thus; "O! gracious Father! if it please Thee, spare us to each other a little longer, and make us more entirely devoted to Thee, and thy precious cause of Truth in the earth; nevertheless not our will, O Lord! but thine be done."

On the next day, which was the one immediately preceeding his decease, he uttered many weighty expressions; amongst which were the following; "The Truth shall prevail.—Truth shall reign over all—None that trust in the Lord shall be confounded; but they shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved. You all know my desire to be preserved near the Lord—to be strengthened and upheld by the Lord;—to be found in Him;—this is the way of peace.—I trust we shall be strengthened and animated to go through our day's work; then we shall find mercy at the hands of the Lord,—Let us look to the Lord for strength, at all times, and under all circumstances."

In the latter part of this day, his voice was lifted up in a constant melody, and for many hours together, like a song of praise; during which, these words were clearly distinguished "O Lord!—dear Lord!—come.—I bless the Lord.—I am the Lord's for ever.—Cleave to Him, O! cleave to Him,—love Him with all your heart." The name of Jesus was often to be heard, and the word Hallelujah was frequently repeated.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of Fifth month, 1838, he peacefully passed away, aged forty-one years, a minister about fifteen years; and is, we reverently trust, united to the redeemed before the throne, who sing the new song, "Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain to receive power, and wisdom and riches, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

Given forth by our Monthly Meeting, held at White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street, the 10th of Tenth month, 1838, and signed by—

[*Here follow the signatures of men and women Friends.*]

Read and approved in our Quarterly Meeting for London and Middlesex, held in London, this 25th day of the Twelfth month, 1838, and in and on behalf thereof signed by

GEORGE STACEY, *Clerk.*

Signed in and on behalf of the Women's Quarterly Meeting, by

MARY FORSTER, *Clerk.*

THE TESTIMONY OF THE LORD'S PRIESTS.

My covenant was with him of life and peace; and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared me, and was afraid before my name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity. For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts.—Malachi ii. 5, 6, 7.

Extract.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

BY F. W. R.

Men tremble at new theories, new views, the spread of infidelity; and they think to fortify themselves against these by multiplying the sanctities which they reverence. But all this will not do. Superstition cannot do the work of faith, and give repose or peace. It is not by

multiplying ceremonies,—it is not by speaking of holy things low, with bated breath,—it is not by intrenching the soul behind the infallibility of the church, or the infallibility of the words and sentences of a book,—it is not by shutting out inquiry, and resenting every investigation as profane, that you can arrest the progress of infidelity. Faith, not superstition, is the remedy. There is a grand fearlessness in Faith. He who in his heart of hearts reverences the Good, the True, the Holy—that is, reverences God, does not tremble at the apparent success of attacks upon the outworks of his faith. They may shake those who rested on those outworks; they do not move him whose soul reposes on the Truth itself. He needs no props or crutches to support his faith. He does not need to multiply the objects of his awe, in order to keep dreadful doubt away. Founded on a rock, Faith can afford to gaze undismayed at the approaches of Infidelity.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

S. S., Md., 8th mo. 25th, 1866.

———, I am so much pleased with the two communications in the "Intelligencer" of this date, in relation to the administration of discipline with "those of our members who have borne arms, or otherwise participated in warlike measures," that I am induced to send thee the report of a committee of our Monthly Meeting upon the same subject, showing a similarity of concern and mode of proceeding, in the different parts of our Zion, on this most interesting and important Testimony of our religious Society. If, on reading it, thou shalt think *any good* would arise therefrom, thou art at liberty to have it published in the Intelligencer. The effect of the proceedings of the committee has been very salutary in our meetings; not one feeling was estranged, and the Testimony appears to be held in higher appreciation by many, who had not previously, as they stated, had the subject so fully presented to their consideration. B. H.

TO THE MALE MEMBERS OF SANDY SPRING MONTHLY MEETING.

The committee appointed by our last Monthly Meeting, in accordance with the directions of the late Yearly Meeting, in relation to our testimonies against war and military services have embodied what they desired to communicate to you upon the subject in the following address, to which they affectionately invite your careful attention and deliberate consideration:

When the early Friends—those bright suns of the morning—were gathered to form a religious association, the great fundamental principle from which their various important religious Testimonies sprung, was the Divine Life or Spirit of God in their souls, flowing out into love, kindness and charity to the whole family of man. This holy Spirit, which is the wisdom of God and the power of God, both illuminated their understandings to discern Truth, and imparted to them ability to fulfil all its requirements. It led them into the strictest observance of moderation, temperance, justice, patience, resignation to the Divine will, fortitude, mercy, love, kindness, charity, truth, purity and holiness; and consequently preserved them from talebearing, detraction, war, strife, contention, slavery, as its evils became manifest, and all kinds of oppression, and whatever could hurt or destroy.

Joined into a religious Association by the bond of these precious and noble Christian principles and testimonies, with a consequent concern to extend mutual care over each other, and to help bear one another's burdens, certain rights and privileges became attached to the individual members, *such as*, that the poor should have all needed attention and assistance; their children be freely educated and properly cared for; any members in difficulty should receive all necessary aid; and those who remove from one branch of the organization to another, should be furnished with certificates, which entitled them to the care, kindness and attention, as well as all the rights and privileges, of those among whom their lots might be cast.

In a travail of concern for their offspring, these outward benefits of religious association were extended to *them;* and the *children* of *Friends* were admitted to the rights and privileges of membership, which were called "birth-rights," and included a claim and demand on society for every thing they needed which the parent was unable to bestow; *so that*, in case the parents were deceased or pecuniarily unable, the children, at the expense of the Society, were to be carefully and liberally provided for, be educated, taught a trade, or some occupation by which they could earn an honest livelihood; and all Friends' children to have the mantle of the Society thrown around them for their help, preservation and protection, bodily and spiritually, with all the rights and privileges of older members.

While all the members of the Association were actuated by the precious influence which first drew them together—the overflowing of the love of God in their hearts, and the light and power of the Holy Spirit, obeyed in humility and meekness—nothing further was needed for the health, government and support of the organization. They felt that "one was their Master, even Christ, and all they were brethren," dwelling in obedience to His manifested will, in harmony, peace and love.

But all "birth-right members" could not be expected to have experienced a re-generation of heart; and some others might not have known

this great work to be *fully* accomplished in themselves, or might have experienced a subsequent falling away therefrom, in consequence of which a code of discipline was deemed necessary as an outward law, to the rules of which the members who are admitted to the rights and privileges of the Society were expected to conform, in the hope and belief that it would be a protecting hedge about them, and ultimately prove as a school master leading to Christ. Among the most important testimonies to which practical conformity was expected to be observed was that *against war*, which, in its very nature, and in every feature, is directly opposed to the great fundamental principle of the profession, which breathes "Glory to God in the highest: on earth, peace: good will to men." Every thing, therefore, which, in any manner tended to promote, encourage or uphold war, has, from the very origin of the Society, been earnestly and affectionately remonstrated against as being detrimental to the highest spiritual interests of the members, and in direct opposition to the precepts and commands of the holy Jesus.

Now, we are the inheritors of the labors, the sacrifices, and the purchases made by the blood of many of our worthy and faithful ancestors and predecessors. And we trust the same views and feelings that animated our early Friends upon this most interesting and important subject, are still the concern of Society, if not fully participated in by all the members. In evidence of this, we make the following extracts from an address to its members, issued by the Meeting for Sufferings, which represents Baltimore Yearly Meeting, under a deep religious concern upon the subject, in the Ninth month, 1861.

"Let all [our members] be vigilant in the maintenance of our peaceable principles, not only by avoiding any practical participation in whatever is contrary thereto, but by preserving *our hearts, in the spirit of peace and love to the whole family of men.* All are our brethren, the children of one common Parent, whom we are allowed the great privilege of addressing as Father; and if we truly love *Him*, as we are commanded to do, 'with all our heart, with all soul, and with all our might,' we will necessarily love *all His children*, and be able to ascribe Glory to Him in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men.'

"Let us keep ever in mind that the *practical ground-work* of our profession—the *speciality* in the operation of our religious principles, is *love*, universal love, love to God, and love to all men. With this as the foundation principle, if it is only preserved in healthful activity, as we greatly desire it may be in all, (our members), there can be no party feeling, no strife, no contention, no cruelty, no oppression, no unkindness of any kind, 'nothing that can hurt or destroy.'

"In accordance with this principle, it is our duty to be good, quiet, peaceable citizens, under whatever civil government is established over us; obeying, cheerfully and faithfully all laws with which we can conscientiously comply; and when we cannot, consistently with what we sincerely believe to be our duty to our God, obey any laws that may be passed, never, in any way, clandestinely evade or actively oppose them, but meekly and patiently submit to whatever penalty may be imposed for non compliance therewith, even unto death—the laws of God being fearlessly held paramount to the laws of man.

"This state of willingness to suffer all things patiently, for Christ's sake, which is the highest Christian attainment, cannot be gained in our own wills and maintained in our own strength, but must be the work of deep prostration of soul and dedication of heart to God, who, in his adorable love and mercy, will then empower the heart in strict sincerity to say, 'Not my will, but thine, O God! in all things, be done.' To this happy and elevated condition of mind, we greatly desire all our members to attain. Then shall we be enabled to stand firm in our innocency and Christian dignity, feeling no fear of what man can do to us, but fully assured that He that is with us, is greater than he that is in the world.'

"Our religious testimony, upon which is based our unwillingness to take up arms against the lives of our fellow-creatures, arises from no disposition to be disobedient or disloyal to those in authority, nor from any fear of death or personal suffering—far from it; but from a fear of offending our God, whose express commands we feel that we should thereby break. 'God is love,' and we believe it is His express command and will that all his rational children should continually dwell in love; and so far from doing any thing that might injure, maim or kill a fellow-creature, that we should love even our enemies, and, if need be, pour in the oil and wine to soothe and heal those whose feelings might be hostile to us. The command of Christ, which, as His followers, we should feel it incumbent upon us to obey, is 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'

"Whilst, for fear of offending the great Author of our being, we thus cannot take up arms against our fellow-creatures, let us be mild, meek and patient towards any who may urge us thereto; and, if they should even abuse us and induce personal suffering, still, in the conscious innocency of our hearts, and integrity of purpose, let our prayers be, 'Father, forgive them, they no not what they do.'

"The testimony of our religious Society

against war, and every thing connected therewith is co-eval with its existence as a religious association, and has been steadily maintained at all times and under all governments wherever the Society has existed; and, although in periods of excitement some of our members have occasionally forsaken our peaceable principles and engaged in military strife, such conduct has invariably been testified against by the Society, and its authors regarded as not in religious fellowship with us. And we therefore most earnestly and affectionately caution all our members, and especially the precious young men, to take no part whatever on either side in the deplorable strife which now so unhappily exists, nor be drawn away into a violation of this, our ancient and important Christian testimony, by any appearance and pretext, however plausible; but endeavor to abide firmly and constantly under the feeling of universal love, and at peace with all men; so shall the blessing of the Most High rest upon us, and we shall be accounted worthy when done with time here, be this sooner or later—be it in the natural course of things or as martyrs for Christ's sake, to have our names written in the Lamb's Book of Life and to be received with the faithful of all ages, 'the general assembly and Church of the First-Born,' into the mansions of eternal rest and peace."

Now, a religious organization, in return for the rights and privileges it confers, has a claim on its members for their ovservance of its disciplinary requirements. In the year 1862, our Yearly Meeting issued the following Minute, which seems particularly appropriate to the present occasion, both in this respect and in relation to the mode of treating with those who fail to conform thereto:

"A renewed and deep concern was felt, that, in the administration of our Discipline, Monthly Meetings and their officers, may humbly and diligently seek for Divine direction and aid, and to be clothed with the spirit of charity, and restoring love, in their proceedings towards those who deviate from our order, remembering that it is the *healthfelt condition of the heart* and the *eternal interests of the soul* which are the great objects of labor and care of a religious organization over its constituent members. Also, while we feel this tender care and concern, that the Discipline may be administered in the Spirit of the Gospel of Christ, the nature of which is to produce peace on earth, good will to men, and to seek the restoration and true welfare of any who may unhappily stray from the path of rectitude, it is most *affectionately* and *earnestly* urged upon all our members, that they exercise continued vigilance, particularly in this time of unusual temptation and trial, to give no cause of uneasiness or complaint; but to be good examples of uprightness and integrity, and to observe a most scrupulous watchfulness to avoid every infraction of the clear provisions of our Discipline. By this means, and this alone, can Friends, as an organized body, remain a harmonious, consistent and united people. Even in a case where a member might not clearly see the propriety of some provision of our Discipline, the observance of it would still be a small sacrifice in return for the many rights and privileges he enjoys from his membership. The exemption from taking oaths, to those who regard this as against the command of the Divine Master—the having of a place, *as of right*, at which to assemble with others for Divine worship and to bury his dead—in case of his removal to another neighborhood, his immediate admission to equal privileges with the resident members at any meeting to which he takes a certifitate—the *home* he has in any Friend's family, wherever his lot may be cast; and in case he should unhappily be overtaken with helplessness and poverty, the security he possesses of all needed assistance and affectionate care, as well as the education of his children by the Society of which he is a member, are *rights and privileges*, for which the sacrifice of a little convenience and individual opinion, where no principle (against it) is involved, may well and justly be made to the religious organization which confers them."

Still, under a deep religious exercise and concern for the tender care, protection and welfare of its members, our last Yearly Meeting, upon the recommendation of an unusually large committee, issued the following Minute and directions for the observance of its constituent Monthly Meetings:

"During the dreadful civil war through which the nation has just passed, the members of our Society have been subjected to a severe test of their peaceable principles, and some, we fear, have forgotten their allegiance to that higher Power, to whom we owe unreserved obedience.

"In consideration of the extraordinary circumstances in which Friends (of this Yearly Meeting) have been placed, we recommend that in regard to past offences in the violation of our testimonies against war and military services, a lenient course should be pursued." The Yearly Meeting therefore directs "Monthly Meetings to appoint committees of judicious Friends, to whom voluntary acknowledgement may be made; and when such verbal acknowledgments are satisfactory to the committee, they may be accepted, without recording the name of the individuals to the Monthly Meeting.

"Voluntary acknowledgments may also be made in the Monthly Meeting, and accepted if satisfactory, without recording the names of the parties.

"In cases where the labors of the committee re ineffectual, the names of the individuals hould be reported to the Monthly Meetings.

"In regard to the purchase and holding of overnment bonds, and the payment of certain axes, by some called war taxes, there appears o be a difference of sentiment among Friends, nd we recommend that each individual be eft, in these matters, to follow his own religious onvictions, trusting that the dictates of an nlightened conscience may be observed, and hat Friends will be charitable in judging of he conduct of others.

"The bearing of arms, the practice of mili- ary exercises, and the paying of money in lieu f personal services, we regard as violations of ur testimony against war; and those of our nembers who deviate in either of these par- iculars are to be tenderly dealt with, and, if hey cannot be brought to a sense of their error hey are to be disowned."

Now, in pursuance of the foregoing directions of the Yearly Meeting, our Monthly Meeting has appointed us to endeavor to carry out these views of the Yearly Meeting, and particularly where it further earnestly encourages Monthly Meetings, while they give "evidence of a desire to be tender towards all who have been drawn to violate our testimonies against war, *to be* [*still*] *faithful* in the maintenance of our sublime principles and testimonies in favor of universal peace and love."

It is not in harmony with the views and feelings of the committeee to make search or inquiry in regard to the conduct of the members of our Monthly Meeting in the particulars alluded to; and we have not the information in our possession. At the same time it is our earnest desire to perform faithfully the duty placed upon us by the Monthly Meeting. After mature and deep deliberation, we have come to the conclusion, that this could best be done, by having a personal interview, as far as practicable, with all the male members of our Monthly Meeeting, who are of sufficient age, in a feeling of kindness and affection, and presenting the foregoing views and facts to them. *Then*, if they can *feel* and *acknowledge* a unity with their general import; a regard for the characteristic and important testimony of our religious Society against war, with a *desire* to conform their future lives thereto and to uphold the principles of peace and love, and a *regret* for the circumstances that have led to any infringement or violation of our Discipline, so far as these may have occurred with any; all of which, we hope and trust, our members can conscientiously and willingly do, it appears to be the extent to which the labors of the Committee are required and the accomplishment of the objects contemplated by the Monthly and Yearly Meetings.

It is not pretended, that the Committee lay claim to any superiority over their fellow members We trust we are brethren, and disposed, you as well as we, to fulfil the offices of brethren, by watching over one another for good, strengthening and lending a helping hand to the weak, and endeavoring to uphold the organization of our beloved Society. It was with no small reluctance we accepted our present appointment. We foresaw it would impose upon us arduous and unprecedented duties. But, in obedience to the instructions of the Yearly Meeting, the labor *had* to be performed by *some* of our members, and, as we were selected, we did not feel at liberty to decline the service. And it is our abiding desire and concern, that through Divine favor, we may be led to do no harm in our present engagement, but, in true Gospel love, to invite *all* to come under the influence of the Divine Spirit, which will gather and preserve from all war, strife, and contention, and every other evil, and into love, kindness and charity, in which all will labor "to maintain the unity of the Spirit, in the Bond of Peace."

Signed,

BENJ'N HALLOWELL, } *Committee*
EDWARD THOMAS, } *of the*
HENRY STABLER, } *Monthly Meeting.*

SANDY SPRING, MD., 1 mo. 14th, 1866.

The Committee reported to the Monthly Meeting in the Second month, last, that they believed they had been enabled to accomplish, satisfactorily, all that was contemplated by their appointment, having had a personal interview with all the male members who were of sufficient age, except, perhaps, some three or four of the oldest, in regard to whom there appeared to be no occasion, during which the preceding address was deliberately read, which was favorably received, and its import united with in all cases, so that no feeling was estranged, but all our members seemed drawn closer together in the kindness and affection of a common brotherhood by the care and concern of the Meeting for their welfare.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO PARENTS AND OTHERS.

I feel willing to ease my mind of a burden that has long rested upon it, on the subject of the guarded education of the youth. I desire that when the solemn inquiry is made, "What has become of those tender lambs committed to thy care;" we may each answer, I have done the best in my power to keep them from harm.

I feel it my duty to say, that if mothers would take but half the time in teaching their young children themselves, that they now take to dress and fit them for school, they would improve nearly as fast as they do in the present manner. The children would thus be under the care of one of the tenderest of teachers—a pious mother. Who can estimate the blessing

of a religious father and mother? Surely, of earthly blessings, it is the greatest.

The aspirations of my soul are, that we may so live that in the end we may receive the joyful welcome, enter into the mansions of bliss in the presence of thy Lord; and that the tender lambs may be preserved from the contaminating influence of the vain and fleeting things of time. I believe, if there is not more zeal for the cause of Truth manifested, this nation will be flooded with, and ruled over by wickedness, and the just judgments of the Lord will come upon us for disobedience. Oh may these things be laid to heart, for great is the responsibility of those of the present generation.

That we may close in with redeeming love, whilst our day of visitation lasts, is the sincere prayer of your friend, FERRIS POWELL,

Bernhards Bay, Osage Co., 8 mo. 3d, 1866.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 8, 1866.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The New York Daily *Tribune* of Eighth month 3d, gives a lengthy and interesting account of the establishment, in that city, of the "American Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals." It appears from the account, that a similar society has, for nearly fifty years, been in existence in England, and that great success has attended its action, resulting in the enactment of statutes by the British Legislature, relative to the treatment of animals. The influence of this association has gradually extended over other portions of the globe, and similar societies have been formed in France, Prussia, Russia, all over Germany, in Africa and Asia, and we can readily believe that wherever such a remonstrance against cruelty and oppression is raised, the effect will be beneficial.

As we are so greatly indebted to the brute creation, it might reasonably be inferred that self-interest alone would induce us to treat them with kindness and consideration; but facts do not always sustain this inference. Some even, who are benevolently inclined, are less thoughtful and careful of the dumb, patient creatures, who labor and suffer, for their advantage, than the principles of justice and mercy would enforce. There are so many ways in which they may be oppressed and needlessly made to suffer, that, until the attention is turned to the subject, and the mind comes to regard them as a part of the economy of Providence, placed by circumstances under our control, and for whose comfort and happiness we are responsible, we can not exercise proper consideration. Not only by flagrant acts of cruelty, which receive the condemnation of all humane persons, are these dumb creatures made to suffer, but often those who are kindly disposed toward them, from thoughtlessness, or a desire to accommodate their human friends, impose grievous burdens upon them, by loading vehicles to their full capacity, and making one horse do the duty of two, forgetful that such generosity is exercised at the expense of a poor brute, who, if he could speak for himself, would surely remonstrate.

"When we love the Lord with all our hearts and his creatures in his love, we are then preserved in tenderness, both toward mankind and the animal creation," said the meek and exemplary John Woolman. Again he records the same idea in the following language: "He, whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in every mind, which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition. We are told in Scripture that 'a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast,' and the Holy Jesus, when enumerating the different states which would receive the Divine approval, impressively declares, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

The society, to which we have alluded above, was established in the early part of the present year, and the amount of good already achieved has proved the necessity for its existence. The mode of operation is that pursued in England; to circulate tracts and circulars among persons intrusted with the care and handling of animals; the introduction into schools, by books or otherwise, of principles of humanity, calculated to impress the rising generation, frequent appeals to the public through the press, and the vigorous co-operation of the police department.

It was probably, owing to the efforts of this society, that the New York Legislature, at its session of 1866, passed several acts for the prevention of cruelty to animals, of which the following are some of the leading features:

"Every person who shall, by his act or neglect, maliciously kill, maim, wound, injure, torture or cruelly beat, any horse, mule, ox, cattle, sheep or other animal belonging to himself, or another, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, punished by fine or imprisonment, or both."

The "Act for the preservation of the health of animals for human food," provides, "No railroad company shall, in transporting cattle, sheep or swine, confine them in cars for a longer period than twenty-four consecutive hours, without unloading for rest, water and food, and for a period of at least ten consecutive hours, and shall not receive or re-load any such animals from another railroad, that have not been rested at least ten consecutive hours preceding such loading, and been watered and fed within the time. The penalty for every violation is $100." The board of health has issued regulations, "That no cattle shall be placed or carried while bound or tied by their legs, or bound down by their neck, in any vehicle, in any city or village of said district; but shall be allowed freely to stand in such vehicle when transported, or while being therein." In regard to the labors of this association, the *Tribune* says:

"Many opportunities for the exercise of our benevolent society's authority are still to be found in our markets, although the evil has already been mitigated in a great measure. Butcher's carts are still to be seen crammed with numbers of hot, steaming, live calves and sheep, tied by the feet and tumbled carelessly in, one on top of another, their large, sweet eyes and docile countenances written over with that expression of patient agony which painfully haunts the benevolent witness for hours afterward. One would think that if we must have the lives of these innocent and beautiful creatures for our sustenance, we should take them as painlessly as possible, and in some measure disguise to the poor brutes the shambles where they must die, instead of leading them wretched and reeking to the block. The chickens and other poultry have also, in another respect, a claim upon the sympathy of the benevolent. The customary manner of carrying them from market—grasping the legs, with the heads hanging down—is thoughtlessly cruel. In this position, they, of course, experience the same rush of blood in the head which would happen to a human being, under similar circumstances; but far more protracted suffering, inasmuch as the fowls, from their length and flexibility of neck, are enabled to partially lift their heads, and thus prolong their own pain."

The humane oversight of this society is exercised on behalf of dogs, rabbits, squirrels, birds, fishes, lobsters and every animal with which man comes in contact.

In looking over an old volume of the *Intelligencer*, we find part of the testimony of Grace Church Street Meeting, in reference to John Barclay. From some cause, not remembered, the latter part, equally interesting, appears to have been omitted. We, therefore, as an introduction to future extracts, which we propose making, give the whole as the leading article in the number of this week.

The extract from a private letter will introduce to our readers an address of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting, and we trust that the writer will excuse our using it without first asking the liberty.—Eds.

Died, on the 10th ult., Norris P., infant son of Ellwood and Mary Rulon, aged 5 months and 14 days. A member of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting.

The Treasurer of Friend's Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen, has received since last report,—

From City Contributions, . . .	$50.00
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md., .	25.00
" Friends at Medford, N. J., . .	5.00
	$80.00

Henry M. Laing, *Treasurer*.

Phila., 8th mo. 31st, 1866.

"When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our conscience at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, 'we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but as a grain of sand.' He will say, 'I placed before you, in your day, the two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed; in the one was good, and in the other was evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt; but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other. You did neither. Let the wind drift it away; it has not been of

any use to you or your brethern.'"—*Lamartine.*

REFLECTIONS ON EXODUS III: 14.

BY BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

When the Lord speaks of himself with regard to His people, He saith—I AM. He doth not say I am their Light, their Life, their Guide, their Strength, their Tower; but only, I AM. He sets His hand, as it were, to a blank, that His people may write under it what they please, that is for their good. As if He should say, are they weak? I am Strength. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they sick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am Justice and Mercy; I am Grace and Goodness; I am Glory, Beauty, Holiness, Perfection, All-Sufficiency, Eternity, JEHOVAH—I am whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions. Whatsoever is good and needful to make them happy, that I am. So that, in short, God here represents Himself unto us as one universal Good, and leaves us to make the application to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities and desires, by saying only in general, I AM.—*Leaflets for letters, (Miscellaneous, No. 46) Dublin Tract Repository.*

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

(Continued from page 407.)

Much as I think the Sunday School capable of accomplishing, there grows in me the conviction that it has had a direct and largely injurious effect upon religious training in our homes, and, from being a supplement, has ended in supplanting the teaching of home.

The home should be the Sunday school of the child. It used to be so; but no one can doubt that, since the prevalence of this institution, there has been a marked decay in the religious instruction of home,—even very conscientious and careful parents delegating this task. I think it is a pity that the Sunday school ever departed from its original mission to the poor, the ignorant and degraded. It has a work and a place among them; it supplies what they could not otherwise obtain. It is not so with us. We are capable of teaching our children—any one of us. That is one of the things we ought not to allow any other to do for us; that is one of the things for which Sunday was given to the home; virtually, that is one of the things we engaged to do when God intrusted to our keeping the immortal spirits of our children; and through all discouragement, defeat and failure, we are to toil at it, till, by experiment and the blessing of God, we have arrived at the ability to meet and discharge our obligation.

Above and before all others ought the parent to be the religious teacher of the child. In the days before the Sunday school it was so. There was a general catechizing now and then by the minister, but the work was done in the home, and any one who knows anything about it, knows that we of the present generation are much better versed in Scripture, in doctrine and duty, than are they of the rising generation. And yet we had no advantage of Sunday schools,—no teachers, no libraries, no general lessons,—but only the humble efforts, often of humble parents, teaching from the one book, and enforcing, by example, what they taught.

The best, the truest, the deepest lessons we have learned have been from the simple, but earnest teachings of our homes. The fault of to-day's degeneracy lies with *our* homes; not that they have deliberately and of set purpose given up their duty; but, finding the Sunday school recognized, and the custom of sending children established, unconsciously they have surrendered a duty they ought sacredly to have kept. Go through the Sunday schools and question the classes, and you will be amazed at the universal ignorance of things which ought to have been taught by mothers in the nursery. Go into homes, and you will find parents satisfied with seeing that the lessons are got,—not all doing even that,—while about the lesson or about any serious topic there is no conversation and no interest. The Bible is a sealed book in our homes,—a *show* book merely, sometimes,—and all the religious knowledge the child receives comes from the Sunday school, from a teacher oftentimes wholly inadequate to the task; or, however adequate to the mere work of instruction, never able to take the place of or discharge the duties of a parent. I know there is a semblance of treason in this; but while I own all the Sunday school has done, and see more that it may do, I believe it has, unwittingly, inflicted an injury upon our homes; nor do I see any good reason for supposing they will return to their duty so long as the Sunday school shall occupy the position, and offer to do the work that it does. If I should carry out my idea, instead of the Sunday school as it is, I would have a children service, and leave the direct teaching of the day to the homes. Perhaps this will be when homes are what they should be.

The instruction of the home should not be merely formal, from the book, nor of the character of a school task, but every way genial. There is no fear that in making the subject interesting you shall destroy its vitality, as some seem to think, while "you do a very dangerous thing when you make that wearisome which you wish to be most loved." I can recall the day when I had no home,—when the Sabbath was long, monotonous, wearisome, and I used to

hut up by myself through the long summer morning, with Watt's hymns in my hand, and the craving for outdoors in my heart. I can hear now the very buzzing of the flies in that, my Sunday prison. I am afraid I profited poorly by those weekly incarcerations, for I never could master Watt's hymns. When I went home it was early summer, and my father's house was just beneath the old Christ Church, in Boston, and our Sunday lessons were with our mother, on the grass plot in the yard, less a lesson of books than of talk.

That is the way home should teach—so as to leave a joy behind,—not so much by the book as from what the book has already taught the parent heart,—not from the Bible merely, but from the page of that other revelation nature makes,—not from these only, but from history, from your and your children's experience, from all the myriad suggestions that come from time to time, and that flow from you in the confidence of Sunday intercourse.

This will not be easy. Nothing of real benefit is. No item of parental responsibility is to be met off-hand. This is a thing for thought, for prayer, for preparation, for experiment. Yet it is a thing that every father and every mother can do and ought to do. Deliberately should the Sunday teaching of the children be prepared for. It should have some plan and be thoroughly done. How you shall best reach your children, patience and time and your parent tact will show. All have not the same gift, but all have some gift. Some will succeed best in one way, some in another. One parent has this gift and another has that; one child has this want, and the other that. Never weary with the sameness of your teaching, or the length of your exercise, but consult the limits and the laws of the child-nature in all things.

Do you say that this is demanding too much, that which is possible only to the few of leisure, of ability, or of wealth? I reply, that the facts, as they may be gathered from many a New England home, are against you. I ask only what every parent may do, has the time and means, and ought to have the ability and the willingness to do.

If you do not know anything about religion, and do not care anything about it, or if you care so little as to be unwilling to make the sacrifice and the exertion necessary, that is one thing; but you never heard of a poor, simple-minded man or woman, whose heart was right, and who followed the simple leadings of nature, who failed to make truth pleasant, and palatable, and profitable.

There is not, in all the range of all the libraries, such a series of narratives as crowds the pages of the Bible, and narrative is the craving of the youngest child, and no narratives so much interest children as those of the Old and New Testament. You may not succeed the first time, or the second, nor do you in anything; but you will soon find your children come to you, saying, "Tell us something more from the Bible;" and you will find that the *telling* is better for them than the *reading*, relieving the narrative of its antiquated forms of speech, and giving a certain air of reality to the circumstances, as well as a feeling of greater liberty to question. This is for the younger a fertile and inexhaustible field, opening up treasures of wisdom and wonder. Advancing years may require other culture; but for that your own advancing experience qualifies. Keeping step with your children's progress, you may always be companion and fellow pupil at least; indeed, the wisest of us always finds himself these; and so these home talks with the children re-act upon ourselves, and redound to our own good.

There are, beside, a multitude of topics for the home Sunday. There are matters of outside interest and benevolence; no dearth at all, but a myriad subjects and a myriad helps, starting up always about those in earnest, unknown, unguessed by the indifferent; a Divine hand ever leading the way and pointing to the parent heart the manner of leading the tender spirit on. Never fear but God will show you how, when you earnestly undertake.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM "SELF-HELP."

It was scarcely to have been expected, that one of the most difficult and apparently impossible of things, the reclamation of criminals, should have been not only attempted, but accomplished, by a man working for weekly wages in a foundry! Yet this work was done by Thomas Wright when employed with the Messrs Ormerod, at Manchester. Accident first directed his attention to the difficulty encountered by liberated convicts in returning to habits of honest industry. His mind was possessed by the subject; and to remedy the evil became the purpose of his life. He did not neglect his work, for he honorably performed his duties as a foundry-man, and his working and business qualities were so highly prized by his employers that he was gradually raised to the post of foreman of his shop. Nor did he neglect his family, for, upon comparatively small means, he respectably brought up a large family. Though he worked from six in the morning till six at night, still there were leisure minutes that he could call his own,—more especially his Sundays,—and these he employed in the service of convicted criminals; a class then far more neglected than they are now. But a few minutes a day, well employed, can effect a great deal; and it will scarcely be credited, that in ten years this working man, by steadfastly holding to his purpose, succeeded in rescuing not fewer

than three hundred felons from continuance in a life of villainy! He came to be regarded as the moral physician of the Manchester Old Bailey; and when the Chaplain and all others failed, Thomas Wright often succeeded. Children he thus restored, healed, to their parents; sons and daughters otherwise lost to their homes; and many a returned convict did he contrive to settle down to honest and industrious pursuits. The task was by no means easy. It required money, time, prudence, and above all, character, and the confidence which character invariably inspires. The most remarkable circumstance of all is, that Wright relieved many of these poor outcasts out of the comparatively small wages earned by him at foundry work. He did all this on an income which did not average, during his working career, 100*l.* per annum; and yet while he was able to bestow substantial aid on criminals, to whom he owed no more than the service of kindness which every human being owes to another, he also maintained his own family in comfort, and was, by frugality and carefulness, enabled to lay by a store of savings against his approaching old age. Every week he apportioned his income with deliberate care; so much for the indispensable necessaries of food and clothing, so much for the landlord, so much for the schoolmaster, so much for the poor and needy; and the lines of distribution were resolutely observed. By such means did this humble workman pursue his great work, with the results we have so briefly described. His career affords one of the most remarkable and striking illustrations of the force of purpose in a man, of the might of small means carefully and seduously applied, and, above all, of the power which an energetic and upright character invariably exercises upon the lives and conduct of others.

There is no discredit, but honor, in every right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling the products behind a counter. A youth may handle a yard-stick, or measure a piece of ribbon; and there will be no discredit in doing so unless he allows his mind to have no higher range than the stick and ribbon; to be as short as the one, and as narrow as the other. "Let not those blush who *have*," said Fuller, "but those who *have not* a lawful calling." And Bishop Hall said, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades whether of the brow or of the mind." Men who have raised themselves from a humble calling, need not be ashamed, but rather ought to be proud of the difficulties they have surmounted. The laborer on his feet stands higher than the nobleman on his knees. An American President, when asked what was his coat-of-arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied, "A pair of shirt-sleeves." Lord Tenderden was proud to point out to his son the shop in which his father had shaved for a penny. A French doctor once taunted Flecheir, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow-chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied, "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles." Some small spirits, ashamed of their origin are always striving to conceal it, and by the efforts they make to do so, betray themselves; like that worthy but stupid Yorkshire dyer, who, having gained his money by honest chimney sweeping, and feeling ashamed of chimneys, built his house without one, sending all his smoke into the shaft of his dye works. The benevolent Sir Thomas Bernard, one of the best practical philanthropists of his day, in his "Tracts for bettering the condition of the poor," makes honorable mention of "a very intelligent and valuable man, David Porter, a master chimney-sweep in Welbeck Street, who is another good illustration of the force of diligence and well-doing. In early boyhood Porter was kidnapped for a sweep; the condition of climbing boys at the time being one almost of slavery. The boy, however, had energy of body and mind, and survived the privations of his unfortunate class. At eighteen years of age he commenced business as a sweep on his own account. When employment was slack in his trade, he sought and found it in others; in summer and harvest time he went into Lincolnshire and worked at farm labor, always bringing home a little store of savings. But he did not neglect his mind; above all, he did not forget the hardships endured by the poor little climbing-boys; all of which he had himself passed through. He therefore devoted his leisure,—snatched from a busy life,—to write a treatise on the subject, which he printed and distributed amongst influential persons, thereby initiating, as Granville Sharp had done, the movement which issued in the amelioration of the sufferings of this class. David Porter, by his frugality, industry, and application to business, eventually realized a large fortune, at the same time promoting the comforts of his boys and workmen in a manner altogether unknown and unusual at the time. On Sir Thomas Bernard asking David Porter how he succeeded in his business, and accumulated so large a fortune, he answered, "By never having an idle hour or an idle guinea." This was his whole secret.

Nothing, however, is more common than energy in money-making, quite independent of any higher object than its accumulation. A man who devotes himself to this pursuit, body and soul, can scarcely fail to become rich; very little brains will do; spend less than you earn; add guinea to guinea; scrape and save; and

he pile of gold will gradually rise. John 'orster quoted a striking illustration of what his kind of determination will do in money aking. A young man who ran through his atrimony, spending it in profligacy, was at ngth reduced to utter want and despair. He ushed out of his house intending to put an end his life, and stopped on arriving at an emi- ence overlooking what were once his estates. e sat down, ruminated for a time, and rose ith the determination that he would recover em. He returned to the streets, saw a load coals which had been shot out of a cart on the pavement before a house, offered to carry em in, and was employed. He thus earned a w pence, requested some meat and drink as a ratuity, which was given him, and the pennies ere laid by. Pursuing this menial labor, he rned and saved more pennies; accumulated fficient to enable him to purchase some cattle, e value of which he understood, and these he ld to advantage. He now pursued money ith a step as steady as time, and an appetite keen as death; advancing by degrees into rger and larger transactions, until at length became rich. The result was, that he more an recovered his possessions, and died an in- eterate miser. When he was buried mere rth went to earth. With a nobler spirit, the me determination might have enabled such a an to be a benefactor to others as well as him- lf. But the life and its end in this was alike rdid.

The saving of money for the mere sake of it, but a mean thing, even though earned by nest work; but where earned by dice-throw- g, or speculation, and without labor, it is still orse. To provide for others and for our own mfort and independence in old age is honor- le, and greatly to be commended; but to ard for mere wealth's sake is the character- tic of the narrow-souled and the miserly. It against the growth of this habit of inordinate ving, that the wise man needs most carefully guard himself; else, what in youth was sim- e economy, may in old age grow into avarice, d what was a duty in the one, may become a ce in the other. It is the *love* of money— t money itself—which is "the root of evil," -a love which narrows and contracts the soul, d closes it against generous life and action. ence, Sir Walter Scott makes one of his char- ters declare that "the penny siller slew mair uls than the naked sword slew bodies." It is e of the defects of business, too exclusively llowed, that it insensibly tends to a mechanism character. The business man gets into a t, and often does not look beyond it. If he es for himself only, he becomes apt to regard her human beings only in so far as they min- er to his ends. Take a leaf from such men's lger, and you have their life. It is said of one of our most eminent modern men of busi- ness—withal a scrupulously honorable man— who spent his life mainly in money-making, and succeeded, that when upon his death-bed, he turned to his favorite daughter, and said solemnly to her, "Hasn't it been a mistake, ——?" He had been thinking of the good which other men of his race had done, and which he might have done, had he not unhap- pily found exclusive money-making to be a mistake when it was too late to remedy it; and when he must leave behind him his huge pile of gold, the accumulation of which had been almost the sole object of his life.

TO THE MEEK.

How much that Genius boasts as hers,
And fancies hers alone,
On you, meek spirits, *Faith* confers!
The proud have further gone,
Perhaps through life's dull maze: but you
Alone possess the labyrinth's clue!

To you the costliest spoils of Thought,
Wisdom unclaimed yield up:
To you her far-sought pearl is brought,
And melted in your cup;
To you her nard and myrrh she brings,
Like Orient gifts to infant kings.

The "single eye" alone can see
All truth around us thrown,
In their eternal unity:
The humble ear alone
Has room to hold and time to prize
The sweetness of Life's harmonies.

Notions to thought made visible,
Are but the smallest part,
Of those immortal Truths which dwell
Self-radiant in man's heart.
With *outward* beams are others bright,
But God has made you "full of light."

One science well ye know: the will
Of God—to man laid bare:
One art have mastered: to fulfil
The part assigned you there.
If other, meaner lore ye sought,
This first ye learned—to need it not!

Aubrey De Vere.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields, which lie
Beneath a coldly dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, in the bitter blast,
The ventures of thy seed are cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain,
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense—
The hope, the trust, the purpose staid,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these,
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

Our life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

J. G. Whittier.

A REMINISCENCE OF INFANT SCHOOL DAYS.

The Newport, R. I., correspondent of the Providence Journal tells the following curious and interesting story:

A gentleman who was born in Newport, and passed a few of his earlier years here, has just related me the following anecdote, which I am sure he will pardon me for repeating. The facts are as he gave them, (the names alone being withheld) and the occurrence took place but a few years ago, whilst on a short visit to the place of his birth. He remembered that he was sent to school to Marm Jones, when but two years of age, and that he, and another child of about the same age, were frequently, during school hours, placed in a cradle and rocked by Becky Jones, Marm Jones's daughter, who assisted her mother in the school. The impression of the school-room has remained fresh on his mind. There was a small fire place across the angle of the room, with tiles on the jambs, and the heavy beams on the sides of the room were met at the ceiling by other heavy beams running overhead. This impression he sometimes supposed, later in life, was a creation of the mind and had no foundation in reality; but he clung to it tenaciously, and at last had it confirmed, and in this way:

Passing up Thames street, he came upon an old building that he felt confident was the scene of his early school days. Pausing to survey it, he asked an old man in the neighborhood if Marm Jones kept a school there forty years ago. "Yes," was the reply, "and she keeps there now." "She had a daughter Becky, who assisted her in the school; is she still living?" "Yes, said the old man. "and in the same house; she is the widow Smith, now." This was enough for the inquirer, who at once knocked at the low door. The rap was answered by a woman past the prime of life, and he asked, "Are you Mrs. Smith, formerly Miss Becky Jones, who kept school here forty years ago with Marm Jones?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Well," said he, I came to school here at that time, and was then but two years old." "If that is so," said the woman, looking intently at him, "your name must be either Benjamin Long or George Short, for we had two children of that age, and we used to rock them in a cradle when they were tired." "My name is Benjamin Long," said the gentleman. I remember the rocking, and am anxious to see your mother and the school room."

On entering a chamber above, to which he was conducted, he said at once, "this is the school room; there is the fire-place in the angle, with its tiles, and there are the great beams overhead and down the sides of the room." Then the old lady, Marm Jones, a woman of ninety, came in, who, when asked the same questions that had been put to her daughter, said, "we had at that time two children placed under our care, and they were each about two years of age, and to keep them quiet we used to rock them in a cradle. Their names were Benjamin Long and George Short." "This is Benjamin Long," said Becky. The old lady looked incredulous for a moment and then exclaimed, "Why, Benjamin, how thou hast changed; for thou hadst then soft flaxen hair and thy complexion was fair! there must be something in the air of New York that has changed its color and made thee so brown." The babe she remembered, but she could not recognize in the strong and active man the child she had cared for in its infancy. Where will you find another instance of a school kept for forty years in one place and by the same school marm?

POWER OF SUBSTANCES TO THROW OFF HEAT.

The different power in substances to throw off heat is turned to very effectual use in the economy of nature, and it must be viewed as an evidence of an all-wise, designing mind, that those things which need moisture most are the best radiators of heat, and therefore the best contractors of dew. Leaves, grass, and plants all have their special powers of radiating heat so as to obtain their adequate supply of dew and this simple function is of the greatest importance in the just maintenance of vegetable life: and its benefit is such that, in the words of Chaucer—

"The earth waxeth proud withal
For sweet dews that on it fall."

But this property does not belong only to plants; in the instance of different soils, the dew is found to collect more abundantly on light, porous, cultivated lands, than on the hard dry barren rocks which bring forth no produce. This difference may be seen in our gardens any clear starlight night, when the grass will be found covered with moisture, and the walk dry. Chemistry tells us the reason of this dif

erence—that gravel is a bad radiator, and keeps its heat; but chemistry does not explain how all these simple laws of nature have been made each to fulfil the part that best conduces to the happiness and comfort of the created. It must be remembered that the texture of a surface has a great deal to do with its power of radiation. Close grained substances—such as metals, are admirable conductors of heat, but they are bad radiators. The fact of their particles being close together assists their power of propagating heat from one part to another; but coarse, loose textures—such as down, cloth, wool, cotton, etc.—give out heat quickly; and, as they do not possess the power of receiving it as rapidly, become cold. Thus they are best adapted for clothing, because they do not conduct the heat of the body away from itself, but it remains collected under their substance, while the outer surface is cold. A very slight shade will prevent radiation. This we see in the contrivance of gardeners, who use bass, canvass, or even muslin, to keep off the frost from their plants; and all these materials have sufficiently loose textures to prevent the heat, given out by the plant, passing off into the outer air. "I had often," says Dr. Wells, "in the pride of half knowledge, smiled at the means frequently employed by gardeners to protect tender plants from the cold, as it appeared to me impossible that a thin mat, or any such flimsy substance could prevent their attaining the temperature of the atmosphere. But when I learned that bodies on the surface of the earth become, during a still and serene night, colder than the atmosphere, by radiating their heat to the heavens, I perceived immediately a just reason for the practice which I had before deemed useless." The accomplishment of the desired end, without a knowledge of scientific principles having led to it, is interesting and very creditable to the observant faculty of the uneducated. There is a custom among the natives of India which also illustrates the same principle of radiation, as the night-coverings of the gardeners. Artificial ice is commonly produced in India by placing water in flat, shallow vessels, exposed to the influence of the night-air. The pans are placed in an unsheltered spot on straw, which, being a bad conductor, prevents any absorption of heat from the ground; and the porous texture of the earthenware vessel admit of a portion of the latent heat of the water passing off beneath. Of course, the surface is also radiating heat; and as no equivalent is received, the water gradually diminishes in temperature until the freezing-point is reached. The ice thus formed is covered with straw, to prevent absorption of heat, and is stowed away in caves, where it is kept for use during the hottest seasons.—*Chambers' Journal.*

He whose soul has anchored itself to rest on the deep calm sea of Truth, does not spend his strength in raving against those who are still tossed by the winds of error. When shall we learn, that loyalty to Christ is tested far more by the strength of our sympathy with Truth, than by the intensity of our hatred of error?

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

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ITEMS.

A discovery of an important character is said to have been made in France. In the bark of the tree? a fine textile substance exists, and M. Brunet has succeeded in reducing this to the fineness, durability and general appearance of silk. He is buying up bark for the purpose of producing large quantities of this new kind of silk.

A quarry of variegated marble, reported to sustain a higher polish than that of East Tennessee, has been discovered in Alabama, near the Chattanooga Railroad.

The Scientific American says that ice may be kept a surprisingly long time by stretching several inches of cotton batting on a pasteboard, or a half dozen thicknesses of newspaper, broader than the pitcher; sew the longitudinal ends together, so as to receive the pitcher; let it stand on a cushion of the same material, and put a pillow over the top. This receipt may be easily tested, and if found of value will be useful in times of sickness.

A National Labor Congress was held in Baltimore during the past month. At its close resolutions were adopted to use all honorable means to promote the eight-hour labor plan, as it was necessary to the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of workingmen; also to obtain for convicts the same rate of pay as paid to honest workmen, and to vote for no one who was not pledged to the support of the eight-hour movement.

THE INDIANS.—No advices have been received at the Department of Indian Affairs tending to confirm any of the reported Indian outbreaks on the plains. The last intelligence was afforded about a week ago by Superintendent Taylor, of Nebraska, who is inclined to treat the disturbances as coming from small detachments of Indians not connected in any way with the tribes who are said to be friendly in their dispositions towards the Government, but on the contrary are regarded and treated by the Indians themselves as outlaws of bad character.

THE FREEDMEN.—The following circular was issued by Gen Howard on the 22d inst:

"In accordance with the instructions of the Secretary of War, it is ordered that on and after the 1st day of October next the issue of rations be discontinued, except to the sick in regularly organized hospitals, and to the orphan asylums for refugees and freedmen already existing, and that the State officials who may be responsible for the care of the poor be carefully notified of this order, so that they may assume the charge of such indigent refugees and

feeedmen as are not embraced in the above exceptions."

The New Orleans *Tribune*, a loyal paper, owned and edited by colored men, has been compelled to suspend publication, owing to the withdrawal of the military guard which alone saved it from destruction in the late excitement.

Thomas J. Wood. commanding the Department of the Mississippi, says, that "in various localities in that State parties engaged in planting since the termination of the active work of making the crops, are discharging the freed-people whom they had hired for the year, without settling fully with them for their previous labor. But if full remuneration were paid to the freed-people for their previous labor, it would be gross injustice to drive them away from the plantations after they had made their arrangements for the year, and when they must be necessarily subjected to much privation and suffering by being thus suddenly deprived of home and support. The majority of the cases in which this outrage is being committed is where the freed-people have been employed to work on shares for a stipulated part of the crop, to discharge them from service and drive them from their homes on the plantations, is simply robbery.

It is believed that only a comparatively small portion of the community can be guilty of practising such an enormity, and the honest and fair-dealing men are invoked to frown down and suppress the perpetration of it.

It requires little foresight to predict, that if the freed-people are treated in this way and robbed of the fruits of their labor, they can no longer be depended on to supply the physical force necessary to cultivate the soil—a result whose direful effects cannot be overestimated. The commision of such outrages on the rights of the freed-people will not be permitted in this department."

John Ely, chief superintendent and inspector of bureau affairs in the State of Kentucky, says in his report for the Seventh month, that the feeling of the whites toward the freedmen in some portions of the State is intensely hostile. This hostility extends to the Bureau officers and agents, particularly in the counties comprising the Southern and Northwestern sub-districts and in some of the counties of the Lexington sub-district. In the above localities, a portion of people seem determined to have their own way in the treatment of the negroes, and the only restraint upon them, in the exercise of their claimed prerogative, is the authority of the Bureau and the presence of the military. Many cases have come to the notice of the Bureau officers, showing that people, who, under the old system of slavery, had been in the habit of flogging and otherwise maltreating their slaves, seemed to regard the right to continue such abuses as indisputable. I believe that time, with the proper exercise of the authority of the laws of the United States, will eradicate this idea, or at least afford the freedmen protection from the practical demonstration of it.

A colored meeting was recently held in Choctaw county, Alabama. About seven thousand freedmen were present. Resolutions were passed with regard to the emigration scheme, and it was determined to send a committee to Washington, to confer with the authorities for free transportation. The meeting was repeatedly disturbed by ill-disposed white persons, but no casualties occurred.

A YOUNG WOMAN of experience wants a situation in a private school, or as Governess in a family. Address
721 tf. E. W. C., Hockessin, Delaware.

FRIENDS SCHOOL, High St., West Chester, Pa.—This school for both sexes, will reopen on 3d of Ninth month, 1866. For Circulars address CHARLES SWAYNE, *Principal.*
References.—HALLIDAY JACKSON, West Chester, Pa.
CLEMENT BIDDLE, Chadd's Ford, "
ENOCH SWAYNE, London Grove, "
623 afntf. WM. H. JOHNSON, Newtown, "

ORANGE GREEN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Situated at Kennett Square Chester Co., Pa., will commence its next session, of 22 weeks, with a Spring Term of 16 weeks,—on Second day, 9th mo. 24th. Terms $4 per week. No extras for Latin, Greek, or French. Apply to SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE and SIDNEY PUSEY, Kennett Square, or EMMA BOWMAN, Byberry Pa.
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CONCORDVILLE SEMINARY.—The Fall and Winter Term of Concordville Seminary, commences Tenth month 1st, 1866. In addition to the regular course, a Commercial Department has been instituted. For circulars address, JOS. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Principal, Concordville, Delaware Co., or MAGGIE B. JACKSON, Kennett Square, Pa.
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EATON FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A Friends' Boarding School, situated on the Phila. & Balt. C. R. R. Next Term will commence on the 1st of Tenth month next. For Circulars, giving full information, inquire of
EVAN T. SWAYNE, *Principal and Proprietor,*
8mo. 15, 1866—awa at p 106. Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

BACON ACADEMY.—The Friends' School, Woodstown, N. J. This Institution will be open for Boarders, Ninth month 24th, 1866. Terms, $4.25 per week. For Circular, address
AUGUSTUS C. NORRIS, *Principal,*
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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

"We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works that He hath done."—Psalm lxxvi.i. 4.

"This shall be written for the generation to come, and the people which shall be created, shall praise the Lord."—Psalm cii. 18.

I have been long settled in the persuasion, that it may be well for many of those who desire the promotion of truth and righteousness, whether they may have moved in a private or in a public sphere, to leave behind them, when they go hence to be seen no more here on earth, some written testimony, however slight it may be, to the blessed cause. As an individual, I confess that I have derived much instruction, comfort and strength, from the living memorials left us by many Christian brethren and sisters now removed from works to rewards; not only from their Journals and from Memoirs of them, but even from testimonies of Monthly Meetings. But especially I have to notice, that the expressions of those who have arrived near the confines of the invisible world, have sunk deep in my remembrance; nor do I know any other instrumental means, that have proved to me so searching, softening, effectual and abiding, as that last mentioned description of memorial. I believe that the profitable impressions which are made, particularly on the minds of well disposed children and young persons, remain with them for the most part through life; so that many amongst us, now grown up, can testify, that incidents and sayings, which, in childhood, they had heard or read, of truly excellent characters, do even at this day continue to have a beneficial effect on their minds; and even in cases where young people have wandered far from the line of duty, these things not unfrequently arise in their remembrance. I speak from some degree of experience, however small it may be, compared with that of some others; for I have been a wanderer in my time, yet can testify that even when most widely separated by wickedness from the Author of all good, the recurrence of the wisdom of the wise, and of the sayings of the dying, to my thoughtless heart, has not been either unfrequent or unseasonable. But the advantages which my soul has received in recent times, are still more decided. Many may think themselves unfit to tell of the Lord's goodness to them in their early youth, as well as under trials and troubles, and great variety of circumstances, even to their old age; but such humble-hearted ones are the very persons who are perhaps most fit, or most called upon, to make mention, in some form or other, of the providences and mercies and many deliverances which they have met with. Often when I hear of the death of eminent servants of the Lord, I long that their wisdom and the weight of their long experience may not die with them; but that some memorial may have been left by them, for the instruction of those who are still travelling on their wearisome way. And surely, the very

least of those who strive to follow the Lord, have had something happen, or have made some reflection worth leaving behind, for the encouragement and benefit of such as survive them. I indeed feel this practice of which I am speaking, to have been, and still to be, the source of a renewed feast to me; and I seldom recur to some of the manuscripts and scraps which I have written, without precious feelings of gratitude, and desires after a patient continuance in well doing unto the end. Some of these which have been written in the very depth of affliction, seem to stir up my faith in the Almighty power, and animate me with fresh courage to endure all things, and to suffer, even unto the death of all that within, which would have its own way and will, and not the Lord's blessed will. Indeed I have been so aware of the instruction to be derived, both from writing such small pieces, and from reading the productions of others in this way, that I dare not refuse, however little I desire it, to allow of these little scraps, the feeble tokens of Divine favor, being made as public as any prudent person, after I surrender them up and go hence, may see right.

1814, *May.*—Some of the following reflections and remarks are taken from little books called "Accounts of Time," in which the hours of every day were accounted for, and the occupation which filled every individual hour of each day was put down. This was, at all events, an *original design*, if nothing better; but, indeed, it was of use, and no doubt was the means of bringing me into active and industrious habits, at a time when no sterling inward principle seemed to have full rule, and when I was left very much to my own direction, and at my own disposal as to my pursuits. I have often felt that it was a preservative at the time, and a stimulus to exertion. I think I may add, of this little contrivance for self-government, as well as of many others which occupied my attention about the same period, that they had their use, in awakening my mind to see the importance of bringing self and sense into subjection; and however insufficient they were of themselves to effect the same, they nevertheless urged me forward to press after the knowledge and attainment of *that*, which is now, (blessed be the Lord, who hath shewed this to me,) experimentally found to be the only sure guide and leader. As far as these little relics show, how the wrestling seed struggled within me, and how tender and gradual were the leadings of the Shepherd of Israel, how the good seed seemed at times almost crushed, and every desire after such things as were truly desirable, was, at seasons, very feeble and faint; so far they are, indeed, interesting to me, and excite feelings of gratitude as often as they are examined. These "Accounts of Time" were begun in the Fourth month, 1814, (*in the 17th year of his age,*) and were left off about the Eighth or Ninth month, 1816. The reasons for preserving them, apply equally, I think, to those weekly reports which I was in the habit of drawing up; from which extracts will also be inserted in this book.

1814, *August 8th.*—I think I may say, that in proportion, as I endeavor to do well, I feel that I am enabled to do so; that there is something within me that stimulates to good, that encourages me to persevere in what is good, and which even tells me what is good. O! may I ever listen to its silent but most important intimations,—may I, indeed, follow that secret monitor within me, and both desire and walk worthy of its reproofs and persuasions.

1814, *November 20th.*—I could wish to be able to discover those symptoms of religious habits within me, which appear where religion exists. I could wish that, as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so those outward signs could be observed, which inevitably follow a devotional spirit within. O! that those evidences of true religion were produced,—a sincere desire to promote the glory of God and the good of man,—a stimulating and energetic propensity to discourage vice and folly, though ever so disguised;—and (that) my dispositions, affections, actions, words and thoughts, might more nearly conform to the pattern which is set before me, even to Jesus Christ!

1814, *December 18th.*—Be anxious and ever ardent in the work before you, even your own eternal happiness, and that of your fellow-creatures, to the glory of God. There is such danger, such liability, whilst in these frail bodies and in this wicked world, even to those seemingly the most confirmed among us, to slacken and decline, that on this head I cannot forbear suggesting a hint to myself, who am but just setting out on the arduous journey to Zion. I cannot help urging myself to beware of that destructive indifference and lethargy, which are and have been the ruin of thousands, in a religious sense; which would palliate the guilt and error of others, and excuse our own, which damp and chill any appearance of zeal in our neighbors, whilst they effectually, though gradually, quench any like disposition in ourselves.

No date.—Domestic life presents many opportunities for the exercise of virtue, as well as the more exalted stations of honor and ambition. For though its sphere is more humble, and its transactions are less splendid, yet the duties peculiarly incumbent on it, constitute the basis of all public character. Perfection in private life is, by far, the more arduous attainment of the two; since it involves a higher degree of virtue, to acquire the cool and silent admiration of constant and close observers, than to catch the undistinguishing applause of the vulgar.

len, accustomed to the business of the world, ıay think it a mean occupation to be engaged ı the duties of a family. It is, however, only y comparison that they are rendered to a su- erficial eye, petty and insignificant. View hem apart, and their necessity, their importance nmediately rises. How many daily occasions here are for the exercise of patience, forbear- nce, benevolence, good humor, cheerfulness, andor, sincerity, compassion, self-denial! How ıany instances occur of satirical hints, of ill- atured witticisms, of fretfulness, impatience, trife and envyings; besides, those of disre- pect, discontent, sloth, and very many other eeds of evil, the magnitude of which is perhaps mall, but for the guilt of which we shall most ssuredly be judged. When we consider that rivate life, also, has its trials, temptations and roubles, it ought surely to make us vigilant, hen around our own fire-side, lest we should uiet our apprehensions, and cease from our aily watchfulness.

Prove your love and affection for your fami- y, and your friendship and attachment for all our connexions, by using, not partial, hypo- ritical, momentary acts of kindness, but, one niversal, constant, animated effort,—one sin- ere desire of rendering others happy, united ith compassion for their sufferings, charity nd candor for their errors, and forgiveness for heir injuries.

Especially cultivate a benevolent disposition, n inclination rather to think and speak well han ill of those around, accompanied with that andor which exposes not the errors, but rather he virtues of others to view; and which brings o light, with regret, their failings, for no other nd than their suppression.

1815, *January.*—Business, in its proper phere, is useful and beneficial, as well as abso- ıtely necessary; but the abuse of it, or an ex- ess in it, is pernicious in many points of view; cannot approve, in very many respects, of the ıtense degree of application and attention, hich seems often to be required of those that re in business.

There is one danger to which the man of busi- ess is particularly exposed, and the more larming, because it is concealed,—I mean the anger of gaining a worldly spirit, and of losing hat tenderness of conscience, that love of re- gion, which is the ground of all virtuous con- uct. The person who is engaged in worldly ffairs, whether the sphere of his engagements e large or small, should be most anxiously at- ntive to his eternal interests, that they also ıay be kept in a flourishing, profitable con- ition; if this be not the case, the saying of W. enn is true in regard to such a one—"He that oses by getting, had better lose than gain." Ie should also be very jealous of his scanty isure, that he may not omit to employ some of it in his daily duties to his Maker, and in the constant cultivation of that holy frame of mind, which it is the slow though sure tendency of the spirit of the world silently to counteract. For I own I tremble at the very idea of any man's mainly pursuing his perishable interests, when perhaps in one short moment he is gone. How inconceivably terrible and exquisite must be that man's anguish, whilst on the very brink of going, he knows not whither, to think that he has given up an eternity of bliss, for the empty grasp of that which is not.

(To be continued.)

Everybody's lot in this world hath some crook in it. Complainers are apt to make odious comparisons; they look about, and, taking a distant view of the condition of others, can discern nothing in it but what is straight, and just to one's wish; so they pronounce their neighbor's lot wholly straight. But all that is a false verdict; there is no perfection here; no lot out of heaven without a crook.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ATTENDANCE OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Seated lately in an unusually small mid week meeting, and reflecting what a privilege it was thus to withdraw from the cares and employments connected with our mere physical comfort, and turn the mind uninterruptedly toward God and heavenly things, the query arose in my mind, why it was that so few availed themselves of this privilege. Perhaps the chief cause of this neglect is to be found in the habitual absorption of the mind in necessary business and household cares; a habit which is often continued after what was regarded as a necessity for it has ceased. If no other reason existed for the setting apart a portion of time for religious thought and communion, the importance of breaking in upon and preventing this absorption of the mind in material things, would be sufficient to recommend it as a salutary provision for our spiritual nature.

It is sometimes urged by those who are remiss in the attendance of religious meetings that spiritual strength is better found in the retirement of their own closets; but do they always thus seek it? And would it not be generally found that communion in the closet leads to a desire for religious communion with others? "This ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone." It does not seem absolutely necessary to physical health, that we should assemble at stated times in the day to partake of food in company with our families; the animal system would be supported by each one taking his morsel alone; yet the social meal, at stated times, has always been a step in the progress from barbarism to refinement.

Another cause of remissness, and among those too who really desire to avail themselves of every

means of strengthening the spiritual life, is discouragement at finding themselves, as they express it, no better for going to meeting. But are they better for staying away? Do they know that they are no better? Is not this very longing for something higher and better than they have yet known an evidence of spiritual life? Do not these mistake when they look for a sensible evidence of good each time that they assemble with their friends for religious meditation. This frequent assembling is but one among the many influences that slowly and imperceptibly build up the spiritual life. In seasons of affliction and trial, or when under the influence of special divine visitation, we are often sensible that progress has been made in heavenly things; but not less important are those influences that, like the atmosphere which surrounds us, are imperceptible, but without which there could be neither life nor growth.

As an important outward means of good, the regular attendance of a place of worship should be included in the household arrangements of those who are just commencing the business of life for themselves. When it is once decided that this must not be dispensed with, other duties will fall into their right places, and will be better performed when there are interposed seasons of quiet recollection, in which the mind may recover itself, and gather up its scattered energies.

I have called the attendance of religious meetings a duty, but it should rather be called a privilege. It is certainly a duty to avail ourselves of every means for promoting our spiritual growth; but if we regard the mere attendance of religious meetings as an observance by which God is to be honored, we shall fail of experiencing its true benefit.

As a means of promoting love and kind interest in each other, social worship stands pre-eminent. Who has not observed the flow of affectionate feeling evinced by the tearful eye, the warm grasp of the hand extended even to strangers, at the close of a favored meeting, not only when some gifted instrument has aroused the spiritual life, but sometimes after a solemnly silent one?

It is not easy to conceive how a religious society can be held together without these stated assemblings; it may be called a form, but it is the simplest of forms. When the multitude were to be fed, they were first to sit down; and in looking toward the coming ages, when the growing light of truth shall cause those less simple forms which once expressed an imperfect truth to pass away, this, founded as it is in man's social nature, we must suppose will continue, while that nature remains unchanged. This very simplicity, this reducing of Divine worship to its simple elements, is perhaps one cause many of the young and inexperienced have sought in other religious sects for more imposing and tangible forms. The desire to do some good thing, to have the religious feelings excited, and the corresponding idea that Friends' do nothing but sit still, and know not what they believe, have led many to the abandonment of the religious society in which they were educated. We may cherish the hope that under these forms and observances, the sincere-hearted may receive spiritual good, and that *some* of the simple views early imbibed may, through their agency, leaven other sects; but the eye of faith cannot but look forward to the time when these forms and ceremonies will be regarded as the things of the child that must be put away; and this may ere long be the experience of some who feel that they now derive benefit from them.

In the meantime, it is for those who have known the efficacy of silent waiting upon God;—who are convinced that the offering of the whole heart is the only acceptable worship, that without it, forms are unavailing, and with it useless,—it is for these to put on fresh strength and hope, to press through every discouragement, and by their loving, cheerful, and consistent walk, allure the young into that spiritual simple path, in which so many of the fathers and mothers of our Society have walked safely, and who have left behind them testimonies to the efficacy of the One Power, which redeemed them not only from the corruptions of the world, but out of the forms and observances they had been taught to believe essential, and gave them an evidence that they were God's children. S.

Philadelphia, 9th mo., 1866.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest wisdom; and he that increaseth his riches increaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.—*Economy of Human Life.*

RATIONALISM.

The term *Rationalism* in connection with religion is somewhat startling, and when the following extract from The Contemporary Review was offered for insertion, we had nearly suffered our prejudice to reject it unexamined, but a careful perusal has quite changed the tone of feeling in relation to it.—Eds.

The term rationalism is in itself so entirely vague and indeterminate, that previous to definition it is impossible to say what it denotes relative to theology. It is one of the greatest misfortunes both of theological and philosophical discussion, that words frequently come to be used with such complex and even contradictory meanings, as to obscure altogether the real points at issue, and to keep controversialists

ghting for years in the dark. Many instances ight be given of this abusive employment of ords, but there is none more noted or more nfluential in the confusion which it is con- antly breeding, than the word rationalism. It used at least in two distinct and nearly oppo- te senses. In its current use, with a large ass of theologians it denotes a certain exercise the natural intellect, always opposed to hristianity. It means the deliberate rejection Divine revelation, as inconsistent with the ictates of the natural reason. It is the same, in nort, as irreligion. It is the spirit of the world, ne spirit of undevout science, of undevout phil- sophy, as opposed to Christ and the spirit of ne Divine, which in Him is seeking to bless ne world. In this sense rationalism is aggres- vely hostile, not merely to certain truths of eligion, but to the very foundation of religion n human nature,—the spiritual instincts and rinciples which separate man from other crea- ures, and make him, in contradistinction to nem, a religious being.

Perhaps it may be questioned whether there any form of thought thus deliberately opposed religion in our day, as there is certainly no pecial philosophy which makes it its business proclaim such an opposition. But no one ho knows anything of the subject can doubt nat there are forms of thought, and even a pre- ailing school of thought, which, according to s fundamental principles, leaves no room for eligion as a valid element of human existence. t may not directly oppose it, but it leaves it ut of sight; nay, it asserts as its basis, prin- iples inconsistent with any idea of special ivine revelation. The great school of thought nown as Positivism restricts the sources of our nowledge to the senses, and if not explicitly, et implicitly, denies the reality of a Divine nstitution in man, separating him from other nimals, and making him, in a true and not ierely an accidental or superstitious sense, a ubject of religion. It is not necessary for us say whether the name of Rationalism is or is ot rightly applied to such a school of thought s this. There is no doubt that it is largely pplied by theologians in a sense in which it is pplicable to no other system,—in which, in nort, it is identical with anti-Christian phil- sophy.

But the expression is also applied often, by ne same theologians, to describe a mode of nought which has no connection with the pre- eding, but which, on the contrary, is its most ctive and enlightened opponent. It is applied the exercise of reason within the sphere of eligion, with a view to the enlargement and urification of religious ideas in consistency ith the necessities of an advancing spiritual ulture. In the former case, thought takes its and outside the circle of spiritual truth al- together, and it never comes within the circle. It lays the foundations and tries to build the structure of Truth outside of the Church, and the special principles which lie at the root of the Church. In the present case, thought is born within the Church; it starts from spiritual principles; it is essentially Christian in its fundamental ideas; but it does not hold to these ideas merely as they have been elaborated and dogmatically expressed by the Christian intelligence of former ages. On the contrary, it recognises a living movement in Christian knowledge, no less than in every other department of knowledge. There is, "through the ages," a growth of religious intelligence and comprehension, just as there is a growth of philosophical intelligence and comprehension; and the labors of past generations of Christian thinkers, while claiming all honor and respect, are no more infallible than the labors of past generations of philosophers. According to this view, the increase of general knowledge, and of humane and enlightened principles in society, inevitably carries with it an increase of spiritual illumination. Higher, juster apprehensions are developed, not only of the relations of man to man,—a fact admitted on all hands,—but moreover of the relations of man to God, and of the Divine intentions for man's good. If man, in the course of the Christian centuries, has come to understand better his own position and rights in relation to the position and rights of others, and to find in the Christian revelation the warrant of this higher knowledge, which for long he failed to see, or at least to realize, there seems every ground for concluding that he will also come to understand better from the same source his relations to God, and God's thoughts towards him. Why should not the Christian reason grow and become more full of light, as well as the scientific intellect? It is no satisfactory answer to say, as has been so often said, that the sum of Christian knowledge is contained once for all within the books of the New Testament, from which nothing is to be taken, and nothing added. The question is not one as to the original completeness of the Christian revelation, but one solely as to the interpretation of this revelation. Allowing all that can be said as to the perfection of Holy Scripture, even on the untenable supposition of verbal inspiration, this settles nothing as to the validity of past interpretations of Scripture. Least of all does it settle anything as to the validity of the dogmatic opinions which have grown up within the Church at successive periods, and which have frequently owed their rise far more to the changing currents of human feeling and thinking than to any direct result of scriptural study. These opinions must stand or fall on their own merits. They cannot, on any ground of reason, be considered beyond re-examination, and hence

of possible expansion or correction. The mere fact that they are stamped with the authority of the Church, or in other words of the highest Christian intelligence of the past, is enough to secure for them respect, but by no means enough to place them beyond criticism. The Christian intelligence of to-day possesses every right that the Christian intelligence of the fourth century, or the twelfth century, or the sixteenth century, possessed. And not only has it the same rights, but there can be no doubt that, upon the whole, it possesses a higher capacity of exercising these rights. In many respects it has both more insight into spiritual truth, and more freedom from spiritual prejudice. And it claims, therefore, not only in one church, but in all living churches, to reabsorb, as it were, the great spiritual ideas of the past, and review them in the light of Scripture; to take them up from the dogmatic moulds in which they are apt to lie dead in an uninquiring age, and to bring them face to face once more with the living Word and with all true knowledge. This process of constant inquest regarding religious ideas, and consequent purification of them from the admixtures of error and false philosophy, which mark human progress in all its relations, is, according to this school, the necessary condition of all real thought about religion. Theology ceases to be a living science when it ceases to move, when it imposes itself as a mere mass of dogma upon the conscience, instead of soliciting the continual criticism and purification of the spiritual reason. Nor is such a process of movement necessarily of an unsettling character in theology any more than in other sciences. Whatever true principles theology has reached in the past remain true principles. Truth has nothing to fear anywhere from the most rigorous inquiry. But whatever is not of the truth, whatever has been imported into theology from the darkness of human error or the misconception of human reason, or, in other words, from the misreading of Divine revelation, this is no doubt liable to be unsettled and exploded. Unsettlement of this kind is the very purpose of the movement, but only that in the end the truths of Divine revelation, the great thoughts of God towards us in Christ, may be seen more clearly and understood more comprehensively.

It must be plain that the application of the term rationalism to two such distinct modes of thought as we have now described is absurd, And yet this absurdity is constantly practised.

Why, when all is bright and happy, should a gloom
Be spread around us. O, blind and thoughtless soul!
'Tis the same power that reigns, and the same love
Is traced alike in sunshine and in shade;
The cloud that bears the thunder in its folds
Comes on the errand of good will to man!
O, we would cling too close to earth, and love
Too well its pleasures and delights,
Were there no shadows on its scenes of light,
No sorrow mingled with its cup of joy.
If sweet fulfilment followed all our hopes,
Like the unfoldings of a spring-flower bud,
We should not seek a better world than this;
Where then would be the reachings of the soul
For higher pleasures, and those purer joys,
That have no higher dwelling-place but heaven.
—*Offering of Sympathy.*

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

(Concluded from page 427.)

The home Sunday, however, is not to be spent exclusively in religious employments, nor even to the extent of wearying. It must have relaxing. Why must every toy be put away, every pleasant book be shut, every expression of glee repressed, and the whole child subdued to an uneasy quietude, simply because it is Sunday? Does not God let the birds sing their week-day songs, the waters wear their week-day sparkle, the flowers exhale their week-day perfume, shall the child be rudely kept from all week-day exuberance, and fretted or crushed into obedience by the perpetual reminder that it is Sunday? What wonder that the Sunday grows to be a thing of horror and of hate? I believe it is well to teach and establish some difference,—that some things should be put aside till Monday,—but I more than pity the unhappy ones tortured into a silence as unnatural as it is absolute. The houses that the week long resound with all the various revelry of childhood, but on Sunday are pervaded as with the hush of death,—in which you long painfully for some outbreak of hearty, honest noise,—are not truly homes, and do not leave on the mind the holiest and happiest impression of home. How many there are to whom the memory of the home Sunday comes up as the one dark and unpleasant shadow on a fair vision; how many owe to it their aversion to the day, and their present neglect of its duties and opportunities; and how many homes are growing up now without wholesome restraint,—the one extreme the inevitable consequence of the other! The Sabbath was made for the child as well as for the man. It must not override the nature of the one or the other. The child is greater than the Sabbath, not to be tyrannized over by it, but to be ministered unto. Its duty is to serve and not to reign; and our duty is that it be taught to serve wisely.

There is one thing which comes under the head of home Sunday, which requires a moment's thought. I mean Sunday recreation. Many of us probably recollect that all our home allowed to us was a short walk after sunset, and many of us could probably say that the going down of the Sabbath sun was the most welcome fact of the week. "Of all the painful inflictions of boyhood, I know hardly any worse than that of wading through the slough of Sun

day." This was another injustice the ingenuity of our fathers contrived for us. I do not want to see the Sunday made into a holiday. I do not want to see riot and noise taking the place of its proper decorum, but I should like to see that it is considered no violation of the day for a family either to walk or to ride together quietly, as it draws toward the evening. "Let it have the duty of our devotions; but when that is satisfied, let it also have the gratitude of our gladness." I welcome it as one of the pleasantest harbingers of spring when by my house the family groups come strolling leisurely, enjoying the evening of the day God made, and seeking that refreshing body and spirit need,—to many the only opportunity absorbed life allows for this wholesome recreation. Welcome the baby's wagon, and the children's voices, and the manly stride, and the matronly serenity, and a blessing on each home group as it passes. The day is the better day for their walk. They have seen God's evening, and God's trees and flowers. Nature has spoken to them, and they will go home happier and sleep more sweetly. For them the flowers blossom; for them the elm trees bend; for them the evening clouds are painted; for them the stars are lighted, and from all, it may be unconsciously, they and theirs, are receiving impressions to hallow and lighten a week of toil. Alas, that the street should be the only place for these Sunday walks! Wisely has an English writer said, "An open space near a town is one of nature's churches, and it is an imperative duty to provide such things." What a blessing is Boston Common,—not an ornament, not the city's lungs, not the place for holidays, not a play-ground in the week, nor a promenade for the Sabbath, but one of "Nature's churches;" and if you can see that well-ordered host of families there of a Sunday afternoon, while the western clouds and the green leaves, and the murmuring fountain *preach*, and not feel that there is some better, sanctifying influence from it all, I pity your blindness or your bigotry. God speaks not from pulpits only, or from places of man's consecrating, but he hath put a tongue in every living thing, and a spirit in all nature, to which he gives no Sabbath rest.

Not as a sanitary measure should public grounds be opened in every crowded town, but as a great education of the soul in humanity and virtue, as affording to those of narrow means and narrow homes and over-busy lives, a Sunday opportunity of seeing and enjoying with their children, the sun and air and works of God.

. . . . .

The crowning of the Sunday at home is the repeating and singing of hymns. One has grave questions and perplexities about what is commonly called domestic worship, and I sincerely sympathize with the man who honestly and frankly says he does not know what to do. Such a service should be less for the adults than the children, and the prayer that shall engage the attention, enlist the sympathy, instruct the heart, and express the wants of childhood, is the rarest of all utterances. Many a man may be able to pray for himself and for others who wholly fails in his attempts with children. Candidly I think that many of our domestic services are only a weariness to our households, and leave any but the best impression. But about a hymn, that has become a sort of household word, there is something different. It is a rhymed prayer, and the child loves and comprehends it. It is the thing never forgotten. Years, distance, change, death, do not separate us from it. You may have forgotten every maternal precept, the tones of the voice you first loved, the very features of your mother may have become effaced, but with you, still and fresh as at first, is the hymn she taught or sung to you in the evening twilight of the dear old home, a presence and an influence forever. . . . . With the home lies the religious shaping of the young soul, and from all the week this day is separate for that special work. A mistaken piety demands a rigid and exclusive observance, impossible, in reality, to most men and to all children; indolent self-indulgence leaves it to run wholly waste. In some homes, it is all restraint, in some, all license. What we want is the safe and wise middle ground which shall make it pleasant and profitable, neither a gloom for the heart nor a weariness to the body. Then most truly the Sabbath day shall be kept, and holy, when, disregarding the limitations of the past, we seek to make it minister to the largest good of all, mindful of nature's laws and limits, and not expecting of the young, or striving for in ourselves, that which we shall only possess by outraging Divine decrees. To this end have I written, adopting for myself the sentiments of an English writer of the seventeenth century: "I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day, and according to my care of this is my blessing on the rest. I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak, my actions to the censure of the wise and holy, my weakness to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.

WANTS SUPPLIED.

A good man shall have what he needs, not always what he thinks he needs. Providence intends the supply of our necessities, not of our desires. He will satisfy our wants, but not our wantonness. When a thing is not needful, a

man cannot properly be said to want it; when it is needful, a good man shall not be without it. What is not bestowed upon us may not be so beautiful at that time wherein we desire it, for everything is beautiful in its season. He that did not want God's kindness to renew him, shall never want God's kindness to supply him. His hand shall not be wanting to give, where his heart hath been so large in working.—*Charnock.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 15, 1866.

SOCIAL EQUALITY AMONG FRIENDS.—The religious and social equality which to a great extent prevail throughout the Society of Friends may be considered a distinguishing feature in our organization. "I call you not servants," said Jesus to his disciples, "for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." In accordance with this example, the Society which George Fox was instrumental in gathering, has been denominated Friends, a term not only indicating spiritual fellowship, but social equality; and in early times so great were their manifestations of interest in each other that it became a proverb, "See how the Quakers love one another."

If in this respect we have in some degree deteriorated, yet we believe a strong fraternal feeling is still cherished throughout our borders. The opportunities for religious intercourse afforded by our frequently recurring Yearly and Quarterly Meetings, and the gathering together at such times at each others houses, tend to strengthen this feeling and to bring us into more intimate fellowship one with another.

Social distinctions exist to a far less extent among us than in most other religious societies. In many neighborhoods they are scarcely recognized, for we find that those blessed with large worldly possessions, and those who have them not, the ten talented and the one, all meet on the same social platform.

The children of parents of all trades and professions receive their education at the same school, and not only during childhood, but often through life, associate upon terms of entire equality. We are so accustomed to this arrangement, that it is only when the attention is directed to it that we can fully estimate its advantages; but we think no one can contemplate them without feeling convinced that such a course is in accordance with the Divine intention, and contributes very materially to the good of all classes.

Through it, the habits of indulgence which the affluent sometimes acquire, may be tempered by the example of the necessarily industrious; the rude and unlearned be stimulated to improvement by association with the educated and refined, while those of superior mental gifts and attainments may be instructed by perceiving that they are ignorant of a kind of knowledge which the less gifted may possess.

Such intercourse is calculated to promote the good of all, and as we practice it, brotherly love will continue in us and abound.

DIED, suddenly, on the 1st of Ninth month, 1866, ANN MORRIS, widow of Wm. C. Hancock, aged 7[illegible] years; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 2d of Ninth month, 1866, at the residence of her grandmother, Elizabeth Warner, Bristol, Pa., ANNA W., daughter of Rebecca F. and the late Dr. David J. Johnson, aged 16 years.

A Meeting of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will be held at Green St. Meeting House, Fourth-day evening, the 19th inst. at 7½ o'clock.

9th mo. 15th. WILLIAM C. BIDDLE, MARGARET A. GRISCOM, } *Clerks.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES FOR THE FREEDMEN.

EDITORS:—I spent the First-day of the week, 26th of Eighth month, at Goose Creek, Loudoun Co., Va. In the morning I attended public worship with the Friends. The lower part of their large brick house was full. During a season of devotional silence, many seemed to realize the precious truth of these expressive lines of Isaac Watts:

"In sweet silence of the mind,
My God, and there my heaven, I find."

Samuel M. Janney gave an excellent testimony, his mind being much impressed with the ancient expression—"would to God *all* the Lord's people were prophets." A stranger made a few remarks on the importance of being prepared, by the influences of the Divine Spirit, for the duties, conflicts, afflictions, tests and exigencies, which "Our Father" knows that we must meet. He applied this thought to the demands of our beloved country, in regard to our vast and augmenting responsibilities as citizens.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., by the timely and much

appreciated assistance of Friend Janney, I gave 25 "certificates of marriage" to Freedmen.

JOSEPH R. JOHNSON,
Supt. of Marriages.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., 4th of Ninth mo., 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRAGMENTS OF BARK FROM OUR CLUB.

NO. IV.

9th month.

A long cherished desire to botanize a little in the pines, found an opportunity of fulfillment, quite unexpectedly, since our last date. With a pair of nimble-footed horses to our carriage, we entered that wide-spreading and ever-green region known as the Pines, about two miles east of Pemberton, New Jersey. The unimportant village of Turkey Town, with its four solitary houses stretching along the road for about two miles, we left a short distance to our right. A flock of quails, possibly on guard, between civilization on one side and their boundless wild homes on the other, permitted us to cross their track.

The breath of the pines! how delicious it was on that cool and cloudless summer morning; how different from the second-hand atmosphere of the city! A shower had fallen the evening before; the sandy roads, like life's road generally, were all beaten and hard; a fresh and sparkling life adorned alike the broad leaves of the oak and the needles of the pines. We were entering a fresher and a novel world; nature was taking us into her broadly-belted, woody, voluptuous arms; we felt old loves awakening within us, and old fancies being stirred; every thing was beautiful and alive; and beauty is for us what sunshine is for flowers, we turn towards it irresistibly; "for not a flower but gave some touch or freckle, streak or stain of His unrivalled pencil."

Our course bore in the general direction of south-east; and where all the roads are as much alike as the tracks of two boats in the river, it seemed to be only this idea of general direction that guided us through these interminable piney paths. But the eye accustomed to forest navigation becomes very skillful, so we soon came to an opening in the woods where a gang of men were at work preparing the ground for cranberry culture. With long, sharp hoes and broad glittering axes they cut the turf into slices, through roots and twisted fibres a foot in depth. This turf is then tossed into heaps and burned, or carted off and piled up into fences for these forest farms. It is rural work, hard indeed, but picturesque, and might tax the muscles of Hercules. The sand beneath the turf is then levelled off, and the plants are brought from their native swamps and set out in rows about one foot apart. By the third year they cover the ground and generally bear fruit in abundance. We saw many acres nearly covered with large ripening fruit, reflecting the morning's sun in red and scarlet light. Two distinct plants grow in the bogs, each producing the cranberry; but the *true* plant for cultivation is the Vaccinum macrocarpon; its fruit is much the larger and the yield far more abundant. To bring this graceful and beautiful vine from its native mossy bed, and plant it all naked in the track of the plow or the harrow seems a wanton violation of its natural privacy and modesty, and we can forgive the act only when we remember the delicious pies, all steaming hot, such as our grandmothers use to make.

A very curious grass comes up in these bogs after the turf has been removed. It has tufted, flat, lanceolate leaves clothed with bristly hairs. It flowers both above and under the ground. Botanists call it millet-grass, or Amphicarpum Purshii. The aerial flower is borne on a loose, branching panicle, with fruit rarely ripening. Below the soil, subterranean peduncles branch off from the roots, bearing on their ends perfect, solitary flowers, which are followed by mature fruit. Thus a double life seems given to this humble grass, and for a weary time, like patience herself, it has been waiting and flowering beneath the turf, planting its unseen and unsunned seeds, till man should come and bid it cover the sod to feed his flocks. How wonderfully are the bogs of this life too, prepared for a higher culture by the little seeds of truth and love which have lain subterranean for so long a time, till turfed and drained by the Divine husbandman.

We now plunged still deeper into the boundless woods, and for miles the carriage rolled along without striking a stone. Along the road-side but few plants in bloom rewarded our keen search. The showy flowers of the large St. Peter's wort, (Ascyrum stáns), like yellow lamps burning in nature's vast cathedral, enlivened these woodland aisles. We saw the Liatris looking so like an Aster, though not numbered with these starry plants; and some Asters themselves had opened their blue eyes, as if looking for the departing steps of summer. The Golden-rods too reminded us that summer was over, and that Bryant's "melancholy days" had come. By the language of the leaves we have learned to tell when summer is over. In June they *whisper* a soothing language; they sing of love and of hope for the fruit which is promised; in autumn they *rustle* with a harsher rattle, like the human voice in life's afternoon.

A belt of cedar crossing the road, and a rustic bridge seen before us, told that a stream flowed there. In a few minutes our thirsty horses were drinking the clear, cold water. Here, indeed, was a fairy spot for the botanist. On that dark, wine-colored stream

> "The water-lily to the light
> Her chalice reared, of silver bright."

The curious Sarracenia, now in fruit, filled its purple pitchers from the stream, and its lips veined with carmine, shone like flowers. But more singular still were the little fly-catchers, the Droseras, two species of which we found in abundance. The D. longifolia grew sometimes in the water, but elevated on its prolonged caudex, from which its curious leaves grow out, in shape, like little spoons, each one covered at the end, but only on the inner side with purple, glandular hairs. Little drops of a clear, adhesive liquid exude from these hairs, and glitter in the sunshine like morning dew. But woe to the insect that creeps into Drosera's fairy spoons! these glandular hairs close all around him, making escape hopeless. In a fine specimen we brought home, and now growing in the window, a little night-walking ant has been captured; his dead body is fixed right in the centre of one of the leaves. The D. filiformis is a much larger plant, of the same glandular, purple aspect, but its leaves arise from a bulb, and unroll at the ends like the ferns, thus resembling many little shepherd's crooks. They are as slender as knitting-needles and often ten inches long, terminating in points. On specimens we have growing numbers of mosquetoes have been caught. Who mourns *their* fate?

Minerva sat her servant to catch flies for her owls, but the servant fell asleep and neglected the birds of wisdom. As a punishment Minerva transformed him into these fly-catchers, and ever afterwards, whether he slept or woke, he has remorsefully followed his occupation.

The pipe-worts (Eriocaulon) raised their compact white heads out of the water, and as the current stirred their long stems, nodded gaily at the gorgeous tufts of Batrachospermum, emerald green, that floated from branches in the stream. This last plant, half of whose name only we have ventured to write, is among the prettiest of our fresh-water alga. Its central axis is surrounded by whorls of bead-like cells in linear series, and so slippery is it that a nimble hand is required to lift it from its watery home; and when the beautiful object is raised above the surface, ashamed of the rude treatment, it falls into a shapeless mass of jelly in the hand. But return it to its native element, and it springs out again rejoicingly in all its former beauty.

Fine specimens of Sabbatia lanceolata grew among the dark cedars, looking, by contrast, so pure in their large, white petals. But we cannot write all we saw nor half we felt in this wild, solitary and strange spot, where the shadows fell darkly on the brown water; and without superstition we shall think of it in the language of another as a

"Brook-bounded pine spinnie, where spirits flit,
And cold, wet ghosts, sit ringing jingling bells."

Just in time for dinner—a pastime never to be forgotten in the woods—we arrived at Shamong, a station on the Delaware and Raritan Bay railroad; but finding little to observe here *from our point of view*, we took a last look at Apple Pie Mountain, bounding the horizon in front of the hotel, and hurried on towards our destination. The same interminable oaks and pines, or pines and oaks, it is indifferent which, with an occasional Golden-rod or Aster in blossom, lined the roadsides, until we came to Pappoose river—river indeed—we could leap over it and have land to spare on either side. The botanical treasures here were abundant, though differing little from those just described. The Batrachospermæ especially surpassed all we had previously seen; great, long, streaming masses waved like Naiad's tresses in the stream, looking in that colored water suggestive and surpassingly beautiful. Oh! why are such exquisite objects hidden away so cunningly in the deep solitudes of these piney streams, if not to teach us to walk more thoughtfully along life's rushing river? We live too impetuously. Only the valleys deep, or mountains high and stony, strike against us in speeding thus along our orbit; we seldom rest on the green and level plains—flower spotted—where joy and happiness select to pitch their tent.

It was hard to say good-bye to Pappoose river, for we may never see it again; but night was coming, and on we drove, through high walls of cedar, over ancient corduroy roads—refreshing exercise—through bogs smiling all round with orchids (Gymnadenia flava) and Polygala lutea, and Droseras in profusion.

But our ride was shortening with the day, and the path we had been following for five and twenty miles came to an end at last in the unfenced yard of a house and stable, welcome promises of shelter for man and horse. An active, aged woman, a grandmother, I believe, received us hospitably, and her energetic step and general expression of capacity refreshed us wonderfully. There, on a patch of ground, elevated but little above the round-sweeping swamp, she rules her household, we doubt not, prosperously.

From her door the eye travels over a wide primeval landscape, which man's hand has neither made nor marred. Supper had been thankfully eaten, and now we had *room* and leisure to see the day die. Golden clouds lay in the west like pillows for the declining sun, and as the evening star shook out her locks tresses over the grave of the God of day, the on-marching night brought out the other stars like "sorrow brings out truth."

"Oh! we could weep to see the day die thus!
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!
Linger ye clouds one moment, linger there;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings;
Like pious prayers, ye seem to soothe its end."

Before the next morning's dew had left the pines—for grass there was none—we had ridden several miles on our journey homeward. The new road we had chosen led us gradually out from the thicker woods, until the white path lay out before us in one straight line, like a ribbon, unwound against the sky. We followed it leisurely, though sensible we were entering a region extreme in its barrenness and striking in its desolation. All that we could call trees receded slowly behind us, and when we came in the centre of this immense plain, probably forty miles square, the eye searched in vain for *one* solitary trunk rising above the level. Aged pines and oaks, only two feet high, fruit-laden, covered the landscape, and grew so closely and uniformly that beyond half a mile in distance their tops resembled a smooth, green lawn. To look up into trees is a common experience, but here we gazed *down* upon them, and were compelled to stoop in order to pluck an acorn or to gather a cone. In this desolate region not a sign of human life was seen, except the straight, white road—no cleared patch to tell where man's abode had been; no curling smoke from collier's cabin; and the only sound that broke the silence was the sharp grating of insect wings. One solitary hawk rose before us, and flew rapidly away into more promising hunting-grounds; and a few swallows on rapid wings, following their happy dreams to southern homes, were the only moving things we saw.

Silence and desolation! never before had we come in such close contact with these stern ministers. Yesterday we saw nature clothed in more than common loveliness; now we felt the sterner aspects of her countenance. Such contrasts are common enough all over the earth. The pines and oaks here are the same species that grow up into trees in other localities. Why then are they so dwarfed on these plains?

Fire occasionally sweeps over all this region, and the remorseless east wind, fresh from the Atlantic, dashes its rattling wings across the budding tops of its vegetation. The soil is like that in other places. No stream of water runs through the plains, and when the rain falls the desert drinks it without wetting its lips. Our horses seemed glad to enter once more among trees that did cast a shade, for they sped along quite nimbly, revealing nothing new, however, in plants or trees. A roof and chimney, not unwelcome tokens of civilization, glimmered through the opening in the woods, and a train of cars approaching in the distance, convinced us we were near the station we had hoped to reach. Here we exchanged the sandy track for the iron road, and were quickly whirled again into the old routine of city life.

DR. J. G. HUNT.

Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WILDWOOD LEAVES FROM NIAGARA.

The day was fast departing, when a little band of way-worn travellers reached the eagerly longed-for goal, and heard for the first time the thunders of Niagara. But all weariness was forgotten, as we gazed with unspeakable awe upon this mighty "sovereign of the world of floods," as he sat throned in glorious majesty, wearing a diadem of emerald and pearl.

I had heard and read much of these wondrous falls; summer after summer I had looked towards them with wistful longing, and imagination had painted the scene in such vivid colors that I feared fancy had outstripped the reality. But as I stood spell-bound at the foot of the great American Fall, I was constrained to confess with the mighty Queen of old that the "half had not been told me." It was an evening never to be forgotten. From early morning till the noontide the rain had steadily, though gently fallen; but as the day waned the shadows fled away, and not a cloud dimmed the brightness of the azure sky, save where the glorious king of day had veiled his face with a mantle of crimson and gold; summer clouds, seen only at the sun-setting, and which, see them where I may, always carry my thoughts far away, recalling to my mind by some strange law of association, the great law-giver of old, who veiled his face when he came down from dread Sinai, ere he stood in the presence of his people, because they feared to look upon its exceeding brightness.

Standing thus at the foot of this wondrous cataract, at the solemn hour of the dying day, our brows bathed with the spray of the falling waters, the eye weary with gazing, the mind perplexed and lost in wonder as we tried in vain to realize the immensity of the great volume of water that is ceaselessly pouring over this great wall of rock, the deep silence broken only by the noise of the falling waters, methought a voice from their midst was continually sounding in my ears, "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him."

But the morrow showed me that scenes still more awfully sublime awaited me. Not till I had peered into the dread recesses of the Cave of the Winds, not till I had passed under Table Rock, and stood behind the mighty sheet of water that foaming and tossing pours headlong over the great wall of adamant at the Horse-Shoe Fall, did I fully realize all their grandeur and sublimity. The changing hue of the waters—their terrific roar as they dashed into the abyss below—the clouds of spray that are swept into our faces, almost taking away the breath—the fleecy clouds of rising mist, a spotless robe in which this mighty monarch of the waters delights to clothe himself, as in kingly array—the sunbeams sporting with the falling

waters—the glittering rainbow that comes rejoicing and "lays its gorgeous gems, a royal tribute," at the feet of its master—all conspire to fill the mind with unspeakable awe and wonder. We scarcely dare to break the deep silence by a word. Oppressed by the solemnity of the scene, we long to bow the knee and worship in this holy temple—a temple hewn by no mortal hand—holier by far than the tabernacle set up in the wilderness on the gorgeous edifice that was erected at Jerusalem, into the inner court of which the High Priest alone might enter. Upon those altars the morning and evening sacrifices, the peace-offerings and sin-offerings, were offered. But here, in this glorious temple of the Almighty, incense is continually offered day and night—incense more precious by far than that of "Araby the blest." No need of the chanting of the priests, of the sweet singers of old with their golden harps, for here the falling waters are ever singing an anthem to Him who "holds the waters in the hollow of his hand," and acknowledge Him their Master, whose voice like unto the "sound of many waters," the beloved disciple heard, when he beheld the glorious vision of one like unto the Son of Man, as he abode in the lonely Isle of Patmos, an exile for the work of God.

Niagara! Niagara! How often when far away, amidst the bustle and stern conflict of life, when wearied with the burden and with the heat of the day, when my soul is crying, "Oh! for rest, a little rest! Oh, but to lay my oars by and slumber for a season;" how often will my thoughts revert to thee, while I learn again the solemn lesson thou hast taught me. No obstacle hinders thy course, nothing impedes thy onward progress; onward, onward, ever onward—tending ever to the goal, as one who seeks the prize, thou speedest on unresting until thy work be done! And then after all the turmoil, all the struggle, all the ceaseless activity, how unbroken the rest, how deep the repose, as, the great work accomplished, thou glidest peacefully, noiselessly on towards the great sea. A. R. P.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Path of the lightning! more sublime
Than when its wrath the rocks have rent;
Surpassing space, outspeeding time,
Linking each severed continent!

Last wonder of a wondrous age!
Where thou hast touched, 'tis holy ground;
For there, as once by Israel's sage,
The presence of the Lord is found.

He saw it in the flame that played,
Yet injured not the desert's tree;
We trace it in the flame conveyed,
Harmless and quenchless through the sea.

Speak not of man's achievement now;
Speak but of Him who spread the main,
And taught His child its might to bow
Submissive to this thread-like chain.

He says to boastful pride, "Be still!"
This mightiest work of human hands
Does but his great design fulfil,
To bind in love earth's scattered lands.

Nerve of the world's gigantic form,
Quivering with thy mysterious life,
Speed only feelings pure and warm,
Nor thrill with pain, nor swell with strife.

—*Transcript.* S. G. B.

SUNBEAM LOVE.

A darling little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door;
And striking on the carpet,
It made a golden dot;
The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
With a smile of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy;
And with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine,
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
To share his infant bliss;
Then stooped and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.
O Lord, our heavenly father,
In the fulness of my joy,
I pray that childlike feeling
May never leave the boy.

But in the days of trial,
When sin allures the youth,
"Send out the Light" to guide him,—
The sunbeams of Thy Truth.
And may this heart be ever
To Thee an open door,
Through which Thy truths, as sunbeams,
Make joy upon life's floor.

From "Self Help."

CHEERFUL WORK.

One of the most valuable, and one of the most infectious examples which can be set before the young, is that of cheerful working. Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit. Spectres fly before it; difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of success. The fervent spirit is always a healthy and happy spirit; working cheerfully itself and stimulating others to work. It confers a dignity on even the most ordinary occupations. The most effective work, also, is always the full hearted work—that which passes through the hands of the head of him whose heart is glad.

Dr. Arnold was a noble and a cheerful worker, throwing himself into the great business of his life, the training and teaching of young men with his whole heart and soul. It is stated in his admirable biography, that "the most remarkable thing in the Laleham circle was the

wonderful healthiness of tone which prevailed here. It was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do; that his happiness, as well as his duty, lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feelings about life; a strange joy came over him on discerning that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in the world. All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he had of its value, both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and protection of the individual. In all this, there was no excitement; no predilection for one class of work above another; no enthusiasm for any one-sided object; but a humble, profound, and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth; the end for which his various faculties were given; the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance towards heaven is to lie."

The useful influence which a right-hearted man of energy and industry may exercise amongst his neighbors and dependants, and accomplish for his country, cannot, perhaps, be better illustrated than by the career of Sir John Sinclair, characterized by the Abbe Gregoire as "the most indefatigable man in Europe." He was originally a country laird, born to a considerable estate situated near John o' Groat's house, almost beyond the beat of civilization, in a bare wild country fronting the stormy North Sea. His father dying while he was a youth of sixteen, the management of the family property thus early devolved upon him; and at eighteen he began a course of vigorous improvement in the county of Caithness, which eventually spread all over Scotland. Agriculture then was in a most backward state; fields were uninclosed, the lands undrained; the small farmers of Caithness were so poor that they could scarcely afford to keep a horse or sheltie; the hard work was chiefly done, and the burdens borne by the women; and if a cottier lost a horse, it was not unusual for him to marry a wife as the cheapest substitute. The country was without roads or bridges; and drovers driving their cattle south, had to swim the rivers along with their beasts. The chief track leading into Caithness lay along a high shelf on a mountain side, the road being some hundred feet of clear perpendicular height above the sea which dashed below. Sir John, though a mere youth, determined to make a new road over the hill of Ben Cheilt; the old let-alone proprietors, however, regarding his scheme with incredulity and derision. But he himself laid out the new road, assembled some twelve hundred laborers early one summer's morning, set them simultaneously to work, watching over their labors, and stimulating them by his presence and example; and before night, what had been a dangerous sheep track, six miles in length, hardly passable for led horses, was made practicable for wheel carriages, as if by the powers of magic. It was an admirable example of energy and well-directed labor, which could not fail to have a most salutary influence upon the surrounding population. He then proceeded to make more roads, to erect mills, to build bridges, and to inclose and cultivate his waste lands. He introduced improved methods of culture, and regular rotation of crops, distributing small premiums to encourage industry; and he thus soon quickened the whole frame of society within reach of his influence, and infused an entirely new life into the cultivators of the soil. From being one of the most inaccessible districts of the north,—the very *ultima Thule* of civilization,—Caithness became a pattern county for its roads, its agriculture, and its fisheries. In Sinclair's youth, the post was carried by a runner only once a week, and the young baronet then declared that he would never rest till a coach drove daily to Thurso. The people of the neighborhood could not believe in any such thing, and it become a proverb in the county to say of any utterly impossible scheme, "Ou ay, that will come to pass when Sir John sees the daily mail at Thurso." But Sir John lived to see his dream realized, and the daily mail established to Thurso.

The circle of his benevolent operations gradually widened. Observing the serious deterioration which had taken place in the quality of British wool,—one of the staple commodities of the country,—he forthwith, though but a private and little-known country gentleman, devoted himself to its improvement. By his personal exertions he established the British Wool Society for the purpose, and himself led the way to practical improvement by importing 800 sheep from all countries, at his own expense. The result was the introduction into Scotland of the celebrated Cheviot breed. Sheep farmers scouted the idea of south country flocks being able to thrive in the far north. But Sir John persevered; and in a few years there were not fewer than near 800,000 Cheviots diffused over the four northern counties alone. The value of all grazing land was thus enormously increased; and Scotch estates, which before were comparatively worthless, began to yield large rentals.

Returned by Caithness to Parliament, in which he remained for thirty years, rarely missing a division, his position gave him further opportunities of usefulness, which he did not neglect to employ. Pitt, observing his persevering energy in all useful public projects, sent for him to Downing Street, and voluntarily proposed his assistance in any object he might have in view. Another man might have thought of himself and his own promotion; but Sir John characteristically replied that he desired no favor for himself, but intimated that the reward most gratifying to his feelings would be Pitt's assistance in the establishment of a National Board of Agriculture. Arthur Young laid a bet with the baronet that his scheme would never be established, adding, "Your Board of Agriculture will be in the Moon!" But vigorously setting to work, he roused public attention to the subject, enlisted a majority of Parliament on his side, and eventually established the Board of which he was appointed President. The result of its action need not be described, but the stimulus which it gave to agriculture and stock-raising was shortly felt throughout the whole United Kingdom, and tens of thousands of acres were redeemed from barrenness by its operation. He was equally indefatigable in encouraging the establishment of fisheries; and the successful founding of these great branches of British industry at Thurso and Wick was mainly due to his exertions. He urged for long years, and at length succeeded in obtaining, the inclosure of a harbor for the latter place, which is perhaps the greatest and most prosperous fishing town in the world.

For the Children.

THE HAND.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

Man is the only animal that has a hand. The monkey has something like a hand; but, if you watch him as he takes things, you will see that it is a very bungling thing, compared with your hand.

The hand is often said to be a wonderful instrument. I would rather say, it is a wonderful *set of machinery*. An instrument or tool is commonly fitted to do but one thing, as a chisel, a spade, a saw, &c. But how many different things can be done with the hand!

Let us look at some things that the hand can do. See the blacksmith wielding the heavy hammer; how strongly his hand grasps the handle! See how it is done. The fingers and thumb are bent by those large muscles that are up in the arm. Now, these same fingers, that grasp the hammer so strongly, and do this heavy work, can be trained to do work of the lightest and finest kind. They can take hold of the pen and write. They can move the tools of the engraver, making those fine lines that you sometimes see.

In the machines that man makes, there is no such changing from coarse, heavy work to that which is fine and delicate. A machine that does heavy work, does that alone, and one that does fine work, does that alone. No man ever made a machine that would pull a large rope one moment, and the next, pull a fine thread, and do the one just as well as the other. But that wonderful machine—the hand—can do this. It can grasp the rope firmly, and yet can take between its thumb and finger a thread so fine that you can hardly see it.

But the difference in the work of the hand is not merely in coarseness and fineness. It can do a great many different kinds of coarse work and a great many different kinds of fine work. The hand works very differently with different things. See how differently it manages a rope, a hammer, a spade, a hoe, a knife and fork, &c. It takes hold of them in different ways to work them. And then, as to fine work, how differently it manages a pen, an engraver's tool, a thread, a needle, &c.

If you watch people as they do different things, you can get some idea of the variety of the work that the hand can perform. See how differently the fingers are placed continually. You can see very well what a variety of shapes the hand can be put into, if you observe a deaf and dumb person talking with his fingers.

The most common things that we do with our hands are really wonderful! Watch one as he is buttoning up his coat; how easily his fingers do it, and yet it is a wonderful performance. Suppose a man should try to make a machine shaped like the hand, that should do the same thing, do you think he would succeed? It would be very strange if he did. Suppose, however, that, after working a long time, he did really succeed, and that you saw his machine with its fingers and thumbs, put a button through a button-hole, in the same way as you do it with your fingers; do you think that it could manage buttons of all sizes, large, middle sized and small? No! it could only button those that are of one size. The different sized buttons would require different machines; and besides, a machine that could button, could not unbutton. But your hand is a machine, that besides buttoning and unbuttoning buttons of various sizes, is doing, continually, a great variety of things that machines cannot do. No machine can take up a pen and write, or even move a stick about, as your hand can. When some ingenious man makes a machine that can do any one thing like what the hand does, it excites our wonder, and we say, "how curious! how wonderful! how much like a hand works!"

But the hand is not merely a machine that

erforms a great many motions; it is, also, an istrument with which the mind feels things. nd what a delicate instrument it is for this urpose! How small are the things which you metimes feel with the point of the finger! s you pass it over a smooth surface, the slight- it roughness is felt. A great deal of knowl- lge gets into your minds through the tips of our fingers. Messages are going from them ntinually by the nerves to the mind in the ain. The blind read with their fingers. They ss them over raised letters, and the nerves of e fingers tell the mind what the letters are, st as the nerves of your eyes are now telling ur mind what the letters are in this book.

Now, while the hand is performing its differ- t motions as a machine, it is generally very uch guided by this sense of touch. If your nd had no feeling in it, it would make awk- ard business, even in such a simple operation buttoning; and it could not do it at all, if u did not look on all the time it was doing it. our eye-nerves would have to take the place your finger-nerves, as in the reading of the ind the finger-nerves take the place of the e-nerves. As it is, you need not look at your gers while they are buttoning, for they are ided by the feeling that is in them.

There was once a woman who lost the use of e arm, and, at the same time, lost all the eling in the other. She had a baby to take re of. She could hold it with the arm that d no feeling, because, she could work the uscles in that arm, but she could not do it fely, without looking at it all the time. If e looked away, the arm would stop holding e baby, and let it fall, for it could not feel at it was there. In her case, the eye-nerves d to keep watch, in place of the arm-nerves at could not feel.

You see that the hand is different from the achines that man makes, in two things—in e variety of things that it can do, and in the nnection which it has with the mind by the rves. While the mind by the nerves makes do things, it knows, by other nerves, all the ne, whether it is doing them right.

See now, what are the facts of this wonderful t of machinery. There are, in the hand and m, thirty bones. There are about fifty mus- es, and all these are connected with the brain nerves. It is by them that the mind makes e muscles perform all the various motions of e hand and fingers, and then there are other rves that tell the mind what is felt in any rt of this machinery.

I have mentioned, in this chapter, a few of e things that are done by the hand, but there no end to the things that can be done by this t of machinery. You can get some idea of is in two ways—by moving your hands and gers about in all sorts of ways, and by think- ing of as many as you can, of the different things that people, in work or in play, do with their hands. And observe in how many more ways the hand is useful than the foot is. The foot has but a few things to do, compared with the multitude of things done by the hand.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."

Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of "one who had gone before." What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Eloquence, with her loftiest eulogy, poetry, with her most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words:—"She always made home happy."

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ITEMS.

TWO ATLANTIC CABLES.—The recovery of the old Atlantic Cable by the Great Eastern is a triumph of scientific skill, fully equal to that of the successful laying of the line now in use. To seek for a slender wire lost in a depth of two miles of water, was an undertaking of even greater magnitude than to lay a new line across the ocean, for the chances of success were exceedingly small, and the difficulty of lifting the cable to the surface after its recovery, proved to be as great as that of grappling it at the bottom.

The old cable parted on the 2d of 8th month, 1865, in latitude 51° 40′ north, longitude 38° west, when thirteen hundred and twelve miles had been paid out. It was recovered on the 2d of Ninth month, after a diligent search for eighteen days, in latitude 51° 52′ north, longitude 36° 03′—a considerable distance from the point where it had been lost just a year and a month before. The Great Eastern left Heart's Content on the 9th ult., to undertake the search, and the work of grappling began on the 12th. Four times the wire was brought to the surface, only to slip off the grappling irons and again disappear, but the persons engaged in the work persevered until the twenty-second day, when the broken end was finally secured, a splice made with the new line on board the Great Eastern, the work of laying begun, communications opened with Valentia, and the Great Eastern headed towards Trinity Bay. The admirable preservation of the broken cable is illustrated by the fact that Newfoundland is talking with the Great Eastern through Ireland.

The first official conference for the establishment of peace between Italy and Austria, was held at Vienna on the 3d inst.

The draft of some of the articles of the treaty was signed, and the arrangements for the transfer of Venetia, between Austria and France, to Italy, and the evacuation of the Quadrilateral by the Austrians, are in progress.

Austria has paid Prussia the stipulated indemnity,

and has begun to reduce her army to a peace footing.

Bavaria has ratified the peace, but rejected union with Prussia.

John Pierpont, the poet, died suddenly at Medford, Mass., on the morning of the 27th ult., aged 81 years.

A company has been formed in California for the purpose of digging a tunnel in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and through it conveying the waters of Lake Tahoe to the channel of a stream, and so across the valleys to San Francisco. It is designed also to supply a dozen interior towns, as well as the larger city, with water of great purity, the miners with water for carrying on their work during the dry season, and irrigate thousands of acres of land that are now unproductive.

THE INDIANS.—The Ottawas, a tribe of partially civilized Indians, are erecting a University for the education of Indians in Kansas. Their Chief, John Jones, is a thoroughly educated man, and is the leader in the enterprise, and associated with him are several other gentlemen, including the Government Indian agent for the Ottawas. By a treaty consummated two or three years since, the Ottawas gave twenty thousand acres of land from the centre of their rich reservation for the establishment of this University.

THE FREEDMEN.—The Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Fairfax county, Va., reports that the affairs of the freedmen are progressing favorably in the country, and that eight schools have been established, which are well attended, and which cannot but be instrumentalities of great benefit to the children of the freedmen. These schools are all under the care and are supported by Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen. The feeling between the whites and blacks is reported as amicable, and no obstacles in the way of the operation of the bureau have been presented.

The Legislature of Kentucky, at its last session, passed a law taxing every male negro or mulatto over eighteen years of age the sum of one dollar for the education of colored children, but no provision has yet been made for this purpose by the State authorities.

Superintendent Wheelock reports for Sixth month, from Texas, one hundred freedmen's schools, of which 47 are day-schools, 24 night-schools, and 29 First-day schools, with an enrolled attendance of 4,447. The teachers number 65, and were mostly natives of Louisiana, or regularly acclimated, and so have been peculiarly exempt from disease. "These schools have been organized and sustained without aid from Northern charity, and without cost to government, the entire expense being defrayed by a a monthly tuition fee of one dollar and a half paid to the teacher by each scholar. This is paid with general promptness, and suffices to support the teacher."

Reports from Alabama show that the crops in that State are likely to be short, from the ravages of the ball-worm and caterpillar.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 435.)

1815, *January 15th.*—The following reflection is taken from a "weekly report," and was penned just previous to my attendance (by way of initiation into business) at my father's banking-house:—

What an eventful period is this, what an epoch in my life! When I look back upon the past, when I review the calm and sequestered hours which have been so graciously granted me, and which I have so happily enjoyed, I cannot help concluding, that the same Almighty hand, which has hitherto upheld me, will be stretched out still." And when I cast my eye forward to the future, to that dark and dreary scene, that chaos of troubles and perplexities, which human life, for the most part, discloses, I remember, with consolation, the expressions of the apostle, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The time that is already elapsed, seems to be a season of preparation, mercifully allotted to me, in order to qualify me for the part which I am hereafter to act; and those principles, which I have prayed, must now, with assiduity, be put in practice. The greatest discretion employed at this first setting out in life, will not be sufficient to direct and keep me in the right path, unless accompanied with distrust in myself, and a corresponding confidence in Divine assistance.

1815, *January 29th.*—The very great benefit which may be (and which I trust is) derived from the system of self-examination that I have adopted, is more and more apparent to me every week. Every week have I to reprove, to exhort, to encourage, and to recommend; as it were to call in my accounts, and to ascertain the real state of my heart; whilst every week—yes, every day—give me abundant cause for contrition and abasement. I am thus led to a more intimate knowledge of the state of my internal affairs, and of the filth which still lurks within; whilst I am rendered less confident in my own unassisted efforts, and more desirous to be strengthened in obedience.

Same date.—Though I feel myself but a novice in serious subjects, yet further experience gives me fresh ardor and eagerness to seek after and attain to that knowledge, which alone "maketh wise unto salvation." The more I study religion, and the more time and attention I devote to it, the more I feel persuaded of its unspeakable importance. There is no pursuit in life, whether of a philosophical, literary, commercial, or worldly nature, which can be compared with the pursuit of religion, in respect to the peace and joy, the profit and the pleasure, which it yields to the willing student. The immediate good effects of it, are only exceeded by its ultimate consequences. In prosperity, the true Christian is taught to be watchful and

humble, and to consider that "the Lord hath given, and the Lord can take away." In adversity, how happy he is, if he do but remember, that "this, also, is the Lord's doing." In all that he does, his design is ever to do good, —his motive the glory of his Maker.

Same date.—O! Lord, thou hast been pleased to bruise me with a sense of my own iniquity; thou hast, in some degree, opened to me my own heart; deliver me, in thine own time and way, from under the burden of my transgressions; still continue to show me thy loving kindness, and to direct me onward in the path that leads to salvation. I know not, and it is better, O Lord! that I know not, in what condition or situation to-morrow's light may find me; nor can I see before me;—yet I pray thee, if I do forget or forsake thee, O! forsake me not utterly, for thy mercy's sake.

1815, *February 5th.*—O! may I not neglect or delay to take such effectual measures, as may certainly lead me to the attainment of a firm belief in the salvation brought about by the Saviour of men. May I not be satisfied with an historical acquaintance with these things, nor be content with what others may say, write, bear witness of, or believe in, respecting a Redeemer; but may I be encouraged, like Thomas the Apostle, to see and feel for myself; and may I make an availing use of every opportunity, every appointed means to gain the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and him crucified,—that intimate knowledge and inward experience, compared with which, Paul counted all things else but as "loss" and dross. Surely, such as are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation," are none but those, who have submitted themselves to the government and dominion of Christ, by his Spirit in their hearts; and these truly know Him to be their Redeemer.

1815, *February 12th.*—O! for that prevailing seriousness, that habitual state of dependence, humility and gratitude, as in the sight of the Supreme Being;—that disposition of mind which inclines to "pray without ceasing," "in every thing to give thanks," and to "avoid every appearance of evil." These symptoms of a soul that "walks with God," have been, indeed, greatly wanting. Although the outward tokens of a religious life, may have continued much the same as before; yet have I to acknowledge and lament a general tendency to indifference and coolness, with respect to religious matters, as well as a neglect and forgetfulness of Him, whose right it is supremely to reign in the hearts of His people. How often is this half and half—this lukewarm temper, which loves the Lord with divided affection, the beginning of more flagrant transgression. But may I not be discouraged,—rather may I remember that He, who, by his reproving witness, has discovered to me this evil, has done so that I should, through His assistance, subdue it; and that he will, by no means, withhold that strength which will enable me to do so.

When I look back at the long course and succession of blessings which have been experienced by me,—when I review the opportunities which I have enjoyed of making the attainment of vital Christianity my constant study; and then see how very small has been my advance in religious principle and practice, I cannot help feeling extremely sensible of the long suffering and compassion of that Being, who has not merely heaped upon me, day after day, and year after year, innumerable outward blessings, but has, in much mercy, been pleased to rescue me from a state of hardened forgetfulness and abandonment of Himself. He has opened a way to me, whereby I might escape that bondage to sin, (which did, at one time, nearly overwhelm me,) and that punishment which would otherwise have inevitably overtaken me. He still continues his forbearance and His tender mercies, though I so often decline from the path which He has plainly pointed out. How long then, O! my soul, wilt thou despise the riches of His grace, and reject his offered and extended salvation? How long wilt thou, in words, acknowledge, and, in very deed, deny Him? How long wilt thou, in praises and in prayers, draw nigh unto Him, whilst, in the particular conduct of every day, thou doest abuse His gifts, forget and forsake the Giver?

1815, *February 19th.*—O! how transient is that momentary glimmer—that faint and feeble spark, which, at intervals, seems to rekindle and revive in this poor, frail tenement of mine. How soon is it quenched and smothered,—how quickly does it disappear and leave me cold and cheerless! What apathy, what indisposition and insensibility to the beauty of eternal things does the absence of this glorious light leave in the soul, which longs for the arising of the Sun of righteousness—for the appearance of that "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day!"*

1815, *February 26th.*—Blessed be the Lord I think that I am, in some small degree, enabled to trust and believe, that there has been some little growth and advancement in lowliness and meekness, which are the groundwork of true wisdom. How shall I sufficiently express what I feel, when I look upon myself, when I consider what and where I have been, and who He is that has lifted me out of the mire, and rescued my soul from destruction.

1815, *June.*—I have attended the Yearly Meeting for the first time this year through all the sittings, and have had very much satisfac-

* February 23d was the first Monthly Meeting attended; it was at Wandsworth.

tion therein; especially, in observing the consistency which seems to run through the conduct of the business coming under the care of Friends. This was to me a very favored time, and my soul was reached wonderfully by the visitations of the dayspring from on high. Though I have but little to remark, either on the subject of Friends, or their discipline, I cannot help expressing how grateful I feel, for the blessing of being, in some degree, alive to serious impressions, and thirsting after a knowledge of truth.

1815, *June 2d.*—How many are there who live in a state of sin, of blindness as to their best interests, or of drowsy indifference! The more I seek to know the Lord, and to remember his mercies, the more plainly and clearly does he graciously manifest himself; and the longer I meditate on his attributes, the more firm is my conviction, that the ardent and heavenly desires with which he has favored me, will not sleep in death, but will pass uninjured by the wreck of nature to those hallowed and happy regions, where nothing will interrupt their enjoyment for ever!

1815, *September 5th.*—Surely one would think the bitter cup, of which so many, so very many, of our fellow creatures have to drink, ought to be enough to stop the dissipation of the gay, to check the extravagance and the avarice of the rich, to make the heedless pause, and the wicked consider. For my own part, when I hear and see everywhere around me the affliction of the destitute, the cry of penury, the groan of sickness, and every extremity of anguish and trouble, both of body and mind, I cannot but exclaim—"What am I, that I should be blessed so abundantly above others in every sense? and what ought I not to be, who am so eminently favored with almost every variety of earthly comfort? How shall I dare to encourage or give way to pride, envy, passion, intemperance of joy, or levity of heart, when, in one short day, I may be deprived of every thing in which I have outward comfort and confidence, and, in one poor moment, may be levelled in the dust from whence I came?"

1815, *September 22d.*—There is that to be met with and felt, in the company of and intimacy with Friends, which is better experienced than described—a happy, serene and calm temper, full of forbearance and love, and affection to all, and well seasoned with sober humility—such as elsewhere I have never been able to find.

1815, *November.*—"Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst not thou watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation?" I have been more than once strongly reminded of this short but very impressive expostulation of our Lord to his slumbering disciple, and of the salutary exhortation that follows it. I have thought how much need there is for every one of us, often to apply the same language to ourselves. O! how very few of us ever watch even one hour! and although I am willing to believe many do remember Him, on whose extended mercy they every moment depend; yet, this season is, I fear, but short, and the impression but transient. I cannot, therefore, help expressing my desire that every one of us may be enabled to stand continually in the fear of the Lord, to bear in mind our exceeding great liability to evil, and to depend not upon our strength, but upon the power of Him, through whose strength alone we can do valiantly.

No date; probably late in 1815.—The first thing that I would recommend to any one seriously inclined, is, that he should not quench or stifle, in any manner, the precious spark, which the Lord, in infinite compassion, has kindled within him. O! let such an one do nothing which is likely to impede the growth of this divine seed of grace within. Let not any deny, to his own soul, the nourishment which is to support it; for though the world esteem him very lightly, and even ridicule him, yet "if his own heart condemn him not, then has he confidence towards God."

No date.—I am much displeased when I see a person accommodating his character and turn of mind to those among whom he is cast, changing his appearance according to the situation he is placed in. I see little apology for such persons in that saying of the Apostle, "I am made all things to all men, that I might, by all means, save some;" because such persons omit the latter part of that text,—"and this I do for the gospel's sake." In those of whom I speak, there is no intention by this variable conduct to serve others, but rather to save and deliver themselves from the scandal, odium and reproof, likely to be cast, by serious people, upon levity, folly or sin, and by the less sober upon any thing like sobriety. There is a consistency of character, which, whilst it does not bring on religion the charge of moroseness and unyielding severity, yet does not deny its Great Master; and which, though it does not obtrude its opinions or practice upon the notice of others, is not backward to show decidedly to which standard it belongs, and under whose banner it ranks.

No date.—The more I am among Friends, and see the principles and nature of the religion which they profess, the more I feel convinced that true prayer is not that of the lips, or of the mere unrenewed understanding, but of the heart; that it neither consists in, nor depends upon, a peculiar dress, an appointed form of words, a particular posture of body, or what is termed a consecrated place. But this is what it does essentially and unequivocally require,—that the soul put on the garment of faith,—

that the expressions used (if there be any) be those of the heart—that the inward posture of the mind be humble,—and that the heart be the sanctified temple, out of which prayer comes.

(To be continued.)

AN INCIDENT.

A member of the Society of Friends (Susannah Corder) was travelling with three other passengers, one an elderly man, who proved to be a minister of the Anglican establishment; the others, collegians from Oxford. The latter engaged earnestly in conversation on the attempt which they alleged was making to introduce popery into the university. After some time the clergyman remarked—"Oh, young man, I believe if it had not been for the Society of Friends, the church would have been in popery long since." "How, sir! what can you mean?" "Why, I mean that I believe the fact of a society maintaining the principle of the uselessness and undesirability of all forms in the worship of the Almighty, has prevented us from going the lengths to which we might otherwise have gone; and I further believe the day is coming when our altars, and our crosiers, and our robes, and our surplices, and much more of our paraphernalia, will go to Babylon whence they came."

The collegians were much surprised, and one of them said—"Sir, if your bishop knew what you have said to us, you would in all probability be ungowned." "Ah, young man," replied the clergyman, "my bishop knows much more than I have told you: he knows, for one thing, that it is long since I have dared to administer baptism as required by our church." Then turning to S. C., he said—"Madam, I can easily see the way from *us* to *you*, but I cannot see the way that some of you are finding from *you* to *us*.—*The British Friend.*

PRAYING EVERYWHERE.

We are not like children that must go out from our Father's house in the morning, to spend the working-day away from him, and only to come back to him at evening. No, we are with him, and he with us, all the day through. We never leave his presence; he is beside us through all our work, our weariness, our perplexity, our worry all the day. And we may tell him what we want, and how we are feeling—not stiffly and formally twice a day, at morning and evening—but as often as we please. He will not weary of listening to us, if we do not weary of speaking to him. We need not limit ourselves to morning and evening prayer. Twenty times, and far more than that, as you go through your day's work, the eye may look up for a moment, the heart may be lifted; the brief word may carry up to God's ear the story of your need, and of your trust in Him.

From Friends' Miscellany.

TESTIMONY CONCERNING RICHARD COOPER.

On the Third-day of Tenth month, 1820, our esteemed friend Richard Cooper departed this life, at about the age of one hundred years. He was a descendant of the greatly oppressed Africans, a native of the Island of Barbadoes, and by birth a slave. At the age of twelve or fourteen years, he was brought to this country, and sold; having frequently changed owners, he at length became the property of a member of the Society of Friends; and at the time of the total emancipation, by the Society, of its slaves, he was liberated from an unmerited and unjust bondage. About this time he became convinced of the efficacy of the religious principles of Friends, which he ascribed to the tender care and frequent admonitions of his mistress, in directing his mind to the principle of Divine Grace and truth in the heart. He was a frequent attender of Friends' meetings, and in advanced life, requested to be admitted a member of the Society, and was received. His conduct and conversation corresponding in good degree with his profession, he became generally respected and beloved.

By the people of color in his neighborhood, he was consulted in most matters of controversy in which they were interested, and his good counsel always tended to, and often effected, an amicable adjustment of differences. He appeared generally concerned to promote friendship and brotherly love; and in his friendly visits, he mostly had a word of religious exhortation. Having no school learning, and being desirous for advancement in the knowledge of best things, he would, when opportunities offered, request the Scriptures of truth and other good books to be read for him; esteeming them valuable in directing the mind to that source from whence all true wisdom comes. In his last sickness he expressed a thankfulness that Friends had received him into membership, and that he had been so favored as not to have been burdensome, and hoped that his conduct had brought no reproach upon the Society. It was truly comfortable to visit him; not murmuring or complaining, he appeared thankful and resigned, numbering the many mercies and blessings which had been bestowed upon him, having a word of consolation or encouragement to all. He expressed a desire for the prosperity of the Society, and particularly for the rising generation, that they might be willing to take the yoke of Christ upon them, and so become strengtheners to their elder brethren, and fitted to stand firm in the cause of truth, of which he said they never would have cause to repent.

Upon taking leave of those who visited him, he generally expressed something to them by way of blessing. His last advice to his children was, that they should not fall out about

the little stuff he had to leave behind him. Through the gradual decay of nature, his long and useful life was brought to a close, and the belief is entertained that he has entered into the rest prepared for the righteous.

To record the Christian virtues of the deceased, that we may imitate their example, is sanctioned by that voice which spake from heaven, saying, "Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Signed by order of Little Creek Preparative Meeting, in Delaware, held Fourth month 5th, 1821, by

SAMUEL PRICE,
Clerk to the meeting this time.
REBECCA HANSON,
Clerk to the meeting this time.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRINCIPLE AND TESTIMONY.

The early founders of our Society recognized the Divine will, or "inner light," and its operations and effects on the soul as the "Truth," and they were led out of the errors of the times, and testified against them. This was the *sole origin* of our testimonies. The communicated will of the Deity to their minds was their only rule of life, and they forsook the practices and ideas that were at variance with this law, and with those who upheld these practices, they held no religious fellowship. Principles, and the laws which are the operations of principles, never change. The outward world is ever undergoing change. The things of to-day are not those of the past, neither is society nor the human mind destined to immobility. As the state of individuals changes, society changes; and the rules once indispensable, are not adapted to a future and changed state.

We may see this in the progress of our Society. We all admit that early Friends were faithful to the light manifested to their understanding, but, strange as it may seem to us, the practice of enslaving their fellow men did not, for a long time, appear to them to be wrong. Even George Fox left no record that bore directly against holding slaves. But as Friends lived in and under the all-regulating principle, they, in process of time, had a testimony against it. Their testimonies against War, Oaths, and a Hireling Ministry, were very positive, but those against the use of intoxicating liquors and dealing in lotteries were feeble. As new customs and modes of life are introduced, old ones often pass away; thus our former rules and testimonies becoming measurably obsolete, fresh testimonies must be borne, and new rules of church government enacted for our protection.

The sooner we come to believe in this truth, the better it will be for us, as a people; as there is no standing still in nature, so there is none in the human soul. Our only hope, our only law, our only salvation, is in the one universal Power or principle, call it by what name we will, or let it appear in whatever manifestation it may. Testimonies never built up our society, and can never sustain it. It is possible for a person to maintain all our testimonies, as the young man did, that came for instruction to Jesus, and not possess the one thing needful for an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, obedience and faith in God. All may be done in obedience to the rules of the Society of which we may be a member, in the same spirit as we conform to the rules of outward or business associations. All may be done to appear well before men, and for the sake of a good reputation, while every motive of the heart may be selfish, and of course alien to the spirit of God.

Whether we do little or much in the religious world, make much or little profession, maintain many or few testimonies, if the soul immortal is centred in God our Saviour, we are safe in the present and in eternity.

ISAAC HICKS.

WESTBURY, L.I., 8th mo., 1866.

LITTLE SINS.

There is a tendency to fear great sins, and a tendency to be indifferent to little ones. There are certain great sins that, being committed, may give such a moral shock to a man's constitution as to be fatal in their effects; but these are not usually fallen into. Men are not very much in danger of great sins. They are ten thousand times more in danger of little ones. Men are not in danger of committing perjury half as much as they are of telling "white lies," as they are called. Men are not so much in danger of counterfeiting as they are of putting on little minute false appearances. Men are not so much in danger of committing burglary as they are of committing the myriad infinitesimal injustices with which life is filled. Any particular act, to be sure, such as I have alluded to, which of itself is simply as a particle of dust, is not so culpable as a great sin; but what is the effect on the constitution of a series of these offences that are so small as to be all-most imperceptible? It is these little sins, continued and multiplied, that by friction take off the enamel of a man's conscience. It is these numberless petty wrongs that men do not fear, persisted in, that are the most damaging. I should dread the incursion into my garden, in the night time, of rooting swine, or trampling ox, or browsing buffalo; but, after all, aphides are worse than these big brutes. I could kill any one, or half a dozen, or a score of them, if they came in such limited numbers; but when they swarm by the billion, I cannot kill one in ten thousand of them—and what *can* I do?

Myriads of these insignificant little insects will eat faster than I can work, and they are the pest and danger of the garden, as often my poor asters and roses testify. There is many and many a flower that I would work hard to save, but the fecundity of insect life will quite match and overmatch any man's industry. Weakness multiplied is stronger than strength.

Now, that which does the mischief is these aphides, these myriad infinitesimal worms, these pestiferous little sins, every one of which is called *white*, and is a mere nothing, a small point, a mote, a speck of dust. Why, many a caravan has been overtaken, smothered, and destroyed by clouds of dust, the separate particles of which were so minute as to be almost invisible.

Many men are afraid that they will be left to some great sin—and they ought to fear that; but they have not the slightest fear of that which is a great deal more likely to bring them to condemnation—the series of petty violations of conscience, and truth, and duty, with which human experience is filled. Here is where every man should most seriously ponder his condition, and ask himself, "What is the effect of the conduct that I am day by day evolving? Am I educating myself toward moral sensibility, or away from moral sensibility? Am I going toward higher and higher conceptions of duty, or going toward lower and lower ones? Do I rebound from conscious wrong with more and more aversion of moral constitution, or do I go through conscious wrong with less and less aversion of moral constitution? Which way am I travelling?" It is a momentous question.

Every man should take heed to the way in which he treats his conscience. If the light in him be darkness, how great is that darkness! When we put a lighthouse on the coast, that in the night mariners may explore the dark and terrible way of the sea, we not only swing glass around about it to protect it, but we enclose that glass itself in a network of iron wire, that birds may not dash it in, that summer winds may not sweep it out, and that swarms of insects may not destroy themselves and the light. For if the light in the lighthouse be put out, how great a darkness falls upon the land and upon the sea! And the mariner, waiting for the light, or seeing it not, miscalculates and perishes.

A man's conscience ought to be protected from those influences that would diminish its light, or that would put it out; but there are thousands of men who are every day doing their utmost to destroy this light. When they do wrong, their conscience rebukes them, and they instantly attempt to suppress it and put it down. They undertake to excuse themselves and palliate the wrong. The next day, when they do wrong, the same process goes on, and they make a deliberate war against their conscience; for it is a very painful thing for a man to do wrong and carry the hurt, and he feels that he must overcome this tormenter if he would have any peace. The next day, when he does wrong, the same process is again repeated, and he says, "My interest, my business, and my social position require that I should go along this way, and I will not obey the voice within me that cries out against it, but will swallow it down and cover it up." And he declares war against the light of God in the soul—the very point from which is to flow luminous guidance. He attempts to suppress the best thing in him—the foundation of the kingdom of God; for if the kingdom of God is to be built in a man, it is to be built on the foundation of conscience and love.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE TEACHINGS OF SORROW.

BY F. W. R.

If ever that superficial covering of conventionalities falls from the soul, which gathers round it as the cuticle does upon the body, and the rust upon the metal, it is when men are suffering. There are many things which nothing but sorrow can teach us. Sorrow is the great teacher. Sorrow is the realizer. It is a strange and touching thing to hear the young speak truths which are not yet within the limits of their experience; to listen while they say that life is sorrowful, that friends are treacherous, that there is quiet in the grave. When we are boys, we adopt the phrases that we hear. In a kind of prodigal excess of happiness we say that the world is a dream, and life as nothing—that eternity lasts forever, and that all here is disappointment. But there comes a day of sharpness, when we find, to our surprise, that what we said had a meaning in it; and we are startled. That is the sentimentalism of youth passing into reality. In the lips of the young such phrases are only sentimentalities. What we mean by sentimentalism, is that state in which a man speaks things deep and true, not because he feels them strongly, but because he perceives they are beautiful, and that it is touching and fine to say them—things which he fain *would* feel, and fancies that he *does* feel. Therefore, when all is well, when friends abound, and health is strong, and the comforts of life are around us, religion becomes faint and shadowy. Religious phraseology passes into cant—the gay and light and trifling, use the same words as the holiest; till the earnest man, who *feels* what the world is sentimentalizing about, shuts up his heart, and either coins other phrases, or else keeps silent.

And then it is that, if God would rescue a man from that unreal world of names and mere knowledge, He does what He did with Job,—He strips him of his flocks, and his herds, and

is wealth; or else, what is the equivalent, of he power of enjoying them—the desire of his yes falls from him at a stroke. Things be- ome real then.

Trial brings man face to face with God; the linty veil of bright cloud that hung between im and the sky is blown away; he feels that e is standing outside the earth, with nothing etween him and the Eternal Infinite. O! there s something in the sick-bed, and the aching eart, and the restlessness, and the langour of hattered health, and the sorrow of affections withered, and the cold, lonely feeling of the eart, which is felt when God strikes home in earnest, that forces a man to feel what is real nd what is not. This is the blessing of afflic- ion to those who will lie still.

It was no fortuitous concourse of atoms which massed themselves into a world of beauty. It was no accidental train of circumstances which have brought the human race to their present state. It was a living God. And it is just so far as this is the conviction of every day, every hour, every minute, my Redeemer *liveth*, that one man deserves to be called more religious than another.

The present moment is, in a special sense, the important moment, the divine moment, the moment which we cannot safely pass, without having the divine blessing upon it.—*Upham.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

In No. 18 of Friends' Intelligencer, there was published an Extract from Elias Hicks' journal, describing his exercises in a meeting at Pearl Street, in New York, on account of members of our Society mixing in with the associations of other people in their governments and politics, their Bible and Missionary Societies, and pretended charity associations, which had a very hurtful tendency for reasons there given.

At the conclusion of this extract, he says, "I was led to communicate largely on those subjects in a close searching testimony; and the Lord's power was felt to prevail, and the meeting brought under a solemn covering."

Such a statement of such an exercise, attended with such power, and with such a solemnizing result, and left as a legacy for our edification by an experienced faithful servant of his Divine Master, should be suffered to have its due weight; and though it may be felt to be a sharp reproof to some high in profession with us, it is better meekly to receive it, though it may not coincide with our opinions, than to indulge in a spirit of criticism. I was therefore sorry to see the editorial remarks on the subject in the same number which says, "While there may have been occasions for the exercise at the time it was delivered, we are not prepared to counsel our members indiscriminately to refrain from co-operation with others, for objects promotive of good, but believe it is more our province to encourage them to 'mind the Light,' individually."

Might we not say the same of our discipline. If we would all "mind the Light," what need would there be of any hedge of preservation, as our code of laws are sometimes called? And may we not as justly charge our select meetings, and our peculiar dress and address, with being sectarian, as to put such a construction on the counsel of this dignified apostle, delivered on such a solemn occasion, from a concern that members of his religious Society might be preserved from the many temptations that are presented, by mingling too familiarly with those who do not feel bound to support those principles and testimonies which we think important?

Elias Hicks did not desire that our members "should be taken out of the world," but that "they should be preserved in it." He did not recommend exclusion from friendly intercourse or necessary business transactions with others than his own sect; and I consider it calculated improperly to divert the mind of the reader from his true meaning, to enumerate all those benevolent and literary institutions named in the editorial alluded to as being objectionable to him, as I perceive nothing in the Pearl Street sermon to justify it. Again, the criticism says, "We believe approval or condemnation will not be in accordance with whether we have or have not kept within the bounds of sect." We profess, I suppose, to be a sect, and as a sect, we have some peculiar rules and views; and if we believe them right, approval or condemnation will be meted to us according to our faithfulness or unfaithfulness in carrying out those rules and views, although they may be sectarian in character; and surely we shall be condemned if we have not endeavored to guard every avenue to evil.

The Society of Friends, although fully believing in the all-sufficiency of the Spirit of Truth, to preserve us in every emergency if faithfully obeyed, have nevertheless not presumed to think we are so strong as to expose ourselves to temptations when they can be avoided; and hence rules of discipline have been adopted from time to time, and much cautionary advice has been handed forth, designed as a hedge of preservation, and as warnings to avoid temptations, that often present in passing through this probationary scene.

T. W.

New Brighton, Pa.

[The strictures of T. W. may speak for themselves, but we have carefully reconsidered the Editorial referred to, and believe our correspondent has taken an extreme view of our

comments. We were far from desiring to censure E. Hicks or any other Friend who may be called upon to advocate exclusiveness of action in our members; but we do honestly offer the view as consistent with the liberality of Christianity, that we are to leave individuals to their own convictions in relation to all matters in which there is no compromise of the testimonies held by our Society. "*Mind the Light*," was the imperative injunction of one who, through that blessed medium, had arrived at the knowledge of the Truth as professed by Friends, and it is of equal importance *now* for all to heed this salutary counsel.]—EDS.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 22, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—John Parrish has obtained a Minute from Woodbury Monthly and Salem Quarterly Meetings, to attend the meetings composing New York Yearly Meeting, and to appoint some within its limits as way may open.

DIED, on the 29th of Sixth month last, in Clarke Co., Ohio, at the residence of her daughter, Cornelia J. Pierce, HANNAH HOWELL, in the 73th year of her age. Her work being finished, her spirit departed without apparent bodily suffering.

——, on the 3d of Fifth month 1866, at the residence of her daughter, near Vermont, Fulton county, Illinois, LYDIA WILDMAN, aged 69 years.

——, on the 25th of Fifth month, 1866, in Ipava, Fulton county, Ill., JOSIAH WOOD, aged 49 years, after a long illness, which he bore without a murmur.

——, on the 12th of Ninth month, 1866, in Philadelphia, EDITH, only child of John L. and Emily P. Shoemaker, aged 11 months.

——, on the 15th of Ninth month, 1866, in Philadelphia, THOMAS SHOEMAKER, in the 49th year of his age.

The Greek and Latin Languages—Extract from an Address delivered recently at Harvard College. By F. W. HEDGE.

The literary argument for enforced study of Greek and Latin in our day has not much weight. What I call the glossological argument has more. Every well educated person should have a thorough understanding of his own language, and no one can thoroughly understand the English without some knowledge of languages which touch it so nearly as the Latin and the Greek. Some knowledge of those languages should constitute, I think, a condition of matriculation. But the further prosecution of them should not be obligatory on the student once matriculated, though every encouragement be given and every facility afforded to those whose genius leans in that direction. The College should make ample provision for the study of ancient languages, and also for the study of the mathematics, but should not enforce those studies on minds that have no vocation for such pursuits. There is now and then a born philologer, one who studies language for its own sake,—studies it perhaps in the spirit of "the scholar who regretted that he had not concentrated his life on the dative case." There are also exceptional natures that delight in mathematics, minds whose young affections run to angles and logarithms, and with whom the computation of values is itself the chief value in life. The College should accomodate either bias, to the top of its bent, but should not enforce either with compulsory twist. It should not insist on making every alumnus a linguist or a mathematician. If mastery of dead languages is not an indispensable part of polite education, mathematical learning is still less so. Excessive requirements in that department have not even the excuse of intellectual discipline. More important than mathematics to the general scholar is the knowledge of history, in which American scholars are so commonly deficient. More important is the knowledge of modern languages and of English literature. More important the knowledge of Nature and Art. May the science of sciences never want representatives as able as the learned gentlemen who now preside over that department in the mathematical and presidential chairs. Happy will it be for the University if they can inspire a love for the science in the pupils committed to their charge. But where inspiration fails, coercion can never supply its place. If the mathematics shall continue to reign at Harvard, may their empire become a law of liberty. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

HUMAN LOVE.

Consciousness of being loved gives comfort and strength and makes trust in God a real living feeling that influences the daily life. If there is no love above us, if all men turn glances of dislike upon us and close their hand upon us, then our hearts grow hard and we find it difficult to rise at once, without the aid of human steps, above earthly pain and desolation, to love and confidence in God; all has a tendency to become dark above, as it is around; whereas love and kindness keep our hearts open; dear, loving people are to us witnesses of the love and tenderness of God—are his angels whom he sends to show us that he has not forgotten us.

If we are loved by those around us, we can bear the hostility of all the rest of the world; just as if we were before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the Polar regions.

For the Children.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

We all know how some particular recollection at times takes possession of us. Even during the busy day it will creep through the crevices of occupied time, and make itself a place in our mind.

A glance at the blue river meandering through the landscape, as you sit at your open window, of which for weeks and weeks you have taken no particular notice, suddenly becomes invested with the remembrance of some scene of long ago; memory awakes from her slumber, and you live the past over again under her influence.

This has been the case with me. There was a soft light in the sky, a peculiar purple streak on the river, which carried back my recollection over a short journey of years ago to a pleasant valley in France; and so I sat at the window thinking, till I brought the whole scene of my earlier life before me.

I must say that visit to France was a great era in my life-history. From that time I seem to have been walking on a higher and broader road; life has not seemed to me so purposeless, so dull and prosy. But I must tell you about it.

Laura was my half sister, some few years younger than myself. At first it was quite a triumph to me that I was the eldest. I used to call her silly little thing whenever her views of amusement did not exactly accord with mine; and this state of things lasted till my step mother interfered, and required that I should act with more consideration towards her child.

It was a great grievance to me that I had a step mother; I used to weary Laura with my grumblings on this subject. I am persuaded that, considering what that relationship sometimes is, I was well off; yet I have a recollection that I tried not to think so; it was in my nature to grumble. I was continually getting into scrapes and unhappiness; but it was more through my domineering and impatient temper, than through any fault of my step-mother. To a certain extent she was hasty and petulant; but Laura came in for her scoldings too. She would droop under anything like harshness for a little while, and then rise up out of the waters looking all the brighter for the plunge beneath them.

However, we were both equally delighted when it was arranged that mamma was to take us for a tour on the Continent during the bright and pleasant month of July. I forgot all about the "step," and if there were any difference in my mother's manner towards her children, it consisted in her treating me with more womanly attention than her own younger child, for Laura was only thirteen, and four years my junior.

So I sat at my window looking out on the broad landscape, and the little French village seemed to spread out before me.

Our tour was through the provinces, and when we came to any part of the country that my step-mother particularly admired, we would remain there for a day or two while she sketched.

The village which memory has brought out of the mist of years, stood with its spires at a far-off turn of the river. Immediately before us was a fine group of chestnut trees, among which stood a noble oak. Almost at our feet a tiny brook of clear blue water ran along, making its way to the broader stream. It never loitered. If sunshine sparkled on it, it seemed to ripple out its answer in a smile; if clouds sighed over it, no matter, it never tarried on its way; and a young woman who was busy with her washing-tub at its side, told me it was on this account—this perpetually moving on to something greater and better—that its waters were so pure and clear. "Were it stagnant," she said, "we should scarcely be able to remain in the neighborhood."

Had there been anything uncouth in the appearance of this young woman, it would have destroyed the charm of the landscape before me.

It was towards evening. The lowing cattle were going slowly home along their accustomed path by the river-side, and the young woman's husband, with a glow of a healthy and simple life on his cheeks, was sitting under the tree, and looking towards his wife with something of anxiety on his countenance. This was all that kept my picture from being perfect; for I thought the expression of contentment that rested on the young *paysanne's* face perfectly charming.

"She has no annoyances, I dare say," I said to myself. "Instead of being shut up in a dull London square from one month to another, with the same piping, shrieking canary in the middle window worrying you out of your life, she can live in God's free world among birds, whose songs are soft, and sweet, and varied, where the changing seasons keep off all monotony, and where life must be untroubled as the waters at her feet."

While thus reasoning with myself, I never thought of the superior pleasures open to me from the cultivation of mind that had been my portion. It would not have suited my discontented mind to meditate on anything of this sort.

"How happy you must be!" I exclaimed to the young wife; "your daily labors are carried on in a perfect paradise."

"There is no paradise on earth, mam'selle," she replied, gravely. "Sorrow and care, poverty, hunger and thirst make their way, I can assure

you, into this beautiful world. There are sighs and tears, though the sun shines brightly on the dewy grass, though the flowers give their fragrance to the whispering breezes."

"Then how do you manage to look so peaceful and happy?" I exclaimed.

"I was not happy till I knew my Saviour," she replied: and, as she spoke, a lovely humility enwrapped her like a shadowy but beautiful garment.

"It is not for me," she said, meekly, "to talk to a young lady like you, who knows all these things."

I did not tell her that I never more thoroughly felt my ignorance than while she was speaking.

"You are looking on the fair side of the picture," she continued. "If I were to show you our half broken down, low dwelling, you would not think it picturesque. Madame, there, would not care to sketch it."

For my step-mother, seated on her camp-stool, was making a memorandum in pencil of the lovely scene before her.

"Poverty, and rags, and dirt, are there," said the *paysanne*, "and sometimes wailing children"—there was an expression of pain on her face as she said this—"for I have not time to attend to my home duties as I ought.

"But an old gentlemen came to these parts some few years back, and he told me wonderful things of the Man of Sorrows, who for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. I was a young thing then, not married, and he said, 'Lisette, whatever you do, wherever you go, mind and keep in sight of the Golden Gate.' I did not understand him at first, and then he said, 'Never lose sight of things above; as long as the gleaming of the gate's bright shining rests upon you, the spirit of love and gratitude will not die away within you; and this is a state of mind that invests life with a wonderful contentment.' I do try hard, mam'selle," she said, "to keep within the light of the gate."

By this time the sun was setting, and a flood of glorious amber light poured itself out on the western sky.

"Look there," the young peasant said, turning suddenly round towards the Gothic framework of boughs through which the light was pouring. "Look! there is the Golden Gate."

If I could not trace it in the clouds, I could see its light shining on her face. And this was all that passed between us.

The lesson I had learned sank down into my heart, and I prayed God to let me see the Golden Gate as I journeyed on.

Perhaps, reader, you will think it strange that the whole tenor of my life should be altered through the mere fancy of a golden shining in the clouds; but you must remember it was the thing signified which thus impressed my heart.

From that day I seemed to make a fresh start in life. To those around there seemed no marvellous metamorphosis, though my step-mother once said that I had come out of the dismal lane, and was walking in the sunny highway.

I have had many difficulties to contend with. Sometimes, when I am within sight of the Golden Gate, a crowd of discontented thoughts push me back for awhile, but, through prayer, I regain my place again; and though I have never got quite so near it as the poor woman did who, when day after day her dinner was a crust of bread and a glass of water, used to say, "What, all this, and Jesus Christ too!" yet I am different from what I once was.

Often, when I am weighed down by care, I think of the French peasant and the glorious summer sunset, and I feel that godliness with contentment is indeed great gain, and I pray earnestly that my life may pass within the shining of the Golden Gate.—*Exchange.*

The capacity for *ennui* is one of the signatures of man's immortality. It is his very greatness which makes inaction misery. If God had made us only to be insects, with no nobler care incumbent on us than the preservation of our lives, or the pursuit of happiness, we might be content to flutter from sweetness to sweetness and from bud to flower. But if men with souls live only to eat and drink and be amused is it any wonder if life be darkened by despondency?

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, deem not they are best alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities men, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

When the Indians hear us call any of our family by the name of servants, they cry out "What! call brethren servants! We call our dogs servants, but never men."—*Penn.*

TO A ROBIN.*

BY HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

Sunning thyself on the naked spray,
Aloft in the latest evening ray,
Gentle Robin, simply clad
In homely suit of hodden grey,
My inmost heart thou makest glad
With thy liquid evening lay.

Like notes of a rural, oaten reed,
Or rain-drops, into a limpid pool
Falling from some wandering cloud,
Silver-clear to those waters cool,
Or the tinkling of sweet rills
Deep in the hollows of the hills,
From ledge to ledge as they leap and run,
Forever hidden from the sun,
Thy love-ditty thou chauntest still,
Warbling, warbling the evening long
Ever thy fresh and liquid song,
And singing till thou hast sung thy fill.

When the silken threads of the spider's wheel
Are strung with diamonds, all ablaze
With rose and emeralds, sapphire and gold,
Out in the morning's arrowy rays,
And the sky is mottled with filmy pearl,
And in still waters the eddies whirl,
Whether thou pourest thy matin note
Under the dawn's pale azure coping,
Or tunest thy rich and reedy throat
At eve, from thy knoll to the westward sloping,
Where far away, o'er the meadow's fair,
A golden dust in the silent air
Shimmers in beams that flood thy nest,
Ruddier showing thy ruddy breast,
For these fields and meadows meet
Thy clear roundelay I deem,
For 'tis wild, and fresh, and sweet,—
Unpaid and free as the breeze and stream.
Thus ever, at will, thy own free song
Thou under the dome of blue art singing,
With echoes that all the summer long,
And through the autumnal hush are ringing.

At morn and eve by thy clay-built cot,
Warbling to thy brooding mate,
Gentle Robin, there is not
In the halls of pride and state
Half as happy a heart as thine
That doth with care nor envy pine.

When to these brown and billowy fells,
And to these purple oaken dells
The gauzy veil of the hazy mist
Lendeth a tinge of the amethyst,
Far away over sea and land,
Thou wingest thy way with a kindred band,
To some isle in a sunny sea;
Would, when the bud on the maple swells,
And the fountain, loosed from the hill-side wells,
I again might welcome thee!

In the depth of the sea the waters are still; ıe heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the eepest love flows through the eye and touch; ıe purest joy is unspeakable; the most im-ressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn reacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips re cold.

* The *Turdus migratorius* of the ornithologists. s song is depreciated only by those who undervalue ings merely because they are common.

MINING UNDER THE SEA.

Mining can hardly be a pleasant occupation. The absence of sun and natural light, the dripping sides of the shaft, and danger of explosion from the fire damp, of jutting rocks and numerous other perils, invest it with vague terrors to active imaginations. But when the shafts run under the sea, and the swell of the ocean is distinctly audible, it must suggest many fears to the diligent miners. The following graphic description is taken from an English paper:

"We are now four hundred yards out under the bottom of the sea, and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet below us men are at work, and there are galleries below that. The extraordinary position, down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface, at Botallie, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the earth, but under the sea. Having communicated these particulars, the miner tells us to keep silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with a flame burning on our heads, and darkness enveloping our limbs, he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

"After listening a few minutes, a distant and unearthly sound becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning that never changes, that is full on the ear as well as heard by it, a sound that might proceed from incalculable distance—from some far invisible height—a sound unlike any thing that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful, and still so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us from the very first.

"At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation, so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliff, then the noise is terrific; the roaring sounds down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to

continue their labor; all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air, and stand on firm earth, dreading—though no catastrophe has ever happened yet—that the sea will break in upon them if they remain in the cavern below.

"Hearing this, we got up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright, pure copper, streaming through the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural net-work of thin, red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in several places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible crannies in the rock. On stormy days it spurts out furiously in thin continuous streams. Just over our heads we observed a wooden plug, of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole there, and that plug is all we have to keep out the sea.

"Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roofs of this gallery throughout its entire length, but it will always remain untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is a part (and a great part) of the rock which is their only protection against the sea, and which has so far been worked away here that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pick-axe on any part of it."

AGASSIZ IN BRAZIL.

The discovery by Agassiz of clear traces of a glacial period under the tropics, has been, to some extent, already made known in published letters from his friends and himself. He seems to think it will excite almost as much opposition as his theory of glaciers over Northern Europe did thirty years ago. But what Humboldt did half a century ago in opening up to the world the Valley of the Amazon, has been carried on by Agassiz with a wonderful enlargement of knowledge and resources. He treads in the footsteps of that noble student, carrying out his researches to an extent that even Humboldt never dreamed of.

From Rio de Janeiro, through the whole valley of the Amazon, he found the glacial drift, a sort of reddish, as in some other places of yellowish, clay; a homogeneous, unstratified paste, and containing loose material of all sorts and sizes, covering the country. It is of very uneven thickness, sometimes washed entirely away, leaving the bare rock, scratched by the great ice-plough. The fertility of the land is one of the best guides to the presence of this drift Where it lies thickest, there are the most flourishing coffee plantations. This fertility of so arises from the great variety of chemical el ments contained in the drift, and the kneadi process it has undergone by the glacial actio grinding it up so finely.

We all know that water expands in freezin and where, for ages, immense bodies of fres snow fall on masses of ice, and thaw in the su and freeze up again in winter, and, in the shad this expansion of freezing produces a consta motion of the whole body, very slowly, from few inches to a few feet in the year, pressing i the north toward the south, grinding up the so with an immense pressure, removing huge bou ders, and grooving the rocks with deep furrow A sheet of snow, ten thousand feet thick, e tending all over the northern and southern po tions of the globe, must, necessarily, lead to northern and southern cap of ice, moving towar the equator. Prof. Agassiz says, "I have, i Maine, followed, compass in hand, the same s of furrows, running from north to south, in on unvarying line, over a surface of one hundre and thirty miles."

This sort of ice movement is now proved t have extended, in its turn, to the regions lyin under the equator—the whole valley of th Amazon. Humboldt had referred the Amaz nian deposits of unstratified red clay to the D vonian, and Martius to the Triassic period; an all travellers had considered it at least as old a the Tertiaries. "But," says Prof. Agassiz, " found in these very beds, a considerable amour of well-preserved leaves, the character of whic proves their recent origin. These leaves d not even indicate as ancient a period as th Tertiaries, but resemble so closely the veget tion of to-day, that I have no doubt, when e amined by competent authority, they will b identified with living plants. The presence such an extensive clay formation, stretchin over a surface of more than three thousan miles in length, and about seven hundred i breadth, is not easily explained. But sinc those leaves grew and settled quietly in the lam inated mud at the bottom of quiet waters, th whole valley must have been subjected to a p lar climate for ages, so sunk down that hug icebergs or glaciers must have grooved the rock and kneaded the clay all over its surface.

When we consider that it was not so muc the changes in the surface of the earth, b rather the undescribed fishes that now populat the waters of the Amazon, that Agassiz went t Brazil to examine, we may well feel gratified i contemplating the important geological fac that a citizen of our own country has reveale to the world in a single year of travel in Brazi He has now returned to Rio and presented th Emperor with magnificent collections in natur history, and will bring home with him, to th United States, other equally valuable results

researches in that interesting country.—*ristian Recorder.*

THE USE OF SUNSHINE.

By the use of this term we do not mean erely sunlight, but the direct rays or shine of e sun. Mankind are dying for want of it. e build our houses, to be sure, with a world windows, but they are chiefly put in to make handsome display outside. We are careful curtain them inside, and blind them outside, as to shut out the rays of the sun. It is a od argument in favor of curtains and blinds, at if the light be let in too strongly, it will le the carpet. So far as the carpets are conrned this is true, as they are generally made, t, can we have no colors in the carpets which e light will not seriously affect? If carpets le by letting the light in, there is another ing that fades by keeping the light out, viz., e human being. On the shady side of the reet, the hospital and prison, cholera, scrofula, lious complaints and nervous diseases are ore frequent and fatal than on the sunny le.

We advise every body to live on the sunnyle of their houses. The room in which e family spends most of its time should be the side on which the sun can find its way o it. Let the parlor, if it be seldom used, be the shady side. We observe that there is t a cottager so ignorant that will not set her nts, if she has taste enough to grow them, the east window in the morning, and at noon rry them to a south window, and in the afteron put them in a west window. But perhaps e is careful to keep her children in the shade, d her precious self, so far as possible, out of e rays of the sun. The plants, in obedience natural law, are kept healthy, while the chilen and mother, being kept in the shade suffer consequence.

Light is beginning to be considered a great rative agent, and we apprehend that the time not far distant when there will be sun baths. rridors with glass roofs will be so adjusted at persons can properly remove their clothing d take a bath in the sun for an hour or two, ich to the improvement of their health. The ief advantage in going to the country is to t into the sunshine, and to be in the pure eezes. If we desire merely to keep cool, we ould stay in the shady city. People talk of ot walls" and "burning pavements;" it is ich hotter in the country, for the breezes that y there in mid-day only bring heated air in m out doors. But in the city the breeze ngs air in from the shady side of the street, d the lower rooms of a city house are much ler in mid day, than the exposed houses of e country.

Our soldiers, who were able to bear the labor and fatigue of war, are invigorated by the outdoor life they lived. We knew a young man in New York who came back from the war and resumed his former occupation of book-keeping, and lost thirty pounds weight in six weeks. It would do him good to be a farmer.

Parents can do nothing better for their puny sick boys than to put them on a farm for two or three summers, and let the sun bathe them the live-long day. They will, by such a life, grow rapidly, and become tough, brawny and broad. We have seen this tried to the highest advantage in more than one instance under our advice.—*N. Y. Presb.*

CARE AND CURE.

The tensely-strung bow must be unstrung, or break; the burdened spirit must shake off its load or faint. The burdens of every occupation increase as we advance. Even success only gives us more weight to carry, and poverty fatigues and crushes by sheer emptiness. It is hard to say whether the rich man or the poor man has the greater care. The rich man wins in the laborious game of life, his fields bring forth plentifully, his business yields golden returns, but his barn, his store, his factory, his dwelling-house grow larger with his increase of wealth; his workmen, his clerks, his house-servants more numerous, and the demands of fashion and of luxury more imperious. His children rush out into the gay, seductive world, like moths into the flame of a lamp. His business connections become extended and complicated, and must be watched even at the most remote points, lest some of the many streams of wealth that pour into his coffers should be choked or dry up, or lest the mishaps of some great pecuniary crisis should blot out his fortune like the palace of Aladdin or the gourd of Jonah, in a night. Indeed, when we consider the importance usually attached to wealth by its worshipping owners; when we reflect what strained and long-supported efforts it has cost to acquire it, it is not wonderful that rich men frequently grow morbid in regard to the safety of their estates, and come to fear poverty. After all their work, and all its success, there lies their treasure, liable to all the chances of fire, insolvency, or fraud. It is fenced in only by the frail network of the law, which ingenuity may unravel or violence may rend. And they are maddened to think that, after all, their goods may be stolen.

The poor man has the advantage of light pockets. In the race of life his weights are negative. But he feels that pockets were made to be filled, that the shoulders were constructed for generous burdens, that both ballast and cargo become the ship, and that to go through the world empty is to carry the shameful and mortifying burden of failure. Still, if he be

young and virtuous, he may be cheerful and hopeful. A hundred forms of fortune will picture themselves against the distant sky, calling him forth to daily toil, and starting his young blood in rapider currents through a stalwart frame. But hope deferred makes the heart sick. Unrequited toil becomes a burden in the rear ever to be dragged along, and the hopes of the future bank up before him into mountains of leaden darkness. Meantime, cares have multiplied at home. A buoyant young couple have become a dozen; grown-up children, with accumulating loves, have brought wants and aspirations impossible to be met, and destined only to be mocked.

The perpetual whirl of industry required by these circumstances will perhaps keep the mind from rusting, but will be likely prematurely to wear into its very nerve and centre. And the care of unsuccessful labor grows into an inward frown; the incitements of life fade away like the glory from the clouds after sunset, and nothing is left for the benumbed spirit but to wait sullenly for the last sad scene.

As the circumstances of wealth and poverty are both impotent for the removal of care, so are those of public and private position, of city and country. The public man pants beneath his own affairs, and droops still lower under the added weight of public business. He has thousands of masters besides his own wants and his own passions, each of whom would drive him in a different road, and cause him to envy the lowest menial in private life, while the man of private station chafes and frets against the bars of his obscure allotment, and envies those who attract public attention. The man in the country feels that woods, and fields, and sky, with all their glory of verdure, and azure, and variegated blossom, are but a poor compensation for loneliness and seclusion, and not for a moment to be weighed against the crowded and gay life of the city or its rapid methods of making money; and the man of the city fancies that the quiet of the country would be like a delicious dream in which, if he only had opportunity, he could disentangle himself from the meshes of care and relax into blissful rest.

But, alas, the plough and the counter, the field and the pavement, the crowd and the solitude, each has a care unknown to the other. It is not the outer world, but the inner that produces and perpetuates corroding care. Indeed, it does not pertain to mortal lot to be entirely freed from it; in the best case it can only be mitigated and soothed by a wise and pious life —by a spirit superior to it. As care is the cloudy and dusky offspring of the mere earthly life, we must antagonize it by another force. With better views than those of the world, with a soul susceptible to the touch and sense of the invisible, with an eye for the divine in nature, the landscape becomes a refreshment, especially the man from the crowded city, tired and dus He is disinfected of care through eye and and nostril. Allow us to appeal to the thoug ful Christian tourist, and probe his experien with respect to the power of country sigh To his hungry eye—devouring field and fore and mountain and vale and stream—the lan scape seems another paradise; it appears come, as if by an actual movement, into t soul; the little picture on the retina is as gre as cool, as living and as large as the landsca itself; it is his for a healing draught of lig of vivacity, of bubbling joy. The song of t bird and the bee, of the breeze and the bro are sung in his soul, and as these new tena enter, his cares for the time vacate, or at lea fall asleep. To a susceptible spirit from t heat of a city, in midsummer, the power o beautiful landscape in chasing away care a restoring genuine buoyancy, is incalculable.

But even everywhere, in the artificial l of the city, surrounded by human pupp and butterflies, by the broker's golden cli the newsboy's cry and the creak of hand gans, care may be held in abeyance. T noble Christian soul may convert for itself dry and crowded scene into a garden in wh he shall see the bloom of his own planti And the toiling plodder in the dales and mo tains of the country, with the rude impleme of the field may dig up the Lord's secret, cure of care.—*The Methodist.*

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE FIFTH QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

The government of New Zealand has s sidized a line of steam packets, to connect w the monthly mail from Southampton by way the Isthmus of Panama. This official nouncement is followed by a notice of a s marine telegraph line to be completed in 18 as a branch of the great Anglo-Indian line connect Australia with Asia and Europe.

How oddly such announcements strike th of us who were taught in our geographies t these countries were inhabited only by tatto cannibals! They are growing up into emp with marvellous swiftness. The name of N Britain is proposed for New Zealand, as three islands are, in fact, old England at Antipodes, with a little greater area. N Zealand has everything in her favor: an sular situation, a fine climate, magnificent h bors, and great mineral wealth—to which may add a steady, and recently a large, in of Anglo-Saxon population.

Let the following statistics tell the rest of promise: the white population was, in 18 2,050; in 1850, 22,000; in 1860, 83,000; in 1861, 101,000. The value of imports in 1853, £597,000; in 1860, £1,500,000.

In sixteen months from the discovery of gold n the island, the amount exported was £2-,)65,000. In 1851 the colonies of Victoria, Queensland and Tasmania had scarcely an ex- istence. Within a radius of forty miles the population did not exceed 500 persons. In 1861 the same area held 106,000. One thou- sand miles of telegraph are now in operation.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

EIGHTH MONTH.

Circumstances beyond the control of the compiler have delayed the preparation of the following review of the weather, &c.:

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	8 days.	11 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	0 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms,	9 "	2 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	14 "	16 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 8th month per Penna. Hospital,	74.75 deg.	72.50 deg.
Highest do. during month,	91.00 "	88.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	56.00 "	56.50 "
Rain during the month,	3.75 in.	2.18 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1466	1930

Average of the mean temperature of 8th month for the past *seventy-seven* years	72.96 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1863	79.50 "
Lowest do. do. do. do. 1816	66.00 "

SUMMER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three summer months of 1865,	76.42 deg.
Mean do do do do months of 1866,	75.27 "
Average of the summer temperatures for the past *seventy-seven* years,	73.40 "
Highest summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1828–38	77.66 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1816	66.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
First month	3.61 inch.	3.14 inch.
Second month	5.83 "	6.61 "
Third month	4.71 "	2.15 "
Fourth month	2.83 "	2.93 "
Fifth month	7.21 "	4.68 "
Sixth month	4.75 "	2.96 "
Seventh month	2.97 "	2.52 "
Eighth month	3.75 "	2.18 "
Totals	35.66	27.17

The temperature of the month under review did not quite reach the *average* for the past *seventy-seven* years, and while the *summer* was progressing through its second month, although it was supposed by many we should have an *unprecedented* record for the entire summer, the closing month included so much of decidedly cool weather that the *mean* temperature fell behind that of last year, and reached only about one and three-quarters degrees above the general average.

During the entire year thus far there has been but one month in which the quantity of *rain* has equalled that of last year, while the *aggregate*, it will be seen, is eight and one half inches less, and yet nothing has suffered very materially from drought.

PHILADA., Ninth mo. 17, 1866. J. M. E.

FRENCH HONESTY.

M. Legouvé, of the French Academy, tells this story of his body servant in Paris. "Some years ago, he let it be known to his baker that he wanted a body servant. He received fifty applications a day, none of which suited. One morning, while hard at work in his study (it was about five o'clock in the winter), somebody knocked at the door. He opened it. 'I am told that you want a confidential servant, sir.' 'Yes, and you think you are the one I want; you have first-rate recommendations, and lived, I dare say, ten years in your last place." 'No, sir; I am just out of jail! You may imagine the astonishment of Legouvé. 'Just out of jail!' 'Yes, sir; I loved a woman who required money. She pressed me every day to give her more money. I gave her all I earned honestly—'twas not enough. I thieved to gratify her covetousness. I was arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for three years, which expired last Saturday.' 'Do you think that a recommendation to a place of confidential servant?' Yes, sir. A man that loses his character in an hour of folly, will be on his guard against temptation, and will strive to regain his reputation. Besides, I know that, at heart, I am an honest man.' There was in the fellow's tone such an honest accent, that Legouvé took him at once, and has never since repented it. The released convict has now the keys of the house, pays all the bills, and does all the marketing."—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

ITEMS.

IMPROVED DWELLINGS FOR WORKINGMEN.—There are now in London twenty-five blocks of improved dwellings for the working classes, capable of accommodating three thousand persons. The rents of apartments vary from five to seven shillings a week. Last month, three blocks of these buildings, named in honor of Lord Palmerston, were opened in City Garden Row. The *Daily News* says that within three years about eighty thousand pounds sterling have been spent in these model dwelling-houses by the Improved Dwellings Company. The blocks just opened are side by side, six stories high, and will afford dwelling room to a colony of seventy families, who may, if they choose, live in the strictest privacy. The rooms are nicely papered and painted, and nothing that health demands or comfort suggests seems to be lacking in the fittings.

Recent letters from Russia state that two hundred

thousand copies of the New Testament in Russ have been sold during the last two years. The writer visited the New Agricultural Institution which has been lately established. The Russian government are paying considerable attention to agricultural education; it is to be hoped something may be done for this in India. The Russian government have a flourishing school near St. Petersburg, which trains boys for the forest department. They learn the duties of agricultural stewards and the keeping up those magnificent forests which are of such value to Russia.

An institution for the training of Russian deaconesses has been founded by a certain princess, who has made over all her property for this object. She was living in St. Petersburg in two rooms in one of the back slums, and for several years had given up her entire time in endeavors to reclaim abandoned women; she had devoted herself to that object, living in one of the Lock Hospitals. There are various ladies like her, both in St. Petersburg and Moscow, who employ their time in female education, hospitals, and in reclaiming the fallen."

The armistice between Prussia and Saxony has not ended in peace; and the probabilities are that Saxony will either receive a new sovereign, more submissive to Prussia, or be annexed to that monarchy. Hanover, Hesse, Hassan, Frankfort, and portions of Bavaria and Darmstadt have already been annexed; Darmstadt paying 3,000,000 florins as indemnity.

The Roman question is likely to be settled by a treaty between the Pope and Victor Emmanuel.

A war of resistance to the Russians has broken out with increased animosity in Circassia.

Both Atlantic cables are working. Returns of the Atlantic Cable Company show the receipts from messages to be at the rate of £900,000 per annum, (about $4,500,000.)

THE FREEDMEN.—A report received at the Freed men's Bureau, from North Carolina, represents that the condition of the freedmen is generally favorable, and that there are at present but about 2,500 dependents, notwithstanding that there is a colored population of nearly 300,000. A majority of those who are dependent upon the authorities for support are unable to labor by reason of disease, infirmities, or advanced age. The civil authorities have been informed of the action of the commissioner in discontinuing the issue of rations, and several communications have been received from county commissioners, stating that it will be almost impossible to provide subsistence and shelter in consequence of a scarcity of funds. Several cases of outrages against freedmen have been reported to the Bureau officers, who have called the attention of the civil authorities to the matter. The offenders were arrested and placed under bonds for their appearance at court to answer to the charges, and the authorities generally manifested a disposition to treat the freedmen with justice and kindness.

The Governor of South Carolina, in his message of the 5th inst. to the Legislature, meeting in extra session, urges the modification of the negro code so as to extend the jurisdiction of the civil courts over all classes of citizens. He also recommended the admission of negro evidence in all cases, as being both just and prudent. He declared the present stay-law to be unwise and unconstitutional, and advised the abolition of imprisonment for debt, together with an extension of the bankruptcy law.

We learn from the *Nation* that, in York County, Virginia, there are about 6,000 freedmen located on farms originally established by Government, but to be delivered over in First mo., 1867, to their former owners.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND. A Friends' Illustrated Monthly Journal, devoted to the instruction of the Young. It presents a variety of reading matter in a pleasing and attractive style, and is designed to supply a want long felt in our Society for juvenile reading, of a purely moral and scientific character, that will aid in the growth of virtuous principles. The Sixth No. (Tenth month) will contain a Steel Engraving of Wm. Penn, the only original picture of his youth. The closing number of present volume will present his portrait when a Friend, taken in advanced years. Terms $1.50 per annum, *in advance*. Back numbers supplied to new subscribers. 922 2t.

A YOUNG WOMAN of experience wants a situation in a private school, or as Governess in a family. Address
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DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.—Always on hand, a large assortment of Domestic Dry Goods; Muslins of all kinds and of the best makes, both Bleached and Unbleached; Flannels of all grades White and Colored, Twilled and Plain; Calicoes, Ginghams, Check, Shirtings and Drillings, Bleached and Brown Table Linens, Towelings by the piece and by the yard. Men's and Boys' wear, a well assorted stock. EZEKIEL TYSON,
721 tfaxn. 1638 Market St., Philada.

ORANGE GREEN BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Situated at Kennett Square Chester Co., Pa., will commence its next session, of 22 weeks, with a Spring Term of 16 weeks,—on Second day, 9th mo. 24th. Terms $4 per week. No extras for Latin, Greek, or French. Apply to SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE and SIDNEY PUSEY, Kennett Square, or EMMA BOWMAN, Byberry Pa.
amvtimi

CONCORDVILLE SEMINARY.—The Fall and Winter Term of Concordville Seminary, commences Tenth month 1st, 1866. In addition to the regular course, a Commercial Department has been instituted. For circulars address, JOS. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Principal, Concordville, Delaware Co., or MAGGIE B. JACKSON, Kennett Square, Pa.
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EATON FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A Friends' Boarding School, situated on the Phila. & Balt. C. R. R. Next Term will commence on the 1st of Tenth month next. For Circulars, giving full information, inquire of
EVAN T. SWAYNE, *Principal and Proprietor*,
8mo. 15, 1866—awa at p 106. Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

CHESTER VALLEY ACADEMY.—The next term of this Institution commences 9th mo. 3d., 1866. Whole number of pupils last year, 107,—60 boarders, 47 day pupils. Send for a Catalogue. J. K. TAYLOR, *Principal*.
84 10t 106. Coatesville, Chester Co., Pa.

KENNETT SQUARE ACADEMY.—A Boarding School for Young Men and Boys will open the 1st of Tenth month, 1866, and continue in session twenty-four weeks. For Circulars, &c, address the Principal, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.B.,
728 t 929. Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—The Fall and Winter Term of this healthfully and beautifully located BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will commence 10th mo. 1st, 1866, and close 4th mo. 12, 1867. For further information apply for a Circular to
ISRAEL J. GRAHAME, } Principals.
JANE P. GRAHAME, }
72 tf. Attleboro' P. O., Bucks county, Pa.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Third session of this Institution will commence on the 19th of 11th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 825t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N. J.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND & SON, Produce Commission Merchants, No. 52 Light Street, Baltimore, respectfully solicit consignments of Grain, Flour, Seeds, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Poultry, &c. Constantly in store and for sale, Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass, and other Field Seeds. Also Bone Dust and other Fertilizers. Dried Fruits bought and sold. 721 tfa.fn.

LESSONS ON OUR COMMON SONG BIRDS.—Tickets for a course of Eight Lessons, $3 00 each. Liberal reduction to Schools and Classes of over fifty persons.
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310a636 No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

WM. HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North Ninth Street.—A general assortment of ready-made Coffins, and every requisite for Funerals furnished.
Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 811. 1y. w a s m p.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 452.)

1816, *January.*—I am unexpectedly led at his time into much inward exercise of mind, eing earnestly desirous that I may lay hold nd keep hold of those things which pertain to fe and salvation,—to run daily that race which s set before me. Those who seek the Lord to erve him, shall, indeed, find him and the nowledge of his will; where the desire is, here is a favorable evidence; seeing that every ood gift and every perfect gift cometh down rom the Author of all good. Divine grace, hich begets this desire, though smothered in any hearts, has freely been given, without reject of persons, to all; and is sufficient, if beyed, to work out the salvation of all, to lead em in the way they should go, and to give em strength to walk in it; how then should e cherish this precious desire after holiness, d that little seed, which, if preserved and stered, will grow up and become a large tree, inging forth fruit abundantly; and what inres, what nips the tender bud in its springing rth, but those things that are evil, or that nd to encourage evil. O! how would this tle spark, this divine fire, if not quenched in s arising, burn up every piece of straw and ubble within us, every thing that is not durae; and even such things as silver and gold ould not escape the influence, but would be olted down, refined, and seven times purified. Now, this light within may not, at all times, be equally discernible,—we may be deprived of the sense of it for a season; but when this is the case, we ought especially to be very vigilant and sober; for it is in these intervals that the enemy most generally finds the door open, and the sentinel not at his post. Let us beware lest we forget ourselves during this time of trial, when we do not sensibly experience within us the presence of Him, in whose presence there is fulness of joy. Let us then seek unto the Lord still more earnestly, and patiently wait his coming, in silent subjection of soul, desiring not our own will, way and time, but His. Surely there is cause for thankfulness in the midst of the dryest season, and even when to our own apprehension we are forgotten and forsaken by Him whom our soul desires; for we know that it is the same Lord who gave to us the gift of his grace, that has himself permitted the sensible feeling of it to be taken away, and all for our good, though we may not think so. Let us then learn, in whatsoever state it may please infinite wisdom and goodness to place us, therewith to be content.

On the 24th of First month, 1816, my dear father, (who had been long an invalid,) got rapidly worse. I attended him nearly all the day, and but little thought of the event that followed. I sat up with him till between two and three o'clock the next morning. He died in much composure, at about a quarter past ten on Thursday morning, the 25th of January,

1816. I continued with the rest of our afflicted family to mourn, and I trust humbly to submit to this severe dispensation, lifting up my soul unto Him, who alone is able to sanctify our troubles to us, day and night, with tears and sighs, until the day of the burial, when we accompanied the remains of the endeared object of our gratitude, affection and respect, to its resting place.

1816, *February 4th.*—I have been led to think that the only substantial source of consolation in times of trouble, is a firm and an abiding faith in our Maker and Redeemer. Whatever anguish a sincere Christian may groan under, whatever wretchedness is permitted to come upon him, yet "let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." David seemed to trust with great energy, when he says, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore, will we not fear, though the earth be removed," &c.; "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Though man is born to trouble, and every one of us must sooner or later suffer, yet a simple and implicit reliance on him in whom we have believed, will be found sufficient for our consolation and support. We are allowed to mourn;—a blessing is attached to mourning;—the effect of godly sorrow is said to be repentance; Jesus himself wept; and it is said of him, that "he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." But we are reminded not to "sorrow, as those who have no hope." Let us then, in the midst of the most acute and poignant grief, never despair; but rather with upright Job, let us endeavor to attain to that lowly, submissive frame of soul, which leads us to commit ourselves to the disposal of an Almighty Creator and merciful Father.

1816, *February 8th.*—The deepest affliction which is caused by the privation of outward objects and things, (however near and dear those objects may have been to us,) cannot be compared to that utter distress and anguish of spirit, which the pilgrim is permitted at times to undergo on his journey towards Zion. Who can have an idea of it, without having experienced this trying situation? When man, who is by himself a poor, weak, helpless creature, dependent upon his Maker for strength, encouragement, consolation and ability to do and to think any thing aright, is thus left apparently, and exposed to the attacks of a relentless enemy, without guide or guardian, naked, hungry, blind, diseased,—where shall poor man find shelter in this stormy season of life? O! "let him trust in the Lord, and stay upon his God." In this time of desertion, when, after "toiling in the midst of the sea," being "tossed with the waves," and "the wind contrary," he seems well nigh spent, and apparently no nearer "his desired haven;" then, if he cry unto the Lord in his trouble, He will bring him out of his distresses; He will make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof will be still; and the troubled disciple shall see Jesus coming unto him walking on the waves, and shall hear him distinctly to say, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."

1816, *February 18th.*—The Lord in his infinite mercy has been pleased to strike me to the earth, like Saul, with a sense of my sins, and to enable me sincerely and fervently to inquire of him, "What wilt thou have me to do." I can, indeed, testify that his forbearance and long suffering towards me have been wonderful; and I have great cause for daily thanksgiving, that I have been taught, in some small degree, the knowledge of myself, and in much mercy shown the abominations and gross evils in which my heart was enveloped; the coverings of self and sense that disguised the real state of my mind from me, have been in part removed; and I have been permitted to discover a glimpse of what I ought to be. My ardent desire, therefore, is, that He who has helped me thus far, would be pleased to continue to extend his paternal care over me; that he would preserve in me an invariable desire to do and abide by his will, at all times and in all things; that he would teach me the knowledge of the truth; and that I might be so strengthened therein as to be enabled to say in sincerity, "I am thine, do with me what thou wilt."

1816, *March 16th.*—O! how exceedingly ought we to praise and to bless the name of the Lord for all his dispensations and gifts; my soul is at this time very much impressed with a sense of the bounty of that great Giver, who, in mercy, educes blessings from those things which, least of all, appear such. But of what avail is such a sense of the goodness of the Almighty—such a conviction that "the Lord is good to all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works,"—unless this conviction leads us to put our whole trust and reliance on Him in every circumstance and situation,—unless we are induced with still greater firmness, faith and "patience, to run the race that is set before us," to endure our appointed trials; in short, to take up our daily cross and deny ourselves out of pure love, to Him who first loved us, and still doth love us.

1816, *March 31st.*—I have thought that my state of mind much resembled the luxurious growth of some stripling plant, which springs up quickly, but requires much pruning and cutting back, sometimes even to the ground, in order that its strength may be proportioned to its height, and that it may be brought into a bearing state. Why should I not then submit to the management of the great Husbandman at all times? Though, like the skilful vine-dres-

er, he rub off every bud that does not show fruit, though he bind me to the wall, though he cut out the canker in the bark, and pierce to the very pith; yet do I most certainly know, that he careth for me, and intends my purging into fruitfulness and perfection.

1816, *April 3d.*—I can scarcely refrain from writing a few lines, on the occasion of ———'s bearing open testimony to those principles which I believe he very sincerely has espoused. It must, indeed, be a trying time with him, not only just now, but perhaps henceforth through life. The change of dress and address, though a simple small thing in itself, must doubtless be a pretty constant source of ridicule and contempt, both in his presence and behind his back. I could say much in favor of his sincerity, and I think his exercises have not been few or slight, even as far as I have seen. Though I have had but little direct communication with him on religious subjects, yet, in his deportment and conduct, in general so reasonable and upright, there has been much instruction for me. I have seen many evils and errors in him, evidently brought under correction and government, and the chords of his practice and daily conduct drawn tighter and tighter into tune; and, in witnessing this process, my admiration has been not a little excited, in the full belief, that it evinces a power greater than his frailty, under the influence of which he endeavors to live; he has proved and does prove a living lesson and example to me, and I think to others. On looking again at the matter which gave me occasion for writing this, I am inclined to add, that the following considerations seem of too much importance long to defer examining: First, whether I am satisfied to continue as I am, in respect of outward profession; second, if not, when is the right time to make any alteration; third, what precise change is to take place, in what particulars, and on what grounds. And may He, who alone can preserve my soul from evil, be with me; that so I may not err on the right hand, or on the left.

1816, *April 11th.*—Having a short reprieve of a week, before entering into a business which is marked out for me, (at a Solicitor's office,) I avail myself gladly of it to record my heartfelt and sincere expressions of gratitude, that amidst all my backslidings and omissions, during the period of retirement which I have had of late, there remain to me yet some small bright spots and points, at which I can, with satisfaction, look back. For though there have been many and great errors and failings, and at times an almost total forgetfulness of that Being whose wisdom made me, and whose mercy is still over me; yet am I encouraged in the belief that at many seasons there has been a desire after, a searching for the living God, and for the knowledge of his will, whom to know is life. I have, indeed, learnt by reiterated and painful experience, the constant liability to which poor man is exposed, of forgetting or forsaking the fountain of living waters, the Father of infinite mercy, who is daily striving with his self willed creature, man. O! I have learnt, and may the lesson be indelibly impressed on my soul, that it is good for a man to watch—to watch and be sober,—to fear always,—to abide in His love who loved us.

1816, *April 14th.*—Uncertainty as to the time and manner of our departure hence, and certainty as to the fact itself, seems to be the limit of our knowledge in regard to this awful subject. We know, indeed, neither the day nor the hour when we shall be summoned, by an all-righteous Judge, to render an account. Seeing then that such is our case, may we yet more and more earnestly strive after a state of preparation,—having "our loins girded about and our lights burning;" that, so whenever the awful call shall go forth, whether at midnight, in the morning, or at noonday, we may be found amongst the trusty servants, "whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching."

1816, *April.*—O! how ardent at this moment is my desire and prayer to the inexhaustible Fountain of transcendent love and mercy, that it may please Him, according to his marvellous compassion, so to dwell in the hearts of his poor dependent creatures, that through His sanctifying presence and power they may be preserved from evil; and not only this, but that the minds of men may be more and more opened, enlivened and enabled to discover the beauty and the bliss inherent in the truth.

O! how largely I could dwell upon the wonderful goodness of that Being, whose daily communication and connexion with his creatures, by his providence and by his more immediate influence, most clearly manifests Him to be the all-seeing God. How do I long for that period, when loosed from all earthly impediments, as well from the necessities as from the frailties of the body, I may be enabled to offer pure and acceptable adoration and hallelujahs to the infinitely glorious source of love and mercy.

(To be continued.)

TEACHING OF THE SPIRIT.

I doubt not there is for those who abide closest under the shadow of the Almighty, a minute and secret teaching, regarded by many as a delusion, which, like the name on the white stone, no man knows save he that receives it; but he knows that his judgment is sometimes cleared, his will inclined, and his way directed, after a manner different from that in which his own will or wisdom would probably have led him.—*Sewall.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A MITE FROM THE MINT.

When from the changes incident to this life sorrows multiply, and cast a shade over the beautiful things of earth, and sadness encircles the mind, as do the shades of evening the out ward universe, then may comfort be found in looking beyond men and things "to the City of the Saints' solemnity, whose walls are salvation, and her gates praise." There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Nought that would burden and press down the pure life can enter there, nor can the enemies of the eternal truth vex the soul that has laid off the outer garment, and obtained admission within this enclosure. Turn your minds, ye disconsolate and heartstricken, to this all inspiring law of hope, that at the end of the turmoils of everyday life you may here find *rest.* Under this consideration the burdens lighten, for in a little while the spirit will reach its goal, and be set free from all its perturbations, and loosed from shackles of every kind. "There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor; the Lord is their everlasting light, their God, their glory." "The small and the great are there; a most beautiful assemblage." The servant is free from his master; free from all that has overtaxed the powers; free from the enslavement of every evil passion. No barrier can ever come in between the immortal part and the infinite, all-wise and loving Father, who is now the sun and shield. "One day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day,"—numbers are lost in the immeasurable. S. HUNT.

True prayer is the breathing of the soul. Without it there is no spiritual life. It is the constant aspiration of the "inner man" to be continually renewed in knowledge and holiness, "after the image of Him that created him." Nothing is prayer but the sincere desire of the heart, "uttered or unexpressed." Exercises of domestic, social and public prayer are doubtless very useful, when conducted in a right spirit. But the prayer meeting or the church assembly is not the place to which we go to satisfy ourselves whether men are truly religious. The mere decorum of the occasion would keep most persons there "seeming to be religious." We would go rather to the places of men's business and pleasure. We would observe them in their intercourses with their fellow men and women. We would know on what principles they act in trade, in politics, in places of amusement; how they deport themselves towards their superiors and their inferiors, those they are dependent on, and those who are dependent on them. We would see them in their hours of recreation, when unwithheld, and consider how far their love of pleasure carries them. Still more must we be informed of their conduct in their domestic relations, whether they fulfil well the paramount duties there—the conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal.

David says, "Morning and evening and at noon will I pray and cry aloud; and at midnight I will rise and give thanks unto Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments." Never wait for a more convenient or favorable period; go to Him immediately, in the midnight gloom of thy experience or condition. He can turn the shadow of death into the morning.—*Jay.*

PURE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION.

BY JOHN JACKSON.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." This was the religion of our great example, and it should become ours. He was no respecter of persons. His mission of Gospel love was not to a few, but to all. He embraced within his holy mission the very ends of the earth. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest; and take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls." What is comprehended in the command, "Take my yoke upon you?" Is it not our daily obedience to that "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," which Paul declared "made him free from the law of sin and death."

If we are to be preserved from falling into temptation and a snare, we must watch unto prayer; if we are to be set free from sin and death, it must be by our obedience to this "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Now there is no mystery in this doctrine, for there is as certainly a manifestation of the Divine will to mankind now as there ever was since the first period of human existence. And this will is manifested to us in the same manner that it has ever been revealed to man, *through a spiritual medium.* The same voice which addressed to Adam the language, "Where art thou," discovered to him the state and condition of his soul; pointed out the cause and consequences of his alienation from God, and that the only hope of his return consisted in obedience to the quickening operation of the Spirit, which is represented under the figure of a "flaming sword turning every way to guard the way of the tree of life." This voice speaks to us in precisely the same manner. We are not to be so outward as to suppose that the Almighty Jehovah was ever seen with mortal eye, or his voice heard with mortal ear. Jesus declared, "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten of the Father he hath revealed him." When we read of the voice of the Lord being heard in the cool of the

day, or accompanied by the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai—speaking to patriarchs, prophets and apostles; when we read of Moses speaking with the Almighty, face to face, and other similar expressions, we must look beyond the figurative style of the record, to the operation of *Divine power* upon the *minds* of men. Divine revelation is a plain and simple thing. It is not, as some suppose, limited in its operation, or confined to any single portion of mankind. It did not cease, as some assert, when the last Scripture-writer laid down his pen, but it continues to be manifested to us. We are the objects of our Heavenly Father's regard. He has not only given us the light of the sun to illuminate the outward world, but he makes it to shine upon the evil and the good, the just and the unjust. And in the spiritual world there is the same universal diffusion of light that constitutes in the outward a monument of the benevolence of its Author. This light makes manifest to man the duties that are required of him, thus making the declaration of Paul true: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." If we are prepared to subscribe to the doctrine that Divine grace hath appeared unto all men, and that it teaches them to deny all ungodliness, and live righteously in this present world, then we can understand to what Jesus directed the attention of the people, and to what the ministry of the Gospel should still direct them—*obedience to his light.* For just in proportion as we are obedient to it, we increase in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, "and go on adding to our faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge patience, to patience temperance, to temperance godliness, to godliness brotherly kindness, to brotherly kindness charity."—When we have gained all these then we are Christ like; and the apostle says, if we continue to do these things we shall never fall, our knowledge of Christ will be saving, and an entrance gained into his "everlasting kingdom." Now, if the attention of the people was turned to the operation of Divine grace, implanted in their hearts, it would lead them step by step into a knowledge of those things which pertain to the kingdom of heaven. It was because the Jews were not willing to rely upon the teaching of Divine grace, that Christ was rejected by them. Hence they persecuted and crucified Him who had been sent amongst them with the message of salvation. They were more attached to the traditions of men than the commandment of God. The simple truths of the Gospel could meet with no favor while their reliance was upon a ceremonial and outward religion. The precepts of their law allowed "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—permitted them to "hate their enemies," and to return "evil for evil." They could practice their religion and still indulge the spirit of revenge and retaliation. But the precepts of the Gospel inculcated directly the opposite doctrine—the axe was to be laid at the root of the tree of evil; and a religious life was to consist in obedience to the Divine spirit and in love to man."

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." What is this walking after the Spirit? We have an animal and a spiritual life, and as "one star differeth from another star in glory," so doth the greatness of the spiritual exceed the glory of the natural. The spiritual nature is that life which is "breathed into man and makes him a living soul." These tabernacles that compose the "terrestrial body" shall return again to dust. The spiritual nature, constituting the "celestial body," is designed to live for ever. The great end of life can only be answered as this spiritual nature is prepared to enjoy the fountain from which it sprang. The beautiful design of the Gospel is to elevate us above the earthly unto the heavenly nature—to give us the victory over the world, and prepare us for the society of sanctified spirits, not only now, but when time to us shall be no more. The Gospel brings immortality to light, by putting us in possession of those treasures which "moth and rust cannot corrupt, or thieves break through and steal."

Let us then walk after the Spirit, in the light of this Gospel, that when we are required to render an account of our stewardship we may be prepared to do it with the assurance of eternal union and communion with our Father in Heaven. Let us examine the ground upon which we stand, and in what our religion consists. Let us examine our own minds, and see how far we have witnessed the Christ-like nature to govern us—to regulate our conduct—to preserve and save us from evil. Have we guarded "the avenues of the heart against the admission of evil?" Has the sin that doth so easily beset us been overcome and subdued? Are we conforming our lives to the example of Jesus? These are subjects that have an important bearing upon our present and future well-being. Let us seriously consider them. If we imitate the example of Jesus, our religion will be practical.

It is well for us to know ourselves; we may often derive encouragement and strength, by looking at the sources of good within our own minds. It is there the silent voice of truth is heard and known and felt. And often this voice will be as a ministering spirit—an angel of light that will instruct and comfort us when

all other sources of encouragement and comfort have failed. We need spiritual as well as physical strength, and as the latter is promoted by exercise, so will the former be increased by the proper employment of the gifts and talents we possess. It is thus that we shall become qualified to perform our mission of the Gospel of Christ. What is this mission? If a brother or sister be overtaken with a fault, we should endeavor to restore such a one in the spirit of meekness and love, remembering ourselves lest we also be tempted. Our Christian duties often consist in little things, and it is a wise declaration, that "he that is faithful in a little shall be made ruler over more." By our obedience in little things we shall find that the field of duty and usefulness will enlarge, and we shall discover that there is no time for us to stand idle in the market place, saying, "no man hath hired us." When we look around us we see the harvest is plenteous, while the laborers are few. In every work of religion, benevolence, and humanity, the call has gone forth, "enter into my vineyard and labor, and whatsoever is right ye shall receive." Time is swiftly drawing to a close, and it will soon be lost forever in the darkness of that night in which no man can work, and we are as fully convinced of this truth, that life must be followed by death, as we are of the change from day to night in the outward world. Some of us have reached the sixth, some the ninth, and some the eleventh hour; and it becomes a question of the greatest importance to us to know that we are so laboring in the Lord's vineyard as to realize our penny.

I feel the magnitude of the subject when I consider my own latter end. I am conscious that the present probation has its limits and they will soon be reached. I feel the necessity of faithfulness to truth and duty, and I desire above all things, for myself and fellow-creatures, that we may make our "calling and election sure." I am satisfied, my friends, that if we live up to the knowledge that is received, the end of our being will be answered; we shall glorify God upon earth, enjoy his presence here and for ever. Oh, my friends, let us not be idle, but enter into the garden of our own minds and labor. There is a work there that is needful for us to perform—"man know thyself, enough for man to know." If we turn within ourselves we shall discover that the fountain of truth—of love—of light—is not far from any one of us. God is that fountain, and in him "we live and move, and have our being." Oh! blessed privilege, that we should have access to the source of all good, and have no more need that any man should instruct us in Divine things, than we have of trusting to others the salvation of our souls. The work of salvation belongs to us as individual heirs of immortality and eternal life, and it must be begun, carried on, and completed by our faithfulness and obedience to God. No man or woman ever performed an act of duty in accordance with the convictions of truth, who did not feel the reward of "well done, good and faithful servant." If we have been rewarded for faithfulness in little things, it should stimulate us to press forward towards the "mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," and lead us to extend the invitation to others, to come and see how good the Lord is.

To be anxiously fearful what will become of us, and discontented and perplexed under the apprehension of future evils, whilst we are under the care of our Father in heaven, is not to act like *children.*—*Mason's Self-Knowledge.*

Extraordinary quickenings and strengthenings being often followed by peculiar temptations, conflicts and sufferings, require a particular watchfulness, if we would be earnest not to provoke the Lord to visit us with sore punishments for our carelessness.

Fear, therefore; rejoice with trembling; and, as a needful means to secure thyself from falling, temper thy joy with true humility and gentleness towards the faults of others. Be never so high-minded, O man, at the miscarriages of others, as to think thou wouldst not do so, should it happen to be thy case; for if God does not hold thee up himself, thou wilt surely make great mistakes. Therefore, thou hadst better not look upon others, but upon thyself; and, for fear of falling, be continually watchful in prayer. A great many would not have fallen so deep, had they been truly humble, and more charitable in judging of others. He who exalteth himself above others, and does not bear with the weak, is sometimes humbled and debased under the very weakest of all. Bear, therefore, since God bears with thee; and he that bears most with others shows the greatest strength.

That which renders the first assaults of temptation peculiarly severe and dangerous, is the instability of our own minds, arising from the want of faith in God; and as a ship, without a steersman, is driven about by the force of contrary winds, so an unstable man, that has no faith in God, is tossed and borne away upon the wave of every temptation.

Whenever there is an occasion, we should make an *effort* to do good—let that effort promise results ever so small. God can crown the most unpromising labor with success. And in the final day, if we "have done what we could," we shall hear the blessed word of the Master "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."—*Asa Bullard.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Report of the Education Committee of Friends Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

The Committee have continued to hold regular Monthly Meetings during the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth months.

The school at Woodlawn, Fairfax Co., Va., was opened by Sarah E. Lloyd, on the 25th of Sixth month, with 13 pupils; at last report it had increased to 40, and might be larger, if the room in which it is held could accommodate a larger number. During the vacation the colored people expected to put up a house for church and school purposes, that will comfortably accommodate all who desire to attend.

The school at Leesburg, Loudon Co., Va., was assigned to Caroline Thomas, who commenced her labors on the 29th of Sixth month, with 13 pupils. The school has increased to 36.

All the South Carolina schools were vacated about the middle of Seventh month, to re-open near the middle of Tenth month, except the one located at Walnut Grove Plantation, and taught by Eliza E. Way. The place is so unhealthy that this committee do not feel that it would be right for them to encourage any young woman from the North to go there.

The schools in Virginia were mostly vacated about the same time, with the prospect of re-opening the first Second day in Ninth month. Sarah A. Steer and Caroline Thomas having so lately commenced, it was thought best for them to keep open through the summer. A late report received from the former gives 42 pupils in the Waterford school for Eighth month.

Captain Ross, of the Freedmen's Bureau, having applied to this committee for four more teachers in Fairfax County, and the application being favorably considered, it was decided to select from the numerous applicants on our list such as, in our judgment, were suitable to fill three of the vacancies; and we have offered the remaining one, at Falls Church, to Eliza E. Way, who is left without a situation by the closing of the Walnut Grove school.

At the time of closing our schools for the summer vacation we had 585 pupils under instruction in 11 schools, taught by 12 teachers. We now have 16 teachers on our pay-roll, —names and locations as follows, viz.:—

Mary K. Brosius,	Vienna,	Fairfax Co.
Mary McBride,	Fairfax, C. H.,	"
Martha Wright,	Lewensville,	"
Sarah A. Steer,	Waterford,	Loudon Co.
Caroline Thomas,	Leesburg,	"
Sarah E. Lloyd,	Woodlawn,	Fairfax Co.
Hannah Shortledge,	Big Falls,	"
Catharine Hall,	Andrews Chapel	"
Fanny E. Gause,	Herandon Station,	"

All of whom are at their respective posts.

The South Carolina schools will be opened by the same teachers who conducted them last season, viz.:—

Mount Pleasant, three schools, taught by Cornelia Hancock, Mary Taylor and Caroline Taylor. St. Helena school, by Philena Heald and Sarah M. Ely. To these we add the name of Alice Sutton, of Fairfax Court House, a member of the Society of Friends, who has been highly recommended as a well qualified teacher, and whom we have engaged as an assistant to Mary M'Bride, her school being so large that she cannot conduct it without help.

Sarah M. Ely laid before the committee a proposition to open a school at a location known as Trip's Point, one mile from the place occupied by herself and Philena Heald; she to take charge of the new school, and Philena H. to conduct the one already established. The colored men have engaged to take her in a boat to and from the school, so that they will continue to board together.

The committee feared this would be too great an undertaking, but the cause being earnestly pleaded, they have consented. There will be a small outlay for fixing up the school-room, which it is agreed to advance.

For the current year, beginning with Ninth month, this committee have agreed to adopt the rules and regulations of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Association, respecting the pay of teachers and their transportation.

This committee think it would be advisable for the Association to address a circular letter to the colored people of each locality where our schools are established. They also recommend to the favorable consideration of this Association, Charles H. Pierce, of Florida, a colored missionary stationed at Tallahassee, who desires to obtain aid to enable him to defray the travelling expenses of two young colored women, who are well educated, and are anxious to go to Tallahasse to open schools, but have not the means, being poor and fatherless. Both the applicants have been for some time engaged in teaching, and have testimonials satisfactory to the committee.

The committee feel that the magnitude of the work before us demands a clear and plain statement at the beginning of our labors for the year, which will be so eventful to us, and which opens so full of promise to the thirsty souls, from whose parched lips the cup of instruction has been so long withheld. Every teacher who has gone back has felt *more deeply* the call to labor. Those who are waiting impatiently the clear, cool, bracing autumn days, that they may start on their longer and more dangerous journey, will bear to the sunny shores of the Palmetto State, hearts swelling with gratitude for the privilege of again meeting the upturned faces of their swarthy charges. This commit-

tee have heard from these teachers words that have stirred every feeling of sympathy, and have felt that the members of this Association have reason to take fresh courage and renew their zeal, that these brave hearts, who, nothing daunted, go forth, thankful that they are accounted worthy to be the dispensers of its charities, may be sustained. It is, after all, the smallest part that is required of us, while they make all the sacrifice.

L. J. ROBERTS, *Sec'y.*

Ninth mo. 19th, 1866.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 29, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Wm. Dorsey has obtained from the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Race St.) a minute, to pay a religious visit to the families and members of his own Monthly Meeting.

Ann A. Townsend has obtained from Green St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, a minute, to attend Baltimore Yearly Meeting. She expects to visit the Meetings of Nottingham and Warrington Quarter, and to appoint meetings as duty may require.

Sunderland P. Gardner, a Minister from Farmington Monthly Meeting, N. Y., has obtained a minute to visit Duanesburg and Scipio Quarterly Meetings in the State of New York and Canada Half-Year Meeting, and to appoint some meetings within their limits if way opens.

Friends' First-day School at Green St. Meeting-House will reopen on the 7th of Tenth month, at 2½ P. M.

We are requested to state that William C. Biddle, late Treasurer of Swarthmore College, has resigned the trust on account of ill health. Henry M. Laing, No. 30 N. Third St., has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

ARE WE A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE?—Are we advancing step by step in obedience to the unfoldings of Truth, or are we losing sight of the necessity of keeping the eye single to the inshinings of the Divine Light, whereby *present* duty is made manifest?

Our forefathers have left us a goodly heritage, and we have need to take heed that we do not rest satisfied with enjoying the fruits of their labor, but prove equally earnest to fulfil *our* mission, as they were to faithfully perform the work of their day.

We read of their firm integrity through years of suffering and severe persecution, and shall we relax our hold upon *the principle*, so dear not only to them, but to many who have in more modern time, proved its value by the consistency of their lives and the crowning glory of their death.

There is no more certain truth than that inculcated by the *true* "Friend," that the mind of man is the recipient of truth immediately *revealed* by the Spirit of Christ, the Comforter alluded to by Jesus, when, in the hour of their sore distress, He told His disciples it was *expedient* for them that he should go away, but that he would "pray the Father, and He would send another Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, that should lead and guide into all truth."

These devoted followers, who had been privileged to be eye-witnesses of the miracles wrought by the power of the Father through the blessed Jesus, were wont, notwithstanding his endeavors to turn their attention to the spirituality of his mission, to look upon Him as an outward Saviour and Redeemer. Therefore, in order that they might know the *True Comforter*, he was separated from them, going, as he testified, "to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God." What was true of the disciples in that day is equally true now. So long as there is a dependence upon anything short of the "Spirit of Truth," there is a halting by the way, a confusion of language which the childlike condition cannot understand.

We are interested in observing the advance of others, not called by our name, in the frequent acknowledgment of the necessity of being "led by the Spirit," and in making it the prominent rule of action. We rejoice in this evidence of the growth of the good seed, sown broadcast by the Husbandman, and trust it may bring forth fruit yet more abundantly to His great name. And while others are being brought gradually to acknowledge the doctrine of the inward teachings of the Divine Spirit, we desire that those who have a birthright in the Society of Friends, may not forfeit it without duly considering what they are relinquishing, and whether their disaffection has not arisen

rom an impatience of the restraints imposed, hich they may have looked upon as sectarian rejudices, and without having sufficiently aken into view the privileges connected with membership in a Society holding a pure and mple faith, which has led to the adoption of ne noble testimonies that form the character- tics of our religious association.

DIED, on the 29th of Eighth month, 1866, HENRY . TROTH, aged 17 months and 23 days, son of acob M. and Ann W. Troth, of Accotink, Va.

——, on the evening of the 17th of Ninth month, 866, MARY M., wife of Robert Wiltbank, and daugh- r of George Miller, of Philadelphia.

——, on First-day, the 23d of Ninth month, 1866, ERCY WILSON, in the 80th year of her age.

The Association of Friends for the Aid and Eleva- on of the Freedmen will meet at Race St. Meeting- ouse, (Monthly Meeting Room,) Fourth-day evening, enth month 3d, at 7½ o'clock. The general attend- ce of Friends is particularly requested.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
th mo. 29th. MARGARET A. GRISCOM, }

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

The first meeting this season of the Lyceum will held in the Library Room, Race St. Meeting- use, on Third-day evening, the 2d of Tenth month, 7½ o'clock.

WM. G. FOULKE, *Secretary.*

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.)

SUMMER IN SWITZERLAND; OR, PEAKS, PASSES AND GLACIERS.

LA PRIURE, OR CHAMOUNY, August, 1866.

It was my intention to describe to your aders peaks, passes and glaciers in the order have named them, but the illness of one of my rty having defeated, for the present, certain cents which I had projected to the Buet, the rrenthorn and the Görnergrat, where the best ews of the Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa and berland chains respectively are to be had, I all be compelled to reverse the order, and be- n my descriptions with the glaciers. First of , however, a few words as to the manner of tting about here, and the various difficulties d dangers by which Alpine travel is attended.

The Mountain Equipment.—For mountain peditions there is a dress *de rigeur*. It may called the fashionable dress of Switzerland— t is, in the warm season. In the first place, road brimmed felt hat, because it is light and l, shades the face, and endures an unlimited ount of soaking as well as of hard usage. ound it is wound a blue gauze veil, to pro- t the eyes from the dazzle of the snow. In second place, a canvas knapsack, with straps go over the shoulders and round the chest, capable of containing one change of under- hes, two clean shirts, a few articles of the et, and your pipe, with its ammunition. In the third place, a long, smooth, round ashen or oaken stick, named *Alpenstock*, with a knob or hook of chamois horn at one end, and a sharp spike at the other, which answers the double purpose of a cane and a calendar—a cane that assists you in climbing over difficult rocks or ice-passes, and a calendar whereon you record in paint, or by burning irons, the places you have visited. Lastly, strong but soft-leathered shoes, with gaiters that run up the legs, and big hob-nails screwed upon the soles and heels —the gaiters to defend the ankles from briars, and the nails to keep the feet from slipping. Your coat and trousers may be of any good, warm woollen material, but a blouse and loose pantaloons of flannel are commended as the best wear for all weathers. With this equipment, and two, three, four, six guides, according to the nature of the ascent you mean to undertake —who furnish themselves with rope, with pick-axes, with ladders, and a bag or two of provisions—you are prepared to scale the loftiest and most inaccessible peaks. You are prepared, I mean, externally, but a more essential preparation still, is the strong, steady head, the firm nerve, the sure foot, which no height looking off into infinite depths can intimidate, much less craze. Perhaps I should add that an absolute confidence in your guide—a confidence that would trust body and soul almost to his practised skill and knowledge—is quite as essential as any other requisite.

Modes of Travel.—There are three methods of reaching the higher Alps, that may be resorted to under different circumstances. For a part of the way up a charroad commonly runs, which is a sort of rough country lane, that winds through the woods and the declivities, and is practicable for one horse vehicles, that often heave and totter to a considerable elevation. It ends commonly in a mule path, which is a second sork, still narrower, still rougher and still steeper, but over which the contemplative sure-hoofed donkey will pick his way, with wearisome pains and slowness, but with more or less security. Sometimes the patient creature stumbles on his knees; sometimes, when more refractory, he will persist in pulling back, in spite of the precipice behind or beside him; but trust to him, nevertheless, for he will be certain to recover a sense of his situation in time, while to get off him is to run the risk of landing one or two thousand feet further down than you originally reckoned. It is marvellous, indeed, how these quadrupeds will plod on, through forests and jungles, and over sharp ledges of flinty rock, intent only on doing it safely, and satisfied with a tuft of coarse grass for a reward. Next to the goats and the native mountaineers, they are the best climbers. But, thirdly, the mule path is a Boulevard, a Broadway, a "primrose path of dalliance," compared

with what is denominated the foot path, that you are finally compelled to take to reach your ambitious ends. In some sort it *is* a path; it is a discernible track worn in the hill sides or across the meadow grass, which you follow without much difficulty if not with ease; but in other regards it is no more a path than a vessel's furrow over the ocean, or the bird's flight through the air. It is a series of stones that project a few inches from the brow of a cliff, on which you may step if you dare; it is the crest of a mound of hard snow, over which you crawl on all fours, looking down on either side with a most uncomfortable sense of the consequences of the slightest waver; it is a staircase cut in the flanks of a pyramid of ice (cut by yourself or your guide), and which you go up step by step till you reach a rock or stump, or thin sliver of root, whereon to hang and rest; it is a long, cold, dreary walk over miles of glacier, which has none of the smoothness of a frozen lake, as you might naturally suppose, but all the rifted, fissured, turreted irregularity of an ocean arrested and frozen in one of its maddest moments; in short, the footpath is often a path where human foot never went before, but where the human foot may go when the human mind is utterly reckless of the fate of the human neck and cranium. Yet, why do I say this; thousands of persons pass over these invisible and airy lines every summer without accident, and almost without a feeling of the danger.

Alpine Guides.—Guides, I have said, are indispensable; and let me add a word of them. They are a style of man peculiar to the country, born of its soil, fashioned by its circumstances, and with a physiognomy and a morale exclusively their own. What the sailor is to the sea, what the western trapper used to be to the prairie, these guides are to the Alps. Most of them are peasants, who have learned the secrets of the hills in conducting the cattle annually to their lofty pasturages, and who have been thus enured to fatigue, exposure, long marches, solitude and even privation. To this peaceful calling they have generally added the more exciting and adventurous avocation of the chamois hunter. They have learned from boyhood to pursue their bounding game from slope to slope, from snow-peak to snow peak, until they have become as expert as it in leaping remorseless gulfs and scaling the abrupt far-off toppling walls. In and about Chamouny not a few of them spend their off-season—that is, the season when no company comes—in the dangerous practice of crystal hunting. The precious stones of this region are hidden far away among the crevices of the Aiguilles that prop Mont Blanc—thousands of feet toward their sharp, needle-like summits; and there it is that the Chamouniard climbs to find his agates, and amethysts, and sapphires, and beautiful crystals. Like the sailor and the trapper, the guide bears the impress of his occupation upon his face and form. He is sun-burnt, stalwart, firmly knit and vigorous, but he is also thoughtful and silent. All men who have to do with vast spaces like the ocean, the prairie, the mountain—who grapple with nature in her magnitudes—who brave her grander violences, contract a resolute and concentrated habit, but quite as universally they contract a brooding habit. They can be jovial as sailors are, or as scouts are at times; their long pent-up feelings effervesce in moments of relaxation, when they get on shore, when they reach civilization, when they descend to the plains, in other words, when their peculiar task is done; but, habitually, they are meditative, reticent, intent upon their work, faithful and fertile in expedients. Many of these guides, besides, are men of not a little education and refinement of thought. They have often been associated with intrepid scientific men like De Saussure, Agassiz, Forbes, Tyndall, Charpentier, in toilsome expeditions over the ice; have camped out with them in starry or tempestuous nights, when there was no society but their own; have shared with them the perils and privations of great enterprises; have caught some of their geological or botanical enthusiasm; have imbibed some of their spirit of research and observation, and thus have brought away from the contact other sensibilities, other tastes, other knowledge than that of the rude and hardy mountaineer. The Bulmuts, the Laueners, the Coutats, the Bohrens, the Cachats, and others, have a reputation almost as wide as that of the eminent men whom they have so coolly and efficiently served in researches that would have been impossible without them. But, of course, among guides, as among others whose services are in much demand, there are a great many pretenders, a great many useless fellows, and my remarks apply only to the real and worthy members of the profession.

The Terrors of the Alps.—The greatest dangers of Alpine travel are not the real dangers, but the imaginary, or those which arise from the irritability of the imagination. A person, in fact, who is liable at all to giddiness or nervousness, or who is capable of losing his presence of mind for a single instant, ought never to undertake a journey in the higher regions. It implies no want of courage to be influenced by this kind of sensibility. A young English officer confessed to a friend of mine, that though he had often stood the brunt of battle in India, had stood up calmly and coolly to be shot at by a thousand guns, he could not make the passage of so simple an ice-ridge as *Les Ponts* of the *Mer de Glace*, where hundreds of ladies cross every summer. His fancy actually excited him into a tremor of fear whenever he approached any place of the sort. A man will

walk a rail or fence with the utmost indifference, when it is only a few feet from the ground; raise it as high as the roof of a house, with an incline upon each side, like that of a roof, and he will become exceedingly cautious in crossing it; but raise it to the height of a thousand feet, with profound abysses on each side of it, and he shrinks aghast at the very idea of crossing it. Yet, in the three cases supposed, the thing to be done is the same; but the circumstances under which it is done make a vast difference. These Swiss haymakers, men and women, will rake and toss hay, and run about in sport on the sides of hills where I have found it impossible to stand without clinging to a tree or some other support.

Yet there are real dangers in the Alps, which are hidden crevasses or fissures in the ice, covered by a recent fall of snow; steep slopes of ice, on which the foot finds it impossible to rest, and avalanches of mud, stone and ice. All these dangers, however, may be effectually guarded against by a little precaution and a perfect reliance upon the skill, judgment and presence of mind of the guides. "They have an instinct," said a gentleman, an old cragsman, "where to put their feet, what paths to take, what overhanging cliffs to avoid. With their ropes, that tie all the members of a party together, so that a fall of any one of them is instantly checked by the resistance of the others; with their pickaxes and ladders for cutting deep steps; and with their sagacity and complete knowledge of all the twistings and turnings of the hills, and all the habits of the snow, they have reduced the dangers to a minimum. But without these faithful and indispensable companions, no amateur mountaineer—not the oldest member of the Alpine—is safe for a day."

Letter from one of the Teachers of "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" to the Secretary of the Education Committee.

LEESBURG, Eighth month 26th, 1866.

Dear Friend:—I think I can truthfully say my work is prospering. My school now numbers 42 scholars. There are several who are very irregular in attendance; they are the larger ones,—those who have to support themselves; of course they cannot come every day. I try to encourage them to give me all the time they can spare from other duties. I have had considerable difficulty to impress upon these children the importance of punctuality, and thought for the first few weeks I never should be able to accomplish it; but by dint of perseverance in encouraging those who came early, and in showing my displeasure to those who were late, the habit of promptness is being gradually established. I will give thee an instance of my manner of treating those who are late. When such scholar makes his appearance inside the door, I instantly stop whatever I may be doing, and say "Children, tell (calling the delinquent by name) at what hour school commences;" at this they will *sing* out, "School commences at 8 o'clock in the morning. This seems to mortify them, and *I* think is having a good effect; in some cases it has acted like a charm. I often find it in my heart to excuse them for not being on the spot at just the right time; many of them have not the means within their reach of knowing anything about it.* I am becoming very much attached to my children. Who could help it? As I approach my school-house of a morning, and meet the eager, loving faces turned to me,—each with a word of greeting,—and as I take my place behind my desk, previous to commencing my morning labors, and look around me, all faces are turned towards me with looks of confidence, respect and love. Is it to be wondered at? I like to visit the homes of my children, and do so as often as my time admits of. I am always sure of a welcome; and for one filling the position I do, to be made to feel welcome in any home in Leesburg, surely the days of miracles are not ended! Yes, I love to visit these people in their homes, squalid and miserable as most of them are; and I would not exchange the privilege of intercourse with them for the same with the owners of the most luxurious homes in Leesburg.

I fear there will be much suffering amongst them this winter, notwithstanding their efforts to provide for themselves. There is one old woman living not far from where I board, who has now, depending on her for support, one daughter, a helpless cripple, and three little grand-children, whose parents were sold from them when they were but infants,—children of three daughters,—leaving them to their grandmother. One of them comes to school to me; the others are too small to come. I fear they will suffer for the common necessaries of life this coming winter: and what a life of trials and suffering her's has been! She has not merely tasted of the cup of slavery, but she has drained its bitterest *dregs;* still she does not complain. In speaking to me the other day, she said, "It 'pears like, miss, we should *live* on our knees, for this great blessed freedom we now have." And this is only one instance.

I had very pleasant calls a few weeks ago from S. A. Steer and Eliza Janney, and have

* I would like to mention, in reference to progress, one special case. A boy about twelve years old, who did not know his letters when he first came to school to me, neither did he know how to make a figure, or hold a pencil, is now reading *well* in Wilson's Primer, writing his name very well, on slate, doing short examples in addition, and answering simple questions in mental arithmetic promptly.

met with them since. Not long since I received an invitation from S. M. Janney to attend their Quarterly Meeting, and make them a visit at the same time, which invitation I most gladly accepted. I left Leesburg on Sixth-day afternoon, in stage, which took me to within one and a half miles of their place, where they met me with the carriage. I staid until Third-day morning, and had a very pleasant visit indeed. They are *true* Friends. I attended meeting on First-day, and enjoyed it much. It was the first I had attended since I left home.

Thy attached friend, C. THOMAS.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

BY A. H. G.

Sweet thing! Thou speak'st of summer and of summer days gone by;
O whence thy power to bring that radiant smile from out the sky?
Would that thy beauty could endure, but that, alas! must die.

It even now begins to fade, as all earth's beauty must,
E'en as my heart begins to lose its strength of earthly trust;
O that my treasures were laid up where treasures cannot rust!

Thou makes me think of childhood, when the world seemed pure and bright,
And every thing that God had made seemed clothed in heavenly light,
And I saw no sin—I saw no curse—I saw no sign of blight.

I dreamed that all around were good—that every one was true;
I trusted all—respected all—nor dark deception knew,
And wished to live that I might be thus good and perfect too.

But oh! the painful, biiter days, when power dawned on me—
The power of sight, by which I might my fellow-beings see;
Those days, alas! they taught me well of human frailty.

But let me look on thee again, sweet flower, before we part;
Thou hast a something in thy glow that reaches to the heart—
Something that soothes the heavy pain, though it may not heal the smart.

'Tis He, the God of all the earth, that makes thy glow so bright;
And has He not a care for *me*, to fill me with His light,
And will He not give strength to me for the battle I must fight?

"*Trust Him!*" thy golden smile hath said, "trust Him, for He is true;
Draw nigh to Him with all thy heart, thy watchfulness renew;
What He hath promised unto thee He will not fail to do."

Thy pride—thy will—they may be strong, but thou must lay them down;
The way is rough—perhaps 'tis long, and oft with briars strown;
But I must bear a heavy cross, if I would wear the crown.

Farewell, sweet flower—my heart is faint, I cannot bear it now;
'Tis He alone can give me strength, and teach my head to bow,
If He would place the piercing thorns upon my shrinking brow.

"Not yet—not yet, I'll hold thee still, if thou wilt longer stay;
Yea, wait, blind mortal, wait, my smile hath something more to say;
Briars can never grow *within* the straight and narrow way.

"Why must thou bear a *heavy* cross, if thou the crown would win?
What is the cross, but to deny thyself some favorite sin—
In wise obedience to the voice that speaketh from within!

"Is it so hard to leave the foes of righteousness and rest,
So hard to follow Him by whom thou ever hast been blest,
To bow to Him who beckons thee to lean upon His breast?

"O mortal, when thou look'st upon the smile God gave to me,
Know thou that all things from His hand came beautiful and free,
But thou hast fallen from thy place—hence thy despondency!

"Take up thy cross and follow Christ, as He may lead the way,
Easy and light His burden is to those who but obey—
Nor *thorns* nor *briers* can be found *within the narrow way!*"

For the Children.

WHAT ANIMALS USE FOR HANDS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

Though animals do not have hands, they have different parts which they use to do some of the same things that we do with our hands. I will tell you about some of these in this chapter.

The dog makes his teeth answer in place of hands. Dogs always do this when they carry things. They cannot carry them in any other way. You carry a basket along in your hand, but the dog takes it between his teeth, because he has no hand as you have.

I have told you, in another chapter, how the cow and the horse crop the grass. They do it, you know, with their front teeth. They take up almost any kind of food—a potato—an apple—with these teeth. These teeth, then, answer for hands to the cow and horse. Their lips answer also the same purpose in many cases. The horse gathers his oats into his mouth with his lips. The lips are for hands to such animals in another respect. They feel things with their lips, just as we do with the tips of our fingers.

My horse once, in cropping some grass, took hold of some that was so stout and so loose in the earth that he pulled it up by the roots. As he ate it the dirt troubled him; he therefore knocked the grass several times against the

fence, holding it firmly in his teeth, and thus got the dirt out, just as the people do out of a mat, when they strike it against any thing.

I once knew a horse that would lift a latch or shove a bolt with his front teeth as readily as you would with your hand. He would get out of the barn-yard in this way. But this was at length prevented by a very simple contrivance. A piece of iron was fixed in such a manner at the end of the bolt, that you could not shove the bolt unless you raised the iron at the same time. Probably this puzzled the horse's brain. Even if he understood it, he could not manage the two things together. I have heard about a horse that would take hold of a pump-handle with his teeth and pump water into a trough, when he wanted to drink. This was in a pasture where there were several horses, and, what is very curious, the other horses, when they wanted to drink, would, if they found the trough empty, tease this horse that knew how to pump; they would get around him, and bite and kick him till he would pump some water for them.

Monkeys have four things like hands. They are half way between hands and feet. With these they are very skilful at climbing. There are some kinds of monkeys that use their tails in climbing, as a sort of fifth hand.

The cat uses for hands sometimes her paws, with their sharp claws, sometimes her teeth, and sometimes both together. She climbs with her claws. She catches things with them—mice, rats, or any thing that you hold out for her to run after. She strikes with her paws, just as angry children and men sometimes do with their hands. When the cat moves her kittens from one place to another, she takes them up with her teeth by the nape of the neck. There is no other way by which she can do it. She cannot walk on her hind feet and carry them with her fore paws. It seems as if it would hurt a kitten to carry it in the way that she does, but it does not.

When a squirrel nibbles a nut to make a hole in it, he holds it between his two fore paws like hands. So also does the dormouse.

The bill of a bird is used as its hand. It gathers with it its food to put into its crop. When you throw corn out to the hens, how fast they pick it up and send it down into their crops to be well soaked. The humming-bird has a very long bill, and in it lies a long, slender and very delicate tongue. As he poises himself in the air before a flower, his wings flutter so quickly you can scarcely see them, he puts his bill into the bottom of the flower where the honey is, and puts his little long tongue into it.

The bill of the duck is made in a peculiar way. You know it gets its food under water in the mud. It cannot see, therefore, what it gets. It has to work altogether by feeling, and it has nerves in its bill for this purpose. It has also a row of pointed things all round the edge of its bill. They look like teeth, but they are not. They are used by the duck in finding its food. It manages in this way: it thrusts its bill down, and as it takes it up it is full of mud. Now, mixed with the mud are things which the duck lives on. The nerves tell the duck what is good, and it lets all the rest go out between the prickles. It is a sort of sifting operation, the nerves in the seive taking good care that nothing good shall pass out.

One of the most remarkable things used in place of a hand, is the trunk of an elephant. The variety of uses to which the elephant puts this organ is very wonderful. It can strike very heavy blows with it. It can wrench off branches of trees, or even pull up trees by the roots, by winding its trunk around them. It is its arm with which it carries its young. It is amusing to see an old elephant carefully wind its trunk around a new-born elephant and carry it gently along.

But the elephant can also do some very little things with his trunk. He has at the end of the trunk a sort of finger. It is a very nimble finger, and with it this monstrous animal can do a great variety of little things. He will take with it little bits of bread, and other kinds of food that you hand to him, and put them into his mouth. He will take up a piece of money from the ground as easily as you can with your fingers. I once saw an elephant take a whip with this fingered end of his trunk, and use it as handily as a teamster, very much to the amusement of the spectators.

The elephant can reach a considerable distance with his trunk; and this is necessary, because he has so very short a neck. He could not get at his food without his long trunk. He can turn this trunk about in almost every direction, and twist it about in almost every way. It is really a wonderful piece of machinery. Cuvier, the great French anatomist, says there are over thirty thousand little muscles in it. All this army of muscles receive their orders by nerves from the mind in the brain, and how well they obey them.

There are two holes in the end of the trunk. Into these he can suck water, and thus fill his trunk with it. Then he can turn the end of his trunk into his mouth and let the water run down his throat. But sometimes he uses the water in his trunk another way; he blows it out through his trunk with great force. He does this when he wants to wash himself, directing his trunk in such a way that the water will pour over him. He sometimes blows the water out in play, for even such great animals have sports like children. Sometimes, too, he blows water on people he does not like. You perhaps have

read the story of the tailor, who pricked the trunk of an elephant with his needle. The elephant, as he was passing, put his trunk into the shop window, perhaps wanting something to eat. He was angry at being pricked, and was determined to make the man sorry for doing such an unkind act. As his keeper led him back past the same window, he poured upon the tailor his trunk full of dirty water, which he had taken from a puddle for this purpose.

From the Nonconformist.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

A very interesting paper might be written, we do not doubt, on the statistics of emigration. The difficulty—we suppose it is insuperable—would be to collect authentic returns of all the information requisite for getting at the more curious phenomena of the subject. Even now—bare and comparatively scanty as are the facts within reach—we can easily conceive of their being so assorted by a competent mind as to bring out a number of very unexpected and highly significant results. They would touch, however, only the outside of the matter. Emigration, in every instance, is connected with a considerable, sometimes a vast, amount of what we may call heart exercise. Take the emigrants from Europe at half-a-million annually or thereabouts; then select any one family, or individual, from the vast aggregate, and think of the causes which have operated to overbear the natural reluctance of people to expatriate themselves, of the rending of ties which the decision involves, of the deep emotions which the last farewell excites, of the stern anxieties which every glance into the future awakens, of the tender and tearful reminiscences which steal homewards, and of the dreary sense of vacancy which the departure has left there—and then multiply all this by the number of emigrants, and you will get at some glimmering notion of the measureless proportion of life-history which falls under the chapter of emigration.

"Across the ocean." There are very few of our readers, we dare say, who do not know by experience what it is to have one or more of those dear to them settled, apparently for life, across the ocean. We are not about to look at the pathetic side of the subject, for we are not aware that it would answer any useful purpose to do so. People for whom sharp discipline has been appointed, and who have already passed through the most painful stage of it, derive very little benefit, if any, from being reminded of what or how they may have suffered. It would but minister to morbid feelings to recall scenes which have photographed themselves upon the memory for all future time, and the briefest recurrence to which stirs deep emotions. We have no such purpose in view. Our object in touching upon this theme is simply to point out that the discipline to which we have alluded has its uses—not merely of a general kind, as all discipline has, but of a special kind, growing out of its own speciality. We are or we may be the better for being able to look "across the ocean" in the daily exercise of our home affections. We may and we should gain from it valuable results which might not be otherwise so well secured. The process is one which, while it contributes to ripen, tends at the same time to impart a peculiarity of flavor to the character, and they who have in any measure realized the effects, and traced them up to their cause, would not willingly part with the experience which has nevertheless put them sorely to the test.

The more intense our home affections are, the more liable they also are to become narrow and exclusive. As a man who seldom sees any but the members of his own family, grows more and more disinclined every year to pass the boundaries of his own little circle, so the sympathies which allow themselves to be absorbed by objects lying within a very limited sphere cease after a while to be attracted by anything beyond it. The haunts of daily life, its occupations, its solicitudes, its troubles, its joys gradually come to stand in the presence of these affections and sympathies, as if they contained the whole world in themselves, and active interest hardly cares to travel beyond it. Whenever such is the case, we are sure to forget the relations we sustain to our neighborhood, our country, and our race, and to pace our mill-horse round of duties, not merely as if no such relations connect us with the world outside of it, but as if there were no such world with which to be connected. The lines from the heart to its objects are so direct, so immediate, so short, and the action and reaction of each upon each is so little interrupted by interposing circumstances, that there is an almost irresistible tendency in the inner man to dwindle rather than expand. It may seem at first sight absurdly fanciful to suppose that mere material distance can operate to correct the tendency to which we have alluded—but we think it will be admitted, on careful reflection, that it does so. Any one who looks "across the ocean" for a beloved one, relative or friend, has a marvelously strengthened appreciation of the reality of intervening things and of the human interests which lie beyond his customary horizon.

The experience to which we refer produces effects very similar to those of travel—similar in kind, although fainter in degree. Imagination, in the one instance, does for us what the bodily senses do in the other—receives a vivid impression of the fact that there are, far away in the distance, scenes, and people, and interests, and activities, and joys, and sorrows, a

real as any of those that immediately surround us. Nothing, it may be, is hereby added to our knowledge, but much to our incorporation of that knowledge with our own life. To the feelings, if not to the apprehension, the world is a wider place to us than ever it was before, and has a vastly increased breadth of actuality, when any one dear to us has gone to dwell at the antipodes. Not the mind, perhaps, but the heart, is enlarged by the fact.

But there is a further good resulting from this width of separation. It brings about in our minds a vivid consciousness that things are managed *for* us far more than *by* us. As it regards those who are at home with us the case seems, but only seems, to be otherwise. We think for them, we are consulted by them, we act with them day by day, or at any rate we feel that we can do so whenever the necessity for it arises. If we cannot reasonably believe that the control of their affairs is in our own hands, we still please ourselves with the idea that we can at any moment bring powerful influences to bear upon their course and destiny. But "across the ocean" they are utterly beyond our reach. We can never fully realize to ourselves their precise position. The letter, which arrived but yesterday to gladden our hearts, informs us only of matters as they stood, it may be, weeks ago, and the reply we make to it may have become useless for any purpose of practical direction before it arrives. A sense of helplessness is permanently present with us, and we are compelled to resign ourselves to it. Well, but if we are in a morally healthy state, the trust which we once had in ourselves we are schooled to transfer to other hands. Things do not forthwith go to pieces because we have no part in the ordering of them. The laws which govern human life do not cease to operate because we are unable to watch over the process of their action. Another will than ours—a higher one—presides over, shapes and determines interests which appeared once to be subject, in part at least, to our domination. We can credit ourselves with none of the agency by means of which have come results in which we rejoice. We can only be passive and patient under sorrows and calamities which we can do nothing to avert, to alleviate, or to remove. Not only is the world a wider one than we had been wont to imagine, but it is under the government of an all-persuasive authority. And so we learn to shift the basis of our confidence, and gradually become familiar with the fact that while duties belong to us, events everywhere, at home as well as abroad, belong to One infinitely more competent to manage them.

Then, again, no circumstance, save death, has a more direct tendency than distance to dispose us to idealize the objects of our affection. 'Across the ocean," we see them through a haze which conceals from us very much of the grosser and inferior elements of their being, but which, in an appreciable degree, sheds a halo of light round all that we most value in them. Our love goes out towards them with all the fondness which is associated with the feeling that it will be satisfied, and in all the simplicity and genuineness of an unselfish affection. And this, be it remembered, is a highly salutary kind of training. It helps mightily to develope the spiritual part of us. It exercises just those powers and susceptibilities which have to be exercised about true religion. It accustoms us to walk by faith instead of by sight—to look upon things not seen with an interest we have too commonly reserved for things that we see—to go out of ourselves, far, far away, for some of our choicest pleasures—and to realize the wonderfully profound truth, so much more widely applicable than we have suspected, that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And, then, to reconcile us to the discipline which is accomplishing these ends, we are bidden to look forward to a future in which there will be "no more sea"—no barrier to close and familiar intercourse—nothing to interpose between our intensest love, and its worthiest, its all-comprehending object. So it is that our bitterest trials deepen and purify our sources of enjoyment—

> And darkness shows us worlds of light,
> We never saw by day.

ITEMS.

A disastrous flood, caused by heavy rains, recently occured in the West. The great corn fields along the bottoms of the Big Miami are reported to have suffered considerably, the water being over the tops of the highest corn-stalks. It is estimated that twenty million bushels of corn were destroyed by the freshet. Scores of miles of fences were carried off. The Scioto, at Columbus, overflowed its banks, inundating the whole valley west of the river and north of the national road. Many families were driven from their homes or compelled to seek shelter in the upper part of their dwellings. Railroads were seriously damaged, and on many of them travelling was interrupted for several days. Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Dayton, Columbus, McPhersonville and other places suffered severely.

The latest telegrams from the continent represent the political skies as again overclouded. Austria, in negotiating with Italy, made unreasonable demands, to which Italy will not submit. Austria has overcharged the debt of Venetia, and withholds Venetian property which she was bound to transfer. The remonstrances of Italy failing, the King of Prussia has notified the court of Vienna that unless it recede from its position war would instantly be resumed.

Laying the Line across the Gulf of St. Lawrence.—*Despatch from Cyrus W. Field.—Port-au-Basque*, Sept. 15.—The Medway completed coaling at midnight on Tuesday, and left in company with the Terrible at daylight on Wednesday morning.

We arrived at St. Pierre early on Thursday morn-

ing, but were prevented from entering the harbor by thick weather until next day.

We have found a suitable landing place for our cable from Placencia to St. Pierre.

We arrived here at three o'clock this afternoon, and shall proceed to lay the cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence as soon as the weather will permit.

It has been blowing a gale all day, preventing us from landing before. We arrived off this place early this morning. CYRUS W. FIELD.

THE FREEDMEN.—From the semi annual report (July, 1866) of the schools and finances of the freedmen, by Rev. J. W. Alvord, Inspector, we extract the following table:—

States.	Schools.	Teachers.	Scholars.
Virginia,	123	200	11,784
North Carolina,	119	135	9,084
South Carolina,	75	148	9,017
Georgia,	79	113	7,792
Florida,	38	51	2,663
Alabama,	8*	31	3,338
Mississippi,	50	80	5,407
Louisiana,	73	90	3,389
Texas,	90	43	4,590
Arkansas,	30	28	1,584
Kansas,	15	24	1,500
Missouri,	38	46	2,698
Kentucky,	35	58	4,122
Tennessee,	42	125	9,114
Maryland,	86	101	8,144
District of Columbia,	74	132	6,552
Total	975	1,405	90,778

In these figures are embraced only the schools regularly established and duly reported. In every State there are numbers of private schools of all description, spontaneous and self-sustaining, of which it is difficult to obtain statistics. It is estimated that 150,000 freedmen and their children were scholars on the 1st of July, against 125,000 on the 1st of January. There is observable everywhere increased interest in these schools on the part of the better class of the white population; but outrages are still common among the ignorant and degraded, especially in Georgia, Mississippi, and, as is well known, in Tennessee. Religious conventions in Virginia have acknowledged the duty of educating the blacks. In North Carolina titles to real estate for school-houses have been obtained in several instances, and efforts are making by the colored people of South Carolina to increase the number of those already held by them, and improved chiefly at their own expense. Fifty of the regular teachers in the latter State are colored, as are most of the teachers of day schools in Florida and in Kentucky; at Wetumpka, Alabama, is a colored teacher of whom particular mention is made. The cost of tuition is paid by the freedmen to a greater or less extent—in Texas altogether. Florida is the only Southern State which has provided by law for the education of the blacks, who are taxed for the necessary funds to establish schools in every county in the State, and to pay the salaries of a superintendent and assistants. The condition of schools in Louisiana is thoroughly disorganized, owing to the suspension of the school-tax levied by Gen. Banks. Kentucky has received least assistance from benevolent associations. The instruction of colored children was not tolerated till after the formal abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment. The only statement of the cost of schools is furnished by South Carolina, being based on the expenses of seventy-five schools whose teachers were supported mainly by Northern associations. These were, in the gross, $72,000; a about $8 for each pupil, and about $40 monthly fo every teacher. Mr. Alvord suggests that industria and normal schools be established, with reform schools at a number of central points; that desks b provided to enable writing and drawing to be taught; and that there be uniformity in the blank reports for superintendents.—*The Nation.*

* School Districts.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 467.)

1816, *April 16th.*—Went this day for the first time on trial to ——— Solicitors; being at the office at nine in the morning, and leaving it at nine in the evening to return home at Clapham. Did not attend a meeting in the middle of the week on first going there; but the third week I went to Grace Church Street Meeting, and regularly afterwards to some one meeting, unless absolutely impracticable.

1816, *April 30th.*—Independent of all other considerations which might induce me to court the company and intercourse of Friends, (and many other reasons there are,) this one would have much weight with me, namely, that into whatever Friend's family I have gone, I have not as yet failed to find them a happy set of people,—cheerful yet sober, liberal yet strict, and above all things, sincere and honest. I have not had much acquaintance with Friends; but I may truly declare, that I have seldom, if ever, gone away from a Friend's house without carrying with me a temper and feeling of mind so peaceable, so calm, contented and cheerful, full of such warm desires of being and doing good, as are by no means easily effaced.

1816, *May 1st.*—Though pressed hard for time, I am constrained to commemorate the admirable goodness of the Lord to my soul this morning, in evidently answering my petition, and affording me suitable instruction, which was received, I trust, with benefit. At Grace Church Street Meeting, this morning, being weary with my own intruding imaginations, and earnestly desiring to be rightly directed in the awfully important business which I came about, and for which I had given up much to obtain liberty of attendance,—a secret prayer seemed to arise and run through me, that, if it were best, I might, through some instrumental means, be informed and instructed in the great duty of public worship. No sooner had such desires presented themselves, than M. S. (Mary Savory) rose, with nearly, if not exactly, these words: "Look not unto man, whose breath is in his nostrils, O thou of little faith; but look thou unto the Lord, who is mighty to deliver, and able to save to the uttermost, them that trust in him." As if she had said, "Look not for direction in this matter to man, but to the Lord, who can best instruct and incline thee when and how to worship himself acceptably." This instance of condescension was, and still remains a memorable one with me, and is not less gratefully remembered, on account of having experienced many especial favors of a similar nature and description, some of which, indeed, have been still more striking.

1816, *May 8th.*—My birthday (nineteen years of age.) I contrived to get one hour in the garden in the morning, though so closely tied to business. Many reflections appear to have been my companions in the midst of much business at this time; indeed, my mind was

greatly exercised and tried, yet also comforted, yes, unspeakably, during this season.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped me; hitherto has he helped me exceedingly,—more than I could even have thought or asked; and I can abundantly testify to this truth, "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly," or even from them that seek to do so.

1816, *May 27th.*—I cannot but believe that the Lord will redeem my soul from the depth of difficulty and distress, which seem to encompass it; though there seems no way he will make one over the pit, which is dug about me by my enemy. Thanks be to the adorable fountain of all goodness, my faith is yet firm; I know in whom I have believed and trusted, and that He is still able and willing, and shortly (in his own time) will make bare His arm, which is, indeed, mighty to save and to rescue. I read that the prayers of some, formerly, did ascend even into the ears of the Most High, and came before him as a memorial; now, I do heartily and indubitably believe, that "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" that "his arm is not shortened that he cannot save, nor his ear grown heavy that he cannot hear" the cries of such as seek his direction.

1816, *May 29th.*—O Lord God of my fathers, the protector of every one that putteth his trust in thee, be pleased in thy unbounded compassion and unutterable mercy, to look upon thine afflicted servant for good. O! Lord, thou knowest my case and circumstances better than I can possibly relate; thou seest all my wants, my troubles and my fears; in thy abundant and overflowing mercy, forsake me not in this time of trial and deep exercise of spirit. O! thou that art mighty to save and to deliver, help me that I perish not in this extremity; but that aided by thee, I may be enabled to do thy will whilst here, whatsoever it may be; and be prepared to glorify thee for ever hereafter.

1816, *May 30th.*—O Lord! the Father of the fatherless, the helper of the helpless, the friend of the afflicted; who hast promised never to forsake them that seek thee, and trust in thee; receive the sigh and tear of one whose spirit crieth unto thee day and night,—yea, Lord, thou knowest, through every hour of the day; I pray not that thou wouldst take me out of the world, or from that station and place in it, which, in thy infinite goodness, is appointed for me; but this does my spirit crave of thee with unspeakable fervency, even that in all things, at all times, and in all places, thou mayest be pleased to dwell with me, and to keep me on every hand from all evil.

1816, *June.*—According to my present feelings and experience, I do verily believe that the business upon which I have entered is such as requires much more time, close study and attention, than I can conscientiously give up thereto; it does entail such entanglement and engrossment in the things of time, as to leave to uncertainty and almost inevitable neglect the things of eternity. I, also, am of the firm persuasion, that business is not of that first importance which is so generally attached to it; but is, and should be, secondary and subordinate to the first and greatest object in life.

1816, *June.*—If after all means and endeavors are made use of, we believe that any thing is right to be done, surely it is our duty to do it. We ought not to look at the effects or consequences of thus having acted, but to leave them to Divine wisdom, that He may overrule or dispose of them as He sees best,—whether He is pleased to give us satisfaction within and the approbation of others, or to withhold them. None can tell us of our duty with certainty in every respect; they can tell us of the great fundamental and indispensable rules of the moral law; but in such actions and steps, the omission of which are no breach of morality, others can only recommend what they think is right; yet this is no infallible rule for us. Now, who is more likely to come to the knowledge of his duty in any particular, than he, who, in sincerity and simplicity, is daily and hourly striving to conform himself to the will of his Maker, as far as he knows it. Such a one should not despair or grieve if, in every respect, he does not immediately and clearly discover his way cast up before him; but rather should join faith to his obedience, endeavoring to be content and thankful that he is permitted to know what little he does, and is enabled to act up to that little; humbly hoping, and patiently waiting for more, if necessary.

1816, *June 12th.*—I have often been struck with the close analogy which many narratives in the Bible bear to the state of our own minds. The manner in which Thomas received the intelligence communicated by his fellow apostles of the resurrection of our Lord from the dead, has more than once impressed my mind whilst I looked at myself and my own state. I have been led to think, that any hesitation or delay on my part to believe in, and to receive the Lord of life and light, who is striving with me day by day, who is watching, waiting to be gracious, who is knocking at the door of my heart almost every hour, who is calling me, and running after me as a shepherd after his lamb that is gone astray,—is somewhat like the tardy yet deliberate conviction of Thomas, who, overpowered at length by the abundant evidence which the Lord was pleased to shower upon him, was unable, in the fulness of his heart, to say more than "My Lord and my God." O! I do, indeed, desire, not only to be firmly convinced of what is right, but to be willing to

sacrifice every thing to the performance of the same, with courage, resolution and constancy.

1816, *June 13th.*—O! Lord, make me still more and more entirely devoted and dedicated, given up and surrendered unto thee; teach me, I pray thee, still more perfectly, the way that I should walk in, each step that I should every moment take whilst here; that so through thy boundless mercy I may be safe on every hand from every thing evil. O Lord! if it so please thee, I implore thee to take from me all vain confidence in myself or others,—all my own strength and wisdom; and impress upon my soul an earnest sense of my own nothingness and helplessness, that so through the low vestibule of true humility, I may be enabled to enter thy glorious temple, and therein to offer acceptable sacrifice and praise unto thee.

1816, *June 14th.*—Upon very deep and solid consideration, I am induced to think that no outward change is yet required of me, as to dress and address; but this I have been led to believe is called for at my hand immediately, and has been for some time, namely, a deportment and conversation in all respects consistent with the following texts of Scripture, and proceeding from a deep sense of the importance of them: "Watch and be sober;"—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation;"—"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." If we do not, in this manner, take up our daily cross, and follow Him, the Lord of life and glory, how little are we taking heed to that direction given, "Cleanse first the inside of the cup and platter, that the outside may be clean also."

1816, *June 28th.*—On considering the subject of the business proposed to me to enter upon, (that of a Solicitor's,) I can acknowledge that I would this day sign the articles of clerkship, if I thought it right to do so; but I feel too much given up and dedicated in heart and mind to Him who has, all my life long, blessed and helped me, for me to undertake this proposed occupation; and, therefore, I do trust that, though my relations may not approve the decision, they will respect the motives. It is, and has been, day and night, my most ardent desire to acquaint myself thoroughly, in spite of every obstacle, with the will of the Lord concerning me; and I may safely and sincerely add, that there is and has been no fear, no grief, no joy, so impressed on my soul, as the fear of not doing, the grief at not having done, and the joy at having done, what I know or believe to be right.

1816, *July 6th.*—Upon considering the Lord's extraordinary goodness to my soul, and how he has blessed me more and more, increasing my inward prosperity almost every day, and especially of late in a remarkable manner, so that, though outwardly much occupied, my thoughts have been almost constantly raised and directed to Him in prayer or praise; upon these considerations my soul has been humbled at this time under the belief that the Lord's hand is in an awful manner upon me, to mould me as it seems good to Him; the feelings of this makes me fear and tremble before Him.

1816, *July 10th.*—The longer I am surrounded by the vanity and vice of this dissolute city, (London,) the more is my mind vexed with the daily witnessing of such things; the less, also, do I get reconciled to the perverted and depraved conduct and conversation which abound so deplorably in this place. O! what a holy and diligent watch should we maintain, who are placed in the midst of this vortex—this sink of filth and iniquity. O! Lord, thou alone canst make and keep clean our garments,—thou, only, canst preserve in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us.

1816, *July 25th.*—The customs, fashions, vanities and ways of the world, have very often come under my serious consideration. I have been, I may, indeed, say, oppressed with a sense of the mass of folly (which is sin,) prevalent among the children of men. I believe the evil effects of these things are but little calculated by many reflecting minds; and that few look upon them in that serious light in which they deserve to be regarded, or esteem them worthy of reformation. It is in consequence of this lamentable remissness and weakness on the part of those who should stand up in resolute opposition, that the torrent becomes stronger and stronger, and the resistance of the few less and less effectual. Under this impression, my soul has oftentimes mourned; and my distress has been much excited of late, whilst walking in the streets of this great city, many of whose inhabitants seem bound in fetters, and enslaved by the caprice of pride, luxury and vanity. How frequent and fervent have been my desires, that the little band of those who professedly bear testimony against the fruits and effects of these evils, wherever and in whatsoever degree they appear, might be strengthened by a diligent recurrence to that principle which teaches a denial of self and a renouncing of the world with the lusts and vanities thereof,—still to hold out against the enemy.

(To be continued.)

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

It is highly important to young persons to be careful in the choice of friends and companions. This choice is too frequently made without thought, or is determined by some casual connections; and yet, very often, the whole of their future life may be influenced by it. The circumstances which chiefly attract the liking and the friendship of youth are vivacity, good humor, an engaging manner, and a cheerful

and easy temper; qualities amiable in themselves, and useful and valuable in their places. But these are not all the qualities requisite to form an intimate companion or friend; something more is still to be looked for: a sound understanding, a steady mind, a firm attachment to good principles, to virtue and honor.

LETTERS FROM SARAH (LYNES) GRUBB.

WITNEY, Tenth mo. 17, 1822.

The present system in this country seems to be to give the youth amongst us all the learning their brain can possibly be exercised in, and all the polish that would render them fit companions for the great people of the world; but I think that even with respect to these things, we should let our moderation appear unto all men; nor do I see that there is much prospect, in the general, of the attention of young persons being so turned to the Divine principle in themselves, as to make it very likely for us as a Society to have those valiants and ornaments produced, which I believe to be consistent with the will of Him who first gathered us to be a people. I wish dear Ireland may yet be favored with the native simplicity and purity of the Gospel, which prepares for the reception of the holy anointing, the pouring forth of the Spirit to the exaltation of the great name, and the edification of the Church. There are very many among you largely gifted by nature, who, if they did but fully yield to Divine grace, would be eminent in that cause which is "dignified with immortality, and crowned with eternal life." After my return home, I was many weeks very weakly indeed; my strength seemed nearly exhausted, yet, not feeling clear of some places about London, and being sensible of an enlargement of prospect to these parts, we could not see the way to resign our certificates, but, in the faith, requested more liberty of the Monthly Meeting; so when way clearly opened, we left our dear children once more; committing them to the gracious care of Israel's Shepherd. As usual, we sat down together to wait upon the Lord just before separating: it was a precious time, so that, although our dear children had anticipated an absence very painfully, I believe they gave us up freely to the service of Him, whom they felt to be goodness itself.

I may now tell thee that we have had many meetings on this journey with those not professing with us, as well as with Friends; they have mostly been, in the end, seasons of some considerable relief: I think the real state of things has been come at and spoken to, in the blessed authority of the unchangeable truth. Those meetings which we have held with a mixed company have generally, if not always, been very crowded, and yet so still, that except by sight, one would hardly have known that many persons were present. In nearly all these opportunities, the living power has come into glorious dominion, after all the baptisms and strippings attendant on such engagements; for I think, from time to time, my spirit is brought into a deep sense of my own nothingness, even in a peculiar manner; and that frequently before meeting breaks up my heart is made glad that the Lord alone is exalted. What a solemn sense of his goodness is mostly afforded, in awful silence, toward the latter end of a meeting crowded with people sitting and standing! The bodily feelings are lost in a sense of the Divine influence. For ever magnified and praised be Israel's God. He is more and more bringing the people to the experience of true spiritual worship, even in the silence of all flesh. Whether we, as a Society, will become more spiritually minded or not, I cannot say, but God will be glorified, and truth and its testimonies exalted in the earth, even until all nations shall flow unto the mountain of His holiness, which is set on the top of the mountains and above all the hills. The dead forms and empty professions, whether among us or others, must yield to the living substance and the eternal power; but I fear that many under our name will wither more and more, and be taken away, so great is the oppression of the life, and so dry are many meetings, as to their general condition; so that I am often ready to say, Oh! where is the living sap from the living root?

I hope the poor people in Ireland are much relieved by the late exertions and great munificence of many in this country, and I believe that kind Providence designs to open the eyes of those, in many instances, who have been in darkness, yea, whom gross darkness has covered. Somehow I cannot but look forward for Ireland with hope of blessed days, through the influence of the Gospel of light and life, and my very soul says Amen. We have on this journey lodged at the house of two aged Friends, —Wm. Atkins and wife, who knew me when travelling this way four and twenty years ago. The age of W. A. is 85, and that of his wife 88: their faculties are clear. They were delighted to see me again, and were both at meeting with us. The state of mind in which they are is truly desirable. We took a solemn and I expect a final leave in this mutable state. It is encouraging to see these Christian travellers so far safe on their passage to a glorious eternity, for they seem to have weathered many storms, and to have cast anchor in the haven, waiting for a joyful landing on the blissful shore.

To Mary Davis.

KONNINGTON, Fourth mo. 12, 1822.

The Lord's little ones are sometimes conflicted; even such who have none in heaven but Him, nor in all the earth beside Him; who

really possess every blessing with reference to the Giver of all good.

Now if those who choose the Lord for their portion and the God of Jacob for the lot of their inheritance have their faith thus tried, surely it is only that they may experience the trial of it to be more precious than that of gold which perisheth, and so endure to the end. Many times I have a hope thou hast been sensible of our real fellowship with each other, when I seemed as if I could not convey it in words: indeed I am much of the mind, that those who are mercifully preserved in the blessed oneness of the disciples of Christ, are truly helpful to each other in their varied exercises, even without outward demonstration of it, and when far separated in person; so, then, if we are but of the *living* stones, we shall be fitly joined and compacted together, growing into a holy temple in the Lord, and He will walk in us, and dwell in us; we shall be his people, and He will be our God. Is not this enough, let it cost us what it will of suffering to bring us into such a desirable state? Since I wrote to thee, my endeared sister, many, very many, have been my tossings, even as on the mighty billows; but I humbly trust some of these painful dispensations have tended more and more to reduce the will of the creature, and bring into a childlike dependence upon my heavenly Father. For a considerable time I lay "as among the pots" during this last winter; but I thought may be the Lord would raise me up in his own time, if it was my endeavor to wait upon Him for preservation, that I might be kept chaste in my love to Him, who had been to my soul the chief of ten thousand; and so He did, blessed be His Name! For I distinctly heard his voice again, and felt His power, giving me to ascend with the "wings of a dove," which are indeed "silver, and her feathers of yellow gold," even of that which had been tried in the fire. So it is good not to cast away our confidence, when we may seem to ourselves to be as a broken vessel.

IRRITABILITY OF ILLNESS.

Those who are blessed with health can never know, till they are in turn called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirit lies hidden under the mask of silent, uncomplaining suffering; how strong the temptations are to be unreasonable, pettish, or repining; how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more to be amiable, when the irritation of every nerve renders the most skilful attendance irksome, and the dearest presence a burden; when the irritated frame loathes the sunshine of a smile, and dreads the tear and the cloud, where all is pain, and weariness, and bitterness! Let the healthy lay these things ever to heart, and while they scrupulously perform their duty—while they reverence the fortitude and patience of the gentle and resigned, let them have pity upon many a poor and querulous sufferer; upon their side, let the sick not forget that the reverence and love thus excited are as the elixir of life to their often wearied and over-taxed attendants; quickening them to exertion by the sweetest of influences, instead of exhausting them with the struggle to perform an ungrateful duty.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

We are not made ourselves by great events, nor do we make others by separate events and determinations. It was the glory and beauty of the great and good Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, that, whether he bathed with his scholars at evening, or walked with them at noonday, or preached to them on Sunday, they felt at all seasons the gentle influence of a good and true Christian man. There was no *trying* to be a power. He let his *life* work speak, and the result is known. "Little by little" is the law of nature's influence. It is the motto of the dew, the lesson of the light,—and in the manifold quickenings of the spring, and the glorious unfoldings of the summer, you cannot watch the steps of progress,—it is "here a little and there a little." Thus we influence others, and are influenced by them. So the son becomes like his father, and the schoolboy like his classmate, and the daughter like her mother. Seek for some great thing to do—and where will you discover it? Set to work at a great reading, a great visiting, a great writing,—and what have you achieved? Yet try silent and steady working, and then how vast the achievement!

When the good Samaritan gave his loving help to the man who had fallen among thieves, he evidently obeyed only the law of his nature, and did that which he was accustomed to do. It was a little act, an unobtrusive deed, done in a quiet way; consequently the record of his deed has moulded the lives of many more. Just a word here and a word there, a visit here and a visit there, a little kind deed here and another there, and you are a missionary of Christ, a friend of the sorrowful, a helper of the needy.

Alas! how we all seek for some great thing to do, forgetful of the fact that an earnest and holy life acts like quiet sunlight and gentle air, and that in living near to God ourselves, every thing in our life has been a telling quantity, though we may not see it so to be. No Christian man would be, or could be, what he is, without these little meditations, prayers, submissions, and self-conquests which have been all blended together in the formation of his Christian life.—*The Quiver.*

Not a few seek to accommodate truth to their views and feelings; it is wiser to accommodate our views and feelings to truth!

WAR AND PEACE.

BY MARY G. WARE.

The elements are perpetually at strife. Winds and waves; electricity and magnetism; earth shaken by internal convulsion, or disintegrated by the action of air and water; chemical and mechanical power acting upon both the mineral and vegetable world,—all are working to destroy present forms, as if creation were for no other end than destruction.

The animal world offers a similar picture. From the minutest insect discovered by the microscope, to the hugest of beasts and fishes, all are at war, offensively or defensively; all are either devouring or devoured.

Man again repeats the same story. Whether savage or civilized, ever the strong is striving to destroy the weak, ever the fierce is tyrannizing over the timid.

Side by side with all this destruction, the peaceful power of creation goes on as constantly, reconstructing, re-organizing, revivifying the world; silently but steadily working with a power strong enough to overrule destruction, and bring a new order, better than that which went before, out of what seemed the defeat of all system or plan.

The changes of day and night, and of the seasons of the year, offer a very perfect type of the greater cycles of the world. To him who should first see the setting sun, knowing nothing of the certainty of its re-appearance, how fearful would be the coming-down of the evening darkness! how terrible the weary hours of night! And winter, coming like an overpowering army and conquering the face of the earth, to one who had never seen its progress and its passing away, would seem like the veritable death of the world. In due time, darkness yields to light; and the cold of winter yields to the peaceful warmth of spring-time, and is more than conquered by the creative heat of summer.

So order came out from chaos; so creation ever follows destruction; so life wakes up from death; so beauty rises out from ashes, and mourning is exchanged for the oil of joy.

The order of nature is found in all things to be progress through alternations of defeat and success. There is no such thing as steady, prosperous growth. All things have their intervals of pause, decline, or even retrograde movement, however successful they may be finally. Final success to all things that should prevail is certain as day is sure to follow night, or summer to take the place of winter.

In our haste, we are often tempted to think that Providence is not on the side of right; that injustice is more powerful than justice, vice than virtue; and that the progress of the world is downward to final destruction. Yet an enlightened view of any prolonged, historic period shows us, that, as centuries have rolled by, mankind have made great advances in rightful development, though their feet have often staggered in carnage, and their eyes been blinded by what seemed blackest night of falsehood.

The peace-giving, creative power is stronger than the contentious, destructive power. The love of God is omnipotent, and must finally prevail. Slowly but surely, order and harmony, and peace march onward with silent tread, subduing all things to his gracious purposes. The doubter asks: Why this slowness, if the power of peace be omnipotent? Because man is endowed with free will, and the Divine Wisdom seeks to draw him to goodness, without infringing upon his liberty. The Creator might have endowed man with all good attributes, so that he should be faithful to them as animals are to their instincts; but then man would have been only a higher animal, whereas, the Creator desired him to be a voluntary human being, free to choose between good and evil.

The world in which he is placed, imperfect as himself, yet full of capacities whereby it may approach perfection, is designed to instruct him by types and figures as to what he is, and to what he may attain. * * * *

In the heart of each one of us, there is a household corresponding to that which is about us in the external world. The ruling intellectual principle within us corresponds to our father; and the ruling affection, to our mother. Below these are subordinate principles and affections, which are as brothers and sisters to us; and, again, there are other principles and affections developed in our minds, which are as sons and daughters. All these must be regenerated before we can come into a state of peace. The being born again is not a thing of generalities, but of particulars and of details. All the principles and affections must be changed from natural to spiritual, from earthly to heavenly, before we can form a peaceful household.

It is no easy or peaceful task to bring all the members of this household into subjection to the laws of truth and goodness. There will be wars, and rumors of war, so long as pride, ambition, worldliness, vanity, envy, discontent, anger, censoriousness, and all the other hydra-like heads of our unregenerate nature, with more or less strength and endurance, assert their claims for indulgence. The catalogue of vices looks very ugly, and we are fain to believe that it does not belong to us; but who among us is without sin? Whose heart has no secret evils, hidden though they may be from others by prudence, good breeding, or other masks, that our desire for the good opinion of our neighbors helps us to put on? Not until we can abstain from all wrong, whether of deed, or word, or thought, because we love the Lord and

our neighbor, is our warfare over, and our peace attained.

There are two kinds of peace,—the peace which belongs to this world, and the peace which belongs to heaven. The Lord says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Again he says, "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore, the world hateth you."

There is a peace felt by those who love the world, and whom the world loves in return, that is very agreeable to the natural mind, and which often seems like genuine, heavenly peace. It is full of self-complacency and satisfaction. With some, it is condescending and benevolent; with others, it is ostentatious and patronizing. This is the peace which incites the prayer, "I thank thee that I am not as other men." In this peace there is nothing that tends in any way towards spiritual growth or life; but, on the contrary, it belongs entirely to this world, and seeks only what this world can give. It glories only in its own possessions and attainments, its own kingdom and power, without giving any glory to Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. It values others in proportion as they minister in some way to its own dignity or pleasure; and, if it ministers to others, it is always with a desire, more or less hidden, that they, in turn, may minister to it.

Such peace makes the possessor dearly love life in this world; and many of this class would be willing to live here indefinitely, or to repeat life over again just as it has been already lived by them. There is, in this peace, nothing that looks toward a future life. It is all centred in the enjoyment of that which now is.

The world admires, and sometimes dearly loves, these peaceful persons; for they spend their lives in seeking the admiration and the love of the world. Verily, they receive their reward.

The peace given by the Lord to his disciples is something entirely apart from all this. His kingdom is not of this world, and his followers look constantly through this world to that which lies beyond. They seek a heavenly country while living, and through living in this. The admiration of the world gives them no satisfaction, unless their own hearts tell them that their Master says, "Well done, good and faithful servants!" Then they feel that they can enter into the joy of their Lord. Their peace is the only true liberty; for, through it, they are made independent of the world and of their own passions.

It can be found only through self-denial, tribulation and warfare; but, for this treasure, we may rejoice to sell all that we have beside; no matter how much the world may admire it, or admire us for holding it in possession.

Nations, like individuals, go through all these states of contention and warfare in the progressive growth of the ages; and they have their states of worldly peace, also, between their periods of warfare. National peace and prosperity do not necessarily imply a state of national health; for they may have, as in the individual, only pride and worldliness for their foundation. Immense wealth and progress in the arts, that tend to make life convenient and elegant, often precede great national calamity.

Nations, no less than individuals, must learn their lessons of humility through disappointment, fear and tribulation. National success induces pride and arrogance, a love of conquest and the desire of rule. These passions make nation rise up against nation, and have induced all the wars that have desolated the earth.

Nations commit great crimes, and fancy that their strength insures them from punishment; but a day of reckoning is sure to come, though it may be long delayed.

Our heavenly Father is very patient. He waits as if wishing to offer every possible opportunity for the sinner to repent and reform; but at length the punishment comes as a natural result and consequence of the sin, and the might that knows no right but its own selfish will is humbled at the feet of its victim.

Civil wars have always been more obstinate and malignant than wars carried on by different nations, as family quarrels are most difficult to reconcile; and contentions waged within our own hearts are those that cause us the keenest anguish. Where we feel as though we had most right to expect friendliness and peace, we are most deeply and angrily disappointed if our expectations are not satisfied.

While there is that left in the minds of men which leads them individually to injustice and tyranny, war will never cease from the earth. The human race can never come under the rule of the Prince of peace, until each individual submits himself to the law of love, and is at peace in his own household. It is in vain that peace societies labor to prevent war by appeals to kings and governments, while the hearts of the people are full of selfishness, and of desire to possess that which belongs to others.

The only mode by which peace societies can advance their cause is by raising the morality of the people. Two nations wishing to be just can never go to war; and civil wars are impossible among a people that have justice in their hearts. Each one of us can convert his own soul to the gospel of peace; and, having done this, his life will be the best sermon he can preach to persuade others to believe the same gospel.

In the struggles that we carry on in our own hearts, we cannot conquer our enemies, and come into a state of peace with ourselves, until we become humble and willing to give up that which is wrong within us, and to yield to that which is right. Sometimes, after severe internal struggle, we make a false peace with ourselves by covering over and hiding our sins, so that the world cannot see them; and, compromising with what we know to be wrong, we hold fast the sin as firmly as before, perhaps in a modified form, but still in reality the same.

So nations often make false peace with each other, resorting to subterfuges and compromises, in order to escape the miseries of war; but still holding fast to evil in such wise, that the spirit of war, if not war itself, is sure to rise again out of the dregs of the old trouble.

In the civil war now going on in our own country, we shall probably abolish the sin of slavery which has occasioned it; but, unless we abolish, also, the spirit of hatred and contempt for the negro, which makes us unwilling to give him the rights of a citizen, our work will be but half done.

The North has joined hands with the South in prolonging this terrible wrong; and a large portion of the North shows the spirit of the slaveholder in the efforts it makes to prevent the immigration of the negro, or to avoid giving him the rights of a man if he is allowed to come within its borders. We can never expiate our sin against the slave until we do what lies within our power to make him a competent citizen of a free country.

We cannot suppose that society can ever exist without the distinction of rich and poor, and it is difficult to imagine a society in which the rich and the poor will not have many points of antagonism; but, the more Christianized any society becomes, the less of this antagonism there will be. If a society could be formed on earth of individuals who were true Christians, each at peace in the household of his own heart, then all antagonism between rich and poor, high and low, wise and simple, would cease; then would be seen that which has never yet been on earth,—a nation at peace with itself. Could the earth be peopled by nations such as these, war would cease, and the Prince of peace would reign supreme.

We have little reason to suppose that such a state of the world can ever exist; but this should be the model kept within our hearts by which to form our own characters.

If we lower our standard of excellence to what we think we can actually attain, there is danger, that, when we have attained it, we shall stop, contented with what we have done. If, on the other hand, we aim at the highest excellence we can conceive; so fast as we approach it, our mental horizon will widen, and open out regions still beyond, leading us onward in a progress that will never end.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 6, 1866.

We give place, with pleasure, to the appeal which follows.

We have visited the Home, and were gratified to observe the comfortable appearance of the inmates. They are all women who have struggled hard through life, and by honest industry maintained themselves reputably, until age and infirmities no longer permitted them to do so.

We hope the efforts of the Managers to increase the funds of the Institution, and thus extend the benefits of this excellent charity, may be attended with success.

APPEAL.

The success which has attended the business efforts of Friends and others it is hoped will prompt a liberal response at this time to an appeal on behalf of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, 340 South Front St.

Honest poverty naturally shrinks from a home in the alms-house, where it will necessarily have to mingle with those whose previous course of life may not have been commendable; and if we place ourselves in the like condition, we can appreciate the need of an Institution for the honest, industrious poor.

The Home is now full, whilst many applicants are anxious for admittance. An opportunity to purchase a more commodious house is now presented, and the Managers desire to raise funds to do so and maintain the Institution. Such a purchase would give increased room for the Women's Department, and allow of the organization of one for aged colored men, which want of room and means has hitherto prevented. Contributions thankfully received by the Treasurer, Samuel R. Shipley, 111 S. Fourth St.; Dillwyn Parrish, President, 1017 Cherry St.; Stephen Smith, Vice President, 1021 Lombard St.; M. Balderston, Secretary, 902 Spring Garden St.; Priscilla H. Henszey, 509 Green St., Chairman of Committee of Management.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day evening, 20th of Ninth month, 1866, under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, R. CROSBY FAIRLAMB, a member of Chester Monthly Meeting, Pa., and LUCRETIA M., eldest daughter of the late Josiah Bond.

——, on Fourth-day evening, the 26th of Ninth month, 1866, under the care of the same Monthly Meeting of which the parties are both members, JOHN C. HANCOCK to CAROLINE D., eldest daughter of Joseph B. and Sarah B. Conrow.

DIED, on the 13th of Eighth month, 1866, after a protracted illness, borne with truly Christian fortitude, HANNAH W. ASKEW, relict of the late Peter Askew, of Cecil Co., Md., in the 73d year of her age.

——, on the 22d of Ninth month, 1866, in Philadelphia, FERRIS PRICE, in the 82d year of his age.

——, on Third-day, the 25th of Ninth month, 1866, WILLIAM P., son of Isaac T. and Sarah P. Bedford, in the 29th year of his age.

HOMELESS BOYS OF LONDON.

We find in the *Christian Work* an account of a meeting of some two hundred of these boys in "St. Giles's Refuge for Destitute Boys," London, where a supper was given to them. The object of the meeting was more particularly to gain information as to their modes of life, and to devise methods of reclaiming them from their vicious habits. Their ages varied from twelve to sixteen years, and they were collected from the various workhouses of London. There were about one hundred visitors present. Conspicuous among these, both from rank and stature, was the Earl of Shaftesbury, who made a speech to them, eliciting by his good humor and conversational power much of interest from their history and general character. Mr. Hanbury, M. P., was also present and addressed the meeting.

"On engaging in conversation with the boys, it was found they were no ways loth to answer any questions that might be put. Their replies presented but little variety—a life of hardship, suffering, and homelessness, being the lot of all. Some had lost either father or mother, and some both parents; some had never known what it was to have enjoyed the benefits of parental rule, their first associations being linked with strangers, and with the workhouse, or with less friendly abodes; and even in those cases where they had parents, it was but too evident from their replies that the word was a misnomer. They were, for the most part, clever, intelligent fellows, whose wits had been sharpened by the daily struggle which they were called upon to wage in the battle of life. The countenances of some were wan and sickly, and their delicate and attenuated frames painfully told how unfit they were to combat with their trying and hapless lot; but in the majority of cases the appearance of rude health, resulting from exposure to atmospheric influences, predominated. Even here, however, a little closer examination made it apparent that, despite the ruddy complexion and the strong build, the seeds of disease had begun to be developed, and that they could not count upon the lengthened days which would seem, in many cases, to have been the heritage of the sturdy beggar of a bygone age. In one particular they had all a great family resemblance—their unkempt appearance. In that assemblage of wild outcasts not a head but was shaggy in the extreme. In some instances the hair stood erect and tangled in hopeless confusion, imparting to the possessor a weird-like aspect and individuality of expression that would give animation to the canvass itself.

"As for the costume, there was here variety indescribable; but a 'looped and windowed raggedness,' painful to the beholder, might be said to be the garb of all. Attempts had evidently been made in a few cases to brush up the person for appearance sake; but, to use an American phrase, it was 'no go.' No one could look upon that assemblage of wild city Arabs without invoking a blessing on the founders and promoters of ragged schools and of homes for the destitute. They were truly, without exception, of the class which Dr. Chalmers, on one occasion, expressively denominated 'tatterwallops; and when we are told that the metropolis has ten thousand of such boys roaming its streets, in all the freedom and licentiousness of the worst savageism, the Christian and well wisher of his country and race will at once perceive the necessity of vigorous steps being adopted in some way to provide for and, if possible, reclaim them. Another topic of inquiry of the boys was where they had slept the previous night; and in only two cases, so far as we could learn, did they state that they had done so at home. Several had passed the night in lofts; others in yards, or under carts; others under the piazzas of Covent Garden Theatre, or under railway arches; one under Blackfriars bridge; another in the shutter box at Drury Lane Theatre, and another in an unfinished sewer. The majority had obtained shelter in the workhouse, and a few in lodgings, for the latter, paying, of course, out of their daily earnings."

THE REFUGE FOR DESTITUTE BOYS.

After the supper, which consisted of half a pound of excellent cold roast beef for each boy, along with an abundant supply of bread, a pint of coffee, and the favorite English dish, plum pudding, speeches were made; Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. Mr. Williams, Secretary of the Boys' Refuge, gave a short account of the St. Giles Institution:

"This Refuge or Home for destitute boys and girls was established in the year 1852. From that period down to the year 1864, 661 boys and 504 girls have been admitted. During that period we have disposed of upwards of 600 boys, having sent them into various parts of the world as emigrants, or placed them in different situations. During the year 1865, we received upwards of 100 boys into this house, and these have to be added to the 100 and-odd boys who were in it at the beginning of the year, making 211 boys who received the benefits of this home during last year. Without going too much into detail, I may just mention that one result of the operations of the Boys'

Home during the last year was this—that fifty-three boys were provided with outfits, and had their passage money paid to various parts of the colonies, where they were settled in different situations, and were giving satisfaction. Besides these, situations had been obtained in London for others, and some had been sent to sea. We have at present one hundred boys of the same class under the care of this institution. They are fed, clothed and educated here, and are besides trained in various pursuits—in shoemaking, carpentering, and tailoring; and then, when Mr. Wood, the superintendent, is satisfied as to the character of the boy, a situation is either procured for him here, or he is sent to sea, or to a distant part of the world where there is plenty of work, and very few hands to do it. I may mention that, so far as the statistics of the case are concerned, the average age of the boys here assembled is about fourteen, and that more than three-fourths of them are without fathers. Very few of them seem to have been under the laws; that is to say, they are not criminals. They are, no doubt, boys willing to earn an honest living if they had only an opportunity of doing so. If the public would only give us the means, good would result from it."

LORD SHAFTESBURY AMONG THE BOYS.

Lord Shaftesbury made a remarkable speech for one of his rank in England. He had the entire confidence of the boys, by placing himself on their level. He says to them:

"Although you may be wretched and forlorn, and apparently neglected, we think you as good as ourselves, and we would give you something if you would only but take it. You must, however, remember that we cannot do everything for you, and that you must do a good deal for yourselves. We are resolved to do a great deal for you, and you may rely upon it that good will result from our meeting if you only do your part. Now be candid, and tell me the truth. We are your friends; and I have to ask all those boys who have been in prison to hold up their hands. (About two dozen hands were uplifted.) I feel assured that you are telling me the truth now. (Cries of 'Yes, yes,' from the outcasts.) All those boys hold up your hands who have been in prison twice. (Seven hands were extended.) Those boys who have been in prison three times hold up your hands. (Five hands were raised.) I have no doubt that you, boys, have told me the truth. I don't believe you would tell me a falsehood; and it is a very comfortable thing to find what is the real state of matters. Now tell me how many of you slept in a bed last night. (About twenty-four hands were elevated.) I mean in your own homes? (Five hands were raised.) Where will any of you sleep to-night?" (Shouts of "Lodging houses," and laughter.) Mr. Williams here explained to his lordship that the were going to give each of them fourpence t pay for their lodgings.

In answer to further questions, they enthusi astically declared their desire to get out c their present line of life, and get into one c industry. They also maintained that multi tudes of their friends not present would answe in the same way they had done. Lord Shafte bury concluded as follows. From his words w may judge that the work will be actively carrie on:

"You must consider that you have a grea duty to perform. Poor, miserable and unim portant as you may consider yourselves to b let me tell you that you are of great estimatio in the sight of God; and you are beginning t be great in the estimation of your fellow citizen What did they come here for to-night? The have nothing to obtain from you; and it i only because they have your interest at hea that they are here. All of us are bound to gether by one common tie. People may b rich, and of high rank, but they know tha very much depends upon the working classe We all hold together, and cannot do witho each other. We must all work together, an be good men, good Christians, and good cit zens of Queen Victoria. Will you all join us we come forward to help you? (Cries of 'Ye yes.') There is a proverb of which you ma have heard, and should you approve of it, an be disposed to join with us in one great effo for the honor of God, and for the good of a yourselves, you will give three cheers when yo hear it. The proverb is this: 'A long pull, strong pull, and a pull all together.' (Lou cheers.) Act upon this and you will overcon everything."—*The Methodist.*

THE SCOTCH FARM LABORER.

I need not say what is the condition of En lish laborers and farm servants, but I will as you to step into the kitchen of a Scotch far house, and see how the ploughmen and harve workers spend the evening after the labors the day. The supper has just been finishe What does a London cab-driver or dock-labor say to the bill of fare? A dish of greens mashed turnips, or potatoes, oat-cakes and mil Not a scrap of butcher's meat of any kin And now, the reapers, the gatherers, the bin ers, and the rakers are seated round the fire enjoy themselves. "Black Janet," as the ol fashioned shell-lamp (which burns with tra oil and the pith of a rush) is called, assists t blazing peat fire to shed a light on the scen the hearth is cleanly swept; the lasses, in th trim cotten jackets and wincey petticoats, s seated at their spinning-wheels; the herd b is in a corner, perhaps learning his multiplic tion table, and the grieve or foreman of the

borers is reading aloud the news of the world from the county paper. These people have an interest for topics, which possess little attraction for the same classes in England. They know all that is going on in Parliament; in the general assemblies of their two kirks; they follow foreign wars, and the events of the world generally; and the names of eminent public men, and their characteristics are as well known to them as they are to some people who move in higher circles and call themselves politicians. But political and theological debates are carried on in Scotch farm-house kitchens, and the arguments are sometimes conducted with a knowledge of the bearings of the questions at issue, which is perfectly surprising. I met a ploughman who knew a good deal—a good deal more than I did—about the chemistry of manures. He said that Liebig was a clever man, who had done a great service to agriculturists, but his theory was not always sustained by actual practice. I met a common gardener who carried a microscope in his pocket, and could tell me the botanical name of every flower in the district. He knew, also, the different kinds of wild birds. Another, a ploughman, had a small library by his bed in the loft over the stable. Among his books I observed an abridgement of Hume and Smollet's *History of England*, and an expensive edition of Goldsmith's *Earth and Animated Nature*, which he had taken in parts. Scott's *Novels* and Burns' *Poems* are to be found in the humblest houses of Scotland, and illustrations from the works of both writers are familiar in every mouth.—*All the Year Round.*

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

We stand upon the threshold
Of autumn's golden hours;
Behind us lies a pathway
Strewn o'er with faded flowers.
Through green and smiling valleys
Fair summer led us on,
Until on this, her latest day,
The setting sun hath shone.

O summer, lovely summer,
Why must thou thus depart,
And cast a veil of sadness
Upon the lonely heart?
Why must thy withered blossoms
Be scattered round our way,
Reminding us of other flowers
As fair and frail as they?

Yet autumn wears a glory
That summer but foretold;
The ripe and purpling vintage,
The harvest's garnered gold;
The trees, with tints so gorgeous,
In royal robes appear,
The brightest hues come forth to deck
The sunset of the year.

Thus, when our life's sweet summer
Hath lost its early bloom,
And warning voices whisper
Of dark decay and gloom—
May we, in the rich harvest
Of kind deeds freely sown,
Find that our autumn brings to us
A beauty all its own. KATE CAMERON.

From the London Times.

ZERMATT CHURCHYARD.

"C'était un guerre avec le Matterhorn," said a Zermatt peasant of the many attempts to scale this great mountain.

They warred with Nature, as of old with Gods
The Titans; like the Titans, too, they fell,
Hurled from the summit of their hopes, and dashed
Sheer down precipitous tremendous crags,
A thousand deaths in one. 'Tis o'er, and we
Who sit at home, and by the peaceful hearth
Read their sad tale, made wise by the event,
May moralize of folly and a thirst
For barren honor, fruitful of no end.
'Tis well; we were not what we are, without
That cautious wisdom, and the sober mind
Of prudence, steering calm 'twixt rock and storm.
Yet, too, methinks, we were not what we are
Without that other fiery element—
The love, the thirst for venture, and the scorn
That aught should be too great for mortal powers;
That yet one peak in all the skyey throng
Should rise unchallenged with unvanquished snows,
Virgin from the beginning of the world.
Such fire was theirs; O not for fame alone,
That coarser thread in all the finer skein
That draws adventure, oft by vulgar minds
Deemed man's sole aim; but for the high delight
To tread untrodden solitudes, and feel
A sense of power, of fullest freedom, lost
In the loud vale where *Man* is all in all.
For this they dared too much; nor they alone,
They but the foremost of an Alpine band,
Who, in the life of cities, pine and pant
For purer air, for peak, and pass, and glen,
With slow majestic glacier, born to-day,
Yet with the trophies of a thousand years
On its scarred bosom; till its icy bonds
It burst, and rush a torrent to the main.
Such sons still hast thou England; be thou proud
To have them, relics of thy younger age.
Nor murmur if not all at once they take
The care and burden on them. Learn of them!
Youth has its teaching, too, as well as age.
We grow too old too soon; the flaxen head
Of childhood apes experience' hoary crown,
And prudent lisps ungraceful aged saws.
'Tis so; yet here in Zermatt—here beneath
The fatal peak, beside the heaving mound
That bears the black cross with the golden names
Of men, our friends, upon it—here we fain
Would preach a soberer lesson. Forth they went,
Fearless and gay as to a festival,
One clear, cold morn: they climbed the Virgin height;
They stood where still the awestruck gazer's eye
Shudders to follow. There a little while
They spake of home, that centre whose wide arms
Hold us where'er we are, in joy, or woe,
On earth, in air, and far on stormy seas.
Then they turned homeward, yet not to return.
It was a fearful place, and as they crept
Fearfully down the giddy steep there came
A slip—no more—one little slip, and down,
Linked in a living avalanche, they fell,
Brothers in hope, in triumph and in death;
Nor dying were divided. One remained
To tell their story, and to bury them. B.

Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.—JOHN 7 : 24.

THE REWARD OF COURTESY.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

A few years since, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of the large workshops in Philadelphia for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the older of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit him to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about, if you please," said the Superintendent, vexed apparently in being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolf, the elder of the two strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent; "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of the reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolf and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolf, bowing, and, taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolf, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors, but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps," said the other stranger, "we shall be treated better here;" and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk apparently, who, in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "O, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying he hurried them along the area strewed with iron, brass, broken and rusty heels of iron, fragments of old boilers and cylinders, into the principal workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they passed where the workmen were riveting the external casing of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his foot against an iron tube and showed other signs of impatience, whereupon Mr. Wolf remarked: "We will not detain you any longer sir," and with his friend took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolf, "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look farther."

The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a humble sign, with a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and workshop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list."

"Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion.

"Nevertheless, let us try," said Mr. Wolf.

They entered and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and apron around his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and counting room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection," said Mr. Wolf.

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showed with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unsuspicious manners.

"Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," said Mr. Wolf.

"I am afraid that we have given you a great deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and I shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps you may" said Mr. Wolf, and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic whose means were quite limited, sat in his office meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and all sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolf, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia, to visit St. Petersburg."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"

"Here are your credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolf. "Because we were strangers you did not think it necessary to treat us with coldness or distrust. You saw that we were already interested in acquainting ourselves with your works, and you did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we might have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards removed his whole establishment there. He had imperial orders there for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.—*Exchange Paper.*

WAVES.

It is not a little remarkable that an element like water, one of the prime principles of which is that it always tends to seek a level, should be so liable to agitation, and that, when in large masses, it should in reality so seldom be at rest. But its very fluidity, which is the cause of its tendency to a state of quietude, is also the reason for its almost constant agitation. It requires but a breath of air to disturb its placidity with ripples, and the increase of the breeze, especially where there is a large area, rolls it up in waves, until the surface of the sea becomes alternate hills and valleys. One might suppose that the wind would pass smoothly over the face of the waters without exciting any great commotion, the contrast in the density of the two elements being so great; but it requires only a few moments for a strong wind to lash the ocean into fury, and to cause its waves to rise, as the phrase goes, mountain-high. This expression, however, is mere hyperbole. The actual height of waves is far below the ordinary estimate. Easily as the surface of water is disturbed by the wind, and raised into waves, it appears that there is a certain height beyond which it is not liable to be raised by any ordinary gales. This height is seldom, if ever more than ten feet, which, with the corresponding depression between the waves, would make the elevation above the trough of the sea twenty feet. Most persons who have been at sea in a storm, and who have carefully watched the approach of the mighty swells, which, as they are coming on, threaten to overwhelm even the largest vessel, would be ready to assert that they have seen waves at least fifty or sixty feet in height; but all above twenty, or at the utmost, twenty-five feet, is in the imagination. Of course, no accurate measurement of the waves can be made at sea, but an approximation to gauging them has often been reached, and under the most favorable circumstances, with the above result. Where a wave strikes an opposing object, as upon a bold shore, or against a rock or lighthouse, the water is dashed up to a far greater height. But twenty feet may be set down as the height of the loftiest mountain-wave that is seen at sea, the assertions of young and old voyagers to the contrary notwithstanding.

The velocity of waves is a far more curious and interesting subject of investigation. Of course, it is understood by all who have any acquaintance with the matter, that the water itself does not move forward with the wave, even when it attains the greatest velocity. Only the form of the wave advances, the wave itself seeming to have a separate existence from the water, and holding on its course with tremendous speed and power, while the particles of water and the entire mass of the fluid simply rise and sink, being made the sport of one wave after another, as the succession comes on. When waves come in from the deep sea, and strike upon a shoal, or upon a shelving shore, they then make progress, not by the force of the wind, but only on the principle of the water seeking its own level. The velocity of the waves is in proportion to their magnitude, the largest proceeding at double the rate of the fleetest steamships, or about forty miles an hour. Those who are familiar with the sea have often, when running before the wind, watched their progress, seeing one after another, with regular intervals, sweeping by, and leaving the ship far behind.

The power of the waves is tremendous, and this force is almost a mystery, when we bear in mind the fact just stated, that it is only the form and not the substance which moves. Those who have felt the successive blows of these mighty trip-hammers against the sides or bows of a ship, when the ocean has been violently agitated, can scarcely believe that the entire mass of water has not been hurled with immense velocity against the vessel. And when these waves come rolling in upon a shallow bank, their force is greatly increased, so that the bulwarks must be strong indeed that can withstand their shocks.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Society would gain much were its members to restrict themselves to the expression only of their most cheerful feelings, digesting their evil moods in silence, just as some engines are made to consume their own smoke.

THE NATURAL MATHEMATICIAN.

In Homes without Hands, an elegant volume in the department of natural history, by J. G. Wood, recently published by the Harpers, the following facts are stated as showing that the hive-bee is the most accurate of mathematicians:

Many years ago, Miraldi being struck with the fact that the lozenge-shaped plates—of the honey-comb—always had the same angles, took the trouble to measure them, and found that in each lozenge the large angles measured 109 degrees, 28 minutes, and the smaller 70 degrees, 32 seconds—the two together making 180 degrees—the equivalent of two right angles. He also noted the fact that the apex of the three-sided cup was formed by the union of three of the great angles.

Some time after, Reaumur, thinking that this remarkable uniformity of angle might have some connection with the wonderful economy of space which is observable in the bee-comb, hit upon a very ingenious plan. Without mentioning his reasons for the question, he asked Kœnig, the mathematician, to make the following calculation: Given a hexagonal vessel, terminated by three lozenge-shaped plates, what are the angles which would give the greatest amount of space with the least amount of material?

Kœnig made his calculations almost agreeing with Miraldi, and Reaumur concluded that the bee had very nearly solved the difficult mathematical problem.

Mathematicians were delighted with the result, and for a long time the calculations were not questioned. However, Maclurin, the well-known Scotch mathematician, was not satisfied with even so slight a difference between the two mathematicians. He wanted precision, tried the whole question himself, and found Miraldi's measurement correct.

Another question now arose: How did this discrepancy occur? How could so excellent a mathematician as Kœnig make so grave a mistake? On investigation it was found no blame was attached to Kœnig, but that the error lay in the book of logarithms which he used. Thus a mistake in a mathematical work was accidentally discovered by measuring the angles of a bee-cell—a mistake sufficiently great to have caused the loss of a ship whose captain happened to use a copy of the same logarithmic tables for calculating his longitude.—*Methodist.*

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.

The color of the sky, at particular times, affords wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky, in the evening, indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and full feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims, and yet not so simple but that the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.—*Scientific American.*

From the Scientific American.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Among the foreign countries engaged in commerce with our northwest Pacific States there is none that is establishing with them more intimate commercial relations than the Sandwich Islands, which are located in the North Pacific, in latitude 20°, about 2,100 miles southwest from San Francisco, and directly in the track of vessels bound from that port to China. The prospect of a speedy establishment of a line of monthly steamers across the Pacific under the contract to perform the American Mail service between California and China touching at Honolulu and Japan, both in going and returning, gives increased interest to the agricultural progress of the group. Postmaster General Dennison has officially invited tenders for the performance of this important mail service and as it is understood that parties are ready to place the steamers on the route at once, it is expected the line will be in operation during the next year at the farthest. The establishment of a steam line will reduce the time required to make the passage from San Francisco to Honolulu from fifteen days to eight, and tend to greatly increase the commerce with this group which is practically an American colony, as a large majority of the foreign population are Americans. We propose, in two or three brief articles, to notice the agricultural progress made there during the past few years, most conspicuous among which has been the cultivation of sugar cane in the Sandwich Islands. It dates back more than twenty-five years; but it was not till after the settlement of California, and the consequent opening of a near and permanent market for sugar on the Pacific coast, that any impetus was given to the business. Since 1850 foreign capital has been slowly becoming interested in cane culture and in the manufacture of sugar and molasses, till now there is no less than twenty-five plantations, valued at over two millions of dollars, and capable of manufacturing twenty millions of pounds of sugar annually with two hundred thousand gallons of molasses. The sugar mills are generally of the larges

size, well made with all the modern improvements, such as steam clarifiers, centrifugal machines and other late inventions, and are surpassed by no other sugar mills in the world. They have been manufactured mostly in Boston or Scotland, but a large iron foundry is now established in Honolulu which has turned out some very superior mills, though smaller than those imported from the above-named places. A first class plantation has machinery capable of manufacturing a thousand tuns of sugar per annum, and several of them, it is thought, will produce that quantity this year. Such a plantation requires about 150 laborers and workmen. The latter are generally mechanics from the United States, England or Germany. The field laborers are wholly natives of the Islands, who, when well managed and treated, are found to be as reliable and efficient as any plantation laborers in other sugar countries. Indeed, some assert that the plantations in the Sandwich Islands are conducted with fewer hands, in proportion to the product, than in other countries. There has been no lack of laborers thus far, and if we may judge from the number of unemployed men living without any regular means of support, it will be some years before any great scarcity is felt. The Island Government has wisely taken measures to provide for any future deficiency that may arise, by making provision for the emigration of Asiatic laborers to the Islands, whenever any are found ready to migrate thither with their families.

The quantity of sugar manufactured in 1864 was about eleven millions of pounds, most of which found a ready market in San Francisco, Oregon and British Columbia. It is estimated that the production for 1865 will be fifteen millions of pounds, and that the annual increase will be about 33 per cent. In quality, the Sandwich Island sugar ranks in the San Francisco market equal to the best New Orleans or Cuba for consumption; and for refining purposes it is far superior to them, on account of its peculiar crystalizing or graining properties; and in this respect it is preferred to the best Manilla or China sugar. The cost of its manufacture in the Sandwich Islands has been estimated at four cents per pound; but on old-established plantations it probably does not exceed three and a half cents—prices which enable the planters to compete successfully with Manilla, India or China.

The climate of the Islands has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the growth of cane, and though the average yield does not exceed two tuns of sugar to the acre, yet as high as five or six tuns of sugar have been frequently produced from a single acre. There is a large extent of cane land still unoccupied. The island of Hawaii alone, it is estimated, is capable of producing one hundred millions of pounds of sugar annually. This being so, there is a prospect that this group may, before many years have elapsed, become to the Pacific coast what Cuba now is to the Atlantic States. For its developement this business must rely in future as in the past on foreign capital and management; but with a stable government, and with permanent steam communication between its chief ports and our Pacific States, its progress will be sure and rapid. M. H. W.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SURGERY.

Even young children should be taught how to act in some of the accidents of life which require surgical skill. The arteries of the body carry the life's blood from the heart. If one of these is ruptured from any cause, and the blood is allowed to escape, the man will die in a few minutes sometimes, when with the aid of a stick and a string or handkerchief, either of which are almost always at hand, his life might be saved. If the severed artery is in the leg or arm, and there is no string at hand, tear a strip from any part of the clothing, tie it loose around the limb, pass the stick between the skin and the string, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases. If a vein is wounded or cut, apply the dust from a tea canister or common cobweb; or even without these, wrap a strip of cotton cloth around moderately tight, and then another piece around that; if the bleeding does not cease, let cold water run on the wound until it does, or until a physician arrives. But it is of vital importance to remember that the artery sends out blood by spirts and jets and of a bright red character. If the blood flows from a vein it flows slowly and evenly, and is of a dark red. But these directions will do no good unless it is specially noted that if the blood comes from an artery, the application of the string must be made above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart; if a vein has been wounded, and the same appliances are needed, they must be made *below* the wound, or between the wound and the extremeties.

If an artery is cut in a part of the body where a string cannot be applied, hard pressure with the thumb at a spot about where the string would have been applied may save life.

If stung or bitten by insect, snake or animal, apply spirits of hartshorn very freely with a soft rag, because it is one of the strongest of alkalies, and familiar to most persons. The substance which causes the so called poison from bites or stings, is, as far as is ascertained, generally acid. Hence the hartshorn antagonizes it in proportion to the promptitude with which it is applied. If no hartshorn is at hand, pour a cup of hot water on a cup of cooking soda or saleratus, or even the ashes of wood just taken from the fire-place, because these are

all strong alkalies, and hartshorn is only best because it is the strongest. There is no conclusive evidence to induce the belief that burning or cutting out a bite has ever done the slightest good. The proof adduced to show that they have been effectual is wholly of a negative character, and, therefore, not decisive.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ITEMS.

The difficulty between Italy and Austria, in regard to the debt of Venetia, is nearly at an end, and it is believed that a compromise will be effected, which will result in a lasting peace.

The damages by the recent heavy rains in Ohio to the Atlantic and Great Western Railway have been repaired, and trains are running as usual.

Much interest has been created by a recent discovery, in the Valley of the Mississippi, near New Orleans, of an immense bed of pure rock salt, almost as transparent as crystal, which lies some thirty feet below the surface. Specimens of the salt have been received by the Smithsonian Institution. The most singular fact in connection with this valuable deposit has been the discovery of the remains of an elephant, twenty feet below the surface of the superincumbent earth, beneath which have been found basket-work, formed of reeds. Photographic representations of this ancient hand-work are in possession of the Institute.—*The Moravian.*

The Freedmen.—The board of trustees for the freedmen's school, formed in Washington City, have succeeded in making good their claim to a proportion of the public school money of the city, amounting to $35,000 or $40,000 per annum. They have also the prospect of recovering a similar proportion from the city government, due the board, which has been withheld for a number of years, and appropriated to the white schools.

The Legislature of South Carolina has passed an act securing to the freedmen the right to make and enforce contracts, to sue and be sued, to give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell real and personal property, to make bills, enjoy full and equal benefit of personal security, personal liberty, and private property, and of all legal remedies, the same as whites. It further provides for the infliction of the same punishment for the same offences upon whites and blacks alike, and repeals all laws inconsistent herewith, excepting the law declaring marriages between whites and blacks illegal and void.

Gen. Howard has received from the assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Florida a report of the operations of the bureau in that State during the Eighth month. He reports that there is an evident improvement in the treatment of freedmen both by the courts and planters. Ex-army officers, who, since the close of the war, purchased plantations and engaged in the planting business, are reported as doing well.

The prospect of a fine cotton crop is very promising. The cotton worms had appeared, but the bolls were so far matured that but little damage was sustained. In some sections of the State the corn crop is large; in others, small, but generally larger than for years past.

The Savings and Trust Company for Freedmen has now nineteen agencies or branches in thirteen of the States and the District of Columbia.

Aggregate of deposits, Seventh mo. 1,	$616,802 54
Payments (to depositors)	384,795 48
Amount remaining on deposit,	$232,007 06

A dividend of five per cent. per annum has just been declared on sums deposited for the past six months.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel.—The progress of the work upon the great tunnel through the Alps is announced to be highly satisfactory. It is to be about seven and a half miles long, and very nearly three and a half miles are cut, the engineers estimating that in ten years from now the tunnel will be finished. The present rate of expenditure is about $1,200,000 a year, and the boring machines, which are now penetrating very hard rock, from both ends of the tunnel, penetrate from two and a half to three feet a day on each side. The hard rocks are obstacles that may be surmounted, but the cholera among the workmen is said to seriously retard the labor.—*Ledger.*

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 483.)

1816, *August 3d.*—O! that I might be helped this day to do the will of the Lord. O! that I might be strengthened with inward might, patiently yet firmly and constantly to persevere in what is right. Though assaulted daily by the powerful enemy, yet may I be favored with unwearied fortitude to watch and pray, that he may not finally overcome. How liable are we every moment of each day of our lives to fall or falter in our steppings; and how blessed are they who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. My secret constant craving is, that in all things and at all times, I may have such an awe and fear of Him, whom all should fear, as to be preserved from evil; and that thus walking before Him, I may be led into the way of peace.

I remember, when under great exercise long continued on the subject of business, and amidst many thoughts as to getting a livelihood in the world, with my very restrained views every way,—I opened a book in great fluctuation and more grief of mind, as it lay near me, craving that I might be secretly informed in this way, or in any way with certainty, as to the line of duty prescribed to me by heavenly wisdom; when, to my astonishment, I found immediately to my hand this passage from William Penn's *No Cross No Crown*,—"Whoever thou art that wouldst do the will of God but faintest in thy desires from the opposition of worldly considerations,—remember, I tell thee in the name of Christ, that he that prefers father or mother, sister or brother, house, &c., to the testimony of the light of Jesus in his own conscience, shall be rejected of Him in the solemn and general inquest upon the world, when all shall be judged, and receive according to the deeds done, not the profession made, in this life. It was the doctrine of Jesus, that 'if thy right hand offend thee, thou must cut it off; and if thy right eye offend thee, thou must pluck it out,' (Matt. v. 29, 30;) that is, if the most dear, the most useful and tender comforts thou enjoyest, stand in thy soul's way, and interrupt thy obedience to the voice of God, and thy conformity to his holy will revealed in thy soul, thou art engaged, under the penalty of damnation, to part with them."—Part I. Chap. i. Sect. 21st. O! here was a revelation, indeed, to me, if ever there was one; for, as surely as there is a secret Divine Power, it was manifested in my soul in the reading of this passage; and it so overcame me in gratitude to the Father of mercies, that my knees were bowed, and my heart was contrited before Him at that favored season, and tears fell in abundance.

There has, indeed, been a wonderful Providence all along about me, too large to be fully set forth in order. When the time for my decision and signing of the articles of clerkship arrived, whereby I was to serve in an attorney's office for five years, with every prospect that a

handsome income would succeed my application to this line of business; and when the draft of the deed was about to be sent to be engrossed, and I was to take it to the law stationer's for that purpose;—borne down by hidden trials, my earnest fervent petition (in a secret place, where I stepped aside to pour out my soul unto God) was, that if the Lord was my guide and my leader, he would make a way even now, when there appeared none, to get out of the predicament in which I was so closely confined; and speedily that day I was taken ill, and obliged to see a physician, who ordered me to Southampton as soon as I could go, which was accordingly effected in three days. I have cause to remember to this day, how closely the Mighty Helper was about my bed and about my path at that time; so that my tenderness of heart, and my cries and tears in secret, were often remarkably answered, and were felt even to prevail with God. My song also was unto him in the night season; and living praises would ascend, in very small intervals of time, when the soul had a few seconds only to turn to its Comforter. When I returned from Southampton I resumed my station at the desk; but my eye saw clearly that that place was not my lot, though I did not even then think of giving up the profession altogether; but that was also shown me in due season, when I was able to bear it. So that there is, indeed, ground for me yet to trust and not be afraid, as well as for others; seeing that there is One who can make darkness light, and crooked things straight, and hard things easy.

[He finally relinquished the pursuit of the law in the latter end of this year.]

1816, *September*.—What inexhaustible goodness and loving kindness has the Lord in store for those of every age, class and description, who strive to serve him in sincerity! O! He sheds at times his refreshing presence and protection in a remarkable manner round about his poor dependent little ones, showering down upon them the redundant dew of His grace. I have thought, indeed, that the inward consciousness of His approbation attending us is sometimes permitted to be as strong and evident as we could desire. It has been graciously allotted me, during this day or two, to experience such a degree of His favor attending me, and to feel such a measure of His divine blessing shed upon me, that I can scarcely forbear, in this manner, testifying to the continuance of His care for His creatures, even for those who have widely strayed from His flock, and have been long wandering in the wilderness. Yes, O yes! —"His hand is stretched out still;"—praised be His name evermore!

1816, *September 19th*.—Though I wish to be the last to find fault with the innocent and natural sprightliness and liveliness of youth, yet I cannot but excuse myself from joining in with what is commonly so termed, having often felt thereby unsettled in mind, and indisposed for reflection. I have found that by occasionally relaxing in the discipline of watchfulness, the inclination to laughter, more particularly, gained much ground upon me; and there has been no small difficulty in restraining this habit, when much indulged; so that it strikes me to be a snare. Though religion does not make a man gloomy, yet it never allows him to be off his guard; no, he must "watch and pray, lest he enter into temptation,"—taking up his daily cross to all frivolous and foolish talking and jesting, besides other more evident and open evils.

To W. F.

London, October 10th, 1816.

Dear Friend:—Whilst taking up my pen to address you, I feel very desirous not to incur the sentence denounced in Scripture, against him that "trusted in man, and made flesh his arm, and whose heart departed from the Lord," for there is a disposition to regard the creature more than the Creator, in whom alone is everlasting strength. And yet a saying of the apostles Peter and John, when brought before the Jewish council, has often been comfortably remembered by me, after much unreserved communication with some of my dear friends, and I trust I may safely adopt it as my own on this occasion,—"for we cannot but speak the things which we have both seen and heard." How shall I then be silent concerning the dealings of Infinite Goodness, or how shall I forbear to testify of Him who "delighteth in mercy;" of whom it is said, and has been experienced by thousands, as well as by myself,—"He will subdue our iniquities, and will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea." Indeed, I have reason to say thus, and much more; for few suspect the depth of perdition from which I have been rescued. Awfully appropriate was that language twice repeated in the little company I sat with, at our friend's house at S.— "Thou wert as a brand plucked out of the burning." I earnestly desire that what follows may not equally apply,—"yet hast thou not returned unto me, saith the Lord." How strongly have I been encouraged, my dear friend, to believe that even in these latter times the same arm of everlasting mercy is still underneath, the same crook of loving kindness is yet conspicuously stretched out to reclaim and to restore. Though I have but little time or space to spare, yet one circumstance attending my former course of life, I may not omit to mention:—I remember, my dear friend, (bear with me if you can,) a season when my wickedness had arrived at such a complicated and aggravated height, as to threaten (to all appearances and all probability) inevitably impending

consequences; and these so encompassed me round on every side, that, though a thorough adept, I totally despaired of escaping that which was likely to follow. At this eventful crisis, when my wretchedness was more than I can describe, and almost more than I could bear, there was a secret but fervent desire raised in my very inmost soul, that if it were possible, I might be delivered from this anguish of mind and dilemma of situation, which were then owned (by me) to have been brought on by my own sinfulness, and much less than was deserved. There was also something like a covenant (on my part) that if I might be thus rescued, no bounds should be placed to the dedication of my future life. The sequel was as striking as the fact itself,—each black cloud of this storm, from that very day forward, rolled gradually away, and, in a surprising manner, withdrew and dissipated. So that in truth I have had, and still have most feelingly to adopt a language as literally and remarkably applicable to myself as it could, perhaps, have been to him that used it,—"He brought me up, also, out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay;" and I think I may add, it is equally my desire and belief, that the remainder of this passage may and will be as nearly my experience:—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Yes, my dear friend, "I am as a wonder unto many," amongst those who knew me little more than three years ago, then living in total forgetfulness, or rather abandonment of Him, who, notwithstanding, did not utterly abandon me, but, as Fenelon says, "who followed me in my ways, which were those of sin; who has run after me, as a shepherd in search of his strayed sheep." So that I cannot be silent on this subject; but am constrained to acknowledge, that in all my various difficulties, distresses and dangers, the power and presence of One, "who is able to save to the uttermost," has been with me and around me, bringing about seeming impossibilities, making a way where no way was, and effecting deliverance "with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm."

With respect to that share of affliction which has been handed to me of late, I can truly say, it is my desire that others in their various trials, may be equally enabled with myself to discover and acknowledge in them the hand of Him who is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works." When privations are permitted to attend, what a consolation, my dear friend, to find a Father of the fatherless; when about to separate from those who have, from childhood, shared the same mixed cup of joy and grief, what a favor to feel that wherever scattered still each of us is near that Fountain to which we may all have access; when a total revolution in our outward condition takes place, when luxury, delicacy, splendor and vanity, together with all those objects endeared by fond recollection, are to be relinquished, how sweet to know "it is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him good;" and in taking up the cross—the daily cross, denying ourselves, and following our Leader through evil report and good report, through sufferings, conflicts, and probation,—what a blessing will it be if we "are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

Your sincere friend, J. B.

1816, *October 22d.*—The farther I advance in my course along this valley of mist and obscurity, the more evidently am I permitted to discover—the more frequently am I constrained to admire—the infinite condescension of the Lord. O! how sincerely can I exclaim with the Psalmist, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him." Fervent, indeed, have been my desires, and still more and more so, as the visitations of condescending mercy have been renewedly extended—that my whole heart may be prepared for the reception and further manifestations of this great and gracious Guest. O! may there be in my inmost thoughts and imaginations, as well as over my words and outward demeanor, such a constant watchfulness as may evidence a holy awe and fear of giving Him offence, or occasioning a separation between Him and my soul.

O! thou who seest in secret, and to whom my most secret petitions are thoroughly known, and known to ascend even daily and hourly,—be pleased, in thy exceeding great compassion and wonted mercy, to hand me a little help. Grant that I may be made willing to follow thee whithersoever thou leadest, and to become whatsoever thou wouldst have me to be.

(To be continued.)

Hannah More once went into the shop of a carpet-weaver, and as she looked upon the product of his industry, she said that she could not understand the pattern. The loose and tangled threads seemed, to her, confusion instead of beauty. The weaver told her it was going to be one of the loveliest patterns he had ever wrought, at which she wondered greatly, till he added, "Madam, you are looking at the wrong side!" So we are often looking on the wrong side of God's ways, but faith teaches us to trust Him where we cannot see Him; and in proportion as we do so, will our way open before us, our lips will be filled with songs of gratitude, and we will be able to say with the holy Fletcher, "I am poor in nothing but thanks."

Read not books alone, but men; and, above all, read thyself.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"REBUILD THE WASTE PLACES."

At this time, when a concern is awakened in many minds for the welfare of our religious Society, it may not be out of place to inquire into the cause of our present condition, and how we shall be enabled to rise again to the truly enviable position occupied by our fathers. It seems to me that God's prophet has plainly set forth the principle cause, in a very few words, when speaking of a highly favored people formerly. They have forsaken the Fountain of living waters, and have hewn out for themselves cisterns that can hold no water. We have been accustomed to consider the rise of the Society of Friends as a revival of primitive Christianity, —that our worthy ancestors were led by the Divine Spirit out of a lifeless, ceremonial religion into a more spiritual worship—and that by faithfulness to the witness for God in their own hearts, they became a prosperous people, compelling their enemies to respect them, and the government under which they lived to grant them religious privileges. Being faithful to the openings of Truth, they were entrusted by the Great Head of the Church with great and important testimonies; and as they were obedient to the simple requiring of the Divine Mind, they were blest with the reward of peace, and an enlargement in the things that belong to the everlasting kingdom. Thus the truly dedicated children of every age have been permitted to ascend round after round of that ladder whose top reaches the highest mansion of the Father's house; thus one duty performed makes way for another, and by faithfulness in the *little* our hands find to do, we become rulers over more. All real advancement in the inner life is the result of individual faithfulness; the outgrowth of the spiritual seed in the soul, and the growth of societies and communities, depends on the progress of individuals. The world was not made in a day. Seed time and harvest must ever remain to be distinct periods, mutually dependent on each other, and every succeeding harvest laden with golden grain must originate with the germinating seed. So our spiritual condition as a religious people will depend altogether on the seed we sow, and the heavenly dews that descend on the tender plants from the exhaustless Source of light and life. No mere human contrivance, no cold, calculating policy, can ever build up the Church of God, nor advance the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth; yet the Christian's watchword is *onward*, for he that puts his hand to the gospel plough and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven. No place is so high above earth and its temptations that the toil-worn pilgrim can with safety take up his rest. The spirit of the Great Eternal ever points upward and onward, and angel voices from the abode of the ransomed cheer the weary traveller, lest he faint by the way. Since it was the Light of Christ that made us a people, and since, so long as we were faithful, it pleased God to build us up, and give us a place of honor and renown among the people, it follows as certain as effects follow causes, that our decline as a religious people is the legitimate fruit of unfaithfulness, and turning our backs to the Light of Christ, suffering the little seed of the kingdom to be smothered out with the things of the world;" "For if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." We need not be suprised at our almost deserted places of worship, for we have indeed sown to the world and to a formal, lifeless religion these many years. The Scripture prophecy has been verified, and we have accordingly reaped an abundant harvest. May we not rejoice that, notwithstanding our high profession without corresponding fruits, the Great Head of the Church has not wholly forsaken us, but still continues, in his infinite regard, to pour out his spirit upon us in this wilderness state, and still invites his erring children back to the heavenly mansion, where the repentant prodigal will ever find "bread enough and to spare." Hence we may safely conclude that nothing short of the same Divine Power that enabled the faithful and devoted George Fox to gather this people out of the lifeless ceremonial religion of his time can ever restore *us* again to a healthy condition. The generation that longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt will have, as of old, to leave their carcasses in the wilderness. Man merely as man never can work the righteousness of God. He giveth not his glory to another, nor his praise to images of man's device. Thou that art concerned to build up this people, cease from thy own contrivings. Lay self with all his imagined greatness at the feet of the Master. Labor to restore *one* professed disciple of Fox to primitive purity. Remember that we must all begin just where our fathers began, and that acceptance with the Most High descends not by inheritance, but thou too must know the immediate birth—the state of infancy and youth, before the strong man in Christ. Behold the giant tree of the forest! It grew not in a day; but, obedient to the law of its being and of the elements, it has grown to be a mighty tree by developing one tiny leaf after another, Be thou likewise faithful to the laws of thy spiritual being, and light will yet shine out of darkness, beauty will rise out of ashes and life out of the dust, and the dry bones of the valley will yet become a living army, going forth conquering and to conquer in the name of the Infinite Father.

Fulton, 10th mo. 2, 1866. W. M. W.

The sure effect of obedience to the still small

voice of our Divine Master in the soul, is quietness, tenderness, humility, soundness of mind and substantial peace.

THE IRREPARABLE PAST.

Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man who is born is heir—he has a life rent of this world—a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in; an eternity before, an eternity behind; and the small stream between flowing swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt with all his soul the significance of time, will not be long in learning every lesson this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away, and bearing you along with it toward that awful other world, of which all things here are but the thin shadows, down into that eternity toward which the confused wreck of all earthly things is bound? Let us realize that till sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling strongly that it is worse than madness to sleep time away. Every day in this world has its work; and every day as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, what will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity, and nothing rises again? And now what have we to say with respect to this solemn thing—time? That men do with it through life just what the apostle did for one precious and irreparable hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane; they go to sleep.

Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so finished with a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands, the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on, on, on forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold, making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that time flows through the hands of men—swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever.

It is so, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them, aimless, useless, till it is too late. And we are asked, with all the solemn thoughts which crowd around an approaching eternity, what has been our life, and what do we intend it shall be? Yesterday, last week, last year—they are gone. Yesterday, for example, was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born, a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. It had a voice calling to us, of its own. Its own work, its own duties, what were we doing yesterday? Idling, whiling away the time in idleness and luxurious literature—not as life's relaxation, but as life's business? Thrilling our hearts with the excitement of life? continuing now to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that our duty? Sleep, brethren, all that is, but sleep. And now let us remember this, there is a day coming when that sleep will be rudely broken, with a shock; there is a day in our future lives when our time will be counted, not by years, nor by months, nor yet by hours, but by minutes—the day when unmistakable symptoms shall announce that the messengers of Death have come to take us.

The startling moment will come which it is vain to attempt to realize now, when it will be felt that it is all over at last—that our chances, our trials are past. The moment that we have tried to think of, shrunk from, put away from us, here it is, going, too, like all other moments that have gone before it; and then with eyes unsealed at last, you look back on the life that has gone by. There is no mistake about it; there it is, a sleep, a most palpable sleep, self-indulged unconsciousness of single destinies, and God, and Christ; asleep when Christ was calling out to you to watch with Him one hour; asleep where there was something to be done; a sleep broken, it may be, once or twice by restless dreams, and by a voice of truth which would make itself heard at times, but still a sleep which was only rocked into deeper stillness by interruptions. And now from the undone eternity, the boom of whose waves is distinctly audible upon your soul, there comes the serene voice again—a solemn, sad voice—but no longer the same word "watch"—other words altogether, "you may go to sleep." It is too late to wake; there is no science in earth or heaven to recall time that has once fled.—*F. W. Robertson.*

SCIENCE IS A SYSTEMATIC EXPOSITION OF GOD'S LAWS.

The assumption that science is a mere human invention, necessarily opposed to and incompatible with the Divine truth, is happily now much less prevalent than formerly, and is so far from being correct that the very reverse may be truly affirmed. In the strictest sense of the word, science is nothing else than a systematic exposition of the works and laws of God, discoverable in the field of nature; and if we reflect for a moment, we shall see that it can be nothing else. The mere fact that a man thinks and says so and so, does not make that exist which has no existence in nature; but, on the other hand, when a law or object has a real existence, man's denial or neglect of it does not in the least diminish the sphere of its action, or lighten the penalty of disregarding it. Thus, an ardent student may believe that excessive

study and want of sleep are not hurtful to him; but his false opinion will in no degree prevent their deleterious action. In like manner, a person may believe that sitting inactive with cold wet feet will do him no harm; but such belief will be quite unavailing to protect him against the usual consequences of such behaviour. It is God, and not man, who has created the universe and established the relations which subsist among all its constituent parts, animate and inanimate. Every phenomenon which occurs in the natural world, however striking from its magnitude and extent,—as in the case of an earthquake or a storm, or the movements of the heavenly bodies,—or however incomprehensible from its extreme minuteness, like the microscopic animalculæ, has been devised by His wisdom and is regulated by His laws. Every truth, therefore, which science demonstrates, and every principle which it unfolds, are traceable to God as their author, and, in common with the inferences rightly deduced from them, demand our respect for this above all other reasons, and carry with them the sanction of the Deity himself. Apart from this, indeed, they would inspire no confidence in their stability, and could present no claim to our obedience.—*Dr. Andrew Combe.*

FAMILY TIES THE LIFE OF NATIONS.

Little as any of us are disposed in this country to sympathize with Comte in his philosophy, there is one great truth which he has made the basis of all politics and social ideas, and into which all other theories must flow, and by which they must be tested. It is this: that *the family is the social unit;* not the man alone, as the head of the family; not man or woman separately; not the children as the hope of the future, but the man, his wife, and the children of their union form the social unit. For the good and the promotion of family prosperity, all governments and other powers and forces of the social state exist, whether political, intellectual or religious. It is true that Comte did not first discover this. It formed the basis of the religion of Abraham and the whole Jewish system. The Chinese government, the best preserved of the ancient systems, is based professedly on this principle, and now seems falling into decay through the practical neglect and subversion of it. The most ancient of the Vedas were written at a period of Indian history so ancient that family religion and worship were the highest known, and before temples and caste had begun to grow.

This great principle lies at the basis of all true social relations; *i. e.*, that they all are valuable exactly in proportion as they promote the growth and prosperity of the greatest number of families side by side; a republic of such, with equal protection to all in the enjoyment of their rights and liberties. All the right of property exists for the family, according to the views of some of the profoundest lawyers and thinkers, and the great ends of government may therefore all be summed up in the protection of all the persons and property of the State. The great source of corruption in the governments of the Old World is that some inferior institution has become idolized, and interferes with the protection of this higher, highest law of all earthly institutions. In Greece, anciently, when the few free men held all the rest as slaves, and, steeped in wealth and luxury, trampled on the family ties, decay followed. The greatness of military power, riches and glory, swallowed up everything else in Rome, finally proved fatal to family ties and virtues, and destroyed the Roman Empire.

The feudalism of the Dark Ages became inimical to family virtue and family ties, as the condition of the French nobles to the time of the Revolution showed, and it therefore fell. In England, family relations have been better preserved and fostered among the middle classes, and they have flourished, but both birth and wealth have created an aristocracy that enables the few to trample on the family ties of the lower orders. These are kept by low wages so poor that they cannot rise, cannot support a family in many of the farming and manufacturing districts, and the laws made by the rich alone favor this state of things; the rich get richer and the poor poorer. So long as nations remain free, and without too wide distinctions between rich and poor, they become virtuous and prosperous, and increase rapidly. But the very increase of riches, concentrating into the hands of a few, is unfriendly to the family life of the many, unless the dangers are foreseen and provided against by careful training and correct public opinion. In Europe, troops of servants are kept in celibacy to wait upon the rich, unable to form family ties of their own.

This sudden accumulation of wealth is the greatest danger we have to fear, and the loss of our republican simplicity of manners and purity of morals. In cities, wealth becomes concentrated in larger fortunes, and the separation of the extremes of society increases. In just that proportion the number of marriages decrease. Business life, and club life, and political life, and the life of pleasure, overshadow the quieter happiness of the family, and pervert the social life of the people. The pleasures that can be partaken of by the whole family together are the most valuable, and those that cannot be thus enjoyed, with few exceptions, are of very questionable utility or morality.—*Public Ledger.*

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," were the words of a king."

From the Advocate and Guardian.

RESIGNATION.

"Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned."

There is, perhaps, no one principle or element of the Christian character more beautiful, or that diffuses a sweeter charm around its possessor, than a calm resignation to the Divine will—a quiet, patient submission to the decrees of the all-wise Disposer of events. We notice this particularly when seen in connection with some great calamity, or afflictive dispensation of Providence.

To suffer a long, painful sickness, to have much sickness in our families, or to be called to give up our dearest friends, and lay them away in the cold, silent tomb, are among the greatest of earth's sorrows; and when one is brought to pass through such trials, and is seen to meet them calmly, without a murmur, though with a heart wrung with anguish, and is able to say, "Thy will, O God, not mine be done," truly, such an one manifests a spirit of true submission, and shows without doubt a firm faith in an overruling Providence, and a trust that all is for the best.

See that fond mother, watching over a darling child, who has been stricken down by disease. See how earnestly and faithfully she ministers to that child; how intense her anxiety, as day after day and night after night, refusing to take rest herself, she watches over and cares for it with a devotion such as only a mother knows. Looking to the possibility that it may be taken from her, she tries to think that in such an event she would be willing to give it up.

See her again, when the trying hour comes; disease having done its work, and death relieved the little one from all suffering. If she be a true Christian, how ready she is, in the midst of keenest anguish, to say that "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Although she may not now see the purpose of this affliction, yet she feels that it is wisely ordered, and will be understood some time in the future.

But there are other times and other circumstances in which we are called to exercise this principle of resignation, and they occur to most of us each day of our lives. Those petty trials and annoyances which are constantly coming up in our pathway, as we mingle with the busy, bustling world of mankind, sometimes provoking us, then thwarting our plans, and preventing our realizing the expected ends of nicely-laid schemes.

These troubles arise in various ways, and have a tendency to severely try our patience, to ruffle our tempers, and to make us fretful and ill-humored to those around us. To bear these perplexities properly, to conduct ourselves becomingly among men, and rightly before God, we need to cultivate a spirit of meekness and exercise strong faith in the wisdom and goodness of our Creator.

I once learned from a child this lesson: A little girl of five years had been promised that she might accompany her parents on a visit to some friends in a neighboring county, and see her little cousins. Of course, she was elated with the idea, and for days previous to the time set to go, her expectations ran high. The anxiously looked-for morning at last arrived, and with it a hard rain-storm, which, had it continued, would have prevented the ride. As she awoke, and heard the patter of the rain on the windows, she says,

"Mamma, I am glad it rains."

A little surprised at this expression of her little daughter under the circumstances, the mother asks,

"Why, daughter, are you glad it rains?"

"Because God thinks best," replied the dear child, and not a murmur of regret escaped her lips. The rain proved to be a smart shower only, and soon ceased, so that the intended journey was made the same day.

Now, here was exhibited simple faith. The child, profiting by the teachings of a pious mother, seemed to acquiesce cheerfully in circumstances which many older people would naturally have taken as a great disappointment, to say the least. I believe it to be true that faith and trust are nowhere to be found more beautifully illustrated than sometimes in young children.

O, that we had more simple, childlike faith—more confidence in the ability and purpose of the Almighty to order all things for our best good! We make calculations large, build castles high, and lay great plans for future prosperity, fame, or honor, too often forgetting that all these must be subject to the supervision of a higher power; and when, with one breath of that power, our cherished hopes are swept away, our airy castles demolished, how apt to mourn, and think our trials greater than we can bear. Alas, for poor human nature; we could hardly bear the ills of our life with a becoming spirit, did we not receive strength from above.

Be we, then, ever so energetic and ambitious to achieve great things—and I certainly admire both energy and ambition when directed toward worthy objects—be we ever so strongly constituted physically, and ever so highly favored, and surrounded by the kindest of friends, and by the choicest of the good things of earth, we must remember that we owe all to God, and He can, if it will better serve His purpose, lay heavily His hand upon us, take

from us health, friends, and comforts, and frustrate all our bright earthly hopes and prospects. And when, in His infinite goodness, He sees fit thus to disappoint and afflict us, may we so have grace imparted to us from above, that we shall be enabled to exemplify this spirit of resignation in all its beauty.

J. W. G.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 13, 1866.

FRIENDS TRAVELLING IN THE MINISTRY.—Phebe W. Foulke obtained a minute from Gwynedd Monthly Meeting to accompany Ann A. Townsend in the visit to Baltimore Yearly Meeting and the meetings of Nottingham and Warrington Quarters.

No charge is made for the insertion of Marriages or Deaths.

MARRIED, on the 11th of Ninth month, 1866, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's parents, J. NEWPORT POTTS, of Richmond, Ind., and ALICE J., daughter of Samuel S. Cowman, Sr., of Baltimore, Md.

DIED, on the evening of the 12th of Ninth month, 1866, at her residence near Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson Co., Ohio, ELIZABETH GRIFFITH, widow of Evan Griffith, formerly of Chester Co., Pa., in the 92d year of her age; a member and for many years an Elder of Short Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends.

Although far advanced beyond the years usually allotted to our race, her mind and memory were remarkably preserved, and strength afforded to descend the pathway of time in calmness and serenity, giving evidence of a preparation to enter the mansions of eternal rest and peace.

——, at his residence, in Quakertown, Hunterdon Co., N. J., on the 2d of Ninth month, 1866, in the 66th year of his age, WILLIAM CLIFFTON, after one week's illness, which he endured with entire patience and resignation.

He expressed that he "saw nothing in his way," and if the countenance is an index of the mind, *his* gave evidence that all was peace within; and the conviction is sealed upon our minds that, although suddenly called from a sphere of active service, he has been gathered to the fold of eternal rest. His removal is a great loss to his family, as he was always concerned to administer to their comfort. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father. He will be much missed in the community and in the meeting of which he was a member, as he was a very diligent attender, rarely being absent on First-days or in the middle of the week. He was both Elder and Overseer at the time of his decease. Much more might be said of his worth and amiability of character.

NOTICE.

There is a small meeting of Friends in the vicinity of New Market, a branch of Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting. This is situated within sight of Monrovia, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in Frederick Co., Md., about fifty miles west of Baltimore by railroad, though not more than thirty-eight by turnpike, which runs from Baltimore to the west immediately through the neighborhood, thus making a very convenient locality in regard to roads and the facilities for getting produce to market. Since Slavery was abolished in this State, many desirable farms have been offered for sale by former slave owners and others; and although many of them show the effects of bad cultivation, an incubus carried by slavery, yet the land in this portion of Maryland is naturally good and yields well. Friends and others wishing to purchase homes at moderate prices, and in convenient localities, would do well to visit New Market and the surrounding neighborhood before purchasing elsewhere. Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting is held alternately here and at Pipe Creek.

New Market, Md., 9th mo. 25, 1866. J. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRAGMENTS OF BARK FROM OUR CLUB.

NO. V.

10th month.

Quite recently we have been walking among the ferns. With us, it is an annual custom to renew our acquaintance with these beautiful ornaments of our rocks and dells, just before October comes and rocks them to sleep on the cold earth. And, as we have found pleasure in reading the curious hieroglyphics found, at this season, covering their matured fronds—even more pleasure than ever before—we now venture to make a simple plea for their thoughtful study and cultivation. The flowers that gave such interest to our summer rambles are rapidly passing away:

"The Primrose to its grave has gone,
The Hawthorn flower is dead,
The Violet by the mossy stone
Hath lain her weary head;"

but the happy thoughts left with us as a legacy at parting will make a banquet rich enough to last through the winter.

Not more than about fifty species of ferns will be found in the neighborhood of our city, and the localities chosen by each one are as various as the aspects of the ferns themselves. The Polypodium vulgare anchors its creeping, clasping rhizomes in the crevices of the rocks, girdling their *brows* with wreaths of evergreen, in preference to crowning their *summits*. Two other species of Polypodium cluster their *deciduous* fronds in the rich earth and deep shade of the forest, in company with the Maiden-hair fern. The Bracken forms by itself miniature thickets on sunny hill-sides, or ferny groves in warm, moist meadows. Such a grove may be seen below Swarthmore, on the creek; as thick and tangled as was the "Bracken bush" on "Benledi's living side," which Roderic Dhu's whistle garrisoned

"At once with full five hundred men."

The Allosorus thrusts its wiry roots into the wrinkles on the sun-burned face of *limestone* rocks; the Asplenium trichomanes, one of our loveliest ferns, plants its tiny spores in the clefts of our dry *gneiss* rocks, and its black

stems and spreading, green rosettes are very beautiful. Year after year, since our boyhood, at least, that rare fern in this locality, the Asplenium pinnatifidum, has thrown its jewelled seeds from the rocks in South Laurel Hill, over a few treasured graves, and no man living knows whence it came, or why it clusters only among the rocks of that populous but silent city. Others again, like Onoclea, dip their long roots into the stream, and rear their tall, broad fronds against the light, making pictures of marvellous beauty. But few of our American species are confined to the neighborhood of waterfalls.

Ferns, moreover, have strongly marked individualities. The Adders-tongue fern has one veined, rhomboidal leaf half way up its stem; it is only several *inches* high. Most others have pinnate fronds, and some are as tall as a man. The walking-fern bends its little leaf over in a graceful arch, and takes root from the point, whence it starts again ready for another step. The Lygodium—that most charming of all our ferns—is a delicate climber; its frail stems come up in moist thickets, feeble and helpless, like the young of our own kind—they cannot walk like some others of their species, neither can they stand alone. After a little while the green threads lean against some stronger stem, around which, at length, they twine, thus reaching up into the light. Like everything else beautiful, it is *ever green*, and at Christmas, it palmate leaves, and brown, terminal and fruit-laden fronds hang, like ringlets, from the bushes. With climbing plants we have always had a near sympathy, for we associate them with sentiments of affection; but the Lygodium touches our sensibilities acutely:

"For so *we* fling our feelings out,
The tendrils of the heart, to bear us up."

But the ferns have other charms than those of locality, or of individualities of general growth. Let us bring home from the woods some mature fronds and learn what they have to say to us. They won't ask us our name, nor how much money we have, nor whom we shall vote for; but they will pour into our listening ears one endless song of Him,

"Who dresses Osmunda in stately array;
The Filmy-fern covers with warm leafy shade;
The Bristle-fern frond He baptises with spray,
For o'er all creation His grace is displayed."

A delicate cuticle is spread all over their surface, and, at intervals, this is pierced with little windows for the passage of air and gasses. But the exquisite shape of these windows; not like the stiff, square holes we build in our houses, destitute of grace and the power to give pleasure; but charming, Gothic crypts, set in curving, graceful lines. We are told that the ferns are very old; that their green fronds waved over the earth before man came upon the scene. These little windows then are the most ancient types we have, and it is very curious to note their strong likeness to the Gothic in architecture; that style which pleases most and tires never. In Dumblane Abbey, Scotland, there is a little window looking towards the setting sun. The guide books call it peculiarly beautiful; and Ruskin says he knows not any thing so perfect in its simplicity and so beautiful. Now, if we could figure that window on this page, and place alongside of it the structure we have been describing in ferns, they would be precisely alike.

Botanists care too much for Botany, and not enough often for the simple types of Divine architecture—pictures of Divine thought, whose outworkings in material forms give lasting pleasure to the soul, and lead us on to pitch our tent each day nearer home. In all her decorations nature is Gothic. Notice the pinna of the ferns; their outlines are segments of curves meeting at angles, their fronds droop over in Gothic arches, and the thin veins which thread their leaves creep out from their stems in charming lines, sections of circles, each one carrying in its bosom a spiral coil, still true to the type. The leaves now falling in the forest—the outlines of the great trees themselves—the sweeping hills—summer's gilded clouds—the birds and insects of the air—the fish—ourselves—are all cast in Gothic moulds; and even the earth herself rolls in pride her Gothic form around the sun. All this is not accidental, but marvellously designed to increase our happiness here; and, in the language of Charles Kingsley, make thus "life, death, and that vast forever, one grand, sweet song."

On the ferns we have been examining are little round spots, arranged in rows at regular intervals. Here the fruit is borne. Let us place one of them under our binocular microscope, and concentrate upon it a strong, reflected light. What do we see? Motion, form, and sparkling gem-like brilliancy, all in superlative condition. Hundreds of little caskets, clear as glass, polished as dew-drops, and filled with golden grains, each one a thought coming directly from its Maker, are carried on the ends of as many jointed and amber-colored stems, elastic, and coiled up at first in Gordian knots; but while we look in admiration, each fairy cup rises on its stem, and bursting, suddenly scatters its golden shower around. Like a spring, the stem now flies back and never again opens; its function has been performed and its life is ended. Let us not suppose, however, that these delicate organs—these little spots of primeval sunshine—are left all naked and exposed. Between their infant life and the rough world, Nature has interposed little shields; for does she not guard as carefully her smallest children as she does her greatest? and how thoughtfully

she has cared for the ferns! In some species these shields are placed like miniature umbrellas over each fruit cluster; in others, a little scale rises up on one side like a trap door, and the seed cases are snugly tucked beneath it. Their forms are very various; their function is to protect the essential organs of the ferns in their young and tender state; and when the little springs become strong enough to lift up the seed cases, so that the spores may be cast more widely around, they, too, often wither away.

We have asked the ferns what they had to say to us. We shall woo them now with feelings of liveliest admiration; with earnest though patient love; for only in that mood can we coax the shy wood nymphs to whisper their life secrets.

On a sheet of clean white paper we will place one of these mature fronds, with the fruit spots downwards. After it has reposed in this position for several hours, we remove it carefully, and find a figure of the fern remaining on the paper. This figure is made by the little seeds, which have burst from their cases and fallen on the paper. Already has the fern written a portion of its history; but how transient is that history. A slight jar of the paper will destroy the likeness. When *our* leaves fall, and autumn comes to gather our ripened seeds into the final store-house, will our histories be written more permanently than this? We will gather up these spores—and there are millions of them—and spread them on a piece of smooth sandstone not larger than our hand. Place the stone in a saucer, and pour water in until it rises near the surface; now invert a tumbler over the coming harvest, and set all in a window. From time to time examine some of the spores under the microscope. On some of them we will see the first *visible* act of germinative life manifested as a little sack-like protuberance of the inner coat of the spore; this gradually is prolonged into a little rootlet, which goes forth in quest of food, for absorption takes place through it, and the spore swells till it bursts, and growth takes place from its surface in an opposite direction. This new growth consists of a series of cells filled with green granules arranged in a line, like the conferva, which is an order of plants much lower than the ferns. After a time, cell multiplication takes place laterally and transversely, so that a membrane is formed in all its aspects, resembling a liverwort, another order of plants lower than the ferns but higher than the conferva. This membrane is called the prothallium, and should be well studied by all who would know the ferns. On its under surface grow little rootlets, which supply nutrition and fix it in position; and also the antheridia and archegonia, the true representatives of the essential parts of the flowers in higher plants. The antheridia first appear as little hemispherical projections from the surface of the prothallium, filled with green granules, but soon a free cell is observed in their midst; this enlarges, and contains within it secondary cells, with regular outlines, each one containing a coiled up filament. As the antheridia develop in size, they become separated from the prothallium by a partition, and assume the condition of independent organs. They now burst open, thus giving exit to the secondary cells, which, in turn, rupture, and thus permit the coiled up filaments—the antherozoids—to swim freely about in the water, impelled by four or more cilia attached to one end. These antherozoids seem now to have a jolly time of it, for they roam about, sowing wild oats, or doing whatever else their nature demands. Let us not loose sight of them, however, for they will swim back again upon the scene. We, too, often go astray, but the hand that allowed us to wander can conduct us to return.

The archegonia, less numerous than the antheridia, appear also as little elevations from the surface of the prothallium, built up of large cells, placed four in a series over each other, and around a minute cavity, like chimneys, slightly open at the top. These little chimneys lead down to the germ-cell, which nature has wonderfully prepared at the bottom of each archegonium, and in that germ cell, protected thus in the soft bosom of its nurse, the prothallium, she has also deposited the embryonic vesicle. Now, those antherozoids which swam off so gaily at the bursting of the antheridia come back again, and penetrating the summits of the archegonia, descend these little chimneys and, coming in contact with the germ-cells, penetrate their cavities and fertilize the embryonic vesicles lying within. Now commences the first cell of a *new* fern, and development progresses at the expense of nutrition prepared for it by the prothallium. The infant fern soon bursts forth from the cavity of the dead archegonium, to send its radicles down in quest of independent nutrition, and its frond up after the glorious light. Wonderful is this history of the ferns, and yet its parallel is found in every little cryptogamic plant that springs from the damp earth.

In reply to our earnest wooings, the ferns have given us their tenderest secrets, and we will now ask our readers to join with us in liveliest admiration of their marvellous history. We love the teachings of the plants, especially of the little ones among them; for, as the smallest planets are kept nearest the sun and little children, says Richter, seem ever nearest God, so do these little plants, as they seem to cluster nearest the great fountain of life—

"Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me:
This world is full of beauty, like other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

J. G. HUNT.

For the Children.

THE TOOLS OF ANIMALS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

Man is the only animal that makes tools to use. God has given him a mind that can contrive tools, and He has also given him hands by which he can use them. But He has given no such mind to other animals, and therefore He has not given them hands. They do not know enough to make tools, and so hands are not needed by them.

But, though other animals do not make tools, they have tools which they use. God has given them, ready made, such tools as they need. Let us look, then, at some of the tools that we find in different animals.

You see a man in the stern or hinder end of a small boat. He is sculling, as it is called. He is making the boat go by working the oar to the one side and the other. The oar is the instrument or tool by which he does it. Now a fish has an instrument like this, by which he goes through the water. His tail is like the sculling-oar that man has contrived, and which he uses with his hands. If you watch a fish as he goes through the water, you will find that he moves it to one side and the other, as the man does his oar; and while he goes ahead by means of his tail, he uses his fins mostly as balancers, to guide his motion. He moves them rather gently, except when he wants to change his course quickly. When he is moving along fast, and wants to stop, he makes his fins stand out straight on each side. This is just as rowers in a boat use their oars when they want to stop the boat.

You see a man drilling a hole in a rock, and you hear the sound of the tool as it goes click, click, all the while. The woodpecker has a drill that works in the same way. With his bill, he drills holes in the trees, and you hear the sound of his tool, as you do that of the tool of the rock-blaster. It is a sort of knocking sound repeated many times very quickly.

What do you think the woodpecker drills holes for? It is to get at worms and insects which he eats. These are in the bark and wood of dead trunks and branches of trees. The woodpecker knows this, and so drills to find them. He does not drill into live bark and wood, for he knows that there are generally no worms nor insects there.

But the woodpecker's instrument is something more than a drill, It is a drill with another instrument inside of it. This instrument is for pulling out the insect or worm that he finds in drilling. It is a very long straight tongue, and ends in a bony thorn. This is armed with sharp teeth pointing backward, like the barbs of a fish-hook. Here, then, are two instruments or tools together. And the way the woodpecker manages them is this: while he is drilling, the two parts of the bill are closed together, making a good wedge-pointed drill, and at the same time a snug case for the insect-catcher. As soon as he comes to an insect he opens the drill and pushes the barbed end of his long tongue into the insect and draws him into his mouth.

As the woodpecker has to strike so hard in drilling, the bones of his skull are made very heavy and strong. If this were not so, his drilling would jar his brain too much; and another thing is to be observed: while he is drilling he needs to stand very firmly. He must hold on tightly to the tree, or he will slip as soon as he begins to drill. He has therefore strong claws to hold on with.

Some animals have tools to dig with. The elephant has long, strong tusks. These he uses to dig up roots of different kinds from the ground to eat. The hen digs in a small way with the claws of her feet, to find grains and other kinds of food that happen to be mingled with the earth. The pig can dig with its snout. It does not have much use for this when shut up in its pen; but let it out, and see how it will root, as we say. It does this to find things in the ground that it can eat. When the pig runs wild, it roots to get acorns and other things that become mixed up with the earth.

The mole has a similar contrivance to work in the earth with. This animal also has heavy claws with which it plows and digs. The bones of its fore paws are very heavy and strong, and are worked by very large muscles. The claws on its fingers too are very powerful. Great execution does the mole do with this digging and plowing machine in making his tunnels and galleries in the ground.

The mole's habitation is a singular affair. It consists of a large circular room, with several large galleries and passages. He makes all this in this way. He first heaps a round hill or mound, pressing the earth to make it very solid and firm; he then digs out his round room, where he lives, and the passages. The circular room has a deep passage out from it at the bottom, which opens into another passage which leads out into the open air. I suppose the use of these passages is to enable the mole to keep out of the way of those who want to catch it.

The marmot, or woodchuck, as it is commonly called, is a great digger. He digs his hole where he lives in this way. He loosens the dirt with his fore paws, using his teeth also when the earth is very hard, or where any roots

happen to be in the way. He pushes back the dirt as he loosens it. When he gets a considerable heap, what do you think he does with it? He shovels it out with his hinder feet, for they are so shaped that he can use them as shovels. They have a strong skin between the toes, so that when the toes are spread out, the feet answer very well to shovel dirt with.

Beavers are very singular animals. They do not live alone, but many of them live together. They live in a sort of cabin, which they build with branches of trees and mud, the mud answering for mortar. In gathering the branches they often gnaw them off with their sharp and powerful teeth. They are great diggers. They dig up the earth with their paws, to use in building their cabins. It is said they use their flat tails as masons do their trowels, spatting and smoothing the coating of mud as they put it on. The tail, which is very stout, answers another purpose. As the beaver builds the wall of the cabin, when it gets rather high, he props himself up on his tail as he works.

The beavers build their cabin close to a stream of water, and their entrance to it is below, so that they have to go down under water to get at it; and a dam is built to keep the water over this entrance of the proper height. If it were not for this, the door of his cabin might get closed with ice, if the water should get low in the stream during the winter. This dam the beavers build of branches of trees and mud and stones. The stones are used to make the branches stay down. In the cabins there are two rooms; in the upper one they live, and in the lower one they stow their food. This is the arrangement of these animals for the winter. In the summer they do not live together in companies, but each one makes a burrow for itself. Every autumn they come together, and unite in building their dams and cabins.

TAKE HEART.

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow tree.

This is the Summer's burial time;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell down the Autumn's frosty rime—
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The Mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

Oh! thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden Summer's bier—
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE SURE REFUGE.

"Trust Him at all times."—PSALM lxii. 8.

Oh! I know the hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light;
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
The brighter the rich design.

When faints and fails each wilderness hope,
And the lamp of faith burns dim,
Oh! I know where to find the honey-drop—
On the bitter chalice brim.
For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete;
Though the darkness at present be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.

I can wait till the dayspring shall overflow
The night of pain and care;
For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
A promise for every prayer.
Yes, I feel that the Hand which is holding me.
Will ever hold me fast;
And the strength of the Arms that are folding me
Will keep me to the last.

Crewdson.

THE PHENOMENA OF CRYSTALLIZATION.

Looking closer into the organization of matter, we shall find that force not only forms irregular aggregations of molecules, but it works with order and symmetry. Witness the phenomena of crystallization, to appreciate which, we need go no further than the freezing of water and the formation of snow. Professor Tyndall deftly and delicately dissects a block of ice, by means of a beam from his electric lamp, pulling the crystal edifice to pieces by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically the crystallizing force had built the atoms up; silently and symmetrically does the electric beam take them down. Here we have a star, and there a star; and as the action continues, the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each one possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful six-petaled flower. By shifting the lens to and fro, new star flowers are brought into view; and as the action continues, the edges of the petal becomes serrated, spreading themselves out like fern leaves. Probably few are aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. Only think, continues our eloquent countryman, of lavish Nature operating thus throughout the world! Every atom of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the North has been fixed according to this law. Nature "lays her beams in music," and it is the functions of science to purify our organs, so as to enable us to hear the strain. To many persons a block of ice may seem of no more interest and beauty than a block of glass; but, in reality, it bears the same relation to glass that an oratorio of Handel does to the cries in a market place. The ice is music, the glass is noise; the ice is order, the glass is confusion.

n the glass, molecular forces constitute an in-xtricably entangled skein; in the ice, they are oven into a symmetric web, of the wonderful exture just described.

Snow-flakes are not less curious nor less com-licated in their structure. When the cold is nough to cause water to congeal, each tiny roplet that hangs in the air gives birth to a lim six-sided column, terminated at each end by six-faced pyramid. These little crystals do ot remain isolated. During their descent they luster together, so forming star-shaped groups. Sometimes six crystals only assemble round a ommon centre,—the simplest possible form of star; but in the majority of cases, the crystal-ine associations are more numerous. On the ranches of a primary star, smaller crystals are egularly disposed, and on these latter, smaller ranchlets still. Thus the snowy star grows nore and more complicated, while every ad-litional ramification is made in obedience to the ne same law.

Our great English lecturer also tells us that now, perfectly formed, is not an irregular ag-regate of ice particles. In a calm atmosphere, he aqueous atoms arrange themselves so as to form the most exquisite figures. The snow crys-als are built upon the same type as the six pe-aled flowers, which show themselves within a lock of ice when a beam of heat is sent through t. The molecules arrange themselves to form exagonal stars. From a central nucleus shoot ix spiculæ, every two of which are separated by n angle of sixty degrees. From these central ibs, smaller spiculæ shoot right and left with nerring fidelity, to the angle of sixty degrees; nd from these again other smaller ones diverge t the same angle. These frozen six-leaved lossoms constitute our mountain snows. They oad the Alpine heights, where their frail archi-ecture is soon destroyed by the accidents of the eather. Every winter they fall, and every ummer they disappear. While they last they ssume the most wonderful variety of form; heir tracery is of the finest frozen gauze; and, ound about their corners, other rosettes of maller dimensions often cling. Beauty is super-osed upon beauty, as if nature, once committed o her task, took delight in showing, even within he narrowest limits, the wealth of her resources.

To behold this force in action, you have only o watch the process of crystallization under the icroscope—a most astounding spectacle, espe-ially when seen with polarized light. Although he atoms themselves are imperceptible, you itness the rapid growth of their aggregation. nvisible soldiers form into visible battalions, rranging themselves regularly, as at the word f command. The same troops, that is, the same olutions, never perform by mistake the evolu-ons proper to others. Alum presents itself in mass, with eight equal triangular faces; sea-salt furnishes cubes; the prisms of rock crystal are equally recognizable. Minerals have a phy-siognomy, which reveals the constitution of their bodies. Chemistry tells us that bodies which are similar in form, are fundamentally similar; that is, if they affect the same crystalline form, they offer a like mode of composition.—*All the Year Round.*

A BAROMETER WHICH EVERYBODY CAN AFFORD TO KEEP.

To save himself the trouble of carrying an umbrella for four or five hours, while riding on horseback, on cloudy, threatening days, the writer had been in the habit of consulting the barometer of a friend. The following communication in the *Scientific American* has furnished him with a storm-glass of his own, which makes him quite independent in this respect. We have tried it now for about two months, and find it to be very reliable.

"Dealers in philosophical and optical instruments sell simple storm-glasses, which are used for the purpose of indicating approaching storms. One of these consists of a glass tube, about ten inches in length, and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, filled with a liquid containing camphor, and having its mouth covered with a piece of bladder, perforated with a needle. A tall phial will answer the purpose nearly as well as the ten-inch tube. The composition placed within the tube consists of two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of pure saltpetre, and half a drachm of the muriate of ammonia, pulverized and mixed with about two ounces of proof spirits. The tube is usually suspended, by a thread, near a window, and the functions of its contents are as follows:—If the atmosphere is dry, and the weather promises to be settled, the solid parts of the camphor in the liquid contained in the tube will remain at the bottom, and the liquid above will be quite clear; but on the approach of a change to rain, the solid matter will gradually rise, and small crystalline stars will float about in the liquid. On the approach of high winds, the solid parts of the camphor will rise in the form of leaves, and appear near the surface in a state resembling fermentation. These indications are sometimes manifested *twenty-four hours* before a storm breaks out! After some experience in observing the motions of the camphor matter in the tube, the magnitude of a coming storm may be estimated; also its direction, inasmuch as the particles lie closer together on that side of the tube that is *opposite* to that from which the coming storm will approach. The cause of some of these indications is as yet unknown; but the leading principle is the insolubility in water, combined with the fact that the drier the atmosphere the more aqueous vapor does it take up, and *vice versa*."

Here, then, is a storm-glass so cheap that the poorest can afford to have one; and simply as a matter of *curiosity*, to say nothing of *convenience*, it is well worth keeping.—*Calendar.*

From the Scientific American.

AN INSECT SHOW.

In the month of September of this year there was a novel and exceedingiy instructive exhibition at the Palace of Industry in Paris—an exhibition of insects; those that are useful to man, such as the bee and the silkworm, and those that are injurious, as the curculio, the apple moth, the devouring caterpillars, etc. So far as possible, at that season, each insect was exhibited in its several stages—the egg, the larva, the chrysalis, and the moth or butterfly.

We hope to see this idea taken up in this country, and insect exhibitions made a prominent feature at all our agricultural fairs. In nearly every neighborhood, there are naturalists who would be very willing to present such collections, and they would certainly prove exceedingly instructive and attractive to visitors. If arrangements could be made for a lecture at a certain hour each day, describing the habits of the insects, the value and attractiveness of the exhibition would be greatly increased.

The importance of insects, and the importance of studying their habits, are thus forcibly set forth by the Paris *Moniteur*:—

"Noxious insects are to the human race what an invading army is to the territory invaded. We are assailed day and night by three hundred thousand species of insects armed with augers, pincers, and saws, which invade our fields, granaries, barns, and dwellings, and would destroy everything before them were they not prevented. Our vines, trees, grains, and buildings are each the prey of a separate class of destructive insects. Our neighbors are subject to the attacks of twenty-six species of insects belonging to four different orders. During a period of ten years, the vine-growing districts of Macon and Beaujolais, suffered a loss of thirty-four millions of francs through the ravages of these insects. This does not appear so astounding when we reflect upon the prodigious fecundity of insects and their insatiable appetite. A female fermite has been known to lay the seemingly incredible number of 86,400 eggs within twenty-four hours, being at the rate of one egg each second, and a singie female of the *tenthredo pini*, if allowed to multiply without hindrance, would give birth in the space of ten years to two hundred billions of its species. The plant louse is even still more prolific. The learned Dr. Ratzburg states that the trunk of a fir tree sometimes affords shelter to 23,000 couples of the *bostrichus typographus*. In 1839, in Saxe-Altenburg, 500 acres of forest land were ravaged by the *liparis monacha*, when upward of twenty millions of insects were destroyed. In 1856, 33,540,000 beetles were collected in the environs of Inedlingburg, Prussia. Between 1813 and 1824, Provence was overwhelmed by such an immense host of travelling crickets that the authorities of Marseilles and Arles offered a reward of fifty centimes per pound for the eggs, and twenty-five centimes per pound for the insects themselves, at which rates they expended 20,000 francs for eggs and 25,000 for the insects. In 1837, '38 and '39, the forests in the vicinity of Toulouse were overrun for a space of twenty-five square leagues by the *liparis dis par*. The noise made by the caterpillars in gnawing the leaves is said to have resembled that heard in silkworm nurseries. The *bombyx monacha* has been known to devastate over 200,000 acres in three or four years time. St. Augustin mentions an invasion of crickets in Numidia, whose dead bodies created a pestilence by which 800,000 persons perished. Every year the Laplanders migrate northward until they come to a region cold enough to keep off the *æstrins*, a species of gad-fly, whose buzzing alone is sufficient to strike terror into a whole herd of reindeer. Livingstone states that in settling in certain parts of southern Africa, the first enemy to be ousted is a venomous fly called the *tsete*, which is more dangerous to large cattle than the lion. In South America, settlers have sometimes been obliged to use cannon in order to destroy the gigantic mounds built up by the termite. This insect, improperly styled a white ant, belongs to the same entomological order as our *libellula*.

"This insect creation is so powerful that we are only enabled to restrain it by having allies in its ranks, for fortunately a large number of these little creatures have interests identical with our own, and, consequently, we enjoy their aid. What a reflection upon human pride! Our most formidable enemy is not to be found among the lords of the animal kingdom—it is neither the lion, the elephant, nor the crocodile, but a diminutive insect, or rather embryonic insects, in the shape of larvæ. We are held in check by a host of larvæ. Agricultural prosperity, and, consequently, all social progress, are involved in the existence of a certain number of insects perpetually hungering after other insects. Twenty-two kinds of coleoptera, neuroptera, diptera, hymenoptera and orthoptera make the *pyrale*, or vine insect, their prey. The larvæ of the calosomus invade caterpillars' nests, pierce through their bodies, and continue to feed upon them, until they can hold no more. The larvæ of the ichneumon fly are hatched in the very body of the caterpillar, where they live until metamorphosed into *nymphæ* or eggs. A certain variety of insect called the *asile* is accustomed to watch almost continually for little butterflies, common flies and drones, which it

seizes on the wing by means of its long feet. Wherever carabes abound they speedily exterminate an insect called the *maus*, the hideous and formidable offspring of the black beetle. It is to our interest to ascertain which classes of insects are useful to man, and these should be protected and increased in number; but our farmers establish no distinction between the insects which ravage our crops and those created by Providence to prey upon and limit the number of the former. Whether useful or noxious, they all suffer the same fate as nocturnal birds of prey, and insectivorous birds; muskrats and moles among mammiferous animals, and snakes and toads among reptiles and amphibious animals. It has been calculated that the preservation of night birds would save annually from twelve to thirteen million bushels of cereals which are now devoured by rats and field mice. It may, in truth, be said that man has an enemy far more dangerous to him than those we have specified—and this enemy is his own ignorance."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

NINTH MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	12 days.	11 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	0 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms,	5 "	5 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	13 "	12 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 9th month per Penna. Hospital,	72.68 deg.	69.50 deg.
Highest do. during month,	89.00 "	89.25 "
Lowest do. do. do.	50.00 "	50.01 "
Rain during the month,	7.96 in.	8.70 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year	1333	1812
Average of the mean temperature of 9th month for the past *seventy-seven* years	66.13 deg.	
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1865	72.68 "	
Lowest do. do. do. do. 1840	60.00 "	

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
Totals for the first six mos. of each year	28.94 "	22.47 "
Seventh month	2.97 "	2.52 "
Eighth month	3.75 "	2.18 "
Ninth month	7.96 "	8.70 "
Totals	43.62 "	35.87

It may be remembered that for the corresponding month of last year we had an *unprecedented* record to present, and although the excess of heat this year is about *three degrees less*, we find it almost three and a half degrees *above the average* for the past *seventy-seven years*.

It will be seen that the number of deaths continue on the increase, showing an excess for the month (counting *five weeks* each year,) of 1866 over 1865, of *four hundred and seventy-nine* (479.)

In reference to climate, &c., the following facts are worthy of preservation. They are gleaned from a paper read some time since before one of the sections of the Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, Cooper Institute, New York, by Mr. J. Disturnell, on the influence of climate. In the course of his remarks he gave the results of meteorological observations, as far as they could be collected, for the past three hundred years. The oldest record was obtained from the learned men connected with the Bishop's Palace, Quebec. Here records have been preserved of the change of weather, temperature, &c., from the time of Jacques Cartier (1535-36) to the present period.

From these long continued observations, although at times irregular, the following conclusions were arrived at in regard to the temperature of the vicinity of Quebec, 46 degrees, 50 minutes north latitude. On carefully comparing the meteorological observations made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with those of the middle of the nineteenth century, it is easily to be understood that the climate of Canada—at least the neighborhood of Quebec—is about the same as it was three hundred years ago. Then, three or four feet of snow; now, at least as much; the first snow falling the first fortnight of November; navigation on the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal, interrupted by ice in the last week of November, and opening toward the end of April—five months closed on an average. The apple, cherry and plum trees blossoming the last half of May and beginning of June; this is what we find at both epochs. In this respect nothing appears changed, and the clearings and improvements made until now have had very little influence in the present temperature of Canada.

On comparing the observations relating to Philadelphia, for the past sixty years, it seems that the seasons embracing the whole year are somewhat warmer than they were at the time of the early settlement of the country, or since trustworthy records have been kept.

The mean annual temperature of Philadelphia, for the last sixty years, at periods of ten years, are as follows:

From 1800 to 1809, average 51 deg. 80 min. Fahr.
" 1810 to 1819, " 50 deg. 70 min. "
" 1820 to 1829, " 52 deg. 70 min. "
" 1830 to 1839, " 52 deg. 00 min. "
" 1840 to 1849, " 52 deg. 70 min. "
" 1850 to 1859, " 53 deg. 00 min. "

The coldest year was 1816, being a mean of 49 degrees Fahrenheit, and the warmest 1858, being 54 degrees, making a variation of 5 degrees Fahrenheit. Thus the mean annual temperature of Philadelphia may be said to have increased during a period of 66 years about 1½ degrees Fahrenheit.

Phila., Tenth mo. 3, 1866. J. M. Ellis.

AGRICULTURE.

Study is essential to the highest success of agriculture, and farming ought to rank among the learned professions as a field of intellectual labor and enjoyment. It is beautifully adapted to the wants of man. The general laws of vege-

table growth are so simple that they can be understood by men in a low state of civilization when the wants are few; and they are also so complicated and nicely balanced in their higher relations that they require all the study, wisdom and skill of the highest civilized society, that the fruits of the earth may satisfy, in their quantity and quality, the demands of such a state of society. We find, then, in the very beginning, plants adapted to man as an intellectual and physical being. By their unlimited power of improvement they are fitted to call out forever his mental activity, and by this very power of improvement they are fitted to gratify his increasing desires as he advances in civilization.—*Prof. Chadbourne, of Williams College.*

ITEMS.

The insurrection in Candia is serious. No progress has been made in its suppression, and the movement appears likely to spread to the other Turkish Islands as well as to the mainland.

Jewish Agriculturists in Russia.—Formerly Jews were altogether excluded from the interior of Russia. The Emperor has greatly modified the restrictions, in order to facilitate Jewish immigration. The consequence is a considerable influx of Jews into the government of Kieff, most of whom devote themselves to agriculture. The *Gazette of the Provinces* states that 355 Jewish farmers have settled on the Crown domains, consisting of 2,729 males and 2,620 females, all of whom carry on agriculture. Moreover, 41 Jewish families in the same year bought farms of their own. These families consist of 762 males and 764 females.

The Freedmen.—Commissioner Ely, of the Freedmen's Bureau, in Kentucky, writes to the "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen," that, "In view of the approaching winter, the Bureau Superintendents in the State are sending to this office estimates for clothing that will be needed for gratuitous distribution to the few helpless cases of indigents in their respective localities. All articles of men's wear I draw from the Quartermaster's Department; therefore only need clothing and shoes suitable for women and children of all ages and sizes, and trust that, notwithstanding the large draft made on your benevolent Society, you may still be able to render assistance to the poor and needy in Kentucky. No provision has yet been made by the civil authorities of the State to clothe, feed and warm its pauper freedmen; this is a disgraceful and wicked blot on its character, for no State west of the Alleghanies is to-day more prosperous or more wealthy, in proportion to its white inhabitants, than Kentucky. I am glad to say that the freedmen, as a class, are industrious and are daily improving their condition, and the percentage of paupers is very small. In all parts of the State the colored people evince a strong desire to have their children taught the rudiments of an English education, sending them to school whenever it is possible to do so. In this city, (Louisville), and all the larger towns of the State, the colored schools have as yet been supported entirely by subscriptions from the freedmen whose children attend them; these schools are well attended and the pupils are apt in learning. Of course many are excluded from them on account of the inability of their parents to pay the tuition price. There is a very bitter and mean prejudice existing among a majority of the white people of the State against schools for negroes, and especially against the white teachers of such schools; yet I have met with many noble Kentuckians who are an exception to the majority, and as time advances these liberal sentiments are gradually gaining and eventually will prevail."

From South Carolina come reports of small crops, attributed partly to the drought and partly to a lack of means and implements to carry on the plantations. The agent in St. Thomas Parish states, as a result of his observation, that in his opinion the coming winter will be one of insupportable hardship to thousands of freedmen in his section of the State, and that, without Government assistance, famine will prevail. There is now, even, great suffering among them from want of food, and they have very little clothing, scarcely one in ten having a pair of shoes. There is said to be a general movement towards Florida on the part of those backs who despair of obtaining land of the too tenacious planters.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 499.)

1816, *November.*—Do not look at others, whether their example seems to recommend one line of conduct or another, no not even at such as are very industrious in business, and yet accounted strictly religious characters; they are no guide for you:—stand on your own ground; nothing will justify what you are about to do, or to forbear to do, but a full conviction of duty. If you have that true peace which no man can give or take away, it matters little what others may say or think, Remember that the honest fishermen quitted their lawful concerns, nay all, to follow Him that called them, but it was not *till* He called; the hundredfold reward, and the everlasting inheritance were promised, not to those who merely forsook all that they had, but to those who did so *for his name's sake.* I think it was W. Penn who said, "it is not the sacrifice (however great) that recommends the heart, but the heart which gives the sacrifice (however mean) acceptance."

1816, *November 9th.*—O! what shall I say, what words shall I make use of, to declare fully the Lord's goodness and compassion to me poor frame of mine! Day by day, yes, all the day long, is his hand renewedly and refreshingly turned upon me, for my present and everlasting welfare. Even when the power of the wicked one came over my poor soul, when desires and endeavors after good—after "those things that make for peace," were to appearance utterly extinguished—even in that dismal hour, which was still more darkened by the insensibility which benumbed me, the gloriously great and gracious Giver of all good was pleased to pity me, and to revive the latent spark within me, making it grow gradually brighter. Surely, He is working a great work within me; his hand, his holy hand is upon me; and if not through my own default, he will by no means draw back or desist, until he has made me all that he would have me to be. What a multitude of obstructions as well as snares and difficulties encompass me: how shall I put one foot forward in the right way, except the Lord himself condescend continually to "direct my steps." And O! then what a constant need there is of acknowledging Him in *all* my ways; that so this promise of safe and sure direction may happily be fulfilled in my experience:—"The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee; he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee."

1816, *November 12th.*—O Lord God Almighty! it is of thy exceeding mercy that I am raised up, and thus fervently, thus solemnly to address thee as the God which hast led me unto this day. O! how clearly and comfortably hast thou, during this time of need, revived the remembrance of what thou hast done for them that have sought or desired to seek thee. Where is not thy "mighty hand," and thy "outstretched arm," to be discovered?

When I "look at the generations of old and see," through thy grace I am enabled to silence every doubt, every discouraging fear, by that feeling and forcible interrogation,—"*Did ever any trust* in the Lord, and was confounded; did any abide in *his fear*, and was forsaken; or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him?" Well might thy servant say, "The earth, O! Lord, is full of thy mercy;" and thy prophet exclaim—"The whole earth is full of his glory." "And now, Lord! what wait I for? my hope is in thee:"—in thee, in thee alone is my joy, my crown, my confidence I dare not ask of thee deliverance out of trouble, except in thy time; but O! my very soul doth crave of thee, that I may be kept from everything like evil;—that I may be supported and sustained by that "hidden manna," which is promised "to him that overcometh." O! grant, Lord, unto him, who feels himself at this time awfully humbled under thy mighty hand,—that he may be made still more deeply sensible, that "thou art God *alone:*" and as often as thou art pleased, in thy very abundant compassion, to renew within him that which constrains him to cry out, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God,"—at such precious seasons, may he be satisfied with nothing short of Thee; and strengthen thou him to endure patiently through all,—waiting upon, hoping in, and watching for thee!

1816, *November 23d.*—At the present favored interval of retirement and leisure, I am concerned to repeat an inquiry, more than once instituted before this time, whether I am not now called upon to declare and profess before men, the religious persuasion and principles which I most surely hold; and to adopt that course of daily practice in conduct and conversation, of the reasonableness and rightness of which I have not any doubt. It does appear to my view highly and imperatively necessary, that an internal change should precede an external one. I believe that conversion is that of the heart; that profession must follow, not go before possession; and that an outward show and appearance of peculiar seriousness is hypocrisy and increased condemnation, if not accompanied by the inward work of sanctification in the soul. Nevertheless, it is certain to my mind that one invariable evidence of true religion having entered and taken up its abode in us, will always be, that we shall no longer conform ourselves to this world in its vanity and folly; and that, in our dress, address and general conduct in every particular, we shall not be governed by worldly maxims or opinions, but by the law written in our hearts. How far then is this the case with me? How far can I assuredly say, that this change of heart is my experience? O! I feel indeed that I come short of what ought to be my practice; that though I have given up my name to serve the living God, even Him who hath led me unto this day,—though I have withheld not some things which were required of me to give up and to forsake,—yet has not my heart fully, entirely, and without reserve resigned *my all.* O! there have been those parleys and tamperings with sin, those secret relapses, those connivances with the enemy, which the Lord abhors. What a total surrender of self does our pure and righteous Lord call for; what an abandonment of everything evil does He expect from his followers; what a daily and hourly watchfulness and circumspection is required of those, who would be heirs of a glorious mansion, where nothing impure can enter! How *very* appropriately is it written, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy."

Same date.—How beautiful, how glorious a sight is it to behold the sun in the morning when it issues from its bed of crimson hue when it gradually ascends the horizon, dissipating the dusky gloom of fading night, and tinging every object in nature with its golden rays. And O! may I not say, that through the blessings of a gracious Creator, I am enabled almost daily to witness the spiritual arising of the "Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings." Surely the dayspring from on high "through the tender mercy of our God," hath visited, and is visiting me; and assuredly the end and purpose of his arising is the same that it was formerly,—even "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace." I think I say not amiss, when I declare my belief, that the light within me seems to get brighter, and the fire warmer almost every day. O! that I may be content to remain in the refiner's fire, that I may become purified and refined from everything evil.

1816, *November 27th.*—I have been long in much trouble and difficulty about changing my dress, as well as adopting those other distinctions and testimonies which Friends uphold and practice; and my anxiety respecting these things has been, lest I should take them up without good ground, and without being clearly and indubitably sensible that these sacrifices are called for. Indeed, I have gone mourning on my way, day after day, and night after night. Perplexity and discouragement, darkness and distress, have at seasons clouded the horizon of the morning of my days; and mainly, because I knew not certainly the Divine will, as to these external observances, and to as many other sacrifices. But I think that this subject has been cleared up very satisfactorily to me this day, for much mercy, both by what I felt, and by what was delivered through a servant of the Lord, in meeting.

Same date.—I see evidently that "Jes

Christ came into the world to save sinners," and that "unto them that look for him, shall he appear a second time, without sin unto salvation ;"—"the wages of sin is death," and consequently, that without repentance there is no remission of sin ;—that we must be in the way of being redeemed from the power of evil, or the punishment will not be remitted ;—that we must be delivered from sin itself, before we can be delivered from the wages of it, which is condemnation ; for it is aptly expressed, "There is now *no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.* O ! then, my soul, surely there is required of thee a clean heart and a right spirit to be renewed within. O ! how shall I bestow pains and anxiety about cleaning the exterior, whilst there lurks any filth in the interior. How shall I garnish the outside with an appearance of the beauty of holiness, and polish it after the similitude of a temple dedicated to the Lord, when it stinketh within by reason of the defilement there concealed. Surely it was well said by the Lord to those hypocrites the Pharisees, and it equally applies to many in these days as to them :—"Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, *that the outside of them may be clean also :*" and the latter part of this exhortation remains strikingly true,—for I am fully persuaded that all cleansing of the *exterior* to be sincere and not hypocritical, must be the effect of a change of heart.

1816, *December 4th.*—Is it not beyond a doubt, that the Lord will make known his will to his poor dependent creatures, who with sighs and tears both day and night seek to serve him aright in all things? Surely He is no hard master who does not evidently let his servants see what is required of them; nor, I am persuaded, does he at any time call for more arduous service than he gives strength to accomplish. But then he must and will be sought unto, both in order that his will may be clearly known ; and when known, that sufficient strength may be handed to enable to perform the same. All my desire is before the Lord ; and he knows, and I believe, hears my prayers, —he sees my watchings and my weepings, and is witness to all my woes. I do indubitably believe that the present time is very precious to me,—that the hand, mighty hand of the Lord is upon me for good—that he is extending his gracious visitation to me his poor sinful creature, who has been bound by the bond of darkness, by the power of the destroyer. O ! he is and has been arising for my help, for my deliverance ; he has assuredly, in some measure, brought me as it were out of the land of Egyptian and cruel bondage; and it appears to me impossible, unless by my own default, that his promises should fail in the midst of the fulfilment of them, and that he should leave me in the wilderness to die in my sins, to be destroyed by famine and want :—no, he has a fountain of living waters in store for me ; and though I know not whether I may partako of that delicious and reviving consolation, out of the bare and barren rock, or on the fruitful and flowery banks ; "yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

1817, *January 27th.*—"Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content," &c. I have admired the honest simplicity and plain speech, which the first Christians, and especially their great pattern, made use of to instruct their hearers : the reasoning of the apostle in this place is unanswerable, and the process of his thoughts appears to me so natural as to be not easily misunderstood. The substance of that which he sets forth, is, without any strained exposition, nearly as follows :—the gain of riches is by no means godliness, nor can it be a substitute for godliness in the end ; on the contrary, godliness is profitable both here and hereafter, and therefore is alone true gain. Wealth and possessions last us only whilst we live : we had them not when we came into the world, and it is certain that we can retain them no longer than whilst we are here. Seeing then, that soon, very soon, we must part with these things, let us provide "bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens which faileth not :" and as to everything else, the riches, the enjoyments of this vain and passing scene, let us use these things as not abusing them ; let us not be slaves to them, but rather render them of service to us. If we are rich, let us not hide our talent in the earth, but be rich in good works : and if we are in a middling condition as to outward circumstances, let us endeavor so to act, as to be able strictly to adopt the apostle's language,—"these hands have ministered unto my *necessities*, and to them that were with me." Thus we shall be enabled more fully to understand, and more freely to accede to the text, "having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

(To be continued.)

The throng of thoughts which are continually passing in and out, how shall we dream of examining, judging, trying them all, except by a special Divine interference in our behalf? Divine power can qualify a man for anything ; but nothing short of Divine power can qualify him for a task so onerous as this. To God, then, let us commit the keeping of our souls in the most absolute self-distrust. Thus he shall have Christ dwelling in his heart by faith ; and this indwelling shall be a sure preservative against evil thoughts ; and in that heart, though agitated on the surface, there shall be a peace which it has never known before.

THE RELIGIOUS.

To be religious is to feel that God is ever near. It is to go through life with this thought coming instinctively and unbidden: Thou God seest me.

A life of religion is a life of faith; and faith is that strange faculty by which man feels the presence of the invisible, exactly as some animals have the power of seeing in the dark. That is the difference between the Christian and the world. Most men know nothing beyond what they see. This lovely world is all in all to them,—its outer beauty, not its hidden loveliness.

Prosperity—struggle—sadness—is all the same. They struggle through it all alone, and when old age comes, and the companions of early days are gone, they feel that they are solitary. In all this strange deep world, they never meet, or but for a moment, the Spirit of it all, who stands at their very side. And it is exactly the opposite of this that makes a Christian. Move where he will, there is a thought and a Presence which he cannot put aside. God looks out upon him from the clear sky, and through the thick darkness,—is present in the rain-drop that trickles down the branches, and in the tempest that crushes down the forest.

A living Redeemer stands beside him, goes with him, talks with him, as a man talks to his friend. The emphatic description of a life of spirituality is, "Enoch walked with God."—*Robertson.*

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL OF JESSE KERSEY.

2*d of Eighth month*, 1840.—I am now in the close of my seventy-second year. My thoughts continue to be active in the various concerns of the day. After the experience of a middling long life, I see no cause to doubt the truth of the principle professed by Friends, and their belief in the manifestation of the Divine gift of God to man. And it seems to me that if they are faithful in following this heavenly Guide, they must continue to be a light to the world, and advance the cause of universal righteousness. Already it is evident that they have been instrumental in holding up many valuable testimonies. The rights of conscience have been plead by them; and mankind now agree to a large extent that it is a principle which no human authority can control, or has any right to interfere with in matters relating to our duty toward the Supreme Being.

Other testimonies are also embraced in the profession of Friends, that are of great value to mankind. Witness their doctrine in relation to oaths, a hireling ministry, and bearing of arms. Each of these is a testimony so important to the human family, that they should all be kept in view and faithfully maintained with the greatest integrity and care. On the subject of the ministry, their testimony to its purity and freedom is of sufficient importance to demand the most rigid attention. If the Society should ever let fall this testimony, it will be a departure from a great Christian obligation, and an immense loss to the subject of the spreading of the light of the glorious Gospel.

Besides the preceding valuable points of the principles of Truth, Friends have adopted the most rational and perfect mode of social worship that is to be met with; because they meet and sit in silence. In this state every mind has the opportunity of attending to its own condition; and if it holds to a state of union with the divine gift, it may in the silent state of the meeting, be prepared devoutly to worship God in spirit and in truth. Again, if an individual in the meeting should be sensible of having been unfaithful, or disobedient, and therefore should feel condemnation,—there is the advantage of silently attending to its own case; and thus the mind may become prepared (by a deepfelt spiritual repentance) to return with honest integrity to its merciful Creator, and renew its covenant with him: in which case it has gained a qualification to worship in the beauty of holiness.

Not only have these silent opportunities an advantage in favor of honest integrity, but they put it in the power of the sincere-hearted to feel after, and to understand their real condition, their spiritual state. But when an assembly are met together for the purpose of Divine worship and religious improvement,—and immediately on entering their meeting-house, begin to pray, or sing, or in any other manner become active,—there is great reason to doubt the soundness of their proceedings; because it is quite probable that the services they so hastily engage in have no higher principle than the mere will and activity of the creature. And though such may seem to kindle a fire, or warmth of zeal, and to move in the light of the sparks thereof,—they may find the effects of this creaturely activity to be as declared by the prophet, "This shall ye have of mine hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow."

Eighth month 9th, 1840.—Being now a member of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting, I was favored in one of our religious opportunities with some views of the attribute of mercy that were instructive; and it appeared to me to be my duty to make the following remarks on the subject. We may hold a belief in the existence of this wonderful attribute, and yet not be proper objects for it to act upon. Those who witness the precious enjoyment of this Divine attribute, are such as sincerely abhor all evil, and are endeavoring to be conformed to the Heavenly Father's will. Such are coming out

of the follies of the world, and are entering into the Divine life, and to those is the attribute of mercy extended. But while people are living in the indulgence of the passions and propensities of the natural mind, they stand in a state of wilful disobedience, and therefore are not children of the kingdom and government of Christ. For, in order to become members of his church, it is necessary that he alone should rule and govern all our actions. Such as these are the objects of his mercy, and it is his good pleasure to own them by his blessed light, truth, and spirit, in their hearts. To such is the Heavenly Father's love, and his mercy is over them for good, while they continue to walk in his law.

Having opened in our Monthly Meeting a concern to visit Warrington Quarterly Meeting, and some meetings on the way, it was united with, and a Minute furnished me for the occasion. I accordingly set out on the 18th of the Eleventh month, 1840, having Joseph S. Walton for my companion. We stopped a short time in Columbia, where, amidst the rejoicings of the people on account of the election of President, one man had his arm broken by the unlooked for discharge of a cannon, and others were in great danger of losing their lives.

On Seventh-day, the 21st, the meeting of ministers and elders met. They were a small company; but in sitting quietly among them, I felt thankful in being impressed with a clear sense that they were mercifully cared for by the Head of the church. And a hope was entertained that if they continue faithful, there will be a gathering and increase of Society. Next day the public meeting was mercifully crowned with a deepfelt solemnity. I have seldom witnessed the power of Truth to be in such admirable dominion as in this meeting. I was led to show that the work of man's salvation consisted in a perfect conquest over the natural spirit; and also that this was a change which Christianity called for; likewise, that the apostle Paul in all his ministry pointed to this victory as a state of the triumph of the soul of man over the animal nature.

On Fourth-day, the 25th, we were at Huntington meeting. It was an opportunity in which I was glad to urge upon the assembly the awful necessity there was rightly to improve the time, in order that they might be fitted and prepared to enter the eternal world. In this meeting my mind was much humbled under a sense of the mercy and grace furnished to that assembly. In the evening I had an important opportunity with a number of Friends, in which I succeeded in convincing most that were present, that as a Society, we were called to rise; that in order to obey this call it was necessary that we should remember that our holy Head had declared that his kingdom was not of this world; but that it stood in the peaceable, lamb-like nature and spirit. Hence I inferred that the members of it should keep out of all strife and contention, and set an example of complete separation from all the noise and tumults that are going on among men; for I could not see how Friends were to maintain the peaceable testimony with consistency, and at the same time take a part in the political contests that were agitated in the world.

26*th*.—We parted with Friends at Huntington, and rode to Yorktown, where I had an appointed meeting with the inhabitants. It was a memorable opportunity, in which many minds were solemnized by the blessed power of the Gospel of Christ, and I was glad to find much tenderness among the people. Visits were also made to sundry other places, much to my satisfaction. At Berlin, however, it was a time of trial, but ended under a satisfactory solemnity. To me it is always cause of thankfulness, when the people are brought into a state of true silence. It is then that I believe the voice of the Shepherd and Bishop of souls is heard, and the company benefited.

I was also at some places not much visited by Friends, and it appeared to be particularly encouraging to many of the inhabitants to find that they had been thought of in this way.

William Penn has, in a letter to Archbishop Tillotson, these memorable words:—"I abhor two principles in religion, and pity them that own them. The first is obedience upon authority, without conviction; and the other, destroying them that differ from me, for God's sake. Such a religion is without judgment, though not without teeth. Union is best if right; else charity.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

BY A. C. GEORGE.

1. *Prayer is the hunger of the soul.* It is the appetite for God which the Holy Spirit excites in the heart. No one need despair of his spiritual condition who has an inclination to pray. Longing for God will certainly end in the enjoyment of God. Bishop Hall exclaimed, giving voice to the wail of myriads of hearts, "If God had not said, 'Blessed are those that hunger,' I know not what could keep weak Christians from sinking in despair. Many times all I can do is to complain that I want him, and wish to recover him." Let us be comforted, then, if we hunger, if we want God, if we long for the communion of his love as our only satisfactory portion. For this feeling is supplication, and such as God must hear and answer. Does not the child pray who says to the parent, "I am hungry," and is not the parent moved by every throb of love to supply

its need? And if we truly hunger for the bread of life, will not our compassionate Lord satisfy the cravings of our undying souls?

3. *Prayer is expectation.* Bishop Thomson tells of a wealthy man who had a taste for gardening and horticulture, and who was accustomed to import from distant climes the seeds of choice exotics and sow them in his garden. Then, after a few days, he would closely examine the ground with a microscope for the first indications of life and growth. Thus should we look for the answer to our prayers, and for the fruit of our Christian labors. The expectant soul is the first to catch a blessing. When the prophet prayed for rain, he sent his servant to look over toward the sea and bring him word whether there were any sign of rain. And as often as he prayed he sent him on this errand; and when the servant brought him word, "there is a little cloud the size of a man's hand," he took it at once as the answer to his prayer, and prophesied an abundance of rain.

4. *Prayer is contemplation.* Ruskin has taught us how to observe and study the facts of the natural world. Only by careful, patient and prolonged observation are we enabled to discover all the beauty of leaf and flower, of river and mountain, of cloud and sky, of plain and ocean. Through what weary hours and days will artists contemplate a great painting, observing it in detail and in the relation of its parts, and intensely admiring its beauty and dwelling on its excellencies, till the splendid creation of genius has become the property of their own souls! How an astronomer will gaze into the heavens, section by section, gazing and wondering, forgetting the world and all its affairs, till his whole nature is absorbed in the contemplation of the magnificence and glory of the material universe of God!

It is said of the wicked man, "God is not in all his thoughts;" but the praying soul is filled with the visions of the Infinite. He beholds the beauty of the Lord; he discerns everywhere the artistic hand of Him who has shaped the forms of all things according to a perfect standard of beauty and utility; and on his believing mind has burst the splendors of the celestial heavens. As he prays he adores; he dwells in thought on the goodness and greatness of his Heavenly Father; he loves to contemplate the Divine character; and while he *looks* he is transformed, changed from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

5. *Prayer is choice of the Divine will.* "Choose thou mine inheritance for me," is the wise prayer of the Psalmist. When a little sick lad was asked by his pastor, "Would you like to get better?" he replied, "I would like the will of God." Could an angel have answered with more justness and propriety? When a certain Sabbath-school teacher asked of his class, "How do the angels in heaven do the will of God?" one child answered, "Immediately;" another said, "Diligently;" a third answered, "With all the heart;" a fourth said, "Always;" a fifth said, "They do it altogether." After a pause a little girl spoke up and said, "*They do it without asking any questions.*" This is a beautiful illustration of a rare and wonderful grace. Such *unquestioning* obedience comes only from a resolute and full-hearted choice of the will of God. Such prayer is already heard, and the expectation of such bosoms is not delayed. "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

6. *Prayer is earnestness of desire, amounting sometimes to agony.*

Dr. Payson said that he pitied the Christian who had no longing at the throne of grace which he could not clothe in language. Says Jeremy Taylor: "*Easiness of desire* is a great enemy to the success of a good man's prayer. It must be an intent, zealous, busy, operative prayer. For, consider what a huge indecency it is, that a man should speak to God for a thing that he values not. Our prayers upbraid our spirits, when we beg *tamely* for those things for which we ought *to die;* which are more precious than imperial scepters, richer than the spoils of the sea, or the treasures of Indian hills." Recall the wrestling of Jacob—"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me"—the "pouring out of soul" of David, the importunity of the Syro-Phenician woman, and the persistency of blind Bartimeus, and learn how to pray!

7. *Prayer is enjoyment.* Edwards speaks of the "sweet hours" which he enjoyed "on the banks of the Hudson River, *in sweet converse with God;*" and every Christian has such delightful recollections and joyous experiences. "Good prayers," says an old English divine, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I *should* ask." Suppose prayer were limited to one day, one place, or one great occasion, what a privilege would it be esteemed! but the Christian may come with every breath to a Throne of Grace.

In worldly matters "think twice;" but in duty, it has been well said, "first thoughts are best;" they are more fresh, more pure, have more of God in them. There is nothing like the first glance we get at duty, before there has been any special pleading of our affections or inclinations. Duty is never uncertain at first. It is only after we have become involved in the mazes and sophistries of wishing that things were otherwise than they are that it seems indistinct. Considering a duty, is often only explaining it away. God's guidance is plain when we are true.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS OF AN OBSERVER.

[The following note is from the Memoranda of a young man, in unity with Friends' principles and worship, but who has not yet seen it right to join any religious society:]

September 23d, 1866.—Attended Friends' meeting at ———. Found it still on its downward way—small and feeble—though there are several sincere-minded Christians there; but they are as "sparrows sitting on the housetop," and their flight, which must soon be taken, will leave another empty place of worship. Feeling rather despondent, I sat long, as on a waveless sea; but at length the clouds parted and a living breeze sprang up, filling my sails with thought. I perceived that all Christians ought, at some time, in their proper place and measure, to become preachers of righteousness. "Exhort one another daily," said the Apostle to the Hebrews, "while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons;" and such must his children be. If they bear not fruit, they are of less value than the oak and cedar; and the fruit they ought to bear is both deeds and words, as occasion may require. In the household, if the head be taken away, some other member, or all combined, must do his work. In an army, when officers are lost, others are chosen to fill their places. So in the Church of Christ. When those who have ministered at the altar or table are removed, others should succeed them; for it is needful to a healthful and growing body that the Word of life should be ministered.

It is true the Lord's treasury and store-house are open, and all may help themselves who will; but as our social joy and health are promoted by meeting together at meals—though life might be sustained by every one "eating his morsel himself alone,"—and as, when so met, we pass food from one to another, and, if the heads of the table be absent, others are chosen to their service—so it should be in our religious meetings which are, or ought to be, the table of the Lord. And as not one only, but all, when occasion demands, assist in serving at our earthly boards, so all Christians ought to be able to pass round the cup of consolation, or the word of exhortation, as they are needed by the sick or hungry. Our religious communings ought to be conducted with greater freedom, as they evidently were in the apostles' time; so that as a useful thought or sentiment arises in any, even though a child in religion, it may have utterance, like fruit dropping from a young apple-tree (and such, it may be remarked, is often the fairest,) for the edification and joy of the company.

But there is a stiffness and heaviness of old age in the Society of Friends, and an excess of caution, from what Solomon calls being "righteous over much," which precludes this necessary freedom, and renders their religious meetings less pleasant and even less profitable, especially to the young, than are their social gatherings. This is greatly to be lamented, and is, I believe, one of the foremost causes of their unnatural decline. How it is to be remedied I know not, and fear that "new wine" will have to be put into "new bottles"—that Friends, being in many places reduced to a handful of aged persons, have become so confirmed in their habits, that God will let them die out and raise up a new generation to bear forward the standard of spiritual religion, and plant it again in the front rank of the church militant.

I ventured to express something of this unexpected presentation to this little meeting, and to exhort them to let the light which was working in their minds shine forth, even though as through a mist or broken cloud, that they might be comforted and edified together. Thus they might attract others who are hungry, and not so spiritual that they can be satisfied with contemplation only, or that manna which falls like the dew in the silence of Christ's arising, but who desire meat or corn, which contain the essence of air and sunlight, combined with what is more tangible, to suit their ruder capacity and taste. I confess I only dared hint this advice, though it seems proper to be given, not only to them, but to all the Society. But I went farther, and related an incident which had just transpired, when, in trying to persuade a young lady, who had been converted by the Spirit's immediate operation, and who seemed inclining towards the Methodists, to continue rather to go forward, trusting in the same Power which had called her, and which, if faithfully followed, would lead her into a more spiritual path, she remarked that there was this about the Friends which she did not like—"*they are so very formal.*" Indeed! have they whose principles and profession ignore all forms become "*very formal?*" It was the opinion of an unsophisticated and friendly observer, and I could not but feel and acknowledge that it reached the core of truth. Alas, that it should be so! that the people whom God called to walk in the simplicity of Christian faith and manners should have become turf-bound, and stiffened into a rigid and barren ceremony of silence and idleness! And why is it, but for want both of *life* and that *freedom* and *exercise* which are *absolutely essential* to the preservation and growth of life? The rank and tangled luxuriance of the wilderness is more sufferable than the arid gloom of the desert, and a valley of salt grass more hospitable to hungry flocks than the bald heights

of the snow-clad or burning mountain which holds communion with but heaven alone.

Christians, both in their daily walk, and in their religious gatherings, which are the feasts of the soul, should be genial, free and inviting, and aim rather at the strengthening and development of every member of Christ's body, than at the maintainance of a fair, but too often a frigid and lifeless order. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 20, 1866.

THOUGHTS OF AN OBSERVER.—"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." It appears to be in no unfriendly or fault-finding spirit that the young man (an extract from whose memoranda will be found in this number) comments upon the present condition of the Society of Friends. Though some of his assertions are too unqualified, there is much that is suggestive, and that we will do well to ponder. The state of the meeting alluded to is no doubt that of many others here and there, and may well clothe the mind with feelings of discouragement, calling forth the earnest query, "What shall be done to make these desert places blossom again?"

He appears to take for granted that the Society of Friends is on the decline; but this, after all that has been written on the subject, is still an open question, at least as regards this side of the Atlantic. There is generally some confusion of ideas in the mind when this subject is thought of, between a decline in numbers, and a decline in purity and zeal. Embracing, as a whole, all the sections into which the society in this country is divided, it is estimated that there is a considerable and steady increase in numbers. The question of a decline in purity and zeal is one that statistics will not settle, but it will be variously decided according to the gloomy or cheerful temperament—the disposition to look backward or forward, of each individual. It is very common to contrast Friends of the present day with the earnest men and women who were conspicuous at the rise of the Society. But no just comparison can be thus drawn. As well might we compare the thriving farmer, living in comfort amid his cultivated fields, surrounded by good society, and with means and leisure for mental improvement, with the hardy pioneer into a new country, laboriously wielding his axe, or breaking up the fallow ground—his loaded gun standing ready to repel the incursions of wild beasts. The courage and energy of the latter are only made conspicuous by the circumstances that required their constant exercise, but they are still latent after the obstacles have been overcome, and, under other forms and combinations, equally needed to maintain the prosperity acquired.

Divine Power is sometimes so strikingly displayed, both in the history of societies and individuals, as to constitute an era of marked progress in religious thought and feeling. These "visitations" appear to be independent of human agency—cannot be calculated upon as regards intervals of time; and their causes are as yet hidden in the counsels of Infinite Wisdom. One of such eras was the rise of the Society of Friends, and it was attended with manifestations peculiar to the period and the circumstances. As at present constituted, it is not, therefore, in the condition of the hardy settler in a wilderness, but rather like one who inheriting a patrimony cleared and brought under cultivation by the energy of those who have labored for this end, must see to it not only that it does not deteriorate through his management, but that he goes on to make the improvements which his greater means and leisure enable him to do. He need not look back with envy on the hardihood, the adventure, and the rough life of his predecessor. He has other duties to perform, less conspicuous, perhaps, but not less important to the good of society at large.

Thoughts similar to those of our young friend have of latter time occupied the minds of many of the truly concerned amongst us, particularly when they see some of our younger members disposed to adopt the forms and systems of belief of other sects. There have been close searchings of heart on this account, and the inquiry has been individually made, "Have *I* left any thing undone that would have tended to gather these tender minds into that simple path which I have found wide enough for true enjoyment, and to that simple faith in Divine guidance, which manifests itself not in forms of worship or modes of belief, but in a life of devotion and active benevolence? Such an inquiry, pursued

in a spirit of candor and humility, may lead to the conclusion that we have neglected some of the *means* necessary to secure this desirable end. Have we sufficiently considered that the young mind does not readily apprehend abstract truth, and have we not taught our great central principles in too general and abstract a manner? Are our religious meetings alone, and the ministry in them, a sufficient means of bringing the good and wise and loving of the older class into personal religious intercourse with the young, or might not some additional means be devised for this purpose? Do we not need something, call it what we will, which, as our young members approach manhood and womanhood, shall lead them into serious reflection upon the state of their own hearts and their relations to and duties in the Society of which they are members? Is there a sufficient sphere in our Society for useful activity, and ought there not to be? Are our testimonies properly explained and illustrated, and are our young people made acquainted with the literature of the Society? And, as much of this is entombed in folios, and unattractive from its antiquated garb, are we taking means to draw from its hiding place all in it that is vital and valuable, and present it in a popular and pleasing form? These queries indicate some of the duties of our Society in the present day; and until it is faithful in their performance, its members must not look back and mourn that they did not live in the days of their fathers, since they are unfaithful in the work they have left them to finish. It is encouraging to find here and there movements made to meet some of these wants. The First-day school, the conversation meeting and the establishment of a college may not and do not fully meet them; but there must be a beginning, and these may form a nucleus around which will gather much that is not now available for want of concentration. If in the furtherance of this good work all would give of that which they have,—the spiritually gifted of their gifts, the mentally gifted of their talents, and the wealthy of their wealth,—we might not indeed produce that awakening which should sound a new religion or a new society, but we should, like good Nehemiah, restore the waste places, and build again the wall that has fallen down.

Friends are cautioned against a person calling himself Richard Wilcox. His appearance is that of a Friend, and he professes to be collecting money for a Freedmen's school in Alexandria, Va. We have received satisfactory information that he is an impostor.

MARRIED, on Second-day, 8th of Tenth month, 1866, in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, HARRISON CAMPION, of Camden, N. J., and ANNA M., daughter of Edith W. and the late John H. Willetts, both members of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

DIED, suddenly, on the 2d of Tenth month, 1866, SAMUEL F. PALMER, of Philadelphia, aged 57 years.

——, suddenly, on the 6th of Tenth month, 1866, BARCLAY IVINS, of Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa.

——, on the 8th of Tenth month, 1866, at Crosswicks, N. J., HANNAH B., wife of Asa M. Satterthwaite, and daughter of Enoch Middleton, in her 34th year.

Appeal from the Association of Friends in Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

The time for re-opening our Schools having arrived, and most of our teachers being at their several posts of duty, we again appeal to those through whose liberality we were enabled to establish them, to continue their aid in behalf of the Education and Elevation of the Freedmen.

The Second Annual Report, issued during the week of the last Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, was extensively distributed, and we trust it has been generally read: to it we refer for a detailed account of our proceedings, and the success attending our labors.

We have now seventeen teachers engaged,—eleven of these are located in Virginia, and six in South Carolina; the number of pupils at the close of the summer term in the twelve schools then in operation was 585.

In order to support these schools, we must be able not only to pay the salaries of the teachers and their traveling expenses, provide books, maps, slates, etc., but, in many cases, desks, benches, and often the fuel; and that none may be kept from school for want of clothing, each teacher should have on hand a supply of clothing to meet this want. The sick and the aged, also, call loudly for our care.

We ask our friends for means, not only to keep up these schools, but to enable us to establish others: appeals continue to come to us from various parts of the South for teachers, and, if our funds would permit, we might advantageously double their number. It is greatly to be desired that this work should be vigorously carried on, as we do not know how long our teachers may be permitted to remain at their posts.

The present political aspect of the country

fills us with fear for the future of the colored people, while the great progress they make in spelling, reading, deportment and cleanliness inspires us with renewed desires to teach as many as we can the elements of learning and of domestic economy while the opportunity is afforded.

Will not our friends in the city and country aid us to do this?

Donations in money, part-worn clothing, books, toys, garden seeds, etc., may be forwarded to

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
30 N. Third St., Philada.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

The respectful allusion to Ackworth school, by Edward Parrish, in his excellent "Essay on Education in the Society of Friends," has led many Friends to desire further information concerning this denominational seminary of the Friends of England. With the view of presenting the readers of the Friends' Intelligencer with a concise account of Ackworth, the following simple article has been compiled. T.

BALTIMORE, 10th mo. 6th, 1866.

From the period when the organization of the Society of Friends had taken place, the converts to the faith promulgated by George Fox, and himself amongst them, gave serious attention to the education of their children; and it appears, that as early as 1671, from records made on the subject, they had at least fifteen Boarding-schools in and around London. In one of these the ancient and modern languages were taught by respectable linguists, by which means some of the members of the Society kept up an acquaintance with ancient and modern literature; but, as many of the early Friends were poor, and lived in remote districts, they gave very little attention to school learning, so that in fifty years after the death of George Fox,* the ignorance of the Friends in those quarters was a matter of concern with their more enlightened contemporaries, and the right education of their children became a subject of abiding solicitude with them. This solicitude was manifested in the care constantly taken in the selection of the best teachers of the time for the schools which were in progress.

In 1737, the importance of teaching the children of Friends other modern languages besides the English tongue, was deemed so necessary by the London Yearly Meeting as to be recommended, in a printed Minute, of its proceedings; but what course was taken to promote such instruction we have not the means of ascertaining. There was, however, in the London Yearly Meeting no want of interest in the cause of education, and we find amongst its records a report from a committee appointed in 1751, in which the following creditable sentiments are delivered: "The formation of a true Christian character is ever the first thing, and indeed the one thing, respecting which we are anxious; but in forming the Christian man we do not overlook his social animal being, and are therefore anxious for his acquisition of whatever arts and sciences may, in these respects, improve his condition by fitting him for the better performance of his duties and the supply of his wants."

In London, during the succeeding Yearly Meetings, the concern was maintained, and in 1777 that body recorded its judgment, that "the establishment of a Boarding-school for the education of the children of Friends who are not in affluent circumstances would be advantageous to society."

A committee on the subject produced a plan for effecting the purpose of the Yearly Meeting, which was deposited with the Meeting for Sufferings, in order to be matured.

A training establishment for teachers, and an increased remuneration for them when in service, were prominent topics in the reports of the Meeting for Sufferings of the period; and the amount of ignorance which prevailed throughout many departments of Society was likewise repeatedly the subject of lamentation. So deeply impressed was Dr. John Fothergill (a member of the Meeting for Sufferings, and one of the most eminent men of his time) with the ignorance and self-complacency of many of his contemporaries in religious profession, that in one of the reports he prepared for the London Yearly Meeting, after referring to the efforts which had been made to arouse the unthinking Friends of the importance of educating their youth, adds, "All this labor, however, appears to have been fruitless of any obvious result. Ignorance, there is reason to believe, is but too prevalent in many parts, especially in the rural districts, where members of the Society are very numerous; and it has been observed that the desire for knowledge is usually in inverse proportion to its need."

Dr. Fothergill had, in early life, received a good education, which he continued to improve by study; and his desires to promote the diffusion of useful knowledge amongst all classes, and particularly amongst the people of his own Society, led him to constant labor on their behalf. As he approached the evening of his days, the subject pressed more earnestly upon him, and led him to make the first effectual movement toward the formation of a Boarding-school, which might become a national seminary with his sect, and serve as a rallying point for the mutual interests of its members.

* George Fox commenced his ministerial labors in 1647, and died in 1690.

As he travelled through England in the year 1777, he learned that a large building near the village of Ackworth, in Yorkshire, which had been built for and used as a branch of the Great Foundling Hospital of London, was for sale, with its surrounding ground of 84 acres of land. Considering the situation eligible for his purpose, after consulting with some of his friends, they became the purchasers thereof, without waiting a decision of the Yearly Meeting, for the sum of £7,000, or about $35,000.

The purchase was announced to the Yearly Meeting in 1778; was approved, accepted, and transferred to trustees. The Friends who were capitalists entered cheerfully into the project, and donations amounting to £6,965, and subscriptions for annuities for £3,100, are given in the report of 1780 as having been received. It was proposed to inaugurate the house as soon as possible under the title of Ackworth School, for the reception of three hundred pupils of both sexes; and on the 18th of the Tenth month, 1779, all preliminary arrangements having been adjusted, the establishment was opened, and at the end of the following year nearly three hundred pupils had been entered. It became, however, a matter of remark at the time, and verified the assertion of Dr. Fothergill, that "those who are the most in need of instruction are the last to become sensible of its importance." Lancashire did not send one child, and Yorkshire did not furnish twelve pupils; but the prejudices of parents in these counties yielded, after a few years, to other convictions, and pupils came in from them also. In the meantime, the friends of the school never relaxed their labors, and an institution which was at first designed merely to benefit the poor, has exerted a happy influence on their benefactors also, as we shall see. Dr. Fothergill did not live long enough to give to the institution, in which he had manifested so constant an interest, the benefit of his instructions. His health had been in a suffering and precarious condition for five years previous to the purchase of Ackworth, and his maladies increasing rapidly, he died at his residence, either in or near London, in the 68th year of his age, about a year after the school received its first pupils. One of his biographers records that he left a handsome endowment to Ackworth, but the precise sum is not stated.

A general meeting, to be held once a year, was established for the regulation of the concerns of Ackworth, and consists at present, as at the first years of the school, of representatives from all the Quarterly Meetings willing to appoint them.

Thus the cultivated and polished Friends of London and other cities and their vicinities are brought into close proximity with their rustic brethren from remote counties, whose outward advantages have been limited in character; but harmonizing together under the blessed influence of the Divine and Christian principle, they have learned to respect whatever is excellent in each other, and have cordially labored together for the general good of the whole body.

Before the early days of Ackworth, marked distinctions were made even amongst Friends between different classes, and those that were rich were much in the ascendant in Society. The great Gospel lesson, which the teachings of George Fox illustrated with the utmost force, "that one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," though acknowledged in words by the English Friends, was not always apparent in their actions. They had not reached the interpretation of the sacred text, which the Friends of the United States have long since decided upon. We, in forming our conclusion respecting the different ranks and classes of people, have accepted as a maxim the declaration of an American statesman, viz.: "The true distinctions amongst men are those which we make between virtue and vice, talents and ignorance." May these distinctions long continue. According to tradition, and also to written statements, we learn that in most of the Friends' Boarding-schools in and around London, those especially for the children of poor Friends, were, in regard to discipline, costume, and diet, conducted agreeably to the most austere and simple rules; and the mortification of the flesh, such as has been practised by a few of the Roman Catholic orders, was a favorite theory.

Sarah Lynes Grubb, afterwards a minister of extraordinary ability, was educated in one of them, and has left the following information on record concerning one of them—Clerkenwell—where she and two of her family were sent to school after the death of her father: "The change was severely felt by us, who had come from every comfort, to endure sore privations." (See Friends' Intelligencer of the present year, No. 24.) Clerkenwell was supported almost altogether by the Friends of London Quarterly Meeting, and the teaching, so far as it went, was of the best kind.

(To be continued.)

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool, in rest, my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break. *Kimball.*

"*Whose heart the Lord opened.*"—Acts xvi. 14.

We cannot see the wondrous Hand
That makes the budding flower expand:
One sunbeam's kiss—one dew-drop's fall—
May open wide its coronal;
And every folded petal part,
That noon's full tide may reach its heart.

And yet the Hand that drops the dew
Is shaded from our finite view;
And He who guides the ray of light
Is hidden from our mortal sight.
We see not,—but we own the power
That makes the bud become the flower.

Oh Lord! Thy hand alone can part
The shadows that enfold man's heart;
Thy Holy Spirit's quickening breath
Can vivify the germ of faith;
Thy word can cause the bud to grow;
Thy touch can make the flower to blow.

To Thee our infant flowers we bring;—
Our buds,—so slow in opening!—
Perchance, within the folded cup,
The germ of life is treasured up;—
We bring them, Lord, to crave Thy aid,
To that dear "place where prayer is made."

One gracious drop of heavenly dew
May bring the hidden life to view;
One touch of love the leaves unroll,
And shed Truth's noontide o'er the soul;
And thus, by sweet degrees, transmute
The open blossom into fruit!

J. Crewdson.

BEAR THY CROSS CHEERFULLY.

Bear thy cross cheerfully,
Brother, the night
Passeth, though tearfully
Dim is thy sight.
Carry it duteously,
Looking afar,
Where gleameth beauteously
The morning star.

Bear it with white hands up,
Sister in pain,
Drinking life's bitterest cup,
Know 'tis in vain.
Hopefully, prayerfully,
Light then 'twill be,
For the Lord carefully
Thus leadeth thee.

Through surging sorrows' tides,
Vales dark and lone,
Up rugged mountain sides,
Making no moan,
Though shrinking wearily
Beneath the load,
Take it up cheerily,
'Tis from thy God.

Bear thy cross trustingly,
Whate'er it be,
Then will it tenderly
Rest upon thee.
Think not to lay it down
Till life is done;
The cross shall wear the crown
When heaven is won.

—*Christian Guardian.*

Many are complaining of their weakness who ought to be complaining of their *worldliness.*

(From the Nonconformist.)

THE EXTINCTION OF LEISURE.

From some points of view, one might almost suppose that the middle of the nineteenth century must be marked pre-eminently by a great abundance of leisure. The most popular of modern inventions are those which save time. What was once, in many provinces of industry, the tedious labor of days, is reduced now to the easy process of an hour. Improvements in machinery and perfected organization display their triumphs not more in producing the commodity, than in finishing and parcelling it out for distribution. From the hands of the professional packer, or rather from the maw of his huge hydraulic press, the goods disappear, as if by magic, into lurries and vans, and in their next stage are shot along viaducts or through tunnels, or transported in ships which do not put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but do make their port at the Antipodes in less than sixty days. Exports of a solid or liquid kind do not fly so fast as opinions and news. We ourselves vie in speed with the rapidity with which the materials for our comfort and convenience come to us. Young men and maidens, old men and children, rush hither and thither in express and excursion trains. Not a Hong kong junk or a Travancore palanquin, would excite more astonishment in the streets even of our provincial towns, than one of those sedan chairs in which our grandfathers went out to their ceremonious or snug evening parties,—quaint, perpendicular receptacles, in which they were trotted along by chairmen who might have been models for Dogberry and Verges. Revolutions like these might seem so many guarantees for a great increase of leisure. Surely it follows from these wonderful and ingenious modes of saving time, that a great deal of time must be saved.

Somehow the hope is not verified. We look for the golden hours which our slaves of iron and steam have earned for us, and we find them conspicuous by their absence. The time redeemed is set immediately afloat again, as "capital required in the business," or locked up in some mysterious way so as never to be had when we want it. There is idleness enough always in the world, and the old watchword of the sluggard still repeats itself, "A little more sleep and a little more slumber." But these are not facts which enter into the present discussion. "Leisure," etymologists aver, is from "loisir," or "laisser," and both the origin of the word and its current application might seem to imply sometimes a life spent in dreaming, or "sunk in sweet sloth;" but called by whatever name, this is an abuse of Divine gifts, not their honest, salutary enjoyment. You cannot slacken what has not been girded, or unloose what has never yet been bound; and it is those who

are doing the world's work diligently with hand or with brain, or with both, to whom rest after labor is sweet, and who need to lose the sense of fatigue in repose, and of wearing responsibility in a temporary emancipation and peace. And yet every day the cry waxes louder that we must quicken our pace, and that if we do not keep moving, we shall be trodden under foot, or go to the wall. The spirit of high pressure and of telegrams seems to have crept into men's very blood, and the rate of thinking and transacting business, to compete with the rate of travelling. Is the art of thinking soberly and feeling tranquilly dying out, like the dodo and the mammoth? Will the possibility of leisure be consumed and exhausted, even sooner than the stock of coal? Shall we, with one of the least hopeful, though not one of the least musical singers of our time, say—

——That repose has fled
For ever the course of the River of Time;
That cities will grow to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead;
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again?

We may at least safely take for granted that there will be no return to the stereotyped religious observances and traditional politics of the middle of last century, or to the primitive, almost immeasurably remoter condition of things, when the earth was but thinly inhabited, and history only beginning, and fields "lay unworn by the plough." "Nature brings not back the mastodon, nor we those times." The very fact that we and those tranquil, if somewhat slow and sleepy centuries, have parted company for ever, lends an additional charm to their ivy-grown ruins, and shady college quadrangles, and dim cloisters and cathedral aisles. Even the narratives of the Old Testament attract and refresh us partly for this reason, that we prize in them the change from our own crowded and hurried life to a world where a chief and the head of a tribe sat in the door of his tent in the cool of the day, undisturbed except by a visit from angels, and where, as some one has said, the human figure fills so large a space in the landscape as to make it quite natural to mention how a man setting out on a journey girded up his loins, and took his staff in his hand. But you may admit the Dispensation, when movements were deliberate and leisurely, to have long ago waxed old and vanished away, without resigning yourself never to 'drink of the feeling of quiet again," much more, never to "see an ennobling sight," or be stirred again by high, and pure, and inspiring thoughts. Human life need not be small and petty to any of us, if we ourselves do not love to have it so. Inevitably we partake of the movement of the planet as our earth rotates on her axis, but there is no similar necessity for being carried off our feet by the strangeness and novelty of events which are taking place around us, or for letting ourselves go with every feverish rush of expectation or panic, or with every momentary fluctuation of popular feeling. It may be impossible quite to forget to-morrow or yesterday, but why brood over their burdens, or lengthen out their shadow? When you are forced to travel on by the highway, there is no escaping the annoyance of the clouds of dust; but why insist on keeping that thick, choking atmosphere around you, when you may walk at least a mile or two along quiet footpaths and through cool green fields? "Since our office is with moments, let us husband them. Five minutes of to-day are worth as much to me as five minutes in the next millenium. Let us be poised, and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well; treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are." One secret of the apparent scarcity of leisure is, that very many people do not really understand what it is to be "glad because they be quiet." A day without sensational excitement of some kind is a weariness to their flesh, and the company of their own thoughts is the company they least wish to keep. Instead of learning how to say, "My mind, or my home to me a kingdom is," they are spending themselves in the vain attempt to decide on the fate of some foreign empire, or "in hearing or telling some new thing."

A far greater evil, because less in our own power to remedy, is the real demand made on the strength and time of large portions of the community—the severe and constant drain on men's powers of judgment, and of sympathy, and of self-control, and, indeed, on all the energies of their mind. The astonishing and simultaneous development of several great branches of human activity, seems to throw, on this generation at least, a necessity for continually "laboring in their minds," quickly adapting themselves to new combinations, which would be considerably easier and simpler than it is, were there eight-and-forty hours in the day. When the learned Dr. Thomas Parr, and that other great scholar, Sir William Jones, were both school-boys at Harrow, the latter turned round one day and exclaimed, as he looked into the precociously mature countenance of the former —"Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face." The features of social and intellectual life among us are so rapidly being stamped with new lines, and so completely outgrowing their former expression, that even sober-minded conscientious men are tempted

sometimes to despair of "overtaking the face" of the world they live in. Into which departments of honorable endeavor shall you throw yourself, and from which resolutely abstain, lest you should simply intermeddle with many things, and do nothing well? Of how many subjects shall you remain willingly ignorant, that your mind may not be a mere whirl of confused imperfectly-connected thoughts? Questions like these are for ever in one shape or another rising up, and there is no standing or uniform solution of them. It is only by a determination which will often appear obstinate and unsociable, that you can secure leisure to read or think, or even leisure to pray. For these uses of life some amount of time is as absolute a necessity as the bread which men eat, or the air which they breathe. But when the maximum of spare time is secured and appropriated, is there any way of virtually extending it? Is there any substitute for leisure, or any means of raising as it were to "a higher power" the little leisure that you have? Suppose a man's hours of business are long, and that even more sleep would be good for him than he can afford to take. With no covetous or selfish solicitude, but mindful of the things of others more than his own, he sees success and adversity trembling in the balance, or the alternative of an affluent and honorable career hanging in suspense against a long series of obscure and ill-rewarded tasks. Surely it is an inexpressible relief and support to such a man to be able to distinguish clearly between means and ends —between aids and accompaniments to happiness which are good and serviceable if they are to be had, but not indispensable, and sources of enjoyment and peace of mind which are quite incapable of being closed against him, and satisfying in themselves. He returns—it may be not often, but as often as he can—to the familiar walk in which every tree and hill takes its separate individual hue and physiognomy from each season of the year, and each softening or splendid influence of the sky. The children gather round his knee, welcoming some curious piece of knowledge or some dear, often-repeated story from his lips, while he also, though they may not know it, learns from them, and "sees the love they to each other make." Are there a few books, too, of which he is never tired, and friends who, alike in their letters, or by their living voice, express always the same warm affection and truth? Is that fountain still open which, as it flows with a stream ever old as well as ever new, in secret supplies of patience, and courage, and tranquillity, may be best called by its old name, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeping his heart and mind through Christ Jesus?" Of leisure, in the common sense, that man may have little, but he carries everywhere in the deep places of his mind a serenity and steadfastness which the greater and the smaller storms outside, or near the surface, neither do nor can extinguish. Not seldom, too—

There comes a lull in that hot race
Wherein men do for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

Perhaps it is a greater energy of Divine power which keeps the Christian from day to day, from year to year, praying, hoping, running, believing against all hindrances.—which maintains him a *living* martyr, than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake.—*Cecil.*

THE LITTLE SEA MASONS.

"And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly."—Gen. 1: 2.

Who can compute the myriad tons of earthly matter which the dews and rains and rivers are continually washing down from the face of the earth, and rolling onward into the sea? With the process of evaporation also continually going on, it requires some counteracting influence to prevent the waters from becoming, in time, as completely saturated with salt as those of the Dead Sea. The agent God has seen fit to employ is a very humble one, like most of the servants he commissions to do his mightiest works. It is not the great leviathans of the deep he has made the "conservators of the ocean," but the tiny worm, which scarcely possesses in itself the power of locomotion. Yet to these most helpless of his creatures he has given the power and the instinct to absorb the mineral substances washed down from the earth, and to convert them into habitations for themselves. There is a peculiar force in that word "abundantly," as it is used in the Mosaic account of the creation. The waters of the sea so teem with little living things, that they rear up bulwarks of stone, more massive than any workman's chisel ever fashioned. What are the foundations of a temple, or a ponderous pyramid, compared with the foundation of an island or a continent?

Another class of these little masons, down below, take up these salts with their tiny absorbents, and fashion them over into a form of rare beauty, or a lustrous gem, fitted to grace the fairest brow in kingly courts.

There is still another set, so small that only the microscope can reveal them, which pervade each drop and bubble of foam on the crested wave. They, too, catch up the mineral atoms, and mould them into thin, tiny shields, living their little lives in their great cradle, which

never ceases its swinging, and sinking down at last into the vast cemetery below, to help form, perhaps, new marl beds and white chalk hills for future ages. The deep sea-soundings bring up these little shells, a thousand shoals of which seem only like an atom of clay. How wonderful the power that can look after such a company, noticing each tiny animalcule, and providing for it food and shelter until its momentary life is over! Oh, the height and depth of his greatness and his loving-kindness! "Will he not much more care for you, O ye of little faith?"—*Sunday School Times.*

PAINFUL INCONSISTENCIES.

Some men talk like angels, and pray with fervor, and meditate within deep recesses, and speak to God with loving affection and words of union, and adhere to him in silent devotion, and when they go abroad are passionate as ever, peevish as a frightened fly, vexing themselves with their reflections; they are cruel in their bargains, unmerciful to their tenants, and proud as a barbarian prince! They are, for all their fine words, impatient of reproof, scornful to their neighbors, lovers of money, supreme in their own thoughts, and submit to none. All their spiritual fancy is an illusion. They are still under the power of their passions, and their sin rules them imperiously and carries them away infallibly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY.

This Society met in Philadelphia on the 10th inst., pursuant to an adjournment which took place at Providence, Rhode Island, in Fifth month, 1866, and continued in session several days. The opening address of the President, Alfred H. Love, stated that the object of the Society was to disseminate pure and thorough peace principles. All persons, irrespective of theological or political belief, who reverently acknowledge their obligations to God and man, and who earnestly desire something better for the government of the world and the settlement of difficulties than the war power and the spirit of hate and oppression which make for war, are cordially invited to co-operate in promoting the sacred cause.

During the sessions of the Association a branch of the above named was organized in this city under the title of the Pennsylvania Peace Society.

How admirable is that religion which, while it seems to have in view only the felicity of another world, is, at the same time, the highest happiness of this.

ITEMS.

From various points along the Atlantic coast we have accounts of the damage caused by the recent great storm. Many lives have been lost, and much property destroyed. Vessels have been lost or seriously injured, while along the great rivers near the sea, houses and bridges have been swept away, seriously interrupting travel. The Smithsonian Institution reports that, within the twenty-four hours, ending at 9 o'clock, A. M., yesterday, the amount of rain at that point measured five inches, the greatest quantity that has fallen for many years.

The steamer Evening Star, from New York to New Orleans, foundered at sea when 180 miles east of the Tybee, with 250 passengers and fifty of the crew. The vessel went down on the morning of the 3d inst., in a hurricane. Sixteen are only known to be saved.

A new charitable institution has been established in Boston called the "Boston Station Home." It is designed for the reception of persons "who would otherwise be confined in the police stations, who are capable of reform." The man or woman, says the Boston *Traveller*, who has just succumbed to the temptations of a city life, arrested perhaps for the first time, for which they were degraded by a sentence as criminals, with the stigma of the Police Court resting on them, would be likely to enter on the road to ruin, will here be surrounded with good influences, and instead of hearing the profane and obscene language of hardened criminals, will receive encouragement to reform, and try again. The home is now ready for occupancy.

A notice has been received by the United States Lighthouse Board from the Hydrographic Office of the British Admiralty, warning mariners to avoid anchoring near the Atlantic Telegraph cable in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.

The treaty of peace between Austria and Italy has been finally signed. The Italians agree to pay 73,000,000 francs on account of the Austrian debt for Venetia. Some settlement has also been made with respect to the rectification of the frontier of the Trent district, though perhaps not such as to remove all causes of future discussion.

The insurrectionists in Candia have issued a lengthy appeal to the President of the United States for sympathy and moral aid. This is, no doubt, meant to influence public opinion in Europe, and the latest news is to the effect that the Eastern question is now engaging the serious attention of the cabinets of the Great Powers. The London *Times* declares that there is no peaceful solution of the question, and considers war inevitable.

The Russian-American Telegraph.—The St. Petersburg *Borsen Zeitung* says that all preparations on the mainland, and the soundings in Behring Straits, for the completion of the line of telegraph between Russia and America are nearly finished. In the course of the present year the telegraph will be constructed over a distance of three thousand five hundred miles beyond Revel, and the lines will be finished from Granlay Haven to the Kwichpak, and along the valley of this river, from the mouth of the Anadyr to Fort Anadyr, from Okhotsk to Gischiga, and perhaps even as far as to be joined with the Anadyr line. The cable between Granley Haven and Sseujawin Bay, a distance of about seven hundred miles, and that between Cape Sponberg and Cape Tolstoi, in the Bay of Anadyr, will, as it is said, be laid before the end of this month.

Earthquake in France.—On the morning of the 15th of Ninth month, a severe shock of earthquake is reported to have been felt in Paris and its neighborhood, especially in the direction of Versailles, in which town persons say that when awakened by the motion they heard a cracking of the walls and floors, and the first shock was followed by several others. At Boulogne and Anteuil beds were shaken, and

glasses standing near one another on tables and shelves were heard ringing. At Creteil, Montretout, Ville d' Avray, and Haut Sevres, similar phenomena were observed. At Tours nearly all the inhabitants were roused from sleep. At Limoges a strongly pronounced vibratory movement from east to south was felt for three seconds. Similar accounts are received from Rouen, Nantes, Angers and Angouleme. The shock lasted about six seconds, and was accompanied by a dull heavy sound. The barometer fell six millimetres.

A NEW LEAGUE IN EUROPE.—A new philanthropic movement under the title of "The League of the Public Good," has been begun in Antwerp. The London *Star* says it is due chiefly to the efforts of M. Edmond Potonié, whose papers on political economy in *La Mutridité* and other French Journals have attracted much attention lately. The new league holds its meetings in Antwerp and Paris. M. Potonié strongly urges the formation of branch committees of the league in all the great towns of England and the continent. In addition to this the present time seems opportune to the committee of the league for holding in Brussels a congress of the Friends of Peace to protest against the system of permanent armies, which has been and still is the cause of so much misery throughout the world. It was at first proposed that the Congress should meet in 1867, but after long deliberation the committee finally resolved on holding it the present year. Deputations from committees formed in France, Spain, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, will attend, and one of the first questions discussed will be that of the formation of an International Tribunal, consisting of representatives of the leading states, for the pacific settlement of the various questions that from time to time arise among European powers.

Terrible and destructive fires occurred in Ottawa and Quebec, Canada, on the 14th inst. and on the night of that day. In Ottawa many tenement houses were burned, and a large number of families rendered homeless and destitute. In Quebec two thousand houses were destroyed, four men killed and a number wounded. A public meeting has been called for the relief of the unfortunate.

THE FREEDMEN.—General Howard recently received from the assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Tennessee, a report of the operations of the bureau and of the condition of the freedmen in that State during the Eighth month.

In several of the counties complaints of outrages are made, and it is reported that considerable difficulty is experienced in inducing civil magistrates to take notice of the offences. In the majority of the counties, however, the civil authorities are reported as being disposed to deal justly and impartially with the freedmen.

From nearly all sections of the State the reports of crops are unfavorable, cotton yielding but about one-half a crop, and corn about the same. It is believed, however, that the crop will prove sufficient for home consumption, and that no suffering need be anticipated in the rural districts. Some anxiety is felt, however, for the large number of destitute persons crowded in the larger towns, especially in view of the decrease in the contributions of the various charitable and benevolent associations of the North, which have heretofore contributed largely towards supplying the destitute during the winter months.

Since the Memphis riots no interference has been met with from parties inimical to colored schools more serious than harmless threats, except the burning of two small and unimportant school buildings in East Tennessee by unknown parties.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 515.)

To L. A. B.

CLAPHAM, January 29th, 1817.

Dear Sister,—I am inclined to believe that we are somewhat similarly situated in a spiritual point of view, and therefore that a few lines from one who desires to accompany you hand in hand through this painful pilgrimage may not be unacceptable. On reading to you the very reviving and refreshing Psalm which occurred to me yesterday, I was ready to think that we could hardly take with us too much courage on our perilous journey through life. Some may look forward at the commencement of their course, with no other feelings than those of cool complacency and comfort, as if our life whilst here was somewhat like a summer's day; others may view this state of being as a vivid and glittering scene of continued enjoyment, and, like the gay and giddy butterfly, no sooner are they in existence than their sport begins. But O! the longer I am permitted to remain here, the truth of that view of life which the Scriptures present, appears more and more evident. Is it not there said to be a state of trial and of trouble? "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." When I look as far before me, as my imperfect and short-sighted senses will enable me, I see mountains of opposition and difficulty, wastes of desolation and desertion, floods of affliction, and rivers of bitterness to wade through and to pass over,—the heavens above appearing black, and the horizon beyond veiled in obscurity. Whatever you, or I, or any, may think or say, be assured, that the Christian's path through this state of being to a better, is no other than that which it has always been, and will ever be; as it is said, "we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom." O! the path for you and me, as well as for all, is not such as the flesh could wish; it is indeed a narrow path, too narrow for sense and self to walk in; there is in it but just room and that is all: it is not wide enough for us to pass pleasantly along with singing and with mirth; but may rather be compared to those narrow defiles between the snow-topped Alps, through which the traveller is directed to pass quickly, without trifling, without delay, and in silence, lest the huge masses above him, or the parts on which he stands, should in a moment consign him to destruction. If this be true, then, how very much occasion is there for us both to lay aside every weight, every thing that is likely to entangle, to ensnare, or to impede, in the race that is set before us. Is it not the case that we are less disposed to remember our providential escapes, and the many mercies that have been granted, than to murmur at the scantiness of our fare, or the bareness of our shelter. It does then appear to me especially necessary, that we should take with us all the strength and encouragement afforded. And where is this to be found, but as it were

in the very bosom of perfection, in Him who alone is the true source of every good, and the resource of every evil. Let us consider what is said of Him in Scripture, that not one sparrow in his vast creation escapes the protecting hand, and the observing eye of its Maker. We have indeed a Parent, who is nothing but love, who created us out of the purest love, who preserves our natural lives every moment, whose love alone gave us immortal souls fitted for immortal joys, and through his Son opened a way by which all might enter into the possession of eternal life and glory:—and it is expressly said, "no good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly." So that there is help, and hope, and happiness for all, whatever may be their condition or situation, excepting only such as wilfully persist in refusing or abusing extended and continual mercy. J. B.

1817, *February 8th.*—The very important decision, as to the line of life which I am to pursue, has often, for this year past, given me much anxiety and inward exercise,—it has often been the cause of restless nights and anxious days, and even (I have reason to believe) to the injury of my health of body, as well as of mind. The anxiety which it excited in me seems however to have been misplaced; because I ought to have been desirous to know what was right to be done in the case, and how, and when, rather than to find out what could be contrived or thought of, by my own skill and management. There ought to have been more of that simple reliance and dependence, that trust and confidence, which is the behaviour and feeling of a babe towards its mother; how quiet, how calm it slumbers in her arms—how safe and happy it is whilst there. O! my soul, take heed, lest after having experienced marvellous deliverances,—after having been, like the Israelites of old, led in the day-time, "with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire,"—after having been fed as with manna in the wilderness, and thy thirst quenched with water as from the rock,—take heed lest after all that has been done for thee, thou shouldst, through unwatchfulness or unbelief, in the least degree doubt the strength of that hand that upholds thee, the depth of that wisdom which is directing thee, the providence of that eye which slumbers not, the extent or continuance of that love, from which nothing but sin can disengage thee.

Whatever is to be thy lot, whatever task is assigned thee in the vineyard, wherever may be the scene of thy earthly tarrying, whether affliction surprise thee as a flood, or thy pleasures be as a full flowing fountain, "hope thou only in God," for "from him cometh thy salvation." Neither give place to doubt or disbelief, nor to very much anxiety or disturbance of mind, respecting what may befal thee; never fear,—there is one that provideth for the sparrows, there is one to whom every event is in subjection,—He is good: from his hand "proceedeth not evil;" and he hath said, "there shall no evil happen to the just." In the meantime, in all thy watchings and waitings, in all thy wants and weariness, cease not to think of his mercies, his goodness, his tender dealings with thee; be mindful of these things; hide them not, be not ashamed of them; but to show "to the generation to come, the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done." Surely, O! my soul, if thou doest thus, if thou rememberest that God has been and will be thy rock and thy redeemer,—if thou trustest in the Lord, and makest him thy hope,—thou shalt "be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the rivers;" thou shalt prosper in thy day, and be established.

1817, *February.*—I have been at this time, as at many others, very seriously impressed with the belief of the immediate influence of the Spirit of that great and gracious Being, who promised by the mouth of Him whom He sent into the world, that it should be, in his true disciples, a teacher of all things, and a guide into all truth. There has been felt this evening a still, small voice, whispering in the secret of my soul, and gently opening what would be required of me. It has been given me to see with an unusual degree of clearness, that there will be an important post—an honorable station for me to hold, if I am but faithful to the smaller discoveries of duty;—that the track, which for a short space I have been stepping in, though likely to lead me in the way of usefulness, is not the track appointed for me;—but that way will be opened, in due time and manner, to engage in a more extensive occupation, even a high and holy calling. I speak not here of a prospect of engaging publicly as a minister among Friends, but of religious usefulness generally. I desire not to be misunderstood, and thus to bring disgrace on the Truth, or the true lovers of it: I therefore can scarcely forbear to mention the view of my mind, as it is and has been on this matter. I have long mourned day and night, and have been grievously affected with the rapid advances which the enemy of souls is making on the earth at large, on professing Christians generally. Under this impression my soul has been weighed down more or less, for the space of above two years, with little intermission, even before I came into acquaintance with that Society, of which I was born a nominal member. My very health, I believe, has been at times injured by this constant anxiety; which was not to be erased or smothered by close application to business, or by society, or recreation. My concern has been much increased, by a review of the depth

of perdition from which I have been plucked, even as a brand from the burning: and by the deplorable effects of sin on those, with whom in my vile courses I kept company. Now I believe I may not with innocency or impunity quench or reject, or make light of such concerns and impressions as have their foundation in Truth, and the end of which is the advancement of Truth; nor am I at liberty to treat such thoughts as he did, who said, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee;" for as much as I know not that another opportunity may be afforded me. I therefore feel bound to encourage and cherish good impressions by all means and at all times. The oftener I have considered this important and extensive subject, the more strongly have I been induced to believe, that sacrifice will be called for at my hand; and that I shall be constrained to take up my daily cross in a peculiar manner, not only as to things which are wrong in themselves, but as to those which have a tendency to evil, and even in many things which religious people account innocent and allowable. O! when I read in the Scriptures the very excellent precepts and instructions given for us to follow; and when I examine closely the conformity of the lives of those by whom the precepts are delivered; my admiration at the coincidence in every minute particular is, as it were, swallowed up in mourning, at the declension of the present professors of the same religious duties. By such considerations and reflections, my soul is stimulated very fervently and frequently to petition Him who is the fountain of all good, that He would, in his own time and way, aid his own cause;—that He would be pleased to regard the sighs, the cries, and the tears of His exercised people—"His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him," for the advancement, extension and prosperity of everything that is good.

1817, *March.*—The subject of dress has very frequently come under my serious consideration,—it has of late been still more often and more deeply impressed on my mind; and as I have kept quiet and calm, singly desirous to know and to do whatever might be required, the matter has opened more and more clearly before my view; and some things with regard to it, which had been hitherto hid from me, whilst in a disposition to follow my own reasonings and fleshly wisdom, or concerning which I seemed then to be uncertain and undecided, now brighten up into clearness so as to make me conclude that they are indisputably right for me to adopt. And surely, I may add, no sooner is a truth clearly manifested,—a duty distinctly marked out, than it should without hesitation be obeyed. With regard to my present dress, and outward appearance, it is evident there is much to alter. That dress, from which my forefathers have, without good reason and from improper motives departed, to that dress I must return:—that simple appearance, now become singular, which occasioned and still continues to occasion the professor of the Truth, suffering and contempt, the same must I also take up, and submit to the consequences thereof. Some may object to this, as if it were improperly "taking thought;" but I differ from them, not in the rule itself about the anxiety bestowed on clothing, but about the application of that rule. It is right, if the vain customs, folly and fashions of this world, have insinuated themselves into any branch of our daily conduct, to eradicate them, with every one of their useless innovations, whatever trouble, anxiety, or persecution it may cost us. But after we have once broken our bonds, we shall find a freedom from anxiety, trouble, or thought about our apparel, far surpassing the unconcern and forgetfulness, which seems to deaden the spiritual eye and apprehension of the slave of custom.

1817, *March 15th.*—Nothing can show us and detect within us evil, but that good principle which manifests what is evil. It is therefore the business and duty of all men, in respect to their salvation, to become acquainted with the grace and Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, as it is revealed and appears to all men;—to follow its leadings, to obey its teachings, to heed its reproofs. And how are we to become acquainted with—how shall we know its appearance? There is nothing of or in man that is good, but that which is of and from God,—that which is of and from His grace and Spirit. Therefore, O! reader, follow that which inclines to good in thee; and whatever gives thee inward pain and trouble of mind abstain from. The more we turn away from and deny sin through Divine grace, the more weak is its power in and over us; but the less we mortify our evil inclinations, the less power we have to resist them, when next they assail us. He that is faithful over one city, will be made ruler over many; as he that improved his talent was said in the Scriptures to be entrusted with more. If any one says how shall I know assuredly the teachings of the Holy Spirit from the suggestions of my own mind and reason, or from the insinuations of him, who sometimes puts on the resemblance of an angel of light? O! inquiring reader, know of a truth, that whatever may be the artifices and deceitful appearance of the enemy, whatever may be the reasonings, imaginations and mental workings of the natural part in thee, however specious, however excellent they may appear, yet are they easily and with certainty detected, by the humble, waiting, patient, praying soul;—yes, *by every one* who in sincerity and simplicity thirsts and hungers after the knowledge and performance

of the whole will of God concerning him. These shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make them free. These shall know Him who is Truth; these shall be led and guided unto all Truth.

1817, *March 13th.*—I think it right at this time to set down my opinions, or rather such opinions as I conceive to be sound and good, relative to the subject of business: I fear many of my near and dear friends have much mistaken my ideas on this matter; and perhaps I myself have not entirely acted up in every respect to that standard, into which the Truth leads those who follow its dictates. I believe that it is good for man to earn his livelihood by the sweat of his brow. If any one has, or ever comes to have sufficient for the support of himself or family,—(by a sufficiency, I do not mean that which will satisfy all his *desires*, nor that which may raise his family above the sphere in which they were born, neither that which will furnish his children with large capitals to enter lucrative or extensive concerns,)—but if he has wherewith to support himself and family in a moderate way of living, and to afford his children an useful education, the knowledge of some honest employ, and a little to begin with, —it is enough. I am inclined to think, that such an one should consider, whether it be not right for him to give up his business to his children, to faithful dependents, or to relations that want it; unless he be of a disposition that can hardly find occupation for his mind out of business, and in this case let him continue to employ himself in it, taking only a small share of the profits. With respect to charity, let not any in trade nicely glean their vine of the fruit with which the Lord hath so abundantly blessed them; but let them gather sufficient, and the rest let them leave for the portion of the poor. For my own part, if way open for my going into business, I believe it will be safest for me to engage in such an one as is moderately profitable, yielding regular returns, and tending to the general and substantial welfare of mankind, to the injury of none, and which will not take up much attention or anxiety. But especially I desire, that I may never sell to others any article which has an evil tendency, or which evidently and often is misapplied. With respect to this particular, I have lamented to see that Friends, who are fearful lest they should give way to the spirit of vanity, pride, and extravagance, and who on that account neither decorate their persons nor houses, nor even allow their servants to dress gaily,—that these should yet feel easy to deal to others, things which they disapprove of for themselves; —that they should not hesitate to buy and sell such articles, as they well know are inconsistent and incompatible with the pure teachings of that principle, by which they profess to be led. This matter has impressed me *much.* I know that by adopting this sentiment, I show my disapprobation of the conduct of many sincere-hearted Friends, and I am also aware how few descriptions of occupations in life are entirely free from this objection. Nevertheless, I do believe that the sincere-hearted amongst us will not hesitate to give up that in their outward concerns, which they see and know to be an encouragement to evil in any shape. That these may come to see this matter, as clearly as I do at this present time, is the warm desire of my soul!

But the ground upon which I think it best for me to be not much engrossed in the things of this life, is this:—having experienced no small share of the forbearance and mercy of the Lord, having been rescued and delivered from the pit of destruction, having sincere and fervent desires for my own preservation and salvation, as well as for that of my poor fellow-creatures everywhere,—I have inclined towards the belief, that the Lord will make use of me, if I am faithful to his requirings, in the way and time, and for the purposes, which He sees best. Under this impression it is, that I believe it right for me to sit loose to this world and its anxieties, and not to be too much entangled in them; lest I should be incapacitated for performing that service which may be shown to be my duty, or unable from my situation in business to undertake it. Though I scarcely think it my place to be out of business; yet I believe that it is good for some to be entirely released from it; and also, that well disposed persons should devote a considerable portion of their talents, time and money, to visiting and relieving the poor, and advancing and promoting the good of mankind in various other ways, according to their several gifts.

(To be continued.)

TEMPER UNDER CONTROL.

It is one of the rich rewards of self-mastery, that the very occurrences which fret the temper of an irritable person, bring relief and satisfaction to him who rules his spirit. The following anecdote of Wilberforce is in point:—A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation looking for a dispatch which he had mislaid—one of the royal family was waiting for it—he had delayed the search till the last moment—he seemed at last quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant, a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus, when Wilberforce turned to him and said, "What a blessing it is to have these dear children! Only think what a relief, amidst other hurries, to hear their voices and know they are well.—*The Moravian.*

Having read with interest a memoir of our friend R. B. Thompson, compiled by her husband, we offer some portions of it to the perusal of our readers.

REBECCA B. THOMPSON, *a Minister of New Garden Monthly Meeting, Pa., who deceased Third mo. 19th, 1864, aged about fifty years.*

From an impression which has, from early youth, accompanied my mind, that at some proper time it would be right for me to show to others the gracious kindness and condescension of my heavenly Father towards me, a poor worm of the dust, I shall now endeavor, with as much accuracy as events and times, which can now only be recalled by memory, and the assistance of Him whose goodness and power I wish to commemorate, to pen down whatever may seem to arise as being worthy of preservation; hoping it may be useful to some into whose hands it may chance to fall, and afford renewed evidence of the unsearchable wisdom and watchful care of the great Shepherd of Israel, who sleepeth not by day, nor slumbereth by night; and who hath said, the very hairs of your heads are numbered, and that not even a sparrow shall fall to the ground without his notice; and are not ye of more value than many sparrows?

My parents, Cyrus and Rachel Barnard, (formerly Wilson,) were respectable and valuable Friends, adorning the religion they professed, by their dedication and faithful walking before its author; and were, beyond a doubt, useful instruments in His holy hand, in gathering many to righteousness. My mother, I think in her twentieth year, was enabled to confess Christ before men, by publicly opening her mouth in the assemblies of His people; and, by taking heed to the trust committed to her, became an acknowledged minister in Society. In the exercise of this gift she travelled extensively, much in the unity of her friends, both at home and abroad; and, indeed, so much was her time occupied in the discharge of this duty, and her decease having taken place when I was between six and seven years of age, it seems as though I could never retain a distinct recollection of her; but that which I have gathered from the testimony of others is truly precious, and has often proved a cordial to my feelings, and an incentive to endeavor to follow her as she was concerned to follow Christ. One of her expressions upon her deathbed, which is brought before the view of my mind at this time, was her concern for those who dwelt at ease in their "ceiled houses," and her sympathy for the rightly exercised. Having been strengthened and enabled to perform the work appointed her, she was, I doubt not, gathered to rest from her arduous labors, in the forty-second year of her age.

My father, who survived her about seven years, possessed a meek and quiet spirit, and was generally beloved wherever he was known, by all classes of persons; for in him the worthy and respectable found a companion, the poor and distressed a sympathising friend and counsellor, and who often obtained shelter under his hospitable roof. His sickness, which was of several months' continuance, he endured with much patience. Although I was young, I was much with him, and never remember to have heard a murmur escape his lips, although his sufferings were, I believe, great at times; while the prospect of an ultimate dissolution, and leaving three young orphan children, (of whom I was the eldest,) exposed to the many snares and temptations which surround the youth, was a trial which no doubt exercised his sensitive mind, and caused him to seek for strength from the arm of power, which he had learned to lean upon, not only in seasons of affliction, but in prosperity. That it was granted him, may be inferred from the composure with which he had his two surviving children summoned to his bedside, to give them his last benediction; believing, as he expressed it, that He who numbered the hairs of our heads, and watched over the sparrows, so that not one of them fell to the ground without His notice, would watch over and care for us;—and I feel bound on this occasion to testify to the truth of the promise, believing it has been verified. For, although we were thus left exposed to many and various temptations,—almost wholly without earthly protectors to train and instruct us in that which is profitable,—yet I have no hesitation in asserting that His all-seeing eye was over us, preserving us from many evils to which we were exposed.

He was a man of considerable business, in the transaction of which he was much from home: and his family was of a character which rendered the situation of his children exposing, as regarded example; for, as might be expected in so large a family, there were those who would not be so guarded either in conduct or conversation as would have been profitable. But I remember hearing the housekeeper say, on one occasion, in speaking of my two brothers, that she had never known them to depart from the truth, or say a bad word, which she considered rather remarkable, I suppose, when she considered all the circumstances under which we were placed, and furnishes another proof that the Divine principle is implanted in each and every breast; which is capable of preserving from all evil, and which, if suffered to take root, will bring forth fruit to the honor of the great Husbandman; but if stifled in the bud by that which is evil, it will gradually become fainter and fainter, until it is wholly obscured. How necessary, therefore, for those unto whom is intrusted the great responsibility

of rearing the infantile mind, that they take these things into serious consideration,—as good or bad principles, implanted while young, commonly go with us through life. My dear father was exceedingly fond of his children, and when at home we were his companions: for the feeling was mutual, and there was nothing like fear attached to our intercourse. On the contrary, when we expected him home, after being absent either a short or long time, his arrival was hailed as a source of great joy; and who should be the first to meet him, and impart to him our little joys or sorrows, was a question that was settled only by our activity. How many mingled sensations of joy and sorrow do these reflections call forth! The last journey of any importance which he took was to the city of Washington, in order to obtain a patent for the invention of a machine which, it was considered, would be greatly useful in removing the large quantities of earth required in the construction of canals, &c., which at that time were claiming the attention of those around him; and having obtained it, he returned as far as Baltimore, where he was attacked with the disease which eventually terminated his useful life.

He was taken ill at the house of a friend and relative, where he remained some time, unable to return home. Here he was kindly attended by his friends and their physician; and word being at length received by his family, preparations were made to assist him in returning; and never while memory remains shall I forget his arrival amongst us. The carriage came to the door, and we went, as usual, to meet him; we met him in the yard,—it seems now as though I could mark the spot. He was pale, with a blanket wrapped around him, for the weather was cold. The meeting was one of mingled joy and sorrow, and I turned to hide my tears. He was spared to us until about the middle of the ensuing summer, and then passed away, leaving a void in the hearts of his children and numerous friends, which time alone could fill. An aged father in the truth bore this testimony to his worth at the time his remains were consigned to the silent grave: "This day hath a king and a great man fallen in Israel."

Having given this hasty notice of my worthy parents, whose memory is so precious to me, I will proceed.

(To be continued.)

Wherefore the matter is plain, there is such a thing as an effectual overpowering communication of the Holy Ghost for the manifesting of the love of God, of great necessity and importance to Christians, that may be had, and ought to be diligently sought after.—*John Howe, A. M*

From the Parables.

THE VOICE OF JUDGMENT.

A rich man, called Chryses, ordered his servants to drive out a poor widow and her children from one of his houses, because she was not able to pay the annual rent. When the servants came, the woman said, "Alas! delay a little; perhaps your master will have compassion upon me; I will go and entreat him."

Now the widow went to the rich man with four of her children, for the fifth was sick, and all entreated him fervently not to drive them away.

But Chryses answered, "I cannot alter my orders, unless, indeed, you pay your debt immediately."

The mother wept bitterly, and said, "Alas! the illness of my child has cost me all my savings, and hindered me from working." The children implored him again not to turn them out of the house. But Chryses turned his back upon them, went into his summer-house, and lay down on a couch to rest, as he was wont to do. The day was very sultry; but close by the summer-house flowed a river, spreading refreshing coolness, and it was so calm that every breeze was hushed.

Now Chryses heard the reeds rustling which grew by the river side; but it sounded to him like the wailing voices of the children of the poor widow, and he began to feel disquieted on his couch. Then he listened to the rustling of the river; and it was to him as if he were lying on the shore of an immense ocean; and he threw himself about on his cushions. When he listened again, he heard at a distance the thunder of an approaching tempest; now it was to him as if he heard the voice of Judgment.

Suddenly he rose, hastened home, and ordered his servants to open the house to the poor widow. But she was gone with her children into the forest, and was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, the tempest increased, the thunder roared, and a heavy rain fell. Chryses walked to and fro in disquietude and trouble.

The following day he heard that the sick child had died in the forest, and that the mother had wandered away with the others.

Then he had no more pleasure in his garden, his summer-house, or his couch; and the cooling air of the rustling river gladdened him no longer.

Soon after Chryses fell sick; and in the heat of the fever he heard incessantly the rustling of the reeds, the murmur of the waves, and the roar of the approaching tempest. Thus he died.

No man ever did or ever will do his duty "*by and by!*"

INCREASE OF LUXURY.

The increase of luxury among us is very deplorable. Whenever it sets in as a habit, it may be accepted as an indication that the country is not advancing, at least. Thus came the decline and fall of the great empires of the West and East—Rome and Constantinople—thus fell France when the revolution of 1789 broke out; thus is England declining, and so, it would seem, must always happen

"When wealth accumulates and men decay."

During last week the foreign importations at New York amounted to $4,407,005. Much of this vast amount—only a single week's receipts, and these at the close of the season—was for sheer luxuries. For example: $52,949 for jewelry; $66,097 for fancy goods; $21,187 for champagne; $2,659 for cigars; $33,157 for toys; $6,821 for perfumery; $61,397 for wines, and $19,658 for brandy. Surely our people could well dispense with these jewelry and perfumes, fancy goods and toys, champagne and brandy, cigars and wines? The founders of our great Republic—those who sealed the charter of the nation's freedom with their blood, and those whose wisdom framed the Constitution—contrived to live, very comfortably and creditably, without sending vast treasures to Europe for mere luxuries. They thought it no shame to be clad in honest homespun, as well as their wives and children, and spent their hard-earned money at home, where they made it, thereby contributing to the national wealth, and laying the foundation of the large fortunes, which their descendants, in too many instances, are now foolishly lavishing in vulgar extravagance. At the close of the most terrible, because most devastating and costly war the world ever saw, here we are, almost broken by the weight of taxation, robbed by dealers who make us pay three times as much as the actual value for food and raiment, and literally swindled by the rapacity which has about doubled all rent, and yet, because it is the fashion, forsooth, we are sending millions after millions out of the country to purchase foreign luxuries which are not necessary for the comfort and elegance of life. Over fifty thousand dollars sent to Europe, in one week, for jewelry alone! nearly seven thousand for perfumery! eighty-one thousand dollars for wine and brandy! sixty-six thousand for fancy goods, and over twenty-one thousand for champagne alone—the drinking of which indicates the lowest taste. Nay, so very childish and capricious is this generation, that the week's import of toys alone amounts to over thirty-three thousand dollars. This would appear almost incredible—but it is true.

Perhaps we may be told that people have a right to spend their money as they please. This is plausible, but untrue, for such a right does not exist. Habits of luxury and extravagance, hurtful to those who indulge in them, are deteriorating to the community by their bad example. The simplicity of living which indicates a virtuous character, is destroyed by bad example. When a woman puts on her head an apology for a bonnet, at the cost of from ten to fifty dollars, her neighbor, with smaller means, is tempted to do the same, and, if the necessary money be not fairly procurable, will probably soon lose her scruple as to the means of getting it. Nearly all the vice which walks our streets at night has mainly arisen from that curse, the love of dress. When men and women wore plain homespun, society was purer and better than it is now. Very little champagne did the conscript Fathers of the Revolution consume. All the women of the Republic, then struggling into nationality, paid in the whole year the sixty-six thousand dollars which the demoiselles of to-day expend on the import of a single week. They had no occasion for perfumes, their personal habits being of extreme cleanliness, manufactured sweet odors being generally used only by those who need them. This country—oh! that its inhabitants would only remember the fact!—produces every article necessary for the comfort and elegance of life. Those who, thinking otherwise, send millions to foreigners for mere luxuries are the reverse of patriotic.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PRAISE.

Many people seem to imagine that God is praised only by direct ascriptions, in thought if not in word. All admiration and love of God's works are utterly wasted emotions so far as any religious value or significance is concerned. They look on the world with its manifold beauties of form and color, its magnificent landscapes, morning pomps and evening glories, its wonderful utilities and crowded lessons, as a dangerous rival of the Creator, catching the eye and calling forth the delight which should be lifted above these visible objects, and fixed in worship, on Him alone. This is a mistake. An artist who had hung a few pictures in a gallery sat down unknown to watch the effects they produced upon visitors, and catch the casual expressions of approval and censure that might drop from their lips. And the modest painter, who would have been pained by direct praise, was cheered and delighted with the notice his studies attracted, and the comments they called forth. He had put himself into his work, and all admiration of that was praise of him.

The infinite Artist is not jealous of his works, trembling lest they shall intercept the admiration which else would rise to him; but he puts so much of himself into his creations, so fills the landscapes, which he paints anew morning

after morning, with his own perfections, so saturates these ever-changing sceneries of earth and sky with his spirit, so vivifies these visible things with his life, that all delight in them, and admiration of them, and loving communion with them is unconscious praise of him. True, our homage ought not to stop with visible beauty and good; but even when it stops with these it is homage still, and unconsciously rendered to Him who enchants the world with his presence. The danger is not that we shall think too much of the marvellous beauty and magnificence of the universe, but that we shall think too little of it; not that we shall enjoy and love these visible displays of God's power and art more than we ought, but that we shall be too unmindful of and indifferent to them. For they are set, not to tempt, but to train our faculties. The visible creation is merely the vail which is dropped over an invisible face; it cannot quite conceal from the feeblest sight —a vail wrought and fringed with loveliness, dyed with splendid hues, and all aglow with supersensual glory to catch the eye, and interest the mind, and call forth the heart's wonder and homage.—*Inquirer.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 27, 1866.

MARRIED, on Fourth-day, 17th of Tenth month, 1866, according to the order of the Society of Friends, HEULINGS LIPPINCOTT to ANNA S., daughter of Asa Lippincott, all of Cinnaminson, N. J.

——, on the 12th of Ninth month, 1866, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, at the residence of the bride's father, JAMES GRISCOM, of Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J., to HANNAH BORTON, of Woodstown, Salem Co., N. J.

——, on Fourth-day, 17th of Tenth month, 1866, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, at the residence of the bride's parents, ALFRED WOOD to MARY A. MARSHALL, all of Trenton, N. J.

DIED, on the 16th of Tenth month, 1866, at Germantown, CATHARINE, relict of Charles Keyser, in her 86th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 25th of Twelfth month, 1865, at Rahway, N. J., JOSEPH O. LUFBERY, in his 80th year.

ERRATA.—In the Editorial of our last number, page 521, 7th line from the top, for "principles" read "principle." In the article on Ackworth School, 5th line from the beginning, for "denominational" read "national."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' EMPLOYMENT REGISTER.

With a view to aid Friends in obtaining employment, a book has been opened at the office of Friends' Intelligencer, 144 N. Seventh Street, where those desiring situations can register their names; also those in need of clerks, salesmen, &c., can record their wants.

The co-operation of Friends generally is requested, especially those engaged in business.

Deeming it very desirable that our members, especially minors, should obtain board amongst Friends, it is also proposed to keep a list of those in this city who are willing to take boarders. H. E. N. R.

PHILADELPHIA, Tenth month, 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

(Continued from page 523.)

It is interesting to notice in the pamphlets and other English publications concerning Ackworth, the various improvements which have been carried out since the school was first opened. Being designed, as we have seen, for the education of children whose parents were not in affluent circumstances, the course of study embraced, in the first instance, only instruction in "reading, writing and accounts, as fully as their time would permit." The haste of some parents to remove their children from school to the more active concerns of life, scarcely allowed them the opportunity for this simple programme, and often led to remonstrances from the managers, the superintendant and the teachers to parents on the misuse of their authority and want of true wisdom in relation thereto. Such appeals were not always made in vain, and a change has gradually taken place in the length of time allowed to the pursuits of school learning. But still greater alterations have been effected by the enlargement of the buildings for the comfort of the pupils, and in the dietary regulations, and in the branches of study pursued within its walls. Such innovations on the old plan of instruction for those who could not be considered as belonging to the rich of this world, has led to the remark in the present day: that it had happened well for all concerned, that the committee of Ackworth and the corps of managers, throughout their years of service, had not been restrained in their benevolent designs for the good of the pupils of the institution by laws, which, like those of the "Medes and Persians, alter not." They seem in their administration to have obeyed the instructive lesson of the founder of Quakerism—"Mind the light"—and a great amount of good has been the consequence. To quote an English writer, "For years after Ackworth became the national seminary of the Friends of England, the rod, the cane, and the ferula, in other words, the system of corporal chastisement, bore sway universally, and Ackworth participated in a general opinion of its necessity and excellence. But this system has slowly passed away, and other influences better adapted to affect the heart and conscience have succeeded."

In the construction of the building originally

ventilation* had not been considered; the ceilings of many of the apartments were too low to admit of a healthful atmospheric condition, and fever in its various forms repeatedly visited their inmates. To obviate this state of things, liberal contributions from members of the London Yearly Meeting were made when required, so that Ackworth is no longer the humble establishment which greeted its pupils on its inauguration, in 1779.

The author of the pamphlet before quoted remarks concerning their changes: "In the early days of the institution but little attention was given beyond reading, spelling, writing and accounts, and the elements of grammar to the elder children. Limited as this range of instruction may appear, it was quite in advance of the school education of the day, and the mode of its communication vastly superior; it being the aim of the managers and teachers to teach thoroughly what they professed to teach.—Throughout the history of Ackworth School, the conduct of its managers *generally* has been in advance of the masses of society on the subject of the improvement of the mind, and has been gradually becoming more and more liberal; they have been men prepared to enlarge their course of instruction as the requirements of Society made it necessary. Grammar was soon taught in the whole school; Geography was next introduced, and gradually extended to History, and a considerable amount of general information and scientific knowledge imparted. In 1825, Latin was introduced, and taught to a small class of the most advanced boys, and another class has since been added. The older children of both sexes are now taught French, and mathematics has been added, and instruction is also given in model drawing, and lectures are delivered on scientific subjects by the teachers or other persons engaged for the purpose.

"Besides the instruction given in the schools, endeavors are used to direct the minds of the children to the promotion of self-improvement, and for this end voluntary associations have been encouraged. The Association for the Improvement of the Mind was the earliest of these juvenile societies, and was established in 1821, for encouraging the art of composition by Essay writing and for other objects of mental improvement. The Association possesses a small library and an interesting cabinet of natural curiosities. At a later period the Society of Arts commenced its labors, and has periodical exhibitions of drawing, maps, penmanship, turnery, &c. The portfolio of the society contains a large collection of drawing copies and useful practical works on the fine arts. The workshop, furnished with benches, tools and lathes, is a valuable aid in the handicraft department, and absorbs much of the spare energy of active children, which would otherwise run wild. The Horticultural Society, for cherishing the love of gardening amongst the boys, and promoting the neat cultivation of their little plots of ground, and the Botanical class, have also contributed to the same object of moral and intellectual progress; all these have received kind support and encouragement from the numberless friends of the Institution."*

Thus we find that Ackworth School, after having been in operation for nearly one hundred years, has been respectably supported and has greatly increased in usefulness. Its progress onward was retarded during its earlier years by the prejudices of portions of the masses of society, from whence arose individuals who, forgetful of the obligations of all civilized generations to the men of letters of their own or previous times, failed not to cry out, both in season and out of season, "the letter killeth," "knowledge puffeth up," &c. The weight, however, of this conservative class of religious professors never overpowered the managers and contributors to Ackworth, who seem to have kept their attention steadily fixed on the great object of Dr. Fothergill and his co-laborers—the cause of education. The movements, though slow, have been forward, and have at length brought the institution to the condition of which its statistics, which we need not now present, furnish a testimony. The influence of Ackworth School on the Friends of England can scarcely be rated too high, and we may not speak too favorably when we suggest that it has been the means, under the Divine blessing, of preserving alive the unity and the virtue which remains in the Quakerism of Great Britain. Nor should we overlook the fact that some of the great leading minds amongst the men of that country, leaving women out of the question, have been either directly or indirectly influenced by its diffusive beneficence, and have either been educated within its precincts, or have been stimulated in their efforts for bettering the condition of humanity by the meetings which take place every year in the halls of Ackworth. We

* Dr. Hale published his essays in England on ntilation as early as 1749, and accompanied them th illustrations of experiments tried with ventilars in the Savoy prison. The ravages of the jail ver were so much lessened by their use in this ison that for a time general attention was directed the subject, but this attention did not continue g enough to produce a thorough conviction of e necessity of well-ventilated apartments wherever e preservation of health is an object.

* The patrons of Ackworth never appear to have supposed that the school would become a self-supporting seminary, but in the most friendly and liberal manner contribute every year to make up deficiencies in the income, which is derived from various sources.

select from these eminent persons only two examples; the first, Jonathan Dymond, whose fine essays on moral subjects have become classical; the second, John Bright,* now a member of Parliament, and a leader in the reforms which promise to enlarge the liberties of the British people.

The committee in charge of Ackworth meet once in six months to examine the state of the school; but the most important assembly meets only once in the year, during the fine weather of summer. On this occasion several hundred Friends from different parts of the kingdom are in attendance for the purpose of examining into the course of study pursued during the past year, consulting together on the interests of the establishment, and in directing the records in relation thereto. During this process of examination an interchange of sentiment takes place, which has been found useful in checking and softening the asperities of illiberal and denunciatory opinions, whose tendency has ever been to "divide" and "scatter," and in promoting mutual love and kindness. And amongst the capitalists who contributed to the support of the institution during its first struggles for maintenance, there were those left, who, before passing away "from works unto rewards," enjoyed the happy experience of having transmuted their gold from its earthly coffers into the great treasury of the Father of mercies, which is in the minds of His children.

All the officers and teachers of Ackworth have each a fixed salary, which is paid at stated periods. For some years after the commencement of the school the office of Superintendant and Treasurer was discharged gratuitously by one individual; after his death it was thought advisable to transfer the Treasury department to a Friend in London, and make the Superintendant a salaried officer. This arrangement has resulted favorably, and is likely to be continued, as it very rarely happens that a man whose powers render him fit for so responsible a position has sufficient money at his disposal to enable him to live comfortably, and look forward with complacency toward the evening of his days without remuneration for his services.

An adjourned meeting of the Ackworth General Meeting is held every year in London, (at the season of the London Yearly Meeting), which enters with minuteness into the details of the income and expenditure of the establishment. The reader who desires further information on the subject is referred to the annual reports published in the London *Friend* and in the *British Friend*.

The Flounders Institute, a valuable auxiliary to the cause of learning with the Friends of Great Britain, has been built up within half a mile of Ackworth, in 1847, and opened to pupils in 1848. It was erected after the design of Benjamin Flounders, of Yarm, who appropriated £40,000 in the three per cent. stock for the purpose. The course of instruction, in accordance with the deed of trust, includes the ancient and modern languages, mathematics and natural philosophy, in all its parts. To these have been added some subjects intended to meet the more recent requirements of education, and others bearing upon what more immediately concern the Society of Friends. The required number of students is twelve, but fourteen have, during some years, been admitted. The Flounders Institute has greatly improved the standard of education with the teachers of the Friends of Great Britain.

* John Bright occasionally speaks to the Friends of London Yearly Meeting in their meetings for business, a privilege which his birthright membership with the Society confers on him; and there, as elsewhere, his integrity and candor are alike conspicuous.

THE ENGLISH FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Emily Faithful & Co. have published in London, in pamphlet form, a full report of the proceedings of the annual meeting in aid of the Female Medical Society, held in June last, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The following is an extract from the report:

"The progress of the society's rudimentary college has been thoroughly satisfactory; the number of students has increased to twenty; the lectureships have hitherto proved almost self-supporting; and the entries of students for the next session are likely to exceed in number those of either of the former years. The reports from Dr. Murphy, Dr. Edmunds, and the lady secretary, as to the regularity of attendance, general intelligence, and good conduct of the students are so unexceptionable as to amount only to a repetition of those which were printed at length last year. But several of those students who intend to support themselves as accoucheuses have now completed the prescribed course of practical as well as theoretical and general scientific instruction, and having already commenced practice, a considerable number of lady patients have been referred to the care from the office. No sort of casualty or misfortune has occurred in any case, and a number of letters are at hand for perusal, which have since been received from these patients and which, without exception, convey the warmest expressions of thanks to the society and of satisfaction with the attendance of the ladies. One of the students to whom a clergyman's wife was referred in this way, has since the attendance been offered a handsome douceur in order to induce her to remove into the lady's neighborhood. There is no doubt whatever that this profession will prove a comparative

easy and lucrative employment for intelligent, gentle-handed and properly educated women, and one to which the public will extend a rapidly-increasing patronage."—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"
Grandfather ties the kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."
Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While the grandmother smoothes the golden curl.
And, stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."
Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.
No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.
Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.
Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so fair and small a thing.
Oh, mother, laugh thy merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

THE GREAT WORSHIP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play;
The stars the song of morning sung,
Has never died away.
And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.
Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea.
They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.
The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.
The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.
The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder organs of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.
With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.
The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of its prayer.
So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

For the Children.

MORE ABOUT THE TOOLS OF ANIMALS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

Insects have various tools. There is a fly called the saw fly, because it really has a saw. It is a very nice one—much nicer than any saw that man ever made. The fly uses the saw to make a place to put its eggs, where they will be secure, and, what is very curious, it has a sort of glue with which it fastens the eggs in their place.

There are some insects that have cutting instruments, which will cut as well as you can with scissors, if not better. There is a bee that is remarkable in this respect. It has also a boring tool. Its nest is commonly in old, half-decayed wood. It clears out a space in it with its boring instrument; it then sets itself to work with its cutting instrument, to cut out pieces of leaves to line the nest, and make the cells in it. These are cut of different shapes, as they are needed. Great pains is taken by the bees in getting each piece of leaf of the right shape to fit well, and the pieces are very nicely fastened together.

There are some animals that have machinery for making things. All the silk that is used in the world is made by worms. The silkworm has a regular set of machinery for spinning silk. It winds it up as it spins it. Then man unwinds it, and makes a great variety of beautiful fabrics with this silk thread.

The spinning machinery of the spider is much finer than that of the silk worm. The thread which he spins is made up of a multitude of threads, each one of these coming out from an exceedingly small hole in the spider's body. You know that there is a large number of fibres or threads in a rope. So it is with the spider's rope; for his thread that you see, small as it is, is a rope to him, and you may sometimes see him swinging upon it. Sometimes, too, he lets himself down from some height, spinning the rope that holds him as he goes down. When he does this, his spinning machine must work very briskly.

The wasp has a paper factory in him. He

makes his paper out of fibres of wood, which he picks off, I suppose, with his teeth, and gathers them into a bundle. He makes this into a soft pulp in some way; then, from this, he makes the paper, with which he builds his nest. It is, you know, very much like the common brown paper that man makes. The wasps work in companies, and though each one can make but little paper, they altogether make their nest in a very little time. The pulp which they make their paper from is very much like the pulp from which man makes paper, and which you may see at any time in the large tubs or vats of a paper factory. This pulp is generally made from rags ground up fine; but lately, wood has been much used. Perhaps the hint was taken from the wasps, who were the earliest paper-makers in the world.

Animals cannot use knifes and forks as we do, in dividing up their food. They, therefore, have instruments given them, which do this very well. Those long, sharp teeth which dogs, cats, tigers, &c., have, answer to tear to pieces the flesh they eat, as thoroughly as we can cut it up. We do not need such teeth, because with instruments contrived by man's mind, for his hands to use, we cut up the food sufficiently.

I have told you that the elephant can draw up water into his trunk. His trunk is, therefore, like the tube with which we suck up water, or any liquid; and it is like a pump, too, for water is raised in a pump just as it is in a tube, when we suck through it. It is with a pump something like an elephant's that many insects get the honey from the flowers. This pump is called a proboscis. It is with such an instrument that the musquito sucks up your blood. At the end of his pump he has something with which he pierces a hole in your skin, and then he pumps your blood up into his stomach. In some instances the proboscis is very long. It is hollow, and with it the insect sucks up the honey from very deep flowers, without being obliged to go to the bottom of them.

The proboscis is commonly coiled up when it is not in use.

The tongue of the humming-bird is really a proboscis, and a very curious one it is, too. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two barrels of a double-barreled gun. At the tip of the tongue these tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is spooned up, as we may say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue in another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as on honey. It does it in this way: the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue, bending, puts it into the bird's mouth. The tongue then of the humming-bi is not merely one instrument, but it contai several instruments together—two pumps, t spoons, and a pair of tongs.

The tongue of a cat is a singular instrume It is her curry-comb. For this purpose it rough, as you will find if you feel it. Wh she cleans herself so industriously, she gets the dirt, and smooths her coat just as the ho ler cleans and smooths the horse's coat wi the curry-comb. Her head she cannot get with her tongue, so she has to make her fo paws answer the purpose instead.

There are some birds that live on fish They have instruments, therefore, purpose for catching them. The heron is a bird of t kind. He manages in this way: when t light is dim, either at dawn or when there moonlight, it is his time for going a fishi He will stand in shallow water, so stiff and still, that he might be mistaken for a stump a tree, or something else. He looks stead and patiently down into the water, and the n ment a fish comes along, down goes his sha bill, and off he flies to his nest with his pr The plumes of this singular bird are beautif

There is one bird that lives chiefly on oyste It has a bill, therefore, with which it can op an oyster-shell as skilfully as an oyster-m can with his knife.

Some birds can sew very well with th beaks, and feet. There is one bird that se so well that it is called the tailor-bird. hides its nest in leaves which it sews togeth It does this with thread which it makes its It gets cotton from the cotton plant, and w its long, delicate bill, and little feet, spins into a thread. It then pierces the hc through the leaves with its bill, and, pass the thread through the holes, sews them gether. I believe that in getting the thr through the holes it uses both its bill and feet.

There is a fish that has a singular inst ment. It is a squirt-gun for shooting inse It can shoot them not only when they are s but when they are flying. It watches them they are flying over the water, and hits one them, whenever it can get a chance, with a stream of water from its little gun. The ins stunned with the blow, falls into the water, the fish eats it.

I could give you a great many more exam of the different tools that we find in anim but these are sufficient. You can observe ot examples yourselves, as you look at differ animals.

The disbursements of frequent talking, w out the incomes of a prayerful silence, gene ly result, and very rapidly, too, in the evap tion and loss of the inward life.—*Upham.*

From Chambers' Jomrnal.

A TREE OF ALL WORK.

If trees took rank according to usefulness, the bamboo might fairly claim the crown of the vegetable kingdom. Tried by the test of utility to man, there is no plant the earth produces worthy to enter into competition with it. The Chinese say, and truly say, the bamboo is all profit. Seasoned with chillies, its tender young shoots make a favorite sambal of the Malay; sliced and boiled, they are served at the tables of the wealthiest Japanese; and when salted, dried, and prepared in vinegar, they make a pickle ever welcome to the Siamese gourmand. As the plant grows older, a fluid is secreted in its hollow joints which affords a refreshing beverage, and if it is allowed to remain untapped, the valuable medicine tabasheer—said to resist alike fire and acids—is produced. The leaves of the bamboo are reckoned a sovereign remedy for sore throat, as the bark is all-powerful against fever, and other useful medicaments are obtained from the buds and the roots.

Entire houses are constructed out of the bamboo, the stouter parts of the tree supplying ready-turned pillars, while the slenderer joints are combined together to form the walls. Split into laths, and beaten out, it makes an excellent flooring; and for the roof, the canes are arranged side by side across the building, with their concave sides uppermost to catch the rain; the edges of these are covered with another row, with the convex side outwards, and thus the roof is rendered perfectly water-tight. Should the householder be lucky enough to own the land surrounding his domicile, a bamboo palisade forms his best protection against intruders, whether quadruped or biped. Does he want to bring the waters of the neighboring river into his service for domestic purposes he has in the hollow stems of the bamboo he has pipes ready to his hand; pipes easily converted into gutters and spouts, to get rid of the water he does not want. Then, inside this bamboo house will be found chairs to sit upon, benches to recline upon, mattresses to lie upon, pillows to rest the head upon, and mats to put the feet on, all and each of the same material as the pipe through which their owner inhales the fragrant weed at home, and the cane he leans upon, when he takes his walks abroad, with a bamboo basket on his arm, a bamboo hat upon his head, and possibly bamboo splints at his finger ends to protect his long uncut nails.

The tea-crops of the inland districts of China find their way to the seaports upon the shoulders of the coolies. Two strong bamboo canes are fastened to the sides of the load, their ends resting on the shoulders of the carriers. When the load is too much for four men, room is made for any additional number of bearers, by joining shorter bamboos to a cross-piece fixed to the ends of the longer canes. The palanquins of the mandarins are borne through the streets in a similar manner, just as sedan-chairs used to be carried through London thoroughfares in the days of our great grandfathers. The bamboo is applied to transit purposes in many other ways. "The cany wagons light" of Milton are still used in Cathay; the Dyak propels his light canoo by means of the bamboo; the river rafts of the Chinese are made of nothing else; and give a Hindoo boatbuilder three pennyworth of bamboo, and he will turn out a four ton vessel, with mast and sails complete.

The Japanese separate the heads of their corn from the stalks by beating it over a bamboo grating, which, having a sharp edge, cuts off the grain at every stroke, leaving them to fall through the grating to the ground; or after being thrashed with a bamboo flail, the grain is sifted through a bamboo sieve.

When about to erect a house, the first proceeding on the part of a Chinese builder is the raising of a strong but light scaffolding of bamboo, and inside this the house is built up. When a building is to be pulled down, the bamboo is again called into requisition; the roof having been taken off, each of the end-walls is attacked by a party of coolies, who fix their bamboos as high up the wall as possible, and push steadily together till it topples over with a loud crash and a smothering dust. This process is often performed at a fire in order to stay the progress of the destroyer. The Cantonese possess a fire engine, but for all that, still press the bamboo into service, the hose being held over the people's heads on long bamboos, and by their agency carried quickly to any desired spot. The watch-towers, too, from whence the police discern the whereabouts of a fire as soon as it breaks out, are merely skeletons of bamboo. Lieutenant-Colonel Fisher bears witness to the ingenuity of the Chinese bamboo workers, and the strength of their work when done. When a verandah was required for an English mess-room, it was some time before the bamboo worker could be made to comprehend exactly what was wanted. At last he was told to make "one piecey makey walkey topside, makey look see;" and the verandah soon proved that this extraordinary specimen of the English language was intelligible enough to him.

The Chinese man of letters writes with a bamboo pen upon paper of the same material, the musician extracts sounds sweet to Chinese ears on bamboo instruments, and the artist is indebted to the same source for his brushes.

Besides serving so many uses in commerce, industry and art, the bamboo performs its part in warlike operations, supplying lances, bows, and those wonderful grotesque shields with which the braves of the Celestial Empire seek

to frighten their foes. The earliest attempt in the way of cannon on the part of the Chinese was a weapon of bamboo. In the war of '58, one of our Sepoy regiments was startled by a tremendous shower of rockets falling into their encampment at night, and killing a commissariat sheep. Next morning, a party was despatched across the creek in search of the battery, and succeeded in capturing a number of novel machines, consisting of stout bamboos lashed together, which had evidently been used for the discharge of the rockets that had caused such commotion among the guardians of the government stores. The bamboo did good service on our side in the hands of the coolies, acting as a land transport corps, and earned them the popular designation of the "Bamboo Rifles;" while, on the other hand, its employment in the shape of stakes driven deep in the mud before the forts of Taku, cost England the lives of many brave men, and entailed an expensive campaign to obliberate the memory of an untimely disaster.

John Chinaman would be ungrateful if he did not love and admire his tree of all work; but he has good reason, also, to look upon it with awe and trembling. The bamboo is the be all and end all of the Chinese code of justice, and as such may fairly be said to rule the most populous country in the world. Chinese law recognizes two degrees of punishment; in the first and least severe, the number of blows inflicted on an offender varies from four to twenty, that being considered discipline sufficient to make a transgressor entertain a sense of shame for his past behaviour, and render him cautious as to his future conduct. The second class of punishment applies to offences of a serious nature, and the law allows as many as a hundred blows to be awarded, but in practice forty is the limit. Two different instruments are used, one being a bamboo five feet eight inches long, two inches and three-quarters broad, weighing nearly three pounds; the other of smaller dimensions, falling short of two pounds in weight. Women are not exempt from the bamboo discipline, but, by a stretch of gallantry, are permitted to wear a single upper garment during the infliction of the punishment, except in cases of matrimonial infidelity, when they must content themselves with the protection afforded by their lower garments. In China, as elsewhere, the law is supposed to be no respecter of persons, and in theory all ranks are subject to the bamboo; but the fact that the stripes awarded by the judge are commutable into a proportionable money fine, makes all possible difference in practice. The criminal's experience of the bamboo's adaptability does not stop here; if he is obstinate in asserting his innocence, bamboo stakes supply the officials with the means of inflicting no end of ingenious tortures; and when his death is deemed necessary, a bamboo rope vindicates the majesty of the law.

There are several species of bamboo, but according to Mr. Fortune the best and most beautiful is the Mow-chok, which is largely cultivated in the central and eastern provinces of China. The stems of this handsome tree are straight, smooth and clear, attaining a height of from sixty to eighty feet in a very short space of time, for it grows at the rate of two or two and a half feet in twenty-four hours. This useful giant has been introduced into India, and may, in time, supersede the inferior descriptions of bamboo, and give the Hindoo one more reason to venerate the name of Robert Fortune.

From the "Spectator."

THE AWAKENING OF THE CABLE.

There can be but few who have read without a certain thrill of fanciful wonder, or almost awe, of the strange inarticulate messages which have come at intervals, during the whole year of the lost Atlantic cable's immersion, from the depths of the ocean three miles down, to the electricians watching the end of the clue which was safely attached to the Irish shore. "Night and day," says the *Times*, "for a whole year an electrician has always been on duty watching the tiny ray of light through which signals are given, and twice every day the whole length of wire—1,240 miles—has been tested for conductivity and insulation. . . . . The object of observing the ray of light was of course not any expectation of a message, but simply to keep an accurate record of the condition of the wire. Sometimes indeed wild incoherent messages from the deep did come, but these were merely the results of magnetic storms and earth currents, which deflected the galvanometer rapidly and *spelt the most extraordinary words and sometimes even sentences of nonsense*, upon the graduated scale before the mirror. Suddenly, last Saturday morning, at a quarter to six o'clock, while the light was being watched by Mr. May, he observed a peculiar indication about it which showed at once to his experienced eye that a message was at hand. In a few minutes afterwards the unsteady flicking was changed to coherency, if we may use such a term, and at once the cable began to speak,"—to transmit, that is, at regular intervals, the appointed signals which indicate human purpose and method at the other end, instead of the hurried signs, broken speech, and inarticulate cries of the still illiterate Atlantic. When at length the message did come, the "insulation" and "conducting power" of the cable, so long lost at the bottom of the ocean were found to be even more perfect than those of the new cable just laid down. The messag

came through it more distinctly and more rapidly than through the line of communication which has just been successfully completed. After the long interval in which it had brought us nothing but the moody and often delirious mutterings of the sea stammering over its alphabet in vain, the words "Canning to Glass" must have seemed like the first rational word uttered by a high-fever patient when the ravings have ceased and his consciousness returns The same telegraphic wire which, when played upon only by the general galvanic currents of the earth, uttered unmeaning and tumultuous sounds,—the mere stormy reverie of the elements,—became precise, business like, conforming, so soon as the lost end of it was picked up by a creature of the same order as he who managed the shore end.

It is not easy to hear of these things without being struck by the curious analogy between these artificial and artistic processes and those natural processes from which they are in some sense imitated. Scientific men assert that the nerves of the human body are to all intents and purposes a telegraphic apparatus, in which, however, the nervous agent, or equivalent of electricity, travels along the nervous cable indefinitely more slowly than electricity along the wire, more slowly than sound, more slowly than the motion of a race-horse. Could we imagine the cable a living nerve instead of a wire, and Ireland a ganglion communicating by means of this nerve with the other extremity, then, instead of receiving a thrill from the opposite end in far less than a second, the message would travel quite as slowly as if sent by express train from the same distance. The speed of the nervous agency,—so say the men of science, —is so utterly distanced by the speed of electricity that were the earth, as some of the ancient philosophers believed, a sort of vast globular animal, with a corporeal and nervous organization of its own *not more perfect than that of man*, then, any one part of her body could be indefinitely longer in receiving notice through her nervous system of what is happening to other parts of her body than even the carrier pigeon would be in bearing the news; and hence the invention of the electric telegraph would in such a case actually bring intelligence to any one organic centre of the earth *weeks beforehand* of the sympathetic pain that it would feel on the arrival of the nervous message weeks later, from any specific injury already affecting some other centre of its nervous force. If, then, the human nerves be carriers of information which are indefinitely more tardy, and therefore of course liable to infinitely more perturbations by the way, than the magnetic cable beneath the Atlantic, may we not fairly suppose that those chains of intellectual, moral, and spiritual association, for the complete command of which, in our present state, we are certainly more or less dependent on nervous agency, and which assuredly are not traversed by the mind itself from one end to the other without an appreciable and not inconsiderable lapse of time, are liable not only to the same class of perturbations as the magnetic cable itself, but even to more and greater? Owing to the much tardier rate at which thought travels down the long strands of association, and the far more complicated network of memories by which it is crossed and recrossed, not only in virtue of its original workmanship, but of the futile efforts with which we, like the Atlantic cable squadron, often attempt to grapple and buoy them, there seems to us to be far more danger both of imperfect insulation and of interrupted coherence in the use of these delicate conducting media of thought and feeling, than of the injuries to which the Atlantic cable is itself liable. It is true indeed that we can scarcely suppose the spiritual chain of memory to be measurable by any corresponding and co-extensive length of nerve, so that it is scarcely fair to infer from the slow transmission of perception along the nerves, the equally slow transmission of association and memory between past and present or present and past. No nervous fibre stretches away into our past, like the Atlantic cable, from the American to the European shores, and it would be absurd to assert that in recalling our own past history from year to year, the number and succession of our thoughts could be measured by the length of nervous cable down which the supposed nervous fluid is transmitted from our earliest memory to our latest. Still, as there is a certain proportion between the rapidity of our various mental faculties, anything which gives us the rate at which we grow into full and conscious *perception*, affords some approximate measure of the general speed of our mental processes.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS.

As there appears to be a conflict of opinion as to whether the volume of paper money afloat in the United States is increasing or not, we give the comparative figures from the latest authentic data:

	June 1, 1866.	Sept. 1, 1866.
Legal tenders,	$564,140,458	$555,115,732
National bank-notes,	278,905,675	289,915,828
Fractional currency,	27,334,965	26,483,998
Total,	$870,381,098	$871,515,559

It will be seen from these figures that while the legal-tender currency has been reduced $9,024,726, and the fractional currency $850,967, during the last three months, there has been an increase of $11,010,154 in National Bank Notes. The amount of National Bank Notes to be issued, before the $300,000,000 prescribed by law shall be reached, is now about $10,000,000, after which we shall witness a gradual reduction in the volume of paper money, a consummation devoutly to be wished, as the de-

crease in volume will be accompanied by a corresponding increase in value of the circulating medium. The reduction in legal tenders since June 1st has been mainly in the compound-interest notes, which, three months ago, stood at $162,012,140, and are now down to $155,512,140. The plain green-back circulation on June 1st, was $402,128,618, and September 1st, $399,603,592. Fully one-sixth of the entire legal-tender circulation lies in the vaults of the banks of this city, which at present hold the heaviest reserve in this legal-tender form ever before controlled by the local banks.

A year ago the legal-tender circulation of Treasury was up to $684,138,559. It has since been reduced nearly $136,000,000, or at the rate of close on eleven millions a month. The National Bank-note circulation has been increased, during the year ending on the 1st of September, from $177,487,220 to $289,915,829, or absolutely, $112,428,608, which increase is at the rate of not less than nine and a half millions a month, showing conclusively that, during the past year, the legal-tender circulation has been diminished far more rapidly than the volume of National Bank-notes has been augmented. A very considerable portion of the issue of National Bank currency through the year has superseded the circulation of State Banks, converted into National Banks, or wound up altogether, so that it is safe to assume that the volume of paper money of all kinds in circulation has been materially lessened since Sept. 1, 1865. The compound interest legal-tender notes have ceased to circulate from hand to hand, as money, and have now no other function to perform in our financial system, except that they are held as a reserve by the National Banks. On the whole, we think we have reached the maximum amouut of paper money circulation.—*Shipping and Commercial.*

THE FREEDMEN.—In Alabama there are seven schools taught by as many Southern whites, three by seven colored men, and two by ex-Union soldiers, with a daily attendance of 729.

The State Convention of colored people that met at Raleigh, N. C., on the 2d inst., adopted a constitution for a freedmen's educational association, of which the object shall be "to aid in the establishment of schools, from which none shall be excluded on account of color or poverty, and to encourage unsectarian education in this State, especially among the freedmen." Among the resolutions was one making it the duty of every member, on his return home, to assist in forming an equal rights league; others, advising the formation of joint-stock companies and mutual patronage among colored people; thanking the Legislature for its courtesy in receiving their late petition, and expressing faith in that body; pledging the members to raise $2,500 for a school house, to serve also for public and State purposes. An address was issued to all the citizens of the State, without regard to color, setting forth the claims of the blacks to the right of suffrage.

The officers of the Freedmen's Bureau in Florida send a report similar to that forwarded by General Sheridan from Louisiana, that "the homestead law is very obnoxious to many of the planters, and threats are made to intimidate negroes from making settlements under its provisions."

There are constant indications of a growing disposition in the South to diversify their industry, and to cultivate resources and embark in pursuits which have hitherto been neglected. In North Carolina dried berries valued at several millions of dollars have been collected and shipped North this season. In Fredericksburg, Va., a considerable quantity of sumac has been purchased from the inhabitants of the surrounding regions. In Georgia, seventy-two mills for the manufacture of woollen and cotton goods are now in process of erection, and a company has been organized for the erection of extensive iron works in Dade county. A large establishment for the manufacture of mixed cotton and woollen goods is about to be erected at Raleigh, N. C. A woollen factory is about to be erected at Leesburg, Va. An organization has recently been formed in North Caroina for the purpose of encouraging the growth of grapes and the manufacture of wine. Agricultural fairs are becoming much more numerous than in former times. At New Orleans the Mechanic and Agricultural Association will hold a grand exhibition in November, at which liberal premiums will be given to the successful competitors in many varied branches of agriculture, horticulture, rural economy and mechanic arts.

The great Southern staples were never more important and valuable than at present, and the interests of the Southern people will, in the end, be promoted by the policy they are evidently disposed to adopt, of increasing the diversity of their pursuits. —*Phila. Press.*

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 532.)

1817, *April 4th.*—Last Tuesday week, the 25th of March, was our Quarterly Meeting, at which precious opportunity I was much favored to feel refreshment and instruction; the business of the meeting was conducted pretty much to satisfaction, and the conclusion of the last sitting, I have reason to remember. During the interval of ten days which has since elapsed, I have frequently had on my mind an inclination to record the awful and weighty posture, into which my soul was brought on that occasion, by the merciful visitation of a tender Father. Towards the latter part of the concluding sitting, after the business of the meeting was transacted, and a suitable pause had ensued, a minister got up with this most impressive language of the apostle,—"Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble,—every man's work shall be made manifest; for, the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward." I believe nothing was added to this by the Friend himself, though R. Phillips carried forward the subject a little with much force and vigor. After this another minister rose, and, in a solemn and earnest manner, applied the foregoing to the youth then present; he urged them in a powerful manner to look to their foundation, and to examine what hope they were laying up against the time to come; he reminded them how soon and how suddenly, even the young, the healthy, and the strong, were cut off; and desired them to recollect that the Lord loved an early sacrifice, a sacrifice of time, and talents, and treasure,—a sacrifice of every thing; and he recommended to those who were ready to give up all and follow their crucified Saviour, fully to ascertain that what they were about to offer was required and called for at their hands; and in all their undertakings and designs, thoroughly to try "the fleece." I cannot repeat what I felt upon this awful occasion, especially as the remarks came from one to whom I am not known, nor do I even know him by sight. I could scarcely speak to any one after the meeting broke up; but walked home in fear and trembling, under a renewed impression and belief that the Lord is yet as mindful of his poor frail creature as ever he has been. As I was returning to Clapham in deep retirement of spirit, and in silent waiting before Him, "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy," these texts of Scripture were revived in my recollection, and sealed very firmly the instructive communications which I had heard:—"Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself, and not in another:"—"Be not deceived, God is not

mocked: for, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For, he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." I had also occasion to remember that he it was who came to Christ, heard his sayings and did them, that was likened to a man who built upon a rock.

[It appears that about this period the author felt it to be his duty to address his late schoolmaster; having, when under his charge, been guilty of much irregular and disreputable conduct. The reader may judge of his feelings on this occasion, by the following extracts from his letter to this person, after having left the school about four years.]

To B. H. M.

10th of Fourth month, 1817.

Esteemed Friend:—Whilst taking up my pen to address thee, my mind is deeply affected by the vivid occurrence of past events, with all the crowd of feelings which spring up on this occasion. The mass of sin and folly through which I walked when under thy notice,—the exhortations, the reproofs, the forbearance, and the warnings which I received and despised,—together with all the flood of remorse and repentance, which has since intervened; and, above all, the clear conviction with which I am to this day favored, that it was nothing short of "the mighty hand and the outstretched arm," which brought about my deliverance;—these are a few, and but a few of the emotions that throng me, whilst attempting to relieve myself of a burden of duty which has long been due. The principal object in my view by this humiliating task, seems to be to procure from thee, for all these numerous injuries, which, in time past, have been offered thee, such a free and full forgiveness as I am encouraged to believe, has been long since received from a still more injured Master, who is in heaven. Whatever opinion or disposition thou mayst entertain towards me, even if likely to be at all different from that which I have every reason to expect; yet such is the feeling of gratitude and respect, with which I remember thy wholesome discipline and indulgent attention to me when under thy protection, that it seems as though I could receive with equal regard the severest or the mildest reply, which thou mayst see best to make. Amidst all the discouragements, which, in many ways, attend the honorable and truly important post in which thou art placed, from the ingratitude, the perverseness, the corrupt and hardened insensibility to what is good, so often prevalent in early youth; still is there much cause to believe that many more of this class are arrested in their perilous career; than return to acknowledge it, to such as have had the charge of them; and it is probable that even some of whom after much solicitude and unwearied endeavors on thy part, thou hast given up almost every hope, shall yet live to fill up their various stations in society with satisfaction and with credit. When I look back upon my own past conduct, and take in all the various aggravating circumstances attending or connected with it, many of which thou art not acquainted with, I find myself able to express very little of what I feel, not only towards thyself, but towards all whom I have in any manner injured, whether more or less remotely.

With feelings of esteem for thyself and family,

Believe me to be thy friend, J. B.

To a Friend.

Clapham, 22d of Fourth month, 1817.

My Dear ——:—In the season of sore affliction, which has at this time overtaken me, next to that consolation which springs from Him who is the source of all good, I know of nothing that affords such refreshment as the sympathy of dear and valued friends. And that I have thy tender sympathy and solicitude at this time of trial and of tears, I feel too well assured to doubt. How insignificant, how comparatively light did the adoption of any alteration in appearance and behaviour seem to my view, whilst they were looked upon at a distance; how little did I suppose that such trembling and distress would have been occasioned by so trifling a circumstance as the discontinuance of some paltry practices and habits, which were clearly seen to have had their origin in evil, or tended to it; how far was I from believing that when the time should come for my standing forth, and showing under whose banner I had enlisted, in whose chosen regiment I served, there could be any other feeling in my heart but joy, that I was counted worthy to suffer whatever might be the consequence. Well, dear ——, we have that which is better than words, by and through which we can communicate; why then need I add more. It may, however, relieve thee a little of what I know thou feels for me, to be assured that in every respect as to this important matter, whether I look at the time, the mode, or extent of this act of dedication, I have nothing for which to reprove myself as yet,—nothing that I could *really* and *truly* wish to be otherwise than it is; and that I have abundant cause for thankfulness and encouragement.

Believe me, thy affectionate friend,

J. B.

[In a letter to a Friend, dated about this time, he writes:—]

We have truly witnessed the "mighty hand," and the "outstretched arm:" then let neither of us be using in effect any other language than —"the will of the Lord be done." Let us beware, lest we be in any wise counteracting the intention of Him who intends better for us, far

better than we can possibly provide for ourselves. I believe there is a work assigned to each of us; that whilst to one is given a talent of one kind wherewith to occupy, to another may be handed one of a very different description; and as long as we are in our allotted stations, a blessing attaches to us. That thou and I may both be found not blindly choosing our own path, or laying down our own self-willed plans and projects; for that which we may call our welfare in life is my earnest desire. For assuredly it is not the estimated usefulness or service which we may be rendering to ourselves and to society, by taking up this or the other course of life; but it is the being in our right places, which is acceptable. Or, as R. Barclay said, "If Paul, when his face was turned by the Lord towards Jerusalem, had gone back to Achaia or Macedonia, he might have supposed he would have done God more acceptable service in preaching and confirming the churches, than in being shut up in prison in Judea; but would God have been pleased herewith? Nay, certainly. Obedience is better than sacrifice; and it is not our doing that which is good simply which pleaseth God, but that good which he willeth us to do." J. B.

To J. F. M.

Clapham, Fifth month, 1817.

I could say much to thee at this time, and could tell thee what a precious interval the present is more and more felt by me; how clearly matters seem daily to open before me, as a calm, willing, watchful state is abode under; how hard things are made easy, bitter things sweet; and how things that were expected to have brought suffering have yielded little else but joy and rejoicing, as "a song in the night."

It must be an encouragement to thee, and a cause of joy, to see how very graciously and tenderly I am dealt with day by day,—how the task is proportioned to the measure of ability afforded,—and when the spark is cherished by obedience, and everything that tends to damp or check is removed, how an increase in strength is experienced—and, especially, what sweet peace is at intervals the result. "What shall we render to Him," for all our blessings and benefits; is there anything too great to sacrifice, or that any of us shall withhold? May we become more and more learned, more and more deeply taught in that best of lessons, humility; for, without this seasoning virtue, the highest attainments in religious knowledge are likely to produce nothing short of additional condemnation. O! it is the humbled and contrited spirit that is an acceptable sacrifice, and said to be "precious in the sight of Him with whom we have to do." Farewell.

J. B.

1817, *Fifth month.*—I think I have heard a remark made by some amongst us, tending rather to the injury and prejudice of them that give place to the sentiment,—namely, that persons should not let their outward profession and appearance outstep their inward and real condition and character. This sentiment sounds very well, and perhaps is sound with some qualifications. It is, however, in the *neighborhood* of error; and, therefore, should be cautiously received and acted upon. For, verily, the reason why I or any others have adopted a strict appearance in dress, address, or other particulars, is not that we thought ourselves better than those who have not found this strictness expedient for them; nor is this strictness of profession among men any certain or safe mark of taking up the cross of Christ. The cross that we have daily to take up, as followers of a crucified Saviour, is a spiritual cross, a cross to our appetites, passions, affections and wills. The crucifying power will, no doubt, after cleansing us from all manifest wickedness, cleanse also and purify our very thoughts and imaginations, our very secret desires and latent motives; and amongst these will it also destroy "the lust of the eye and the pride of life," with all the fruits and effects thereof, which have crept into, and are so apparent in the daily conduct of men of the world. Thus, no doubt remains with me, but that if we, as a Society, were more universally subject to the operative and purifying power which we profess to believe in, there would be found more strictness even in minor matters than is now seen, and greater necessity for circumspection, seriousness and a continual standing in awe.

1817, *Fifth month* 13*th.*—I have been reading and have just finished the journal of the life and religious labors of Mary Alexander. I have not read very many of the journals of deceased Friends, but from those which I have read, there has been impressed upon me many an instructive lesson. It is in such accounts that we gain that treasure of experience, which, without books or writings, would be only attainable by the aged. We see from these narratives, at one comprehensive view, the importance, the value, the object, and the end of human life. The travellers, whose pilgrimages are described, seem to traverse their course again under our inspection. We follow them through their turnings and windings,—through their difficulties, discouragements and dangers, —through the heights of rejoicing, and depths of desolation, to which, in youth, in age, in poverty, in riches, under all conditions and circumstances, they have been subject. From these accounts, we learn the many liabilities which surround us, and we may (unless through wiful blindness) unequivocally discover where the true rest and peace is to be found; and in what consists the only security, strength and sure

standing. O! how loudly do the lives and deaths of these worthies preach to us; they being dead do, indeed, yet speak, exhorting and entreating that we, who still survive, may lay hold and keep hold of those things in which alone they could derive any comfort in the end. I have accompanied this dear friend, as it were, from place to place, and from time to time; I have seen her as she passed through the changing circumstances and events of each revolving year; and cannot but observe that while she followed the gentle leadings of Israel's Shepherd, giving up her own to His will, she found such peace as encouraged and strengthened her under every distress, perplexity and darkness. O! it was an unwearied, unshaken belief in the being of an infinitely great and gracious Master, that enabled her, as it ever has, and as it does even now enable all who rightly embrace it, to encounter the buffetings of the enemy, the perils and pains of the body, the exercises and conflicts of the soul, the uncertainties and exigencies of time, with the same calm confidence, and, at seasons, even with triumphant joy. Thou, dear fellow traveller, dear to me in proportion as thou art near to Him who is very tender to us all, I do affectionately salute thee, whoever thou art that readest what is here written, whether a relation or a stranger, young or old, born in a higher or more humble station, —I affectionately entreat thee that thou wouldst weightily lay these things to heart, whilst it is day unto thee,—whilst the light, which makes manifest what things are reprovable and what commendable, shines in thine heart,—whilst the Lord is in exceeding mercy condescending to care for thee, and to plead with thee,—O! lay these things to heart. I testify as in the sight of Him who sees in secret, who knows thy and my inmost thoughts, that there is no other way to real rest, amidst the contingencies of time, nor to an unfading reward, when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, but in obeying Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Be warned—be prevailed upon, dear reader, by one who acknowledges to thee that he himself has been in great depths of wickedness, through disobedience to the faithful unflattering monitor, and who has found no peace, no deliverance, but through the low portal of obedience to the same. By this he has been from day to day encouraged and strengthened to leave off one evil practice and disposition after another, and has been helped in some very small degree to put on a better righteousness than his own; and he assures thee that thy repentance and thy faith are to be measured by thy obedience to this appearance of Christ within "the hope of glory," as he is received in his secret visitations, and obeyed in his manifested requirings.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(Continued from page 534.)

"I was born on the 8th of Third month, 1814. When quite young, and at school, my inclination was, during hours of relaxation, to leave my childish plays, and mingle with those much older than myself; and I well remember repeatedly being told by my playmates I would make a preacher; and I believe that it was not by way of ridicule, but on account of a predisposition to seriousness. I also remember, when attacked with illness (although nothing serious or lasting) in quite early life, an anxiety that attended my mind respecting my being in a prepared state to leave the world, should I be called upon.

At the time of my mother's decease, I was too young to understand the great and irreparable loss to which I was subjected; but I well remember, when quite small, wishing father would marry again, that I might have a mother; being fully sensible it was a great favor; and sometimes, when among my young female companions who were thus favored, I could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, when I compared my situation with theirs; for, oh, I felt it was indeed a privilege of which I was denied; and that all who enjoy it may duly prize it, for there is an accountability attached to it which many do not feel until they are deprived of it; then, if they have slighted their counsel and pious concern for them, it will hang as a mill-stone around their necks. Let all ponder these things.

Soon after my father's decease, myself and brother went to reside with my grandmother Wilson and her son, a man well advanced in years; and she being above seventy years of age, our opportunities for improvement were very limited. She, however, was in a few months removed by death, when the scene was again changed. In a little while I was sent to boarding-school, so that from this time brother and I were mostly separated. He was sometimes at school, and then went to learn the turning business; and it always felt to me that we sustained a great loss by being so little together. I have always thought where parents can conveniently keep their families together, (though I know it does not always seem prudent), and as much as possible cherish kind feelings for each other, that their sentiments and feelings would become blended together, and they would be mutually helpful one to another. After being at school as much as my friends thought necessary, I commenced teaching school, in which I continued occasionally until a short time before I was married. During this period of my life I became fond of gay dress and gay young company, in which I indulged to a considerable extent, frequenting parties and places of amusement. In all this I was

followed by the Divine monitor within, although at times I almost stifled his voice; yet sometimes, when I assembled with my companions for the purpose of spending our precious time in these vanities, I wished the time was passed, and we were ready to return to our homes, secretly feeling how wrong it was thus to squander that time which was given for nobler purposes. And when I have retired to my bed, after having thus spent my time, sorrow of heart has been my portion, which I fully believe is more or less the situation of all others; although I believe we may stifle these convictions until they become almost extinct.

Oh! that young persons could be awakened seriously to consider the responsibility which rests upon them, rightly to employ the talents given them by the great Author of "every good and perfect gift," and who will hold them accountable for the advantages with which he blessed them. He does not endow them with talents capable of being greatly useful, and place them in situations in which these may be cultivated, without requiring something at their hands, by which all the glory and honor may be given unto him, and the creature be laid low in self-abasement before him.

Much also depends upon parents and heads of families, that they in a proper manner instil these sentiments into the minds of the youth intrusted to their care,—the great object of their creation,—and the awful responsibility which rests upon them, to be attentive to the still small voice within, that will teach them what they should do and what to leave undone. I can set my seal to the truth of the declaration that it will lead them out of all vain amusements and sinful pleasures, with which the world abounds; and as they become willing to take up the cross in these things He will be with them, and they shall become weaned from the world and the world from them. Thus they experience a living unto that which is truly valuable, for the more they become crucified to the world, the more they will be engaged to look unto their Heavenly Father, who will be their counsellor and friend; although their earthly friends may for a season forsake them, sorrow not for them. If they have Him for an instructor, they will be strengthened and enabled to journey forward with the happy assurance that having performed the part allotted them, in this state of being, they shall be gathered to rest with those who have passed from time to the enjoyment of a happy eternity.

On the important subject of making choice of a companion for life, I was favored to see and feel that neither the rich in the things of this world, nor those who made the most showy appearance, were to be the objects of my choice, for when such opportunities presented, clouds of darkness came before me, so that that which to the outward observer might seem suitable was controlled by His invisible power for some wise and suitable purpose best known to himself."

In the 12th mo., 1839, when in the twenty-sixth year of her age, with the approbation of New Garden Monthly Meeting, she was married to George Thompson. According to her own testimony, during the early years of her married life, though she was often sensible of the sweet incomes of the Father's love as the reward of obedience, yet she was not at all times faithful to the revealings of Truth upon her mind, and had not fully surrendered her will to the Divine will. Yet she was considered a religiously-minded young woman, and fulfilled the duties of wife and mother with great tenderness and fidelity. The Memoir continues:—

"Feeling, as she often expressed it, in times of sickness and suffering, when powerless to help ourselves, how very dependent we were upon one another for the fulfilment of those kind offices which humanity dictates, even to smooth the couch or wipe the falling tear, these feelings often prompted her to seek the bedside of the sick and afflicted, there with her own hands to minister to their necessities; and I feel that there are those now on the busy stage of life who can look back to acts of dedication on her part, and remember her with feelings of gratitude and affection. This innate feeling, coupled with a genial affability of manners, with great deference to the sentiments and views of others, caused her to be beloved and esteemed by a large circle of neighbors and acquaintances.

But as revolving years rolled round, her health gradually declined; and, being of a naturally weak and delicate constitution, she was at times brought into much bodily suffering, which was more or less her portion for several years. It was during this time of suffering and trial that she became more thoroughly aroused to the necessity of greater dedication on her part to the will of her Divine Master, and a more thorough knowledge of his will concerning her, that thereby she might grow in grace and in favor with him, and ultimately come to know a preparation for a solemn, final change. This seemed the more imperative, as she could not look forward with much hope that her life would (at best) be lengthened out many years, but that it was held by a very slender thread. As it became her daily concern to know His will concerning her, and as obedience kept pace with knowledge, a great future was opened up before her, and she was favored to see that the axe must be laid at the root of the corrupt tree; that even our strong self-love, together with all our animal passions and propensities, must be brought into entire subjection to the Divine will.

But as one little sacrifice or duty after another was called for, she not having attained to the "stature of the full man in Christ," for want of true dedication to the pointings of Truth, entire obedience was sometimes wanting, and His will or command not obeyed; but the penalty for disobedience was heartfelt sorrow and lamentation; and I have believed that none but those who have paid this penalty can truly feel for and sympathize with those tribulated ones. . . . . .

She was permitted to remain in this state of probation several months, wherein at times she felt the hand of the Infinite Father underneath her, and the gentle touches of his love wooing her away from a dependence upon all outward help to become wholly His. At other times she drank of the bitter cup to its very dregs.

Her path seemed to be a narrow one. She was called, as she believed, to many little acts of duty, which, to the natural man, seemed peculiar and even simple; but in referring to them in after life, she believed them necessary in the Divine hand, to subdue her natural will, so as to be willing to become, as it were, a fool for Christ's sake. Having in a measure submitted to the turning and overturning of His holy hand, and thus learned somewhat of obedience by the things she had suffered, she was, by the love and condescension of the Infinite Father, measurably released and redeemed from this state of thraldom, for which she could ascribe thanksgiving and praise to His great name.

In the year following, to wit, 1851, she was deeply tried, and all the tender sensibilities of her nature keenly awakened, in having to part with and consign to the grave a darling child, one on whom was centered a mother's love. But having learned in the school of Christ the necessity of submission to all the dispensations of Providence, and feeling, as she expressed it, that he *was too pure for earth*, and had become the recipient of the joys of heaven, she submitted thereto with becoming resignation. She had, for some time previous to this, felt, at times, that it would be right for her to make known to others the merciful dealings and long-suffering kindness of a gracious God to her, (as she would express it,) a poor worm of the dust. Hence, in our religious gatherings, she sometimes felt concerned to hand forth a word of exhortation to those assembled, but on account of natural diffidence, and feeling her unworthiness, she, for a time, shrank from so weighty a service; but being made obedient through suffering, she at length came forth in the ministry.

One of the peculiar and distinguishing traits in her character, that of having little confidence in her natural abilities, and the settled conviction on her mind of the necessity for the natural will in us to become slain, that we may come into the teachable state of the little child before we can be instructed in divine things, will be best exemplified by the introduction of the two following letters written about this time.

(To be continued.)

DOING AND BEING.

There is a difference between doing and being. Perfection is being, not doing; it is not to effect an act, but to achieve a character. If the aim of life were to do something, then, as in an earthly business, except in doing this one thing, the business would be at a standstill. The student is not doing the one thing of student life when he has ceased to think or read. The laborer leaves his work undone when the spade is not in his hand, and he sits beneath the hedge to rest. But in Christian life every moment and every act is an opportunity of doing the one thing of becoming Christlike. Every day is full of a most impressive experience. Every temptation to evil temper which can assail us to-day will be an opportunity to decide the question whether we shall gain the calmness and the rest of Christ, or whether we shall be tossed by the restlessness and agitation of the world. Nay, the very vicissitudes of the seasons, day and night, heat and cold, affecting us variably, and producing exhilaration or depression, are so contrived as to conduce towards the being which we become, and decide whether we shall be masters of ourselves, or whether we shall be swept at the mercy of accident and circumstance, miserably susceptible of merely outward influences. Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to saintly character; and he who has not found out how directly or indirectly to make every thing converge towards his soul's sanctification has as yet missed the meaning of this life.—*F. W. Robertson.*

From the London Friend.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE PECULIAR DANGERS OF A THEOCRATIC CHURCH?

Assuming the theocracy of the true Church of Christ which owns his abiding presence, and is subject to his immediate rule, what are the special dangers that form the set-off, in this imperfect state, to the privileges of such a church?

Unless grace be maintained in the members, there will be a constant tendency to a hollow though high professon—to a mere form of godliness. That which grew out of life, and took shape in the freshness of that life, may subside into the deadest of all forms. To be freed from forms is, doubtless, no small deliverance; but the advantage is lost when, with the absence of life, everything departs, and not even the forms

of instruction remain. Nor can there be a more lamentable exhibition, in all the range of false religion, than the upholding, by men who are not spiritual, the standard of a high spirituality.

As respects, also, that department of order and government in the Church which is instrumentally administered, peculiar dangers wait upon a professedly theocratic church. Unless the members are not only quick of understanding in the fear of the Lord, but deeply grounded and settled in Christian humility, there will be, on the part of some, an assumption of superior light that may work into church power of the worst description.

The domination of an open and avowed hierarchy is bad; but that of those who might assume that it is not they, but Christ in them, that would lord it over the brethren, would be incomparably worse.

Yet there must be order, and the means of maintaining it, in the Church; God is not the author of confusion; a church without order is not of Him. And those upon whom the upholding of it will naturally devolve will be such as are approved among the brethren, having just influence by weight of Christian character. But, just in proportion as they who have attained this standing depart from the meekness and gentleness of Christ, they lose their relation to Christ, have no more the mind of Christ, are no longer safe guides, nor can exert a gathering and helpful influence over the body. The badge, therefore, of a right authority in the Church, so far as it is committed to any of the members, is a deep humility in the fear of the Lord; and they who have this mark upon them will, while retaining the confidence of the brethren, be preserved from any ill use of that confidence, and, in general, we may believe, from any important mistakes. For it is in meekness that we learn of Christ, and can be made wise for the needs of his Church. The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach his way.

There is another set of difficulties, if not of dangers, in a theocratic church (where the judgment is held to lie with an Invisible Head, while it is to be instrumentally expressed), in regard to all that belongs to designation to offices in the church, and more especially to the call and qualification of its ministers. Upon so deep and interesting a subject, much might be speculated, much might be written. But it is best to consider it as simply as we can. Of course, for these things to be rightly done, there is an absolute demand for some good measure of health and vitality in the church itself. This being so, and there being that impartiality, freedom from prejudice, and unclouded judgment which health and vitality bestow, the proper persons will generally be perceived and selected to fill the various offices. And even as respects the very nice and critical point of judgment upon ministry, I see not but that this also may be best looked at with great simplicity. Here, emphatically, spiritual life, imparting all that is wholesome, candid and impartial, must be pre-supposed in the hearers. How else can they be found in possession of capacity for judgment? It would be the mere theory or semblance of a church deliberation, without any practical validity. But, these indispensable conditions granted, the true rule for judgment may be found in those weighty words: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" and, when this precious experience is vouchsafed, in answer to humble prayer, can we doubt that there will be a tolerably clear perception of the nature and origin of the offerings in question. The mind that is itself in worshipping order, and, most of all, that is brought into some correspondence with the mind of Christ, will be likely to discern whether such offerings are in the true spiritual harmony, as surely they are when proceeding from the constrainings of the love of Christ, in humility and the fear of the Lord. What is obviously objectionable will give rise to so general a disapproval, that the agreement in its suppression clears the subject of its graver difficulties. What is doubtful must be borne with. Eventually, some precious fruit may come out, by a long process; and the church must wait, and have long patience for it. Nor need the word of gentle care and tender counsel be wholly forborne; though the sun and rain from on high, and the winds of heaven, both north and south, are the best nurture of the precious seed.

WILLIAM BALL.

GLEN ROTHAY (RYDAL) WESTMORELAND, Ninth month 10th, 1866.

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

There is a good deal of preaching the Gospel that is preparatory to the preaching of it. When Christ came, he had a John Baptist to prepare the way. It was as important that the way should be prepared as that he should preach when he came. And there is a great deal of what may be called John Baptist preparation in preaching the Gospel. For example, all those things which increase the average health and strength of the lower sections of the population in a city are a preparation for the preaching of the Gospel. For, although health is not religion, it leads toward it, as the want of health hinders it. When, therefore, you make good sewers in your poor streets and keep them clean, you are what?—preaching the Gospel? No: but getting ready to preach it. My street is pretty good, and I have very little to complain of; but I never

have gone out into the poorer places, I never have gone to the Navy Yard, that I have not found streets that offended my moral sensibility. I speak the truth. I never go into a street where the working classes live, and where I smell fifty thousand smells, that I do not smell sin. And I say that, as you permit these people to live in filth, and compel their children to be brought up in violation of natural law, you hinder the Gospel; while, if you clean their streets, drain them, light them, and make them comfortable, and carry humanity through them, you certainly go a long way toward preparing the poor that live in them for a higher spiritual instruction. And when I see whitewash on the curb-stones, I say, "Oh, I see that John Baptist has been here!" I like these preparations, because they are going to lead to something better; because they are going to fit those among whom they are taking place to receive higher ministrations with trust and confidence.—*H. W. Beecher.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 3, 1866.

In making our extracts from the valuable memoir of John Barclay, we occasionally meet with expressions conveying a doctrinal view, with which we do not unite—not having so learned Christ; but wishing to show the steps by which he was gradually led out of some hurtful customs and enabled to attain a standing above the spirit of the world, we take such letters or memoranda as comport with this object—irrespective of some expressions which we cannot endorse—not considering ourselves accountable for his individual faith.

In an early period of our editorial labors we adopted the motto, "We glean from every vintage." Thus our selections are sometimes from the writings of those whose theological belief differs even more widely from our own than does that of the author of the memoir before us.

We have been interested in observing the positive evidence running throughout J. Barclay's writings, that his reliance for preservation and acceptance with the Father was upon the anointing power of Truth, as he says in one of his letters, "This is what secretly works upon the soul, bruises our self-confidence breaks our *false* peace, awakens out of ou dreams of pleasure, riches, honor and acquirements, shows us our real state, where we are, how far we have missed the road, whether in principle or practice, and clearly points the way to true and everlasting peace;—giving us also such full directions that we cannot possibly miss it, if we do but follow them and not our own reasonings and imaginations."

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.—Through the kindness of our friend George Barrett, we have received some account of the late Indiana Yearly Meeting. "Considering the generally prevailing lukewarmness among us," our correspondent writes, "it may truly be said to have been a favored season. We had in attendance several Friends from other Yearly Meetings, and much gospel labor was bestowed upon and around us. The public meetings were largely attended; the fountain of love seemed open, and the current of life flowed freely in testimony and prayer. I never before had such a realizing sense of the deep instruction contained in the Parable of the Sower, given and explained by Jesus, as during some of these meetings. The light and airy—the lukewarm—those 'at ease in Zion' were there, ready enough to receive, but with no strength to retain. The wayside ones were also there; those whose minds were engrossed in the cares and snares involved in the eager pursuit of wealth. Those representing the stony ground were also there: but, blessed be the Holy Name, a living remnant is still preserved. The pure mind in these was stirred up by way of remembrance, and they were encouraged to hold on their way. In the public meeting and in the private family, upon some of the dear children, especially, the holy anointing distilled as the dew. It felt to me to be for them and for all a season of renewed visitation. May the good ground retain the seed, and give favorable reception both 'to the early and the latter rain' to the bringing forth fruit of many fold."

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING convened on the 29th ult., and has been in session the present week. The Meeting for Ministers and Elders was held on the Seventh-day previous. We hope to receive early information of its proceedings.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day, the 18th of Tenth month, 1866, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, THOMAS P. BOND, of Mannington,

Salem Co., N. J., to Mary D. Fulton, of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting, Chester Co., Pa.

Died, on the 3d of Ninth month, 1866, after an illness of four weeks, Mariann Lewis, daughter of John and Esther Lewis, deceased, of Kimberton, Chester Co., Pa.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

——, on the 7th of Tenth month, 1866, Mansel Passmore, an Elder of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting, Chester Co., Pa., in the 65th year of his age.

——, on the 22d of Tenth month, 1866, Benjamin Parker, Sr., in the 81st year of his age; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 29th of Tenth month, 1866, in the 34th year of her age, Cornelia J., wife of Edward M. Needles, and daughter of Hunn and Eliza Jenkins, of Camden, Del.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will be held at Race St. Meeting-House (Room No. 5) on Fourth-day evening, the 7th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

NO. I.

Believing our *Friends* in the country who *cannot*, as well as some in the city who *do not*, attend the semi-monthly meetings of "The Association of Friends for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen," would be interested with some account of its proceedings, the writer, who is in frequent correspondence with the teachers sent by it, proposes occasionally to give a brief synopsis similar to the following:

At last meeting reports from seven of the schools in Virginia informed that the aggregate number of pupils was 209. Of these 97 were males, and 112 females; 163 of the whole number being under 16 years of age. Eighty-nine of these can read, and 103 write.

One teacher appropriates one afternoon in each week for sewing, while another has a First-day school with an attendance of about 150. And as an evidence of the extreme anxiety they manifest in their studies, the same teacher informs there are some pupils in her week-day school who have not been absent a single session during a period of nearly five months; while, in confirmation of the *teacher's* faithfulness, it may not be amiss to mention, that during the same period *she* has only taken two holidays.

The teachers furnish classified reports once a month, arranged so as to compare each item with the month previous, many of which are worthy of note. For instance, in one school of 42 pupils, only 2 are in the alphabet; in another of 52, only 5 are in the alphabet. The familiar letters of our teachers are full of interest, hope, and cheerfulness. *Sarah A. Steer*, of Waterford, speaks of the preparation of her monthly report as a "*pleasant duty.*" Mary K. Brosius, at Vienna, in alluding to her "isolated position," thinks she "*has no cause for complaint.*"

Hannah Shortlidge, at Big Falls, after stating that she had none who knew their letters when she commenced after vacation this season, and noting their rapid progress, remarks:

"The Virginians think the negroes cannot learn, but they are mistaken. I have taught *white children* for two years, and never had one to become perfect master of the alphabet in so short a time as these colored children; they are so eager to learn, that instead of being a labor, I find it a pleasure to teach them."

Mary McBride, at Fairfax Court House, remarks: "How pleasant it is to return after absence and find you have been greatly missed, and your appearance hailed with delight. Last Sabbath was reception day with me; at one time I counted fifteen colored visitors, some cried, some laughed, and others *looked* their happiness—their faces beamed with joy. Some of my children told me yesterday they *'knew I would come back.'* 'Why?' *'Because we prayed for you night and morning!'* I sincerely hope their prayers will not be in vain in other respects. It made me happy to know these poor children had not forgotten to pray for their teacher while absent. I was soon installed in my old log school-house, surrounded by my dusky flock, all eager, attentive, and glad to get back to school. To my surprise and delight they had not forgotten anything I had taught them, but had faithfully performed their promise to study during vacation."

Others of our teachers have occupied their positions at newly-established schools so short a time they can say but little, except as to a hopeful future. At last reports these new schools were small, but with a prospect of increase.

Cornelia Hancock has written, announcing the safe arrival of herself, Mary Taylor and Caroline Taylor at Mount Pleasant, S. C., and from whom we look for a continuation of their interesting reports as soon as their schools are re-opened.

J. M. E.

"True wisdom makes us enjoy what we still have of love and brightness in each passing day, closes our eyes to the shadowy future which no man can fathom, and keeps us from brooding too much on the sad past, which is as God ordered it, and part of His plan, as yet uncomprehended by us.

They say, in the great tapestries of France, the workers saw only the wrong side, and as they followed their pattern, could only blindly trust that it was working well the beautiful picture on the right side.

We all have a little corner of our own in the tapestry of existence, and some day shall know the meaning of all the broken threads and dark shades."

THE AWAKENING OF THE CABLE.

(Concluded from page 543.)

Memory is probably so much quicker than perception only because, knowing the line of march, we skip the unimportant links in the chain without attending to them to-day at all in the way in which we did yesterday, while the journey was new; had we to attend as much to every point in the line of memory as we did in traversing the route for the first time, it would take us probably as long to remember yesterday as it did to live through it. But we refer to this not to establish a theory, but simply to justify the suggestion that if the scientific men are right in the time they assign to the transmission of a perception from one point to another of our organism, we may have some measure of the rate at which we should recall the same process at a future period, supposing that we dwelt with the same stress of attention on each stage of the process. And if this be granted, then what we are driving at all this time becomes evident, that strands of moral and spiritual association twisted (if we may be allowed the metaphor) through many long years, and submerged for the whole of that period far beneath the surface of the mind, are strictly speaking, and without metaphor, liable in a far higher degree to the same kinds of accidents, the same disturbing causes, the same imperfect insulations, the same temporary interruptions, and even in the last resort to the same ruptures, as the submarine cable of the Atlantic telegraph itself. What are many kinds of nervous disturbance but false messages carried through old trains of association, in consequence of interruptions of the proper series of links by some rude shock at one of the more important centres of feeling during the slow passage of the connecting thought? What is the ordinary failure of power which we connect with paralysis but the hesitation and delay with which the mind travels down a train of association that is, as we may say, imperfectly insulated, that is, broken by flutterings of ill-defined and half-remembered feelings at various stages on the path? What are various kinds of madness itself but the absolute rupture of some of the more important strands of memory, due to some great agitation or storm that has agitated the mind to its depth, and which become, therefore, instead of connecting threads of communication between person and person, or between one province of life and another, mere conductors of the unmeaning mutterings of reverie, striking accidentally some one of the broken chords in some now useless chain of once specific associations?

Such an analogy does not in the least imply the materiality of the mind itself, which we hold to be absurd. But if the conditions of association are similar in the time which they require for the process of recollection, and the regularity or irregularity with which the mind travels along them, to the conditions of the passage of nervous fluid along the nerves, and therefore also of the electric fluid along the wire,—there must be similar conditions also of the greater or less perfection with which they perform their office, and the same sort of possibility of their being rendered useless altogether, and becoming mere channels to transmit the fitful murmurings of inarticulate thought or feeling. When, indeed, the lost cable is *not* one of the great strands of memory on which the soundness of the mind itself depends, we all of us can recall plenty of instances in which we have personally fitted out such an expedition as the recent one in the Atlantic, have grappled with the missing clue, sometimes half found it, buoyed it with a new symbol to show its whereabouts, and almost got the lost end on board, when it has slipped away again with a great thud to the bottom. Sometimes, too, we may have been more successful, and re-established an important line of communication with provinces of thought long lost to view, and even then perhaps have had, like the *Great Eastern*, to overrun the wire to a considerable distance nearer our own end than the point at which we first grappled with it, in order to get rid of the tangle in which the different "buoy and grapnel ropes"—the extrinsic clues of fresh association by which we have sought to recover the lost thread—have involved it. But the point which makes our analogy seem, fancifully perhaps, of some value, is the report of the electricians that the line of cable may really gain in value as a transmitting medium during the time in which it is lost and useless. Its "insulation" has, they say, in this case become more perfect, and the messages transmitted by it are better and more rapidly transmitted than by the newly-laid cable. If this be true of an electric cable,—the only reason for it being of course that the pressure of the sea above it and the uniform temperature have rendered it less and less liable to disturbing influences,—why may not the same improvement take place, and for a like reason, in those broken cables of intellectual and moral associations that lie far beneath the consciousness of so many minds lost for the time to human reason? It certainly is not that the associative power is no longer there, for the very signals which we receive through them, incoherent and wild as they are in consequence of the rupture at the other end, often show, as the electric light on the lost cable showed perfect and wonderful transmitting power, though the proper use of it is for the time lost. The true force of moral associations, we all know, often increases in intensity the less it is used to carry superficial currents of feeling. Those of our personal ties

in which actual communication is broken by absence or death grow, as dreams alone are sufficient to tell us, clearer, keener, more perfectly "insulated," less crossed by petty and false threads of marring association, through the years of silence and disuse. That little ray of light by the gleam of which perhaps, unknown to us, the great Electrician of the spirit tests them day and night, shines the brighter only as the waves of daily action and passion roll deeper and fuller over the strands along which it flashes. And why may it not be so also with those broken strands which are interrupted not by absence or death, but by violent moral shocks,—the magnetic storms, as it were, of the spirit? Is there not even for the insane a hope that the gathering up of one or two drifting threads of passionate association, even though it be postponed from this life to the other, will restore them not merely to their former, but more than former, rational energy? The expedition may have to be fitted out from the opposite shore, through the helplessness of the mind still lingering on this; it may be that no resources of human science can effect for them the renewal of the lost clues in mid-ocean, but it is easy to conceive that the drifting ends once fairly seized, whether from the spiritual shore or from this, it will need no miracle of healing, nothing more than the mere restored line of communication between mind and mind, to exchange those wild and incoherent mutterings of broken association for streams of thought and feeling even purer, clearer, and more rapid than any which passed through it before the line was fractured and its bearings lost.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE NOR FORSAKE THEE."

(*Translated from the German.*)

Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me Thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
Oh! lead her to Thyself—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Take not Thy spirit from me;
And suffer not the night
Of sin to overcome me.
A Father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me—
My God, forsake me not.

Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not Thou far from me—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please Thee in all well-doing;
And that Thy will, O Lord!
May never be forgot,
In all my works and ways—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
I would be Thine forever!
Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavor:
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul—
My God, forsake me not!

—*From "The Changed Cross."*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OCTOBER.

Bright October is here,
Fairest month of the year,
Bringing treasures of value untold;
Lo! she comes as a queen,
In a mantle of green,
Quaintly broidered with scarlet and gold.

And her brow bathed in light,
A fair diadem bright,
The insignia of royalty bears;
And her sceptre she wields,
Over forests and fields,
Till each leaflet her livery wears.

And her bountiful hand
Scatters over the land
All the blessings that come in her train;
And from Autumn's rich stores
She most lavishly pours
The ripe fruits and the rich golden grain.

Lo! the far-distant hills,
And the clear-flowing rills,
Are all clothed in rich beauty anew,
As her glory she shrouds
In a veil of soft clouds,
Of rich purple and roseate hue.

And the dim mountain height,
In the blue, smoky light,
Seems the far-off Delectable Land,
Whence, with Faith's piercing eye,
We can clearly descry
Where the tents of the shining ones stand.

But the flush on her cheeks
Of Decay ever speaks,
And rejoicing is mingled with grief;
"I am passing away,"
She seems ever to say,
"Lo! my triumph and glory are brief."

Yet so calmly she goes
To her dreamless repose,
I no longer lament her brief stay—
Though her whispered adieu
Does but tell me anew
That I also am "passing away."

Oh! that my closing day
May, like her, pass away,
Full of joy and as brightly serene;
And at life's setting sun,
When my day's work is done,
Neither tempest nor cloud intervene!

A. R. P.

From the "Cornhill Magazine."

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS)

On Saturday morning, 30th December, 1865, I left Fenchurch Street Station for Tilbury, to join as passenger the screw steamship *London*, to sail that day for Melbourne. She was built and despatched by the Messrs. Wigram, of Blackwall—a firm of high standing, of long experience in the Australian trade, and whose name was a sufficient guarantee that the equipment and management would be good. She was comparatively a new ship, this being her third voyage. Built of iron, 1428 tons register, and 267 feet long, auxiliary screw of 200 horse-power, very loftily sparred, and ship-rigged, clipper or modern build, long, low, and narrow, which said she was built for speed—the very thing that induced me, and no doubt others, to choose this ship. I had come home from Australia a few months previous, and had selected this *London* to return, saying, "I can spend a month longer time at home, and still be at Melbourne as soon by her as though I started a month earlier by a sailing vessel." She was commanded by Captain Martin, a navigator of great experience, a skilful sailor in every sense of the word, and a gentleman, I should say, as far as I had an opportunity of judging. So, naturally enough, we entertained high hopes of a speedy and safe voyage.

I had always a great dislike, or rather dread, in commencing this voyage during the winter season, on account of the dangers of the English Channel, and getting off clear of the coast. This was also one of my reasons for choosing this ship: she having steam-power, the danger I considered was very much lessened, as well as a saving of time, and I felt in undertaking this voyage, at this inclement season of the year, perfect security, and no such thought as fear entered my mind, wholly reliant on the reputation of the ship, captain and owners.

Everybody who has been to sea a little have their own ideas as to the character and seaworthiness of a ship, and of course I have mine; but in the case of the *London*, would not exercise my judgment; would have considered it presumption, and quite ridiculous for me to be biassed by my humble opinion of one of the first ships of London, owned by one of the first firms, and commanded by an experienced captain. No; I would take all for granted, or else what good is there in a reputation or name?

On board the ship, lying in the river off Gravesend, were the usual scenes of confusion, preparation, affectionate and trying partings of friends, generally attending at departure for these long voyages. About two o'clock in the day we left Gravesend, and proceeded down the Thames on our long voyage to Australia, or rather Plymouth; for on a voyage we alway look forward to the next port that we expect t call at, though it should not be the port o destination. The day was fine as we steame down the river; the passengers congregated o deck to view the country, which was alread green, and also to take observations, as the say ing is at sea, to examine the ship, and criticis her rig and general appearance; also to notic each other and make acquaintances. I wa surprised to find so many Australians on board fully three out of four had been out there an were returning again, many saying it was fo the last time; that they had got tired of Eng land, and particularly London, where the su had not been seen for a month; longed for th beautiful Australian climate, with its clea atmosphere, blue sky, and bright sunshine, fo ten months out of twelve. That evening abou sunset we anchored at the Nore. Though th evening was fine the barometer denoted un settled weather, which we had the next day (Sunday), and owing to its severity we re mained at anchor till Monday morning, the 1s January, when the weather had become fine Between eight and nine in the morning w were again under weigh, steaming down Chan nel. The wind was ahead; the day pleasan We had a fine view of the coast—Margate Ramsgate, North and South Foreland, an Dover, which we passed about 4 P. M. Th night the wind increased. The next mornin it was dull, heavy, unsettled weather; prett strong wind dead ahead, with a nasty sho Channel sea on; a great number of passenger sick; and, as usual, many regretting havin come, and would certainly leave the ship a Plymouth, and forfeit their passage-money But how suddenly we change our minds unde different circumstances.

About ten in the morning we were in sigh of the Isle of Wight: the weather still boiste ous, the indications of the barometer threaten ing. Captain Martin and pilot decided o taking shelter at Spithead, which we did, an anchored about 4 P. M., opposite to Ryde and thankful we were, for it blew fearfull that night. The next morning was fine. W were under weigh again about 9 A. M., steam ing out of the St. Helen's Roads; passed ou through the Needles at noon; once again in th Channel; day fine, wind ahead, heavy swe Next morning, Thursday, 4th, the weather w very boisterous, the heaviest we had experience as yet. By this time we had an opportunity judging of the sea-going qualities of the *Lo don*, and I must say I was very much disa pointed in her. I could see she was a ship great length for breadth, heavily sparred, ve low in the water, not at all lively or buoyan and when contemplating the thoughts of her a gale, I actually entertained fears for he

Opinions were expressed freely, as always are on board of passenger-ships, such as,—"Boys, we have got a wet, uncomfortable old tub this time, and if I could afford it, would leave her at Plymouth." Another would say, "Oh, nonsense; she will be all right after a few days, as she will lighten by consumption of coal and stores, and we will soon be in fine weather. In a week or two we will be to Maderia: all plain sailing then to the Cape, and if we meet any rough weather there, why she will be in proper trim."

Between eight and nine in the morning of this Thursday, the 4th, we were off Plymouth waiting for a pilot. Soon a fishing-smack with three men and two boys in her ran up near us, and launched a little boat from their deck, intending to board us, to pilot our ship into harbor. Two men got into her—a heavy sea running at the time. In a few minutes after casting off, I saw that the little boat did not rise on the wave: presently I saw the heads of the two men rise up on a wave, and could see that their boat was swamped. At that moment I heard Mr. Harris, the chief mate of our ship, give orders to man a lifeboat. Soon the men were in it ready for lowering, but there was a great delay in consequence of the lowering gear not being in proper order. The detention was truly painful. Occasionally the two heads would appear, then down again, expecting every time to be the last. Presently our boat got up to where they were. We could see them pick up one man, then row about looking for the other; but the poor fellow had sunk only two or three minutes before they got to the spot. The affair cast quite a gloom over the ship. Many said it was a bad omen for us; and what made the accident appear worse and more to be regretted, was that it might have been prevented had the lowering apparatus been in proper order, or Clifford's patent.

In a short time a pilot boat was seen bearing down to us. At about ten o'clock the pilot was on board, and we running into the Sound, and at noon were anchored inside of the breakwater. The afternoon was wet and cold, consequently very little was done towards preparing for sea. The next morning, Friday, 5th January, was beautiful, clear and still, much like a November morning: all was bustle and life on board now, as it was reported we should sail that day. Barges came alongside with coal, and fifty tons were added to our stock and piled on deck in sacks; boats with stock, meat, vegetables, &c. Many passengers joined us here: I observed our passengers were of a superior class. In the afternoon my attention was called to a gentleman and lady walking on the poop: they were Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Brooke. Fortunately the lady did not accompany her husband on this voyage; she was to have joined him out there in a year.

Almost every class of society was represented on board our ship—clergyman, actor, magistrate, lawyer, banker, merchant, tradesman, laborer,—of all ages; mothers with their children and nurses; beautiful and accomplished young ladies; newly-married couples; young men in the prime of manhood; wealthy families returning after a visit to their native country; also many going out for the first time to seek their fortune, full of hope.

Two of our passengers left the ship at Plymouth—a fortunate thing for them. One was a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made during the trip from Gravesend. He expressed a great dislike to the sea and the long voyage before us, this being his first voyage; also the horror of being compelled to live in one of those small cell-like state rooms for two months or more. When he left the ship he did not tell us of his intention of not returning; perhaps he thought we would consider him a coward. The other was a young man who had, from some family quarrel, taken passage in the *London*, unknown to them. He was entreated to return by an advertisement in *The Times*, to which he paid no attention. The last day his whereabouts was ascertained; a brother came on board, and by urgent entreaty he was induced to quit the vessel. I know of three who would have willingly left the ship at Plymouth, but were ashamed. A young man, one of my state-room companions, about twenty years of age, and who was married only the day before his departure—but fortunately had left his wife behind—was thinking very seriously of leaving the ship, was quite undecided all day. All he wanted was a little encouragement to have done so. But many are deterred at a time like this from following their desires out of fear of the opinions of others. I now can call to mind many remarks of passengers' forebodings of the evil to come; of course I naturally remember them in a case of this kind.

At dark all was ready for sea: Captain Martin gave orders for all to be on board, as we would sail that evening; but the more knowing ones gave it as their opinion that Captain Martin would not sail till after twelve o'clock, to avoid commencing the voyage on a Friday. There is a superstitious belief amongst sailors, and in fact amongst many who are not, that Friday is an unlucky day to sail. A young girl said to me, "I hope we shall not sail to-night." —"Why?"—"Because Friday sail always fail." I asked her if she was influenced by such foolish nonsense as that? For my part, I said, I was willing we should sail at once. The public, through the newspapers, have censured Capt. Martin very much for putting to sea when he did, and disregarding the threatening indications of the barometer. In justice to him, I will state that at no time after leaving Plymouth did I

hear one word of censure by anybody on board. The night of Friday that we sailed was fine. Saturday was fine; true, Sunday and Monday were rough, but nothing to create fear for a well-found and first-class ship. I am sure, had Captain Martin not sailed, say until Sunday, he would have been censured by the passengers for remaining so long. In judging Captain Martin, we must go back to that time. He would argue, "I know what the *London* is, I have confidence in her; I have made two voyages to Melbourne with her; as a matter of course she would experience some heavy weather during these trips, and if I wait for fine weather to cross the Bay of Biscay, I may be here all winter. It's midwinter now, we must expect five days stormy out of the seven. I have a fine night to start with; true, the barometer is falling, but the storm foretold may bring a favorable wind; if it should not, the *London* will weather it; and more than that, I can afford to use plenty of coal at the commencement of the voyage."

(To be continued.)

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE FISHERIES.

On the north and west coasts of Norway the telegraph lines have of late been greatly extended through very thinly settled regions, and one of the inducements for this extension was the great service which a coast telegraph can render to the fisheries. As the employment of the telegraph for this purpose seems to be peculiar to Norway, Director Nielson's account of this branch of the Norwegian telegraphic service is not without general interest. The Norwegian fisheries are carried on along 1,200 geographical miles of coast-line, and it is estimated that 40,000 men are employed in the herring fishery and as many in the cod fishery. The herring come upon the coast at regularly recurring seasons; they are taken in large quantities from the middle of January or first of February till the middle of March. The signs of the coming of the herring, the so-called "herring-shine" or "herring glimmer," are visible a short time before the actual arrival of the fish. Vast shoals of herring approach the coast, followed by cetaceans and accompanied by clouds of sea-birds. Travelling inspectors of the fisheries send to all fishing ports and stations daily telegraphic reports of the arrival of the fish, their numbers, and of the exact localities where they most abound. Telegraphic stations are temporarily established at any points of the lines at which the desired information is to be had directly and promptly. Thus advised, the fishermen are enabled to hasten from all sides without loss of time straight to the most teeming waters. With the fishermen come also the dealers who buy of them. During the whole herring season the official inspectors announce by daily bulletins at the telegraph stations the amount of the catch, the price of the fish, the changes in the positions of the shoals, and even the color of the water. A milky color of the water is said to indicate that the spawning is ended; it forebodes the departure of the shoals of herring.

It is very obvious that an intelligent use of the telegraph can greatly increase the productiveness of the fisheries on sparsely populated coasts, whither fish resort at somewhat irregular intervals, or at scattered points of which they touch, now at one locality, now at another. The greater part of the Norwegian coast is thinly settled, and when great multitudes of fish invade some particular bay or harbor, the inhabitants of the region are utterly unable to secure the riches which the sea brings to their doors. The telegraph brings vessels and men and casks and salt from far and wide in season to secure the booty.

There are several valuable kinds of fish which, like the herring on the Norwegian coasts, appear with a good degree of regularity on the coasts of the United States. The alewives and the shad, as formerly the salmon, have regular seasons for coming into our rivers from the sea. Would it not be a benefit to the fishing communities as a whole if all the particulars about the arrival of these fish in their favorite waters, about their quantity, size, and condition, and the prices they command, were daily announced by telegraph, just as all the particulars of the cattle markets are given? Would it not be for the advantage of every fishing village in New England if, during the mackerel season, the whereabouts of the mackerel fleet, the success of the fishing, the size and temper of the fish and their changes of place, should be daily announced by telegraph from stations which could follow the fish and keep constant watch upon their movements? The productiveness of the fisheries could undoubtedly be much increased by a well-organized system which should give fishermen accurate daily reports from all the principal fishing grounds near the coast.—*The Nation.*

NEST OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The nest of the humming-bird is a miracle of perfection in domestic economy. For beauty, fitness and safety, the wisdom and taste displayed in its arrangement are irreproachable. Bedecked in a plumage of emerald, ruby and topaz, remarkable for the delicacy of its form and grace of its motion, unsullied by rain from the clouds, or dust from the earth, feeding upon the nectar of the flowers, its habitation should be in character, and so it is. Shaped like a half cup, it is delicately formed of lichens colored like the branch on which it is fixed, and lined with the soft down of plant blossoms, of

Mullein leaves, or the young fern. It is delicately soft, sheltered, and undistinguishable from the bark of the tree, of which it seems a most natural excrescence—a moss-grown knot. Two white eggs, as large as peas, adorn the nest, upon which, as asserted by some naturalists, the cock and hen sit by turns for ten or twelve days.

The little birds, scarcely larger than flies, enter upon their existence in a chamber tapestried as with velvet, and are fed with the sweets of flowers from the maternal tongue. The tiny household exhibits not only a commendable neatness, but exquisite taste and delicacy in all its arrangements. Can gentle humanity derive no lesson from such an example?—*J. R. Dodge, Ohio Reports*, 1864.

LINOLEUM MANUFACTURE.

The manufacture of this new and interesting material, which threatens to rival the India-rubber trade in the multiplicity and utility of its manufactures, is based on the invention of Frederick Walton, whose patents are now worked by the Linoleum Manufacturing Company, at Staines, and 45 Cannon St., west. The word linoleum is derived from *linus* (linseed) and *oleum* (oil,) from which products the new substance is made. The linseed oil of commerce is solidified or "oxydized" by the absorption of oxygen, by which process it becomes changed into a semi-resinous substance. It is then combined at a strong heat with resinous gums and other ingredients, and the substance thus obtained has all the appearance and many of the properties of India-rubber.

Those who are conversant with the uses of the pliable elastic gums, readily perceive the wide field of usefulness that any material possessing such properties is designed to occupy, more especially as the price of the new substance is much lower than India-rubber or gutta-percha. Linoleum can also be dissolved into a varnish or cement in the same manner as India-rubber, and in this form can be employed in the manufacture of material for water-proof clothing. As a varnish or paint for protecting iron or wood, or for coating ships' bottoms, it is said to be admirably adapted, as it dries rapidly, in fifteen or twenty minutes, and adheres with singular tenacity. As a cement for uniting substances, such as wood with iron, or wood with wood, it is very effective, and has similar properties to the marine glue, made from India-rubber and shellac. Singularly enough, linoleum can also be vulcanized or hardened by exposure to heat. By this means it is made as hard as the hardest wood, and rendered capable of receiving a high polish without the aid of varnish or any other extraneous substance. In this condition it can be filed, planed or turned, as easily as wood, and employed in many of the various ways for which wood is used. Or it can be moulded in heated dies to any desired form, as, for example, flax spinners' bosses, sheaves for ships blocks, surgical instrument handles, picture frames, mouldings, veneers to imitate marble, ivory, ebony and other woods. Combined with emery, it forms a grinding wheel, having extraordinary cutting or abrasive power. Very dissimilar are some of the uses to which the new substance can be applied. Carriage aprons, cart-sheeting, sail-covers, reticules, tarpauling, printers' blankets, gas pipes, telegraph supports, washable felt carpets, table covers, paints for carriages or for painting floor-cloths, or enamels of any color for enameling papier-mache or metals. These are only some of the many uses to which linoleum may be applied.

The manufacture has hitherto been chiefly confined to the development of the floor-cloth trade, for which the new material has proved itself well adapted. Linoleum floor-cloth is produced by combining the linoleum with ground or powdered cork, which is rolled on to a stout canvas, the back of the canvas being afterward waterproofed with a cement or varnish made from the solidified or oxydized oil before referred to. The combined fabric so manufactured is then painted by means of blocks in every variety of pattern, in the ordinary way. The floor-cloth thus produced is pliable and comparatively noiseless to walk upon. It washes well, preserves its color, and can be rolled up like any ordinary carpet. Besides being very durable—the component parts being almost indestructible except by fire—it will not decompose by heat or exposure to the sun or air, as is the case with India rubber. It is therefore better adapted than that substance for hot climates. To the chemist, engineer and manufacturer, linoleum offers quite a new substance for experiment, and no doubt, as it becomes better known, the various uses to which it may be applied will be more fully developed and appreciated.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

ITEMS.

The Philadelphia Mint.—The gold deposits at the U. S. Mint for the Ninth month amounted to $1,174,697, and the silver deposits and purchases to $33,498.95—in all $1,208,197. The gold coinage in the same time amounted to $1,258,792, almost wholly in double eagles, and the silver coinage to $33,689, mainly in half dollars and fine bars. The copper coinage, principally in one and three cent pieces, amounted to $118,745. The total coinage of the month, of all metals, amounted to $1,411,205, covering 3,621,344 pieces.

An appeal to the public has been made by the Jamaica Committee for £10,000, for the prosecution of ex-Governor Eyre. Mr. Coleridge, the Queen's counsel, has been secured by the committee.

Fire-proof Wash for Shingles.—A wash, composed of lime, salt and fine sand or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of white-washing, renders the roof fifty per cent. more secure against

taking fire from falling cinders or otherwise, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expenses a hundredfold in preserving influence against the effect of the weather. The older and more weather-beaten the shingles the more benefit derived. Such shingles generally become more or less warped, rough and cracked; the application of the wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them at once to their original or first form, thereby closing up the spaces between the shingles, and the lime and sand, by filling up the cracks and pores in the shingle itself, prevents it from warping.

Incombustible Wash.—Slake some stone lime in a large tub or barrel, with boiling water; when slaked, pass six quarts of it through a fine sieve. It will then be in a state of fine flour. Now to six quarts of this lime add one quart of salt and one gallon of water; then boil the mixture and skim it clean. To every five gallons of this mixture add one pound of alum, half pound of copperas, by slow degrees, three-quarters of a pound of potash, and four quarts of white sand, or hard wood ashes sifted. This solution will admit of any coloring matter, and may be applied with a brush. It is more durable than paint. It will stop small leaks in the roof, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling upon it. When laid upon brick work, it renders the brick impervious to rain or wet.

The Freedmen.—Major-Gen. Sheridan has transmitted a report of the condition of the freedmen in Louisiana for the quarter ending Ninth month 30th, 1866. The General states the prospects of the cotton crop are gloomy, and that many employers, whose entire crops have been destroyed, will not be able to pay their employees, and there appears to be a general desire to get rid of the responsibility of any longer maintaining the employees, every pretext being sought for discharging them. Many of the freedmen, who engaged to work for a share of the crops, will be left not only destitute of the means of support during the coming winter, but will be in debt to the owners of lands for supplies advanced to them during the summer. Complaints are frequent that the freedmen, after having labored faithfully from the date of their contracts, First month 1st, 1866, until the crop was ready to harvest, are being discharged and driven away, ostensibly on the ground of having been insolent. There are frequent reports of cruelty to the freedmen, particularly in the northwestern parishes, where men go through the country at night disguised, and take the freedmen from their houses and whip and otherwise maltreat them. Homicides are frequent in some localities. Sometimes they are investigated by a coroner's jury, which justifies the act in some instances, and releases the perpetrator. In other cases, when the proof comes to the knowledge of the agent of the Bureau, the parties are held to bail in a nominal sum; but the trial of a white man for the killing of a freedman can, in the existing state of society in the State, be nothing more or less than a farce. The total suspension of the issue of rations will cause much distress.

Official information from Alabama states that in a large portion of that State the corn crop has been almost a total failure, and that the cotton crop has been severely injured by the drought and worm. The people in the inland and northern portions of the State are destitute, and unless there be immediate assistance the suffering during the winter will be great.

John Towles, an Episcopal Clergyman, in Fauquier County, Virginia, gave notice that he would open a First-day school for the freedmen in the building formerly known as the "Sulphur Spring Academy." He was informed that he would not be allowed either to teach or preach to the freedmen. Having the consent and approbation of two-thirds of the Board of Trustees, and knowing that he was engaged in a good work, he endeavored to reason with his advisors, and bring them to see the matter in its true light. He secured teachers and organized the schools, but a few days before it was to have been opened the building was fired by the hand of an incendiary and burned to the ground. The Rector wishes to rebuild the "Sulphur Spring Academy," and in the meantime the First-day school for the freedmen will go on, on his own premises. He says, "I feel that I have put my hand to God's work, and must leave consequences to Him."

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VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 10, 1866. No. 36.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 548.)

1817, *Fifth month 16th.*—In what words shall I express thy tender dealings, thy loving-kindness, O Lord! to my poor soul? How shall I approach thee, how shall I speak of thee, or speak to thee, O! Thou, the Giver of every good gift? Thou art far more gracious than any language can commemorate, or than any tongue can convey an adequate notion of. Thou hast wrapped me in a garment of praise; thou hast covered me with a sense of thy compassion. I am swallowed up with love of thee, with thy love towards me. Take pity upon the poor dust, which thou hast been pleased to animate with the breath of thy pure Spirit, and to make a living soul;—still condescend to continue thy fatherly protection—thy very tender mercies and forbearance, hitherto vouchsafed;—and enable me and all thy poor creatures, to answer yet more and more thy end and purpose in creating us,—still more and more to love and adore thee, who art our all in all. O! may thy kingdom, thy power, and thy glory, yet more widely and triumphantly extend over every thing within us and without us;—O! may thy blessed will so come over all, that the period may again be known, when "the morning stars sing together, and all thy sons, O God, shout for joy!"

1817, *Fifth month 20th.*—O! how fervently, how earnestly, have my cries and breathings ascended to Him, who is the fountain and source of all good, that all the true well-wishers to Zion's welfare,—all the hearty, zealous, living laborers may be preserved at this season, (Yearly Meeting,) on the right hand and on the left;—that they may be kept in their proper places, and in subjection to the Great Master of our assemblies;—that their spiritual eye and ear may be opened and enlivened by his healing hand;—that their speech may be directed and their mouths filled in his own time and way, to his glory! May each one of these be kept low under His almighty hand; may that which is of the creature within them be abased, whilst that which comes from the source of life and glory, is exalted above every obstacle or opposition. O! Thou, who art pleased at times to favor thy poor dependent little ones, those who have no hope, or help, or happiness, but in the smile of thy benignant countenance, be pleased at this time so to refresh their hearts with the influence of thy paternal presence, so to overshadow them with a sense of thy continued protection and care, that they may be severally encouraged and confirmed to serve Thee with greater diligence, to devote themselves afresh to thy service and disposal, and more sincerely and unreservedly to say and to feel that Thy will is best in all things!

1817, *Sixth month 1st.*—I have attended the sittings of this Yearly Meeting, as well as those of its large Committee on Epistles, of which I was nominated a member; and am in-

clined in this manner to notice it. I think I never saw the importance of our assemblies, or indeed of any system of church government, in so strong a light, as previously to this Yearly Meeting. For many days before it commenced, my mind seemed engrossed with a sense of the weighty act of duty, which we were going to take in hand: I was encompassed with earnest desires and great exercise of soul, that every individual attendant there might be availingly instructed and benefited whether it should fall to his lot to be more or less prominently engaged; and that thus whatever we might do in word or deed, we might do all to the glory of the Lord, and for the promotion of his great cause. I was favored to continue in the same tender feeling frame of mind, with but little diminution, to the conclusion of our solemn engagement: at times, the Lord did extend his precious gathering wing over his poor dependent little ones, and enabled some to sing in their hearts to his praise;—blessed be his holy name. O! what a privilege it is to experience preservation on every hand, to be each of us kept in our proper places, and under our own fig tree, where none can make us afraid,—each of us abiding under our particular exercises, and upon the watch-tower.

A few lines affectionately offered and addressed to every young person whom they may concern.

1817, Sixth month 10th.

Dear fellow traveller—In a little of that love which has been extended to me by Him, who "sheweth mercy unto thousands," I send thee these few lines; sincerely desiring that the eye of thy soul may be so effectually opened and enlightened by the healing hand of the great physician, Christ Jesus, as to enable thee clearly to see the things which belong unto thy peace, before they are hidden from thee.

Dear fellow traveller, dost thou not at times, when thy mind is in some degree disengaged from the round of sin and folly, or when thy natural flow of health and spirits is somewhat broken, dost thou not feel within thee convictions of thy wickedness, and condemnation for the same? Hast thou not intelligibly heard at such intervals a language which whispers, "all is not right?" Hast thou not felt that the end of these things, in which thy gratification is placed, can never be peace,—can never be any thing short of death, eternal death to the soul that persists in them? Be assured, then, that although these are thy secret feelings, thou art still the object of infinite condescension and loving-kindness; he who desires not the death of the evil-doer, but the death of the evil, is still near thee, notwithstanding all thy rebellion,—following thee in thy ways, which are those of sin, and running after thee as a shepherd in search of his strayed sheep. These pleadings of Divine grace, these convictions of the Spirit of Christ, which in spite of thy concealment of them are pursuing thee, and in spite of thy endeavors to appease them by partial reformations are galling thy soul,—even these are the evidences of His gracious hand upon thee, who wounds only to heal, and whose very judgments are in mercy. O! that thou mayst come to see with undoubted clearness the truth of this; that thou mayst be encouraged and emboldened unreservedly to follow that which is, as I fully believe, shown thee to be right and acceptable in the sight of the great Judge of all the earth. Assuredly He has shown thee what he is requiring at thy hands, and what his righteous controversy is with. He requires of thee nothing but that which has separated thee from Him, the only source and centre of true joy,—nothing but that which, if not forsaken, will embitter thy present life, and plunge thee into utter darkness after it. Dear fellow traveller, it may be that thou hast been, within these few years, my companion in the walk of wickedness; that we have taken delight to set at defiance the commandments of a great Creator; and have yielded ourselves, and all that we possess, the ready instruments of Satan:—our time, our talents, our means, our youth, our health, our peace have been freely sacrificed at the altar of our soul's enemy. Be then entreated by one who has himself trod in this path; who has hurried forward with impetuosity down this fatal current; who, borne by the rushing waters to the very brink of a tremendous precipice, has been there snatched from the very mouth of destruction. There is indeed, dear young person, neither help, nor hope, nor happiness, even in this state of existence, but in the favor of Him, (in whose favor is life,) in implicit obedience to the Divine will as far as it is made known to us. It is to no purpose that we reckon ourselves, or are reckoned by others as belonging to this sect or the other church, to this class or the other division of professing Christians—if we fall short of those unalterable marks and evidences of true Christianity, by which we shall be known and distinguished in that great day, when every gloss will be removed, and every ceremony and shadow shall fade before the eternal sun of truth. We read that at that awful crisis there shall be but two names or classes by which the inhabitants of the whole world shall be known,—the sheep and the goats,—the good and the bad. Well, dear fellow traveller, it remains for each of us, if we have any desire that this transient state of being may terminate in an unfading inheritance, to lay aside all the false and foolish reasonings, all the vain suggestions, the cheating insinuations of an unwearied adversary; and with sincerity and simplicity of soul to take up the holy resolution to seek and to serve the Lord our God, during

the few remaining days that may be allotted us; and to this end, that we be found daily inquiring in his temple, the temple of our own hearts, and waiting upon him there, where his kingdom must come and his will be done; that so we may feel his presence and power to direct and to guide us into the saving knowledge of himself. That thou and I, as well as all our poor brethren upon the face of the earth, may be of that gloriously happy number, who shall inherit an eternity of joy unspeakable in the kingdom of heaven, is the earnest desire of one who feels himself thy soul's true friend.

To a Friend.

Clapham, 16th of Sixth month, 1817.

Whilst thinking of writing to thee, a part of a beautiful meditation of the Psalmist, on the works and wonders of Providence, occurs to me. After dwelling much on the variety and immensity, the order, the harmony, the excellent provision and appointment of all things both in heaven and upon the earth, the poor servant cries out, as if unequal to the task,—"O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth *is full* of thy riches." I remember it is somewhere said, "all thy works shall praise thee, and thy saints shall bless thee;" and whilst we thus see that the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament his handiwork,—whilst we see that all his works praise him, are we not convinced that his saints should likewise bless him? Are we not abundantly persuaded, that man also,—whom we now see the only flaw, the only speck in this vast production, perverted in himself, and perverting the rest of the creation,—was originally made pure and perfect in his kind, and did then glorify his Maker. O! how fully do I believe, how clearly do I see, that it is only as we poor creatures come to be renewed in the spirit of our minds, and to experience the putting on of the new man, which after the image of Him that made us, is created in righteousness and true holiness; that we can rightly worship, acceptably praise, and truly give glory to so infinitely righteous and holy a Being, with whom we have to do. Thus alone are we brought inexpressibly to feel the beauty of those scriptural or other writings, which dwell on the works of the creation; thus also are the faculties of our mind opened, enlarged, and quickened to examine, to perceive, and adore, the great First Cause of all. What a blessed experience, when every thing within us and without us, the stars above us, the dust under our feet, seem all to join with us, and to show forth that Power which has made them, and which supports and sustains this system, this machinery of the universe. Surely the revolutions and vicissitudes to which the spiritual as well as the natural kingdom seems subject, the turnings and overturnings, the storms and the calms, the darkness and the brightness, the dreary and the cheering prospects, the drooping and the delightful seasons, are equally in the hollow of his hand, who is said to be "all in all." He saith to the raging winds, "peace be still," and to the foaming billow, "thus far shalt thou come, but no farther." What then should be the invariable language of our hearts,—what should be the clothing of our spirits day and night, in all extremities, and under all the circumstances to which we are constantly liable, but—"the will of the Lord be done." O! that we might be privileged to continue from day to day, and all day long, in such a prostrated, humbled, reverential frame of spirit, as would indubitably evince our belief in the presence, protection, providence, and power of Him whom we profess to serve.

Thy affectionate friend,

J. B.

1817, *Sixth month 24th.*—I think I have never felt in so reduced a condition, in so pitiable a state of mind, as during some intervals of late: at this time especially, it seems as though I were at the very boundary where distress of soul ends, and where utter darkness and desolation begin. Still is there something like hope;—still is there, through the infinite mercy of Him, whose kingdom and whose power are far above the dominion of the wicked one, something resembling the faintest glimmer of a spark of light, through all the horror and gloom which reigns. O Lord! this once help me,—condescend to bless me, and be with me, and I will follow thee withersoever thou leadest. O! Lord God of my fathers, I have read of thy goodness towards those who sought thee, towards those who trusted in thee, in times that are past; I have seen, and I have known, and am sure, that it shall ever be well with those, who have no help, or hope, or happiness, but in and by and through thee, the source and centre, the spring and the river of all consolation and refreshment.

1817, *Sixth month 25th.*—I attended our Quarterly Meeting held this day, under a weight of discouragement, without being able to feel any thing alive within me. It seemed to some, however, to be an open time, a time of refreshment; the truly hungry and thirsty were shown what a blessed condition they were in; and they were directed to the fountain of living waters, the living bread from heaven, whereby they might be nourished up into eternal life. There was also a supplication put forth on behalf of some, who were under discouragement and doubting whether they ought not to enter upon some important duty; and a desire for such, that they might "go forth in this their strength,"—in the deep sense of their own weakness:—which much reached me. The sittings for business were no less trying to me,

and I believe to some others, who mourn at the untempered, (if I may use that expression,) or rather perhaps unleavened manner in which these our meetings for the promotion of good order, Christian conduct and conversation, are sometimes held. Oh! how little of an inwardly gathered and retired disposition do we see,—how little of that weighty concern and exercise of soul—that abiding under the overshadowing canopy of pure fear which were witnessed by those amongst us, in former times, and spoken of in these words of William Penn: "Care for others was then much upon us, as well as for ourselves, especially the young convinced. Often had we the burden of the word of the Lord to our neighbors, relations, and acquaintances, and sometimes to strangers also: we were in travail for one another's preservation, treating one another as those that believed and felt God present; which kept our conversation innocent, serious, and weighty. We held the Truth in the spirit of it, and not in our own spirits, or after our own will and affection. We were bowed and brought into subjection, insomuch that it was visible to them that knew us; we did not think ourselves at our own disposal, to go where we list, or say or do what we list or when we list: our liberty stood in the liberty of the Spirit of Truth; and no pleasure, no profit, no fear, no favor, could draw us from this retired, strict, and watchful frame. Our words were few and savory, our looks composed and weighty, and our whole deportment very observable. I cannot forget the chaste zeal and humility of that day;—O! how constant at meetings,—how retired in them,—how firm to Truth's life as well as to Truth's principles!" Thus far William Penn, and oh! that we could say, that anything like all this did really and truly pervade our conduct now, as a religious body.

(To be continued.)

REAL THOUGHT.

In a loose sense of the word, all men may be said to think; that is, a succession of ideas, notions, passes through their minds from morning to night; but in as far as this succession is passive, undirected, or governed only by accident and outward impulse, it has little more claim to dignity than the experience of the brute, who receives, with like passiveness, sensations from abroad through his waking hours. Such thougth, if thought it may be called, having no aim, is as useless as the vision of an eye which rests on nothing, which flies without pause over earth and sky, and of consequence receives no distinct image. Thought, in its true sense, is an energy of intellect. In thought, the mind not only receives impressions or suggestions from without or within, but reacts upon them; collects its attention, concentrates its forces upon them, breaks them up, and analyses them, like a living laboratory, and then combines them anew, traces their connexions, and thus impresses itself on all the objects which engage it.—*Dr. Channing.*

MEMOIR OF REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(Continued from page 550.)

Mill Creek, Tenth month 22d, 1851.

Dear Friend:—It has been my lot to pass through a season of stripping, in which I have felt my unworthiness to ask of the Father even one crumb of soul-sustaining bread, and yet He has condescended to bless me far beyond my merit, inasmuch as He has not wholly cast me off, but has commanded me, as I have believed, to write what He may direct for an absent friend. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend;" so, also, do I believe that communications of this kind may have a tendency to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance; for as it is the pure in spirit that shall see God, they who feel that they have none in heaven or in all the earth to look unto but Him for counsel and direction, feel, also, that none other can teach as He does, and that His mercies are new every morning; and as it has been written that "ten righteous persons may be the means of saving a city," so do I believe that the prayers of the rightly exercised, on behalf of those we love, may avail much, for He who is our author and creator is a prayer-hearing God. Had it not been so, I should have been driven from His presence as one totally unworthy of the smallest favor. Had it not been for the secret petitions of my parents, which ascended to the throne of grace on behalf of their infant charge, which they early left to the care and protection of strangers, outwardly, yet secretly, they were watched over by the All-wise Caretaker, and preserved from many snares and temptations by which they were surrounded. And all that is within me is bowed when I reflect upon His goodness and matchless love, and the little return which I have made for these favors, for which body, soul and spirit should be given into His hands, to be converted to the purpose He designed, that of giving glory and honor to his great name, by surrendering my own will in passive obedience to His entire control, and allow the creature to lie low in self-abasement before him. This, my friend, is what He requireth of us individually, in order that we may come to know Him to be the resurrection and the life; for when this comes to be our condition, we do His works, and there is a ceasing from man's, for what man knoweth the things of God but God, and he to whom He revealeth them; and, as He is a spirit, they can only be spiritually discerned by His unspeaking voice, which must be attentively listened to, or we may not distin-

guish it from the voice of the stranger, and thereby fall into error, from which we may have much difficulty in freeing ourselves. But if, on the other hand, we are willing to listen to the divine monitor within, we shall come to know his power to be superior to every other power, because it can set us free from the law of sin and death,—not the death of the outward body, but that death which is produced by transgression. It is recorded, "the soul that sinneth shall die," for, as in Adam, all shall die; showing that the animal propensities of our nature must know a death to pass upon them in the character of the fire of the Lord, which consumes all that is light and chaffy, while that which remains may be compared to silver in a pure state, free from the dross that adhered to it when dug from the earth. That which is of the earth is earthy, and must undergo the refining process before it can become valuable in the hands of the refiner. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." These, then, being testimonies recorded in the Scriptures of Truth, what further evidence do we want to show that man as man can never perform the works of God? He must come to experience His spirit breathed into him, for "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, by which he became a living soul," showing that he was passive to the operation as the clay in the hands of the potter, which resisteth not, but is fashioned and formed agreeably to the will of the maker into many different shapes, not presuming to call in question the wisdom of the architect, who fully understands the use which he designs each vessel should be applied to. As this is yielded to, there is no clashing nor jarring, for this might have a tendency totally to destroy that which would be otherwise truly valuable and precious.

And, as regards the Society which we are members of, it was, I believe, established upon the firm basis of Scripture truth, *the light within*. Had it not been so, its founders would never have been able to have endured the bitter and cruel persecution which was inflicted upon them by their enemies, and which nothing but a superhuman power could have supported them under and raised them above, until they were constrained, amidst it all, to sing praises unto Him, whose divine arm of power was underneath them. And as He remains to be the same yesterday, to-day and forever, He will raise up and qualify those who will not only maintain these principles, but will raise the standard of truth and righteousness yet higher in the view of surrounding nations. Truth is mightier than error, and must prevail; so it is also progressive, and instead of our being as we now are, a hissing and a by-word, there would be a flocking unto us not only from the highways and hedges, but from among those of rank and fortune, whose eyes would be pleased with the beauty of holiness, such as were not only professed but practiced by the followers of that memorable instrument in the hands of his Divine Master, George Fox. These views have been presented to me, I believe, in the light of truth, which can alone reveal them unto man, and which he, with all his high and exalted reasoning powers, can never comprehend, because they are spiritually discerned even by babes and sucklings, those who hunger and thirst after the milk of the kingdom, which nourisheth up the soul unto immortality and eternal life.

However much and often I have missed my way in my spiritual journey, the sincere desire of my heart is to be found walking in my allotted sphere; for fully convinced I am that I can never bring glory and honor unto His great name by seeking to establish principles and rules of my own contrivance, and which, the more I indulge in, will lead me farther away from the source and centre of all good, which is God. And although one among the weakest of His servants, He has sometimes commissioned me to hand forth to others, either verbally or in epistolary communications, that which He may deem meet for them to have, although it may be by way of reproof, and sometimes by way of instruction or encouragement, to those who are weary and heavy laden, and who feel that they have none in heaven or in all the earth to rest their hopes of salvation upon but Christ Jesus, "the rock of ages." Unto these the salutation of the spirit through me is, fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Lift up then the hands which are ready to hang down on account of the many deficiencies prevailing among us as a people, remembering, as has been testified, that the prayers of rightly-exercised parents on behalf of their offspring, avail much; so, also, do those of the parents in the truth, for the preservation and protection of that unto which they may feel bound by the strong ties of deep and fervent love to the Father, and, consequently, to the children, over whom he has, in a measure, placed these as fathers and mothers in the truth, denominated ministers and elders. As I have written nothing but that which seemed to present in the light which we as a people profess, I will close, with the salutation of love.

REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(To be continued.)

GOOD MANNERS.

There is an impression that moral attributes have a certain hard and rugged nature of their own, and that they are genuine in proportion as they are unlovely. Many persons think that truth spoken in love hardly bears the spirit of truth. They want a man to speak the truth

very much as a bull-dog speaks—right out with it at a bark! Where a man does this, people say, "That is the sort of man that I like. There is no flummery about what he says. When he speaks the truth he bites off his words as though he meant it." They seem to like a blunt, hard, wounding way of speaking. Whereas, if another man studies to speak the truth, so as not only by the truth to touch as many points as possible, but to avoid as many evil effects as possible, they say, "He may speak the truth; but then, there is a kind of indirectness about it. I do not like a varnishing of the truth. Truth ought to be spoken in its own nature." What is its own nature? When a man speaks the truth without sympathy; without feeling; harshly; not in love, as the Apostle commanded that it should be spoken; but in passion, in irritableness, and in uncharitableness; then people seem to think that it is spoken in its own nature. No, it is not. The truth is spoken in its own nature when it is spoken as God speaks it through the universe. The heavens symbolize it by all the beauteous forms of clouds, and by the colors of sunrise and sunset. The earth speaks it by all the exquisite flowers of summer. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." And these things are so many parts of that universal tongue which praises God and declares him to be the One that sits in the beauty of holiness. And when I hear men take the rudest things to make them the symbols of truth-speaking, I marvel that the revolutions of the revolving world have not taught them that God is love, and that God is beautiful.

Throughout the New Testament, not only are moral qualities enjoined, but they are enjoined to be exercised graciously and attractively. Christ does not merely say, "Let your light shine:" he says, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father." You are to attract men, to win them—not to dazzle and drive them.

Hence, bluntness, coarseness, hardness of speech, are not to be preferred. If a man has been reared on a ship's deck, if his eye and his tones are genial, and you see that he knows no better than to be blunt in his speech, you will bear with his bluntness, and it will not offend you; but where a man has had opportunities of cultivating suavity and grace of speech, there can be no greater mistake, or one more palpably in violation of the spirit of Christianity, than for him to suppose that he must speak abruptly, or be rough in his manner or address. A disagreeable piety is impious by so much as it is disagreeable. Virtue is lovely. So is truth. So is piety. Men admire these things. There is something in them that addresses itself to the fundamental quality in every person's soul. And you are bound to give truth a fair exposition in your conduct. Certainly you are not to slander it by acting on purpose as though to be pious was necessarily to be cold; as though to be good was necessarily to be unrich; as though to be Christian was necessarily to be void of everything that is lovely, and beautiful, and pleasure-giving.

This view will present a much higher idea of good manners than is often presented. We are usually taught good manners by parents and teachers in schools because good manners are important to our making our way in the world; but I hold that good manners stand on a moral and a Christian ground. A man is bound so to speak, so to rise up, so to sit down, so to conduct himself in all the thousand usages of society, as that his presence shall be a pleasant and not a disagreeable thing, or a burden to his fellow-men, Where a man has good manners, he has the power of producing unconscious pleasure all the time.

From the British Friend.

A SHORT MEMOIR OF MARY GRIFFIN.

Mary Griffin, of Nine Partners, in the State of New York, was the daughter of Moses Palmer, of Stonington, Connecticut, who was a strict member of the Presbyterian Society—zealous in the performance of family duties, such as daily prayers, &c., yet allowed his children to attend what was termed decent balls, and some other places of amusement, customary amongst young people at that day.

In this manner Mary received her education, but was met with in an unexpected moment at a time little thought of by her, when she was engaged on the floor in a dance, which circumstance she related as follows:—

"While I was in the midst of the dance, my mind was solemnly impressed with the sad effects of misspent time, and I immediately retired and took my seat, at which the company were surprised, and inquired the cause. I honestly told them that I would not take another step in that way, and accordingly never attended another one."

Thus she bore testimony to the principle professed by Friends, a Society that she had little or no knowledge of.

She continued for some time a member of the Presbyterian Society, and when young in years entered into a married life; and not long after the birth of her second child, she understood by some means that a travelling minister of the Society of Friends was to have an evening meeting in the neighborhood, and in the course of the day preceding it frequently occurred to her mind, accompanied with a wish or desire to attend it. Her husband being from home, and no one in the family but herself and children, she was at a loss to know how

to dispose of them during her absence if she attended the meeting. She finally concluded to take supper early, and put the children to bed; and as soon as they were asleep, she placed the bedclothes around them, and set out for the meeting, leaving them to the protection of a kind Providence: she secretly said to herself, "I have faith to believe they will be cared for until my return."

She had to travel on foot about four miles to the meeting, and on the way had to cross a stream of water, which she found had risen to so great a height as to run over a small bridge which was placed over it for foot passengers. This appeared a difficulty not easily surmounted. She nevertheless did not give up her intention, as she fully believed it was her duty to go, but absolutely waded through the strong current of the stream, without receiving any material injury. After which, she arrived at the meeting, and while sitting therein, the following emphatic passage of Scripture frequently presented itself to her mind, till at length she believed it right to rise up and express it amongst them:

"Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest amongst the stars, thence I will bring thee down, saith the Lord." (Obadiah 4.)

After she sat down she felt great peace of mind; and when the meeting was over she returned, rejoicing that she had been there, and on her arrival at home found her children safe as when she left them.

She at that time appeared in the garb that was customary in the Society to which she belonged, having a scarlet-colored cloak, edged with fur.

It appeared afterwards that a man of considerable standing was present at the meeting—one who had been very troublesome, and was about to engage in some overbearing conduct toward Friends—who was so overcome on hearing the aforesaid communication, that he declined prosecuting the object that he had in view, and after the meeting was over, took an opportunity with them, made a satisfactory acknowledgment of his error, and became a useful member of society.

She soon afterwards joined herself in membership with Friends, became an approved minister in the Society about the twentieth year of her age, and continued in that station upwards of fourscore years, as appears by the memorial given forth by Nine Partners Monthly Meeting respecting her.

It further appeared that though she had given up in obedience to what she believed was required of her in the foregoing instances, she had not reflected on the impropriety of her gay dress, until a Friend expressed herself in meeting to this effect:

"Laces proceed from pride—pride is sin—and sin will lead down lower than the grave."

She was then sensible of the inconsistency of her dress, and immediately altered it, laying aside all those parts that she saw were superfluous.

A remarkable circumstance took place of her knowledge and quickness of apprehension when she was about six years of age. Being present when her parents were conversing about their minister's salary, and her mother, advising to liberality, remarked, "We must not starve the gospel," the little girl replied, "Starve the gospel, mother! that you cannot do, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

When she was about the ninety-fifth year of her age, she performed a very satisfactory visit to a number of the Monthly Meetings in Nine Partners and Stanford Quarterly Meetings, and the families constituting them. In the hundredth year of her age, when she was so weak in body as not to be well able to stand alone, she felt her mind drawn to visit a part of the families of Nine Partners Particular Meeting, which, by the aid of her friends, she performed, and was led to point out and speak with clearness to particular states among those she visited. She also attended several public meetings at that place, wherein she was admirably favored to communicate suitable counsel and advice in a very lively and pertinent manner.

Near the close of her time she called for her children and grandchildren, and addressed them with her last words, saying, "Fear the Lord above all things, and keep up your religious meetings."

She departed this life on the morning of the 2d of Twelfth month, 1810, aged upwards of one hundred years.

GOD'S WAY OF ANSWERING PRAYERS.

And have you never found that prayer answered, when God has destroyed some earthly hope, brought you down from riches to poverty, from high to low estate, from the gladdening companionship of those you loved to be the mournful followers of them to the darksome grave! Did you *mean* God to search you, and to prove you? and did you mean that he should do it in your way, or in his own? And if he has done it in his own way, do you doubt its being well done? or do you think your ways higher than his ways, because your thoughts are different from his thoughts? and that, though he is a "God of truth and without iniquity" to others, he has dealt unfairly with *you?* We say not—for every "heart knoweth its own bitterness," and a stranger may not unduly, and without sympathy, intermeddle therewith—we say not that yours may not be a hard trial, a deep affliction, a destruction of worldly hopes, such as they are; but what if it should lead, as God would have it lead, to the setting of your

heart's best affections on that God, and that heaven, and that home above, from which these earthly hopes that are now destroyed have made you too much strangers! What if those hopes destroyed should tend to fix your hearts there, where alone true joys are to be found; and to cast all your care upon him who careth for you, and who has destroyed your worldly hopes *because* he cared for you: then, there *will* come a day, without a cloud to darken or a sorrow to depress, when, if the infirmity of nature should murmur, "Where is now the hope?" and the sneer of the infidel should suggest, "Who shall see it?" you shall be able to say, in the happy repose of pious submission, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" for he, my God and Saviour, can raise from the death-bed of earthly hopes, other hopes that are life-giving and heavenly; for "who is God but the Lord, and who is a rock save our God?" I often think of the pious Fenelon. When his illustrious pupil lay dead in his coffin, and the nobles of the court were gathered around, the good archbishop approached the body, and gazing feelingly upon it for a time, at last exclaimed to the following effect: "There lies one for whom my affection was equal to the most tender regard of the most tender parent, and he loved me in return with all the ardor of a son. There he lies, and much of my worldly hope lies dead with him. But"—(and here is the point of his holy resignation)—"but if the turning of a straw would bring him back to life, I would not, for a thousand worlds, be the turner of that straw, in opposition to the will of God."—*Dr. Langley.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 10, 1866.

Scipio Quarterly Meeting.—We are glad to receive notice of what transpires in other parts of the heritage. Though what is communicated may not seem of especial importance, yet a knowledge of how Friends in different sections are faring, tends to renew our interest in each other, and enables us to sympathize with all in their various allotments, whether it be in localities in which hundreds may assemble, or where only the two or three are found bearing our name.

A correspondent informs that Scipio Quarterly Meeting, composed of Scipio, Deruyter and Verona Monthly Meetings, was held at South Street Meeting-house, Scipio, (now in the town of Ledyard,) Cayuga Co., N. Y., on Fourth-day, the 26th of Ninth month. This meeting has become greatly reduced in size within the last few years, yet, on the recent occasion, a considerable number of Friends were in attendance. Representatives were present from the other Monthly Meetings, and members from all, or nearly all, the preparative meetings. Several ministers were there; one, who, though aged and quite infirm, came with his wife a distance of fifty miles by horse and wagon. In the meeting for worship several Friends were engaged in testimony, and their service was apparently acceptable to their hearers.

At the public meeting on Fifth-day, many of the neighbors not in membership with Friends were present. A Minister from Genesee delivered a long and edifying discourse. After attending the Quarterly Meeting he proceeded to Canada in the further prosecution of his religious concern.

Swarthmore College.—We have numerous inquiries concerning the progress of the building and the prospect of an early organization of the school in which so many of our subscribers are interested, and have made inquiries recently with a view to answering these. The masonry on the west wing of the College is so nearly completed as to justify the confident expectation that the roof will be upon it before the winter weather prevents out-door work. The carpenters can then proceed with their labors under cover, the floors can be laid, the stud partitions put up, and the other inside work proceeded with early in the spring. The masons will proceed with the erection of the remaining walls, which are already erected to the line of the first joist, and there can be little doubt that the roof will be raised upon the whole building before this time next year. The French roof, which has been adopted as an improvement in the plans, gives an additional story, in which the older class of pupils can be lodged; and it is believed that the Board of Managers will determine, at its next meeting, to open the Preparatory School in the west wing in the autumn of next year. Although this measure would be liable to some objections, it would, no doubt, give a more definite and positive direction to the interest already manifested in the enterprise, and attract toward it some who have stood aloof upon the plea that the plans of education and management were

not sufficiently matured to enable them to judge intelligently of them. There is a feeling with some that the Institution is being erected upon an extravagant basis—that too much money is being spent upon the building—such should visit the grounds and examine the plans; they will find that while the building is substantially constructed, as it certainly should be, to meet the views of all, it has no more expended upon it than would be considered essential to any structure of its size and objects. Upon the number of pupils it is capable of accommodating, must depend in great measure the cheapness of instruction and living of the pupils, and upon this must depend the adaptation of the Institution to the wants and requirements of the community. We learn that an effort is now being made to increase the means of the corporation by a general duplication of former subscriptions, and that upon the success of this will probably depend the ability of the Board to open the school next autumn, and at the same time to extend the building to completion. In closing this article, we need hardly urge upon all who would promote the spread of intelligence and liberal culture in the Society of Friends, and in the communities in which they predominate, to aid this enterprise to the extent of their surplus means.

Married, by Friends' ceremony, in London, England, on the 3d of Tenth month, 1866, Joseph G. Miller, of Long Island, to Isabella Thompson, of the former place.

Died, on the 6th of Ninth month, 1866, in Bristol, Pa., of typhoid fever, Rebecca P., widow of Timothy Stackhouse, in the 58th year of her age. May she rest in peace.

——, on the 4th of Tenth month, 1866, in the 35th year of her age, Mary C., wife of Jas. A. Wright, and daughter of Catharine and the late Edward Cook, of New York.

——, suddenly, on the 27th of Tenth month, 1866, in Kent Co., Md., Charles E. P., only son of Townsend Hilliard, aged 17 years; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 27th of Tenth month, 1866, Jonathan, son of Edward C. and Ann M. Knight, of Phila., in his 26th year.

——, on Fourth-day afternoon, Tenth month 31st, 1866, in the 40th year of his age, T. Ellwood Lukens; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting, Phila.

——, on the 2d inst., Amos Wickersham, of Jenkintown, Pa., in the 82d year of his age.

——, on the morning of the 2d of Tenth month, 1866, of membranous croup, Arthur John, son of Sylvester D. and Sarah W. Linvill, aged about 3 years. An interesting child, whose flower of promise was early nipped in the bud.

The (London) *Friend*, reviewing Margaret Howitt's work, "Twelve Months with Frederica Bremer in Sweden," quotes from it some remarkable passages in the life of Pehr Thomasson, the Swedish poet.

Every event of life, be it ever so small, is assuredly under the control of a power beyond ourselves. I like to believe this, for it is a faith which makes me unspeakably happy. In connection with this subject I will relate the following perfectly true narrative:—

"In the early part of this century two peasant lads, in a beautiful part of the south of Sweden, herded their small flocks by the side of a wood in which was a large cave. They had glorious times together—they had not a care in the world; and when their sheep or goats, or whatever their herd might consist of, were safe, they would retire to the cave and live there a life happier than kings. At no great distance from this place stood a castle, the residence of a noble lady, a widow, with an only son about their own age. By some chance he became acquainted with the herd-boys—at least so far as to know that they led much merrier lives in their cave than he did in his castle; and after a little while he was invited to pay them a visit. This was, of all things, what he desired; but still he only dared to have this enjoyment by stealing away from his home unknown to his mother. The appointed time came and he went, none of the three thinking at all about the weather, nor observing the lowering clouds which gathered, until the storm burst over their heads in torrents of rain, flashes of jagged lightning, and heavy rolling thunder. The young nobleman, who had never been exposed to the elements before, trembled from head to foot. It seemed to him a judgment from heaven, and he feared he should never return alive to his castle. The two peasant lads, caring nothing for weather, having been out even in worse storms than this, and with perfectly easy minds, did their best to reassure their visitor—wrapped him in their coats, placed him in the back of the cave, and stood at its entrance to shut out the fierce lightning. The storm passed over, but only to give place to a still more terrible domestic one. The absence of the lad during the thunderstorm brought to his mother's knowledge where he had been, and she then sternly forbade his ever again associating with low and vulgar peasants. The farmers who employed them to herd their flocks were informed of their idle, negligent habits; the cave settlement was broken up; there was an end of their merry times together, and they went into other service—one this way and the other that. Years passed; the boys grew into men without knowing anything further of each other. One, however, he

with whom we have especially to do, Pehr Thomasson, developed into a poet and became known throughout Sweden for his patriotic songs and the breath of fresh nature which permeates them. On one occasion during his earlier success he visited the capital, and amongst other places of public interest which he inspected was the great prison at Vaxholm. After he had seen through the whole place and was crossing the court to leave, he was accosted by a thin, woe-begone-looking man, who said, 'Ah! I remember you, but you will not recognize me!' Pehr Thomasson could not but confirm the truth of his words. How great, then, was his emotion when he discovered that this sorrowful, poverty-stricken man was the great aristocrat, at one time too noble to associate with peasant boys, yet who now, a prisoner for debt, claimed his acquaintance. On another occasion, when the poet was again in Stockholm, he visited an exhibition of new pictures, when at once his eyes were attracted by a large painting representing the interior of a cave in a thunder-storm, and two sturdy peasant lads screening a delicate and apparently high-born youth from its terrors. Arrested at once by the familiar scene of his own boyish experience, he exclaimed aloud, 'Why, here we are to the life! Who in the world has painted this picture?' 'I,' said a voice behind him, 'your old comrade, brother Thomasson—the painter Nordenburg!' You can imagine the meeting better than I can describe it. It was this same Nordenburg who exhibited in the International Exhibition the clever picture of the Collection of Tithes in Scania, his own district, and which would, no doubt, be painted with equal fidelity to the life."

Of Amelie von Braun, M. Howitt writes:—

"Strongly attached to the Church of Sweden, and deeply mourning over such as heretics who in any way differed from it, she yet deplored its coldness and reliance on outward ceremonies, and often raised her voice against it, as a Church recreant to its high origin and authority. These opinions, however, were less strongly spoken out in her lifetime than in her *Pictures of Christian Life in our Days*, a work written after much prayer, which she left as a legacy to her nation. She acted out the principles, however, which she desired should reanimate the Church. Born in 1811, one of the several daughters of a lieutenant-colonel, whose small means were expended on the education of his sons, Amelie spent the earlier years of her life in spinning, weaving, and perhaps even, on an emergency, scouring a floor. All her household duties were, however, conscientiously performed, although she devoured every book that came in her way, digesting its contents over her mechanical labors; so that, even when thus employed, her mind was developing. From the early age of five, she knew that she had a Father in heaven; and, though encountering by the way many a difficulty, many an impediment, she yet advanced onward, ever onward, towards her heavenly home. She was a singularly dutiful daughter, never undertaking anything without the advice and blessing of her father. This also speaks much for the character of the parent. Nevertheless, there was one higher than her earthly father, as she says, 'From my tenderest years I have thrown myself on Jesus alone; nor has any undertaking of mine prospered in which I have followed human advice, or obeyed the will of others in opposition to the warning of an inward voice.' In 1843, she began to work quietly amongst the poor of Carlshamn, where her family was then residing. She visited the lowest cabins of sin and misery, carrying with her a clean cloth and candles. The cloth she spread on a table and the candles she lighted, for to the Swedes clean table linen and lighted candles convey the idea of the highest rejoicing and festivity. Having done this, made all beautifully impressive and attractive, she then poured out words of divine truth and kindliness into the hearts of the poor inmates. She produced in this way such an extraordinary effect, that the poor, wretched people use to clean up their miserable abodes in the hope of her coming, that she might see she was expected and made welcome. For nine years she carried on a large Sunday-school. She labored too amongst the sailors, and the most demoralized class of workmen, and found, throughout the experience of her life, men more easy to influence than women. In 1856, a still more extensive field of labor was opened to her. She came to Stockholm for the purpose of conversing with religious-minded persons, whose views accorded with her own, and especially as regarded certain tendencies which she greatly deplored. Here she was strongly urged to proceed to Dalecarlia, where the church was much shaken. She hesitated at first, for the distance was great and the people strange to her. At length, believing it to be the Divine will, she went there, and talking with the people great numbers thronged to listen. She conversed with them also in private, circulating orthodox works, and was regarded by them as a messenger of God, and, at the urgent entreaty of many, returned to them the following year. From this time forth she became a religious lecturer amongst the poorer orders generally, over whom she exercised great power. With the cultivated classes she could do less; the latter she intended to benefit by her pen, and that only after her death, for she feared that excessive partiality on one side and rancour on the other, might destroy the wholesome effect at which she aimed. She had not, strange to say, much influence with chil

dren; but she trusted that felling some great trees, little ones might be brought down with them, and rejoiced that there were so many loving women who especially could work amongst the young. Spite of her simple, unassuming manners, which vanquished the prejudices of many, as might naturally be expected, she met with violent opposition; still, without any effort on her part, as one door of usefulness was closed, another opened. Various clergymen warmly espoused her cause, inviting her to their districts during the great festivals of the Church. She would then, after the conclusion of the service, hold meetings in the summer in the open air. These meetings began with a hymn, in which hundreds of deeply affected voices joined. Her discourses continued for two, sometimes even for three hours, the people listening with rapt attention. Her voice was tenderly persuasive; and, as she would describe to them the poor prodigal man or woman returning to the Father's house, after giving them her own experiences, many were the hearts which she won. She exhorted them also to obey the authority of the law, for the Lord's sake; nor did she omit earnest prayer for the Church and its ministers, especially including the pastor of their own parish and his family. Her journeyings through the woods, and her abode in desolate country cabins, undermined her health, yet she never gave up her work, which she regarded as her calling from God. When not laboring abroad, she continued her 'Pictures.' During the winter of 1859, she had a fall on the ice, by which she was considerably hurt; nevertheless, though suffering great pain, she continued the journey she was then upon, for eight days longer, preaching for many hours during the day, and sleeping at night in some humble homestead, forgetting, as she says, the pain and uneasiness she endured, in the kindness of her sisters in the faith, and the praying, singing, reading, and conversation of her spiritual brothers. Towards the end of February of the same winter, waiting one Sunday for some friend in a cold churchyard after service, she was chilled, and subsequently reaching in a small over-heated cabin, she became seriously unwell. From this day her last illness dates, and on the 30th of the following month she departed this life, some of her last words being, 'My spirit is well—onwards! —onwards! Victory and light! I see now clearly—much more clearly!' An intense hatred of sin, of indolence, and luxury, may be stated as the prevailing character of her *Pictures of Christian Life*, which, though not quite completed, have been published as she left them.

The human heart, like a well, if utterly closed in from the outer world, is sure to generate an atmosphere of death.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

D. F. MACARTHY.

Summer is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present:
So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms:
But the memory of the vanished
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all!

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,
All the best are dead;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossomed,
Hangs its coral ball:
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Summer trees are pretty,—very,
And I love them well;
But this holly's glistening berry
None of those excel;
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent;—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all!

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart;
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no winter, after all!

NOTHING TO SPARE.

What! hast thou *naught* to spare? Alas! thy lot,
Indeed, is hapless; thou art very poor.
Poorer than thy poor brethren, who have not
The hoarded much, that crieth still for more!
Where are thy baubles? Where thy glittering toys?
Where thy rich trappings? Thy amusements, where?
The daily luxury, that only cloys?
Oh! look, and see if thou hast "naught to spare?
Where is thy wasted time? Thy unbreathed word
Of gentleness? Thy hidden talent, where?
The look of pity which thou mightst accord?
Oh! do not tell me thou hast "naught to spare."
Bethink thee ere thou speakest so again,
And for thy needy brethren have some care;
Oh! be more grateful to thy Father, when
So *much* He giveth thee—so much "to spare."

A. S. Standard.

They are brave who know to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are brave who calmly choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are brave who dare to be
In the right with two or three.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.)

(Continued from page 558.)

As the evening wore on, the passengers were nearly all on board. We found that a larger number had joined us there than we had expected to see; so we made a pretty large party, 252, including captain, crew, and all connected with the ship, divided as follows:—59 first-class passengers, 52 second-class, 52 third-class, 89 belonging to the ship, and, I have no doubt, a few stowaways; I was told of some, and I knew of three on board whose names were not on the published list; say there were six, making a total of 258. The number of passengers wsa 163, not many for so large a ship as the *London*, but 160 too many, as the end proved.

In the course of the evening the usual questions were asked, as it generally is at the beginning of a voyage—What is to be the length of time for the passage? and usually bets are made. One would give her sixty days; or would bet a dinner that we would be able to take one at the "Albion," in Bourke Street, by 10th of March. Others would give her sixty-five to seventy days. One man said, "I'll take odds she never gets to Melbourne. Do you remember what I told you at Gravesend, that she looked like a coffin?" Not a very comforting observation, but I remember it distinctly.

The next morning we were out of sight of land: we had left in the night. I asked one who was up at the time of starting, helping to heave the anchor, what was the time then; he said twelve, or little before. This our first day (Saturday) was pleasant—light head wind, ship rolling considerably. The coals piled on deck, in sacks, rolled down, and came very nigh killing a little boy. A good number of passengers on deck—making acquaintance. But this day gave us the last opportunity of seeing much of each other. The weather the next day became severe—it was too unpleasant to be on deck, and a great number were sea-sick and kept to their rooms. I do not think I saw a lady on deck at any time after, excepting on the last day. So Saturday passed over, and Sunday came in, and with it rain, and rather heavy wind, but a little more favorable, and we had now a few sails set. At noon, being on deck, I noticed that the ship's position was posted up, which I now forget; but I distinctly remember that our distance then from Plymouth was 170 miles. Understand what I mean by the position of the ship: on board passenger-vessels, the latitude, longitude, and distance run for the last day, ending at noon, or since last reckoning, is posted up by one of the officers in a conspicuous part of the ship, for the satisfaction of the passengers, who generally keep logs, and can see their position every day on a map or chart. In the afternoon, a clergyman from the after, chief saloon—the Rev. Mr. Kerr I think wa his name—came to our cabin, in second clas and read prayers and gave a short sermon exhortation, but under difficulties, as he sai he was suffering from sea-sickness: also th water occasionally would come down on h bare head, through the small skylights in th deck-house. Divine service was held in th chief saloon in the morning, I think by Re Dr. Wolly. I suppose very few thought of th being their last Sabbath.

Monday, the 8th, came in a little more plea antly; that is, through the day the sun was t be seen at times, but the wind was still stron and ahead, and the ship under steam, and bein low in the water, she made pretty heavy weath er of it. The ship's position this day, as far a I can remember, was latitude 46° 40′ N., long tude 7° 7′ W. The distance I can remembe more distinctly was 102 miles, we being no 272 miles from Plymouth, and entered on t the Bay of Biscay—that bay of terrible repu for why I did not fully understand, but d now.

There are unpleasant days at sea, and th was one of them: no comfort below, nor ple sure on deck. I am now speaking of th second-class accommodation on board an Au tralian passenger steamship of London, n Liverpool. The cabin is between decks, ente ed by the main hatchway of the ship, near midships and just forward of the main-mas As far as regards the motion of the ship, this the best part to be in. There were fifty-tw passengers and only two stewards, not a su ficient number to do the work. The cons quence was, the work was always ahead; ever thing rough and dirty, everybody complainin

I felt rather disappointed myself with th arrangements of the ship. Coming down Cha nel, I saw much to complain of, but said not ing; would make every allowance at the con mencement of a voyage, knowing well wh those long voyages are, and trusting that a would be right, once we left Plymouth and sea. But instead of matters improving, the grew worse. Of course, you must make son allowances for the severe weather; and, make matters worse, there was the steam-winc that the work of the ship was done by, with i everlasting din and rattle. It was placed the main deck, close to our hatchway; ar while it was working—which was more tha half the time—we could not hear each oth converse in our cabin; and as for reading—th only solace at sea—why, you would just as muc think of taking a book on a cold showery da in winter, and sit on London Bridge to rea as there. On deck it was worse still; for th *London* was a very wet ship, much more so tha any I had ever seen. Her decks were contin

ally covered with water, more or less swashing from one side to the other; and she had such a wholesale way of taking it in. She would roll well over on her side (and she was a devil for rolling!), and scoop in the green seas, and then t would take ten or fifteen minutes before it would run off. The scuppers appeared to me o be very small, and not at all suitable for the purpose. I can very well remember being on leck that afternoon, standing with a few others ear the cuddy. You will please understand hat the cuddy or chief saloon was on the main-leck, and extended to, say, a third the length f the ship. The deck over it is the poop, and vhere none but first-class passengers are per-nitted. From the cuddy forward to the fore-astle is the large, clear main-deck, or waste, protected by bulwarks and a rail on top, in all ogether over six feet high—a good shelter rom the wind and sea. We had not been here long before over came a sea, wetting us ffectually, and taking us up to about the knees. Presently we noticed that the water was not unning off. "Oh, I see. Who will wade to he side, and take away that door-mat and rub-ish from over the scupper?" It was done, ut still no difference. "Get a stick and run t down, perhaps that will clear it. Oh, I see ow what is the trouble, the scupper is filled vith coal." And so they were most of the ime after. They came from the sacks of coal iled on deck. There were also large lumps hat had not been pnt in sacks, which would oll about the decks, to the great danger of en's legs. For two nights after I could hear hese lumps of coal rolling about above my head. o at any time after I did not go on deck oftener han was required, for fear of getting hurt; as here were always so many things knocking bout the decks, such as lumps of coal, buckets, mpty casks, &c., and sometimes we would see bag of coal moving about with the water. So fter remaining on deck until we got nicely renched, we went to our happy home below, o hear dishes rattling, children crying, women rumbling, and that everlasting steam winch.

While we were at tea this evening (Monday, ne 8th) the ship commenced to roll (it is often marked at sea that a ship generally com-ences to roll and pitch at meal times), and ipped a great deal of water, which soon found s way down through the skylight on to our eads. Soon after we shipped another heavy a—or rather dipped it in out of the Bay of iscay; and it came rushing down our hatch-ay in a body, causing quite a scene of con-ernation among the ladies, many screaming once, "Oh, we are sinking!" others crying, Shut down the lids of the hatch!" One an who had come home in her from Mel-urne said, "Oh, you must not mind this, it an old trick of the *London's;* and more than that, if the lids of the hatch are shut down, it will not prevent the water coming down—they are not made properly; the sides of the cover-ing of the hatch don't fit close to the combings, and also the water floats up the lid, and comes down nearly the same as though there were none!" all of which proved true. After a time the water on deck subsided. Then the men had to fall to and carry up the water in buckets out of their state-rooms, to save their clothes from being spoilt. This continued nearly all night; for by the time the rooms were free, down would come another supply. All the women, excepting a few, remained up all night: not that there was any danger—or rather I did not consider there was. About twelve o'clock I went to bed, as our side of the ship was dry, we being then on the windward side. At four in the morning (of Tuesday, the 9th), I found that the ship was then on the other tack, that we had the leeward side, con-sequently the water; and I heard a lady in the next state room asking some others, her com-panions who had remained up all night, to come and assist her in keeping the state-room dry, saying they could pray and work too, as she did; I at once got up and assisted her.

When daylight came in, we learned that the wind was still ahead, the weather heavy, the ship under steam, and making very little pro-gress. About ten o'clock I went on deck, and found that the jibboom was carried away, and the fore-royal-mast broken in two and hanging down: soon after the foretopgallant-mast broke off, then the foretop mast, and all hanging down a wreck. That day, some time after, the main-royal-mast was carried away. The first part of the day rather pleasant: I remember the sun was shining when I went on deck to see the wreck of the foretop-mast. But towards the latter part of the day the wind increased—the ship laboring very much, and a prospect of a wild night. Many now began to express fears, and question the propriety of the captain still forcing the ship in the face of a head-sea. We had several passengers on board who had been sailors. One, I remember, John Hickman, from Ballarat, had his wife and four children on board. He told me that he had been brought up to the sea, and was, if I remember right, fourteen years at it. In the afternoon of this day, I saw Hickman come down from the deck. "Well Hickman," said I, "how do matters look on deck?" He said in reply—"I have been a good deal at sea; I have been in a great many vessels, and I know something about them, but I never yet saw one behave as this. She frightens me—I don't know what to make of her." The same opinions were expressed by others. The women all this time were in a constant state of fear; but their fears were no proof of danger. By seven or eight o'clock

matters grew worse, the gale increasing. One of the lifeboats was carried away—lifted out of the davits by the sea. Shipping a deal of water, our hatches had to be closed; but, as I said before, this did not prevent the water coming in, and by nine o'clock in the evening all was confusion and terror in our second-class cabin: ladies clinging to you, and beseeching you to stay beside them; some in their rooms reading and praying, but the majority out in the open cabin. Fear at this time was not confined entirely to the females. Most of the men had fear in their faces. I myself began to feel very uneasy, for I heard expressions of doubt and fear from many who understood nautical matters. Mr. Munroe, one of the surviving passengers, and who had formerly been at sea, came down about twelve o'clock. I asked him how things looked on deck. He said, "I have been on the poop all the night, and the sight up there is really terrible—seas mounting right over her." "Do you think there is any danger?" I asked. "Yes; not so much from the violence of the gale, as the behaviour of the ship." He added that Captain Martin had been on deck all the time, and it was plain to be seen that he was not at rest in his mind as to the fate of his ship. He (Munroe) said, "I dread to be down here, but I am nearly perished by being on deck so long." And no wonder he dreaded being below. Apart from the horror of being in the company of nearly frantic girls and women, who thought that every roll would be the last, and not quite clear on that point yourself, there was the discomfort that at every roll of the ship the water would shoot down the hatchway, first one side, then the other—then wash to and fro the same as on the upper deck. Then worse than all was the steam, produced by water that went down the engine-hatch on to the hot machinery: this steam came forward and lodged in our cabin, which was very suffocating. During any lull of the sea we lifted the lid to get some fresh air, but most of the time we could not see each other five feet apart. Most of the passengers were sitting on the tables. That night was really terrible, but the next was worse. The ship at this time was hove to, and oh! how she would roll! It was no gentle, undulating motion; she would roll on her side until you were in doubts of her ever coming up again. Then up she would come with a jerk; and when she did rise there was a general displacement of boxes, trunks, chairs, buckets, and other movable articles, placed on board in confusion at Gravesend and Plymouth. How the passengers fared in the other parts of the ship, or what their fears were, I can't say. Those in the afterpart, I think, would not see the same danger as we; at any rate they would not be so inconvenienced as we were. We could now see that we had more than the dangers of a gale to contend with. It was quite evident our ship was deeply, if not over laden. She was a ship built for speed, of great length for her breadth—belonging to a class of ships that cannot be loaded with safety in proportion to her tonnage, like those of the old style. She was, perhaps, safe enough when properly loaded, with less top-hamper, not so heavily sparred, and properly equipped. And besides, it was the prevailing opinion on board that she was not prepared for a gale. It appeared as if she had been forced to sea in a hurry, and there was confusion above deck as well as below. Work was always ahead. The sailors were continually at work, and yet the ship was never "snugged," as the saying is at sea. The crew had not got used to the ship; and, another difficulty, many were foreigners, and did not understand English. Once I saw Mr. Angel, one of the officers, directing a man to do something: the poor fellow was anxious to do it right, but every attempt was wrong; at last I discovered that he did not understand a word that was said to him. I also noticed a want of regularity and discipline in the ship. I make this observation with no desire to throw discredit on any one, or insinuate that the loss of the ship was in any way attributable to this; but I think it will all tend to show that there was not that sufficient preparation, or that proper regard to life, at the outset, and in the despatching of the ship, that there ought to have been; yet I feel fully convinced as I now write this, that had the same gale overtaken us two months after, on the last week of our voyage, the *London* would not have succumbed to it as she did. I believe she was a good strong, well-built ship; but that is not where the fault rests; it's in the cramming her so full of goods that even the space allotted to the passengers was encroached on. This interfered with the working of the ship when trouble overtook us.

(To be continued.)

"Every species of intolerance," says Paley, "which enjoins suppression and silence, and every species of persecution which enforces such injunctions, is averse to the progress of truth, forasmuch as it causes that to be fixed by one set of men at one time, which is much better and with much more probability of success left to the independent and progressive inquiries of separate individuals."

Survey the page of ecclesiastical history; mark the intervals of languor when the right of private judgment was denied—then was the church of Christ debilitated and pestered with a heterogeneous mass of errors. "No man can write down truth. Inquiry is to truth what friction is to the diamond. It proves its hard

ness, adds to its lustre, and excites new admiration."

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report :—

From City Contributions	$214.50
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md	30.00
" Thos. Garrigues	20.00
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.	15.00
" Sarah H. Shreeve, Columbus, N. J.	3.00
" Birmingham Monthly Meeting	36.00
	$318 50

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 11th mo. 3d, 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

TENTH MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	10 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	0 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms,	7 "	6 "
Clear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term,	14 "	15 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865.	1866.
Mean temperature of 10th month per Penna. Hospital,	54.88 deg.	58.35 deg.
Highest do. during month,	79.00 "	73.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	39.50 "	40.00 "
Rain during the month,	3.05 in.	4.15 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1084	1428
Average of the mean temperature of 10th month for the past *seventy-seven* years	54.59 deg.	
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1793	64.00 "	
Lowest do. do. do. do. 1827	46.00 "	

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
Totals for the first six mos. of each year	28.94 "	22.47 "
Seventh month	2.97 "	2.52 "
Eighth month	3.75 "	2.18 "
Ninth month	7.96 "	8.70 "
Tenth month	3.05 "	4 15 "
Totals	46.67 "	40.02

From the above it will be seen that the temperature of the month just passed has exceeded that of the corresponding month of last year by about *three and one half degrees*, although the difference in the extremes is about *nine degrees less*. The marine record of last month will show such a sorrowful list of disasters as has probably never before been seen.

The devastations by fire during the past month or two have also been terrible. Witness the following from Quebec: "The number of lives lost is now known to be six. The number of houses burned is found to be even larger than previously estimated, and numbers twenty-three hundred. Nearly twenty thousand people are without shelter. The skating ring, drill sheds, Marine hospital, the Jacquess Castor Hall, and the lower town market are filled with people."

It may not be deemed inappropriate to introduce the following, clipped from an exchange paper.

"A thunderbolt from a perfectly cloudless sky struck a church and three dwelling houses at Rising Sun, Indiana, a few days ago. It killed a girl outright, and stripped all the clothing from a boy, whom, strange to say, it only stunned. A more remarkable electrical phenomenon has rarely occurred."

While the following interesting item will possess still more interest should the prediction be verified :

"*Meteors expected*—On the 13th or 14th of November next, says Professor Newton, of Yale College, a prodigious flight of meteors, the most imposing of its kind, will make its appearance, probably for the last time in this century. Only thirteen of these meteoric showers are recorded between the years 903 and 1833. That of the latter year was a sublime spectacle. Arago computes that not less than two hundred and forty thousand meteors were visible above the horizon of Boston on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. This display was seen all over North America. A similar display was seen by Humboldt, at Cumana, South America in 1790." J. M. E.

ITEMS.

The Queen of Spain has issued a proclamation that any person held in Slavery in Cuba or Porto Rico, shall be considered free the moment he lands in Spain, whatever may be the cause of his coming thither; and shall also be free whenever, either in company with the master or sent by him, he enters the territory or jurisdiction of any State where slavery does not exist.

With four weights of respectively one pound, three pounds, nine pounds, and twenty-seven pounds, any number of pounds from one to forty may be weighed.

Until recently the scientific world has held, from the almost universal absence of remains in the lower strata, that man had no existence on the earth until after the period of the fossil mastodon, which the caution of the inductive generalizers of our day still permits us to know is by them reckoned at hundreds of thousands of years ago. Three or four discoveries have of late thrown some doubt upon the matter. A singular relic was recently received at the Smithsonian Institution. It is a piece of matting wrought of the bark of the cane (*Arundinaria macrospermum*) by the hand of man, which was found in a stratum two feet below that in which were found, about the same spot, the fossil remains of an elephant of the remote period. The specimen was found on Petit Anse Island, near Vermillion Bay, on the coast of Louisiana, last Spring. This island, independently of this extraordinary revelation, is itself sufficiently wonderful.

An Island of Salt.—The extent of the isle is about five thousand acres, covered with a soil from fifteen to twenty feet deep. At this depth, in any part of the tract, may be found a stratus of hard, pure rock salt, of unknown depth, and, practically, inexhaustible quantity. It is this, within three feet of which it was found, that preserved the matting referred to. This salt, of which a large mass is deposited in the Smithsonian Institution, is almost chemically pure, very strong, and nearly or quite as hard as sandstone. Mention is historically made of its discovery

by the early explorers of the Gulf coast, as Professor Baird informs me, but without knowledge of the fact, the rebels made the discovery, and drew thence for a time considerable supplies of salt.

Salt is, of course, soluble in water, but as the solution must take place on the surface of the mass, where the crystallization is so perfectly compact, as in this specimen, and as the depth of this stratum has never been measured, there is no telling on what foundations, licked through the ages by the craving sea, may rest the "everlasting" rocks of the coast. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MANUFACTURE OF KNIT GOODS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* remarks: This business now employs in England about 80,000 operatives, and produces over $20,000,000 of goods per year. The manufacture of knit goods in the United States, previous to the late war, was trifling in extent and value; but the recent high price of gold and scarcity of imported goods stimulated its development, and now it is estimated that not less than 400 sets of machinery and 40,000 hands are employed in this single branch of industry in the United States. The value of the goods produced is believed to be about $20,000,000 per year.

"The New England States, with New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, nearly monopolize this business; New York taking the lead with her extensive mills at Cohoes. Philadelphia is largely engaged in the manufacture of what is known as 'fancy hosiery,' including hoods, shawls, sontags, scarfs, etc., all of which are made of the best American wool. Most of the labor in this branch of the business is performed by American women. In New York, machine made goods principally engage the attention of manufacturers—goods in which the webbing is wholly made by power, and the sewing done by machines.

"It is estimated that there are still in the United States 27,000,000 persons who will use at least three pairs of stockings per annum, requiring 81,000,000 pairs; 9,000,000 males who will want one knit shirt and one pair of knit drawers each per year, making 9,000,000 of each; 450,000 females will wear under vests and drawers; and the aggregate value of these goods per year will be about $13,000,000.

"One of the peculiarities of this branch of manufacture is in the fact that it furnishes remunerative employment to women at their own homes. In the manufacture of all-wool Shaker socks, for instance, the finishing of heels and toes is all done outside the mill—the labor of one hundred and five women on this work being required for each set of machinery in operation. Each set engaged on the hand-seamed goods, on which the knitting is done by machinery, and the seaming by hand, requires the labor of eighty women outside the mill."—*Country Gentleman.*

THE FREEDMEN.—Increased efforts are making in Mississippi to extend the benefits of education to the freed-people, and strong appeals are made to all liberal-minded citizens of the State to co-operate with the benevolent societies of the North to this most desirable end.

It is due to the State authorities to say, that all outrages brought to their notice have received prompt attention, and no pains have been spared to arrest and bring to justice the offenders. The grain crop, though early in the season, promising an abundant yield, has, in consequence of the protracted drought, proved an almost total failure, and a competent observer has concluded that it will not support the people beyond the 1st of January next. The cotton crop, through the ravages of the army worm, has experienced a like destruction. This insect ha made its appearance but partially in August, bu since then has come in myriads and completed it work of ruin. In addition to this disaster, the heav rains ensuing prevented the gathering of the residu of the cotton spared from the ravages of the worm From these causes it is confidently estimated tha the amount of cotton produced will not repay th amount invested in planting and caring for it.

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James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 564.)

To Thomas Shillitoe.

CLAPHAM, 30th of Sixth month, 1817.

RESPECTED FRIEND, T. S.—Having fulfilled the object which induced me to send the preceding lines, I am inclined to add a few more, which, I am ready to believe, I should have done well to communicate to thee when last in thy company. I faintly recollect, many years past, when but very young, and at school, hearing thee, (I think I cannot be mistaken as to its being thyself,) in a meeting for worship at Wandsworth, largely and powerfully engaged in testimony. I also remember my own feelings at that season, how ready I was to laugh thee to scorn, and to despise thee. But I have been met with like poor Saul; and am now brought to such a pass that I cannot find satisfaction or even safety in any thing short of a warm and unreserved espousal of that cause, which I but lately made light of. The subjects to which thou wast concerned to call the serious attention of Friends at the last Yearly Meeting, have been deeply felt by me; and I may truly say, that nearly as long as I have been privileged by an acquaintance with the houses and families of Friends, (which, though I was born a member, is not long,) I have at times almost mourned at the great relaxation from Gospel strictness, and simplicity of living, so evident amongst us. Surely I have thought if we were to cast out the crowd of opinions, which have got the first place in our minds,—opinions founded or cherished by custom, example and education in the good, and by vanity, or something worse, in the bad; and if we were coolly and calmly to listen to the silent dictates of best wisdom, we should clearly see that the holy principle which we profess (to use the words of John Woolman) inevitably "leads those who faithfully follow it to apply all the gifts of Divine Providence to the purposes for which they were intended." I venture to say we should then find a greater necessity laid upon us to exercise self-denial in what we are apt to think little matters, than is now often thought of; we should have such a testimony to bear against superfluity, extravagance, ostentation, inconsistency and the unreasonable use of those things which perish with the using, as we now profess to have against the more flagrantly, foolish customs and fashions of the world. Whatever some may think in regard to these things, I feel assured that he, who, in his outward appearance or behaviour, bears any remnant of a testimony against the customs and fashions of the world, ought to be ashamed of himself, if he belies his avowed sentiments by a departure from simplicity in the furniture of his house, and way of living. Wilt thou excuse my saying a little more, dear friend, on so important a subject as this has long felt to me? I have been almost ready to blush for some at whose houses I have been, where pier-glasses with a profusion of gilt

carving and ornament about them, delicately papared rooms with rich borders, damask tablecloths curiously worked and figured extremely fine, expensive cut glass, and gay carpets of many colors, are neither spared nor scrupled at. Some, indeed, seem to be desirous of disguising and excusing their violation of the simplicity, which their better feelings convince them they should practice by saying that this or the other new or fashionable vanity is an improvement on the old article,—that this gay and gaudy trumpery will wear and keep its color better than a plainer one,—that this precious bauble was given them by their relations. Thus are they endeavoring to satisfy the inquiries of those who love consistent plainness, and to silence that uneasy inmate, the unflattering witness which is following them. I have been much exercised and troubled on my own account, and on that of others, as to these matters; and have been very desirous that we may all keep clear of these departures.

Thus thou seest I have felt much freedom in addressing thee, even like that of an old acquaintance; and hope I shall never want this honest openness towards such as are examples in conduct and conversation; for when there is a want in this respect it seems with me to indicate a want of that which brings with it boldness and confidence towards all men, even a fear of One who is greater than man. With desires that, in receiving and reading this communication from one who is so young in years and experience, thou mayst be encouraged in thy arduous labor, in which I have felt much sympathy with thee; and trusting it may be blessed by the reward of peace to thyself, and by the return of many a backslider to the living fountain,

I remain thy sincere friend,

J. B.

1817, *Seventh month 4th.*—In reading the 13th chapter of the 1st book of Kings, I have at this time been much instructed, and am ready to take the lesson to myself as a warning or special admonition. Herein we see that it availed nothing in respect to the future, that the prophet had (though so lately) been favored with a divine commission, and was hitherto upright in the faithful discharge of that arduous duty which devolved upon him from his Lord, —even that of openly proclaiming the vengeance of the Almighty against the idolatry that had overtaken the people,—and boldly asserting the destruction of the priests even to their faces, and in the presence of their king; saying to him in reply to his invitation,—"If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee; neither will I eat bread or drink water in this place;"—yet, after all, he was weak enough to give up his own clear convictions of duty, as revealed in and to himself, (the truth of which was indubitably evinced and sealed by the mir cle, which attended the partial performance them,) and to prefer obeying the old prophe before compliance with "the word of the Lord." O! how greatly have I longed in a peculiar an especial manner for myself, as I am now situate and circumstanced, that I may steadfastly adher to no other law but the law written on th heart; and closely to attend to the secret dic tates of best wisdom alone. For assured! there is no safety, but in implicitly giving up t the reproofs of instruction, which are and eve will be the way to life. "Be ye followers o me," says the apostle Paul; but he adds,— "even as I also am of Christ;" intimatin surely that the examples of others in life an conversation are to be followed only so far a they accord with the example and precepts o Him who said, "I am the light of the world," —"whilst ye have the light believe in th light,"—"walk while ye have the light." S that in looking back at such acts of dedication as have been, according to my belief, required at my hands, and in contemplating the peac which has ensued after even the smallest sur render, when the sacrifice has been offered ou of a sincere and upright heart; I have earnestly and I may truly say above every other earthly consideration, desired that nothing may b suffered to hinder me—to turn me aside even in trifling, as well as in great matters and con cerns, from carefully, closely, unremittingly attending to, and abiding by, the counsels and teachings of that divine principle, even the Spirit of Christ, which is given to every one for his guide in the way of salvation. I have found amongst many other acts and false suggestions and temptations, which the enemy makes use of to deter us from giving up ourselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, one which is much talked of and acted upon by many through their own inexperience, and the deceit of the prince of darkness, namely, that these leadings, and secret influences, and inspirations are not distinguishable from the workings of our own mental or rational powers; and if they are distinguishable, that these persons have not felt them or known them. Now, in answer to this, which has been my own delusion, I may say that every one who has for a long season habitually stifled by disobedience this divine monitor, cannot expect to hear or to understand so plainly its voice as those do who have for a long period listened to its secret whispers, and surrendered themselves unreservedly to its injunctions; these can testify that they follow no uncertain vapor or idle tale; but that its reproofs are to be plainly perceived, and its incitements early to be felt; and that the peace they witness cannot be imitated, neither can it be expressed to the understandings, or conceived by the imaginations of such

as have none of this blessed experience. Nor let any poor, seeking, sincere or serious minds be discouraged that they do not upon submission immediately or very quickly feel what they wait to feel, even the arising of that secret, influencing, actuating, constraining and restraining power or Spirit of the Lord. Let them not be discouraged if this be their case, nor be dismayed if even after some considerable sacrifices and trying testimonies of sincerity, they find not that rich reward of peace which they had expected. Let such remember it is written,—"He that *endureth to the end*, the same shall be saved: now, where there is a moment's enduring only, and that previous to or whilst in the performance of what is required, this cannot be called "enduring to the end;" but O! it is that "resistance unto blood" (as it were) in faith and faithfulness, that "patient continuance in well doing," in defiance of difficulties, discouragement, darkness, doubt and distress, which will give us the victory, and will make us, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, heirs of that eternity of peace, and rest, and joy, which we know is prepared for such as overcome.

1817, *Ninth month 6th.*—For more than a week past I have been plunged, by the permission of best wisdom, into such a depth of darkness and discouragement, without any perceptible glimmer of alleviation or ray of comfort, that my poor, tossed, troubled soul seems on the very point of giving up the contest, and losing hold of its only support and security. Whilst the heavens are as brass, and the earth as it were iron, what is frail, helpless man to do for himself? It seems to my view that there is nothing left for him to do to aid himself, or to deliver himself out of his forlorn situation, but to sink down into his own nothingness; and there, as in the dust, to remain all the Lord's determined time, until he shall seem meet to appoint unto him "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

When I took my pen to write what has thus been written, I did not expect to come to the preceding conclusion, or that any such reflection would arise out of the subject. The Lord grant that what I have written may be more than mere words; and that through and over all difficulty and distress I may come forth the wiser and the better, and more devoted to his disposal, and more patient under his dispensations.

1817, *Ninth month 17th.*—I believe myself called upon to bear an open, unequivocal, unflinching testimony, not only against all pride, extravagance, ostentation and excess, but also in a peculiar manner against all the secret insinuations and covered appearances, under which they are creeping in, and growing up amongst us as a Society. I have for years believed that the declension amongst Friends from the true standard of simplicity is great; and I am of the mind that if they had diligently hearkened unto, and implicitly obeyed the dictates of best Wisdom, they would have been led to "apply all the gifts of Divine Providence to the purposes for which they were intended." I believe that it is my duty to live in such an humble, plain, homely, simple manner, as that neither in the furniture, food or clothing used, any misapplication of the gifts of Divine providence be admitted or encouraged.

1817, *Ninth month.*—"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;" and where is an end to praising the Lord for his mercy, which "endureth forever," and which is abundantly shed abroad to the rejoicing of the hearts of those that seek to serve Him, and to the great comfort of their souls in the midst of much tribulation. O! that there may be more and more reliance, unshaken, immovable reliance on Him who thus daily scatters and profusely deals out tokens of his loving-kindness. O! that there may be an increase of faith experienced, an increase of resignation proportioned to the nearer approach of perpexity and difficulty and embarrassment on every hand. And now when the waves of affliction run high, and the floods seem irresistible, may the Lord Almighty, who "is mightier than the noise of many waters," in his own time lift up a standard against them, saying, "Thus far, but no farther." O! surely, He who remains as ever to be the only sure "confidence of all the ends of the earth,"—He who can overrule events for the good of those that sincerely seek him, will not overlook or despise any of those who desire to look unto, and who lean upon Him alone in all their troubles.

"O! Lord God of my fathers, art not thou God in heaven? and rulest thou not over all the kingdoms of the heathen? and in thy hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to withstand thee?" Art not thou my God? Art not thou my joy, my delight, my glory, the crown of my rejoicing? Art not thou He that hath hitherto helped me, that hath brought me out of much evil, that hath inclined my heart to seek thee, and my soul to love and fear thee? Wilt thou not arise for my help in the time of trouble, of temptation, of darkness, of distress, from whatever cause these may proceed, whether by thy permission, or by thy appointment? O! Lord, thou knowest perfectly what are the causes of my present disquietude, and how to dispose of all things for the best, both as to the present and as to the future: thou knowest how poor, and weak, and utterly incapable I am to help myself in any exigency that may arise; and that without thee nothing but confusion, and sorrow, and desolation is

likely to be my portion; O! make me yet more deeply and lastingly sensible of this, and that "I have no might against this great company that cometh against me, neither know I rightly what to do." I beseech thee renew daily and hourly my faith, and dependence, and watchfulness unto prayer, and my love and fear of thee. O! arm me with thy gloriously impenetrable armor, and make me strong in thee and in the power of thy might, that through thy abundantly sufficient grace and truth I may be fit for all occasions and trials to which thou mayst see meet to call me; that so my eye being continually upon thee thy precious cause may prosper, and thy name be exalted by me, in me and through me, both whilst my soul is confined in this frail body, and for ever and ever. Amen.

(To be continued.)

When God makes our cross a little heavier, he means that we shall come to him for added strength to carry it. We must draw closer to the Lord our Strength and lean more simply upon him. He has fulness without limit, and of his fulness shall we receive.

MEMOIR OF REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(Continued from page 565.)

Mill Creek, Tenth month 23d, 1851.

Dear Friend,—After a season of almost (as I feared) total banishment from the presence of my Heavenly Father, a little speck of light seemed at last to arise, bringing with it the evidence that I must address an absent friend, as way may seem to open in the light of Truth; not feeling myself at liberty to correspond, even with those I truly love, in any other manner, except in way of business; for I have plainly seen, that in my own will and time I can do no good thing, but that the Lord's *time* and *will* is the alone *right time and way;* and if I move not thus, I mar the work he designed me to perform. And as this is my situation, it is, I believe, the condition of others of the human family, dependent as they are upon the same great Author for every blessing, and therefore required to render obedience to His dictates, made manifest in the secret of their hearts, and which they can never correctly understand until there is a willingness, not only to listen to, but also to comply therewith. For as God is a spirit, they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, for such he seeketh to worship him. They that seek me shall find me, is one of his declarations to the children of men; and of this class he knows no distinction, but, of "every nation, kindred, tongue and people, they that fear God and work righteousness are accepted of him;" they who fear to offend him, by being disobedient to his inspeaking voice, which cannot be heard in the noise and confusion which abound in the world, or the worldly wisdom of man, but in the silence of all flesh. All the imaginations of the creature must be laid low in the dust before Him, who says, "Keep silence before me, oh! ye isles, and let the people hear my voice, that they may understand my law, that they may write it in their inmost parts." How plain, then, that there must be a willingness to hear, before much knowledge is gained in divine things. "The sluggard that will not plow by reason of the cold, shall beg in harvest and have nothing;" for if the ground is not prepared for the reception of the seed, how can we expect a crop to be produced and gathered into the garner where it will be protected from the whirlwind and the storm that rages around, scattering as to the forewinds of heaven all that is not founded in the immutable Truth? And as all these testimonies are to be gathered from the Scriptures, given forth by the inspiration of *God*, for the instruction of His finite dependent creature man, who is incapable of himself to judge of the things which pertain to the salvation of his immortal soul, he must receive that knowledge solely from God, who formed him in the beginning, and consequently has all power to do with him as may seem good in his sight. And although this brings us into the littleness of self, and prostrates us at his feet as humble suppliants at the throne of Grace, yet it must be submitted too, for it is "by grace ye are saved if ye are," and not by any merit of your own; all belongs to God. This, then, my friend, is the foundation upon which the church of Christ is built—the *revealed will of God to man.* For he says, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Neither shall the combined reasoning powers of man overthrow what He has established in order more fully to show forth His marvellous power, by bringing all into subjection unto Him, whereby all glory and honor is given to His great name. And as this is the principle and object of the formation of our beloved Society, can it be sustained in any other way than the one alluded to? And yet how prone we are to endeavor to keep it together by doing things in our own wisdom which we should leave undone, and in this way often mar the work. This I have known from a degree of experience, as I feel that I have sometimes missed it in this way, even when the motive was good. Fully convinced I am that it requires strict watchfulness on our parts, lest we step aside from the beaten path. If we should even fear for the safety of the ark, let us not in our own wills put forth a hand to steady it, lest peradventure we retard the performance of that which would build it up by simply allowing His will to rule and reign within us. Feeling, as is often my portion, one

of the poorest and weakest of the Father's flock, and that in me dwelleth no good thing, yet the aspirations of my spirit are poured forth unto the Father of spirits that he will condescend to bless my feeble efforts to perform his will even in the littleness; knowing, as I do, that if I am not faithful in the little, I will not be made ruler over more. "He that is not faithful in the little, shall never be made ruler over more." Let none then despise the day of small things, as it is by little and little we rise or fall; rise in favor with Him, or bring upon ourselves the divine displeasure by disobedience to His command, as manifested in the secret of our hearts. No keener anguish of spirit have I ever known than for unfaithfulness, even in very little things. And if this is the state in which we are placed for the neglect of trivial things, how much greater must be the condemnation of those who slight His internal voice, which has been wooing them to forsake the evil of their ways and come unto Him, until His locks are wet as with the dew of the night, and there is a fearful looking for the judgment; for he has declared His spirit shall not always strive with men, but such as they sow, such shall they reap; if they sow unto the flesh, they shall of the flesh reap corruption; but if to the spirit, life everlasting. The salutation of the spirit unto thee through me, a poor weak worm of the dust, is, that thou slight not the day of small things, lest thou fall little by little, until thou comest unto the state which I alluded to in the commencement of this letter, even that of total banishment from the presence of thy Heavenly Father. As I have not written this in my own will; on the contrary, would gladly have been excused, having been under the necessity of neglecting many things which seemed to press heavily upon me; but I felt that no outward things, however rational and useful they may be, must ever interfere with the performance of that which my Heavenly Father requires at my hands. In that love which is not confined to persons or sect, I remain, thy friend,

REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(To be continued.)

Many suppose Heaven to be a place where the prophecies which relate to the salvation of mankind will be fulfilled; and therefore, instead of looking for the coming of Christ's kingdom to them on earth, are indifferent whether they are prepared for it by suitable dispositions or not. Thus one of the Protestant Bishops says of Heaven, "There nation will no more lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more;" as if the wrathful spirit of man would die away with the body, and a flame of Divine love naturally rise in the soul from its ashes.—*G. Dillwyn.*

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

"A Christian is the highest style of man," says the poet. A gentleman is the highest style of man, says the lover of fashion. The true Christian is the most accomplished gentleman, says the philosopher. The most refined, generous, and noble sentiments are the fruit of Christian culture. The Gospel everywhere inculcates self-denial, self-sacrifice, and disinterested love. These qualities are the foundation of all genuine politeness. There is a passage in the biography of Abraham, recorded in the 23d chapter of Genesis, which shows that the spirit of the Gospel prevailed under the patriarchal dispensation. True courtesy is the same in all ages.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

One noble action unites distant ages, and brings to our hearts a touch of pathos over the sleeping dust of a hundred generations of men. A cordon of human souls constitutes the telegraphic cable which conveys down the long track of the ages the generous emotions of an infant world. Abraham, in a strange land, was bereft of the wife of his youth. Bowed with sorrow, he came before the assembled inhabitants, and said, "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you, give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight." The request was answered with matchless dignity and courtesy by the rulers of the nation, "Thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." Abraham bowed his thanks, and communed with the people. He asked not a gift, but the right of purchase. He indicated his choice of the field of Ephron. The reply of Ephron is one of true nobility and generosity. "Nay, my lord, hear me. The field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee. In the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee; bury thy dead." The world's entire history does not record a more princely benefaction. Abraham, with like dignity, declines the gift, and offers the full value of the field. "The land," said the emir, "is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that betwixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead." This was a very large sum for those days. The offer exceeds even royal magnificence in such an age; but Abraham, with some lofty courtesy with which the offer was made, weighed to Ephron the silver, for there were no coins in those days, and received public possession of the field. As there were no written records of titles in that early age, the bargain was ratified "in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went into the gate of his city."

What a noble picture of true politeness is here given for the instruction of the men of all

subsequent ages! This delightful interchange of courtly sentiments will be read in all tongues and in all the generations of articulate speaking men down to the last syllable of recorded time.

Every portion of the Bible has its lessons of wisdom for the thoughtful mind. The history and biography there recorded are often more instructive than its precious doctrines and still more precious promises. We are apt sometimes to think that "we are the people, and wisdom will die with us;" but according to a German proverb, "Behind the mountains there are people." Beyond the highest ridges of distant ages there are proofs of wisdom, kindness, and love. What noble sentiments of patriotism warmed the breast of dying Israel, the founder of a great nation, when he remembered the resting-place of Isaac his father, and Abraham his grandfather, and charged his best beloved son saying, "Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite." Breaking through the barriers of an unknown tongue, and sweeping with lightning speed over the track of ages, the sympathetic soul of to-day hovers over the couch of the dying patriarch, and listens to the inspired and prophetic words of his lips as he briefly portrayed the character of each of his sons. For thirty-five centuries succeeding generations have consented to honor the last resting-place of the father of the faithful and his illustrious posterity. Over that hallowed cave in Hebron stands one of the most magnificent of Mohammedan mosques, which no unbeliever was ever permitted to enter, till, by a liberal bribe, the Prince of Wales, a few years ago, gained admission to its sacred precincts.— *Western Christian Advocate.*

THE TWO VOICES.

When Guttenberg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the monastery of St. Aborsgot, he tells us that he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; told him the power his invention would put in the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Guttenberg with what he heard, that he took a hammer, and broke to pieces the types he had so laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on, and to rejoice in his work; that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Guttenberg; the one calling us to work while it is called to-day—to try to leave this world better than we found it; and the other tempting us to give over and take our ease—to leave the plough in mid-furrow, and to rest on our oars when we should be pulling against the stream.— *The Methodist.*

From the British Friend.

THE TRUE STORY OF DINAH EVANS.

Towards the close of the last century, Dinah Evans, wife of Seth Evans, himself a useful local preacher, commenced her public labors in Derbyshire. She is described as "one of the most pure-minded and holy women that ever adorned the Church of Christ on earth." In her childhood she was remarkable for her docility, conscientiousness, and sweet disposition. Her early girlhood was consecrated to religion; and when Wesley's travels and labors had raised up, throughout the land, societies in the social worship of which women were allowed to share, her rare natural talents found an appropriate sphere of usefulness which no other denomination except Quakerism then afforded. She preached in cottages and sometimes in the open air. Her appearance, her womanly delicacy, and her affecting eloquence, subdued the rudest multitudes into reverence and tenderness toward her; and she assisted in an extraordinary degree in laying the foundations of the Church in many benighted districts. She was a constant visitor to the abodes of the poor and wretched, to prisons and almhouses; she penetrated into the dens of crime and infamy, the charm of her benign presence and speech securing her not only protection, but welcome among the most brutal men. She even followed the penitent murderess to the gallows, ministering the word of life to her till the last moment among the pitiless and jeering throng. Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker philanthropist, could not fail to sympathize with such a woman; she became her friend and counsellor, and encouraged her in her beneficent work. Dinah Evans represented, in her gentle but ardent nature, the best traits of both Quakerism and Methodism.

Seth Evans, then a class-leader, heard her at Ashbourne, and has left a brief allusion to the occasion:—"The members of my class invited me to go to Ashbourne with them to hear a pious and devoted female, from Nottingham, preach. Truly, it may be said of her, she is a burning and shining light. She preached, with great power and unction from above, to a crowded congregation. Her doctrine is sound and simple. Simplicity, love, and sweetness, are blended in her. Her whole heart is in the work. She is made instrumental in the conversion of many sinners. The morning of the resurrection will reveal more than we know of her usefulness."

She became his wife and his assistant in humble efforts for the religious improvement of the rustic inhabitants of Royston and its neighboring villages. A great religious interest soon

ensued in that town, where there were but few Methodists, and in Snelston, where there were none. Hundreds flocked to hear the Gospel from her lips, in the open air, or in barns, for the cottages could not accommodate the crowds. Classes and prayer-meetings were established in many houses, the village ale-houses were deserted, and a visible change came over the whole region. Her example of interest for the poor excited the charity of her neighbors, and the afflicted found sympathy and relief, such as they never before received.

Seth and Dinah Evans founded Methodism in Edlaston, which, before his death, was adorned with a substantial Wesleyan chapel. They removed from Royston to Derby. It is said that old men, who were then little children, still recall the sorrowful day of their departure from the village, for it was mourned as a day of bereavement not only to the poor, but to all its families. They founded Methodism in Derby by forming a class. They preached out of doors in all the adjacent villages. At Millhouse, about thirteen miles from Derby, Seth Evans organized a society of four members, which soon increased to between twenty and thirty, and afforded two preachers to the Conference, one of whom became a missionary to the West Indies. His wife also began a class of three or four females, and in a short time she had three such weekly meetings under her care. They frequently walked fifteen miles on Sunday to preach in neglected hamlets. "Never," he wrote years after her death, "did I hear my wife complain. On the contrary, she always held up my hands, and urged me to take up my cross, and not grow weary in well doing. A few years after our arrival at Millhouse, a great revival broke out in Wirksworth, and also at our factory. There was a most powerful shaking among the hardest and worst of sinners. These were indeed happy days. There are a few left who witnessed those happy scenes; but the greater part of the converts have gone to their rest."

Dinah Evans died at Wirksworth, of a lingering disease, during which it is said that sermons were heard, from her deathbed, more "eloquent than ever fell from her lips on Royston Green." She passed away with the meek unutterable peace which had given so much dignity and grace to her life. Her husband could not but suffer deeply from the loss of such a wife. It shattered his health; his faculties began to fail; he could seldom allude to her without tears. Unable to preach any more, he spent the remaining years of his life in visiting the sick and the dying: and at last, with unfaltering hope, departed to rejoin her in heaven. So exemplary and beautiful with holiness had been their united lives, that one who knew them well, but cared not for his own soul, said he "did not believe that our first parents in Eden were more pure than they."

We believe that it is not what a man may profess, or pretend to be, that should establish his claim to the Christian name, but what he is seen and known to be, in all those relations and intercourses which try and prove "what spirit he is of."

SELF-CONQUEST.

The wisest of men, King Solomon, says, "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." In some countries where the shore is low, as in Holland, they raise immense mounds, or dykes of earth, to keep out the waves of ocean. If there should be the smallest breach in the dyke, the water begins to press from all parts towards the opening; and if not immediately stopped, the sea overcomes all resistance, and sweeps away the barriers, burying cities and villages beneath the flood, and spreading misery and ruin all around. "Therefore," speaks Solomon again, "leave off contention before it be meddled with,"—rather, before it be "mingled together;" that is, before your spirits be joined in conflict, before you deal out hard words against one another.

"Greater," says Solomon, "is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Courage and skill are only needed in the one case: but what efforts, and above all, what strength from God, to accomplish the other! Such conquests, however, may and have been made, and that even by the young. As an illustration, let me mention how a little girl acted under circumstances of provocation, and the victory which she gained over herself.

Two little sisters—Frances about seven, and Augusta about five years old—were as happy as little girls could be, loving their parents and each other dearly. Sometimes, however, as it happens with the best friends, little differences would arise. On one of these occasions, Frances, perceiving how matters were tending, with a thoughtfulness, descision, and self command surprising in so young a child, said, "I am getting angry; I had better go out of the room for a few minutes." She acted immediately upon her resolution, and left the room for a short time. When she returned the storm was hushed, and they went to their play as happy as ever.

This is no imaginary story, but a fact, and occurred just as it is related; and it teaches our young friends, nay, all of us, a most useful lesson.

Were all children to act like the little girl I have mentioned, how many sad scenes would be avoided, and what happiness would spring up in youthful hearts from self-conquest. There is this to encourage us, that just as bad habits

grow in strength, the more they are yielded to, so each time temper is overcome, will strength be gained for future conflict. Only remember, no effort of your own can accomplish it without the aid of God's Holy Spirit. That aid will be given if you earnestly and devoutedly seek it. If parents, though sinful, know how to give good things unto their children, "*how much more* shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" —*Christian Recorder.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 17, 1866.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day, the 25th of Tenth month, 1866, at the residence of the bride's father, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, JOHN SELLERS BANCROFT, a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, to ELIZABETH H. RICHARDSON, of Wilmington Monthly Meeting, Del.

——, on the 25th of Tenth month, 1866, under the care of Green St. Monthly Meeting, in accordance with the new article of Discipline, HOWARD R. DEACON to ANNA C., daughter of Jos. Tomlinson.

DIED, on the 15th of Tenth month, 1866, LYDIA, wife of John Worth, in the 82d year of her age; an Elder of Bradford Monthly Meeting, Chester Co., Pa.

——, on the 6th of Eleventh month, 1866, at Darby, Pa., FANNY, youngest daughter of Samuel and Susan L. Bunting.

——, on the 7th of Eleventh month, 1866, in Philadelphia, Pa., ABIGAIL DICKINSON, in her 83d year.

——, on the 9th of Eleventh month, 1866, NATHANIEL BRANIN, of Frankford, Pa., in his 76th year; a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 6th of Sixth month, 1866, HOPE L. MOORE, wife of Cyrus Moore, in the 38th year of her age; a member of Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J.

——, on the 15th of Tenth month, 1866, at her residence near Phœnixville, Pa., ANNA T. ROBINSON, in the 88th year of her age; a member of Radnor Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 20th of Tenth month, 1866, HENRY W. WORTHINGTON, in the 51st year of his age.

——, on the evening of the 26th of Tenth month, 1866, at the residence of his father, in West Marlborough Township, Chester Co., Pa., after a short but severe illness of typhoid fever, JOEL, youngest son of Isaac and Rebecca Skelton; a member of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting. Truly "Death hath no season for its own." Surrounded by all the blessings of life, with the bright prospects and activity of early and noble manhood, he has been suddenly called away from an endeared family, leaving them the full assurance that with him "all would be well." The silence which covered the large assembly of sympathizing friends, gathered to witness the interment, bore evidence that the solemnity of the occasion was truly felt.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, 21st of Eleventh month, at 7½ o'clock, at Green Street Meeting-House. All interested in this important concern are invited to attend.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Contributors of Swarthmore College will be held at Race St. Meeting-house, in the City of Philadelphia, on Third-day, the 4th of Twelfth month, 1866, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD PARRISH, } *Clerks.*
EDITH W. ATLEE, }

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

At a Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Baltimore, for the Western shore of Maryland, and the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, by adjournments, from the 29th of the 10th Month, to the 1st of the 11th Month, inclusive, 1866.

By written Reports now received from our several Quarterly Meetings, it appears that the following named Friends have been appointed Representatives to this Meeting. [Sixty-one in number, present fifty-one.]

Minutes for the following named Friends, who are acceptably in attendance with us from within the limits of other Yearly Meetings, were received from the Meeting of Ministers and Elders, and read, viz:

George Truman, a Minister, from the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

Catharine H. Truman, his wife, an Elder, from the same meeting.

John Hunt, a Minister, from Burlington Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

Ann P. Jackson, a Minister, from Birmingham Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

Ann A. Townsend, a Minister, from Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

Israel Drake, a Minister, from Rensalaerville Monthly Meeting, State of New York.

The following Minutes were subsequently received, viz:

For John Owen, a member, from Woodbury Monthly Meeting, N. J.

Phebe W. Foulke, a member, and companion of Ann A. Townsend, from Gwynedd Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

Warrington Quarterly Meeting informs, that it has discontinued its Mid-week Meetings, on the weeks of the Monthly, Quarterly, and Yearly Meetings: that its Preparative Meetings will be held on the Mid-week Meeting days following the 1st Second day in each month, and that its select Preparative Meetings will be held at 9 o'clock on the morning of the Monthly Meeting days in the 2d, 5th, 8th and 11th Months.

Nottingham Quarterly Meeting informs, that the time of holding the Quarterly Meeting has been changed from the 6th day following the 3*d* Second-day, in 2d, 5th, 8th and 11th Months, to the 6th day following the 4*th* Second-day in the same months, at 11 o'clock.

The Meeting of Ministers and Elders the day

preceding the Quarterly Meeting, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Acceptable Epistles from our brethren of Philadelphia, New York, Genesee, Ohio and Indiana were received, and the first three were now read, and their interesting and instructive contents were truly cordial to us.

The following named Friends were appointed to prepare Essays of Epistles to the several Yearly Meetings, with which we correspond, and produce them to a future sitting. . . . Also to endeavor to embody some of the exercises of the Meeting, in a suitable minute, and produce it to a future sitting, to be inserted in our extracts, for the benefit of our absent members.

The following Report of the Standing Committee on the Indian Concern was received, which was satisfactory to the Meeting, and the labors of the Committee approved. The Committee was continued, and encouraged to embrace every right opening that may present, to be useful to these interesting and greatly wronged people, viz:

To Baltimore Yearly Meeting:

The Standing Committee of the Indian Concern report, that they have continued, through the past year, as heretofore, to give unremitted attention to the wants and interests of the Indians on the Cattaraugus and Alleghany Reservations, as these have been made known to us.

In the Eleventh Month last, the Committee was informed by Nathaniel T. Strong, one of the Indian Council, that, in consequence of the advance in the price of wages, labor, books, &c., the appropriation from the State of New York would not allow of the Schools on the Reservations being continued open longer than twelve weeks for the winter term, which he regarded as entirely too short for the Indian children. The Seneca Treasury, he said, was drained, by the extraordinary appropriations which the Council had been compelled to make, during the year, to repair the damages from the freshets, &c.; so that the needed help could not be obtained from that source; and he suggested the propriety of the Committee furnishing the means to prolong the terms of the Schools for the winter session, one month each, which would make the term sixteen weeks instead of twelve.

The Committee, accordingly, sent funds for the purpose proposed, and, on last New Year's day, President Silverheels gave notice to the Teachers of those Schools, that through the benevolence of the Friends of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, their Schools would be extended four weeks longer than had previously been concluded upon. The acknowledgment of the Seneca Government was returned, for what they called "this timely, great, and truly general benevolence, to the Indians on the Cattaraugus and Alleghany Reservations."

Asher Wright, the Missionary on the Cattaraugus Reservation, says, in a letter, "I think your gift of two hundred and fifty dollars to the schools has accomplished great good. Silverheels and Strong gave public notice that you had furnished the means of adding a month to all the schools in both Reservations, fourteen in number."

In the Third month last, we received a touching appeal for aid to the Orphan Indian Children in the Thomas Asylum. They said, "The bread bill of one hundred dollars, for the Asylum, is due, and sent in for payment. There is no money in the Treasury, and none expected for a month," and the Committee was solicited to extend a helping hand in their time of need. The Committee, thereupon, made them a remittance of two hundred dollars from the Indian Fund, the receipt of which was greatfully acknowledged.

In the Fifth month last, a letter was received by the Committee, from H. B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, who has been long and arduously laboring for the protection and welfare of the Western Indians, in relation to a bill that had passed the Senate of the United States, and was then before the Committee of Indian Affairs of the House of Representatives, of which bill he said, "While it is not all it *should* be, it is the *only* bill that has ever looked to the protection of the Indians," and he asked the aid of Friends, in endeavoring to secure its passage.

On procuring a copy of the bill, and finding its general provisions were such as we could approve, the Committee appointed a delegation to proceed to Washington and give attention to the subject. This delegation had an interesting interview with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and found the bill met the approbation of the Indian Department. Also, with the Committee on Indian Affairs of the Senate, and of the House, and with several influential members of the House of Representatives; and there was reason to believe the bill would pass, if it could be brought before that body, which, however, was never done.

One of our Committee, during the past summer, while on a mission of love as companion to a ministering Friend to the meetings in the State of New York and Canada, embraced the opportunity thus presented of making a visit to these interesting objects of our care and concern on the Cattaraugus Reservation, and was informed that there was more order and harmony among the Indians at present than at some previous periods; that their crops this season were good, and that the Indians were generally in a prosperous condition. Much

gratification was felt at witnessing the neatness and order which prevailed in every department of the Asylum for Orphan Indian Children, to which we have long been rendering our aid.

The Committee are gratified at the evidences that have been afforded on different occasions, that the little misunderstanding on the part of the Indians which, for a brief period, produced a seeming coolness towards Friends, has been entirely removed, and that we now possess their confidence, respect and affection, as much probably as at any former time.

Our sympathies have been deeply awakened during the past year, on behalf of some of the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi River, who have been the victims of great injustice, hardship and cruelty, but no way has been seen by which we could be serviceable to them. Our aspirations have been raised, that Israel's unslumbering Shepherd, who is God of the whole earth, and has regard to every nation and every people, may have them in continual remembrance, and surround them by the protecting arm of His power.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Committee,

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL, *Secretary.*

BALTIMORE, Tenth mo. 27, 1866.

[Benjamin Hallowell was appointed Clerk and Levi H. Brown Assistant.]

The Minutes of the proceedings of the Meeting for Sufferings for the past year were read, and the proceedings of that meeting approved and sanctioned, and a committee appointed to bring forward to a future sitting the names of suitable Friends to constitute a Meeting for Sufferings for the ensuing year.

The following named Friends were appointed to examine and settle the Treasurer's account, propose a sum to be raised to defray the expenses of the ensuing year, and to bring forward the name of a suitable Friend to serve as Treasurer of this meeting. . . . . .

Third-day.—The meeting entered upon the consideration of the state of Society, as presented by the Answers to the Queries from our Subordinate Meetings, and proceeded therein with the Answers thereto, under a covering of precious solemnity, during which much salutary counsel was handed forth.

(To be continued.)

Foolish would that man be who sowed tares, and expected to reap wheat; yet not more foolish than the conduct of those who sow the seeds of wickedness and folly, and think, by and by, when the harvest comes, to reap the fruit of holiness and love. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; for he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

For the Children.

WINGS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

Birds walk upon two legs as we do; but instead of such hands as we have, they have hands made on purpose to lift them up in the air. The bones in a bird's wing are very much like the bones in our arms and hands, but they make a framework for the feathers of the wing to spread out from. The bones that go out almost to the very end of the wing are like the bones of our fingers, only they are much longer.

A bird's wing, when it is stretched out, is a very large thing. It needs to be large to do its work well. A bird could not fly with small wings. You know that by trying very hard, you jump up into the air a very little way. But the bird goes up very easily as high as it pleases and does not seem to be tired. This is because its wings spread out so broadly.

The reason that birds need such large wings is this. As the bird rises by pressing upon the air, it must press on a great deal of air to do this. If it presses upon only a little air it could not rise at all, because the air gets out of the way so easily when it is pressed upon. Swimming is flying in the water, and as water does not get out of the way when pressed as easily as air does, the tail and fins with which fishes swim do not need to be as large as the wings of birds. For the same reason, hands and feet answer very well for us to swim with, though we cannot fly with them.

The condor is a very large bird. To lift such a heavy body as he has up into the air, must require very large wings. Now to work such broad wings the bird has very stout muscles. You know how the breast of a bird stands out. This is because the muscles with which it works its wings are there. You can see this is the reason when a bird is cooked. The meat, you know, is very thick on the breast bone—thicker than in any other part of the body. If we had as large muscles on our breast bones we should look very strangely. But we do not need such large muscles to work our arms as birds do to work their wings.

A man could not fly if he had wings fixed on his arms. It has been tried. I knew a man once to make something like wings for himself. After he had made them he went up on to the roof of a shed to try them. He jumped off and flapped his wings, but down he came about as soon as if he had no wings, and he was so much bruised that he was not disposed to try the experiment again. Now why could he not fly? It was not for want of wings. There the wings were, and he had made them right, for he had shaped them like the wings of birds. They were large enough and light enough; the difficulty was that the muscles of his arms were

not strong enough to work them well. They were arm muscles and not wing muscles. A man cannot be like a bird merely by having wings. He must have a bird's flying muscles, or he cannot fly.

Different birds have wings of different sizes. Those that fly very far and swiftly have the largest wings. The wings of a hen are not large enough to carry her far up into the air. The most that she can do is to fly over a very high fence; and if her wings are partly cut off, or cropped, as it is called, she cannot even do that. There are some birds that do not use their wings. The ostrich is a great runner. He cannot fly, but his wings help him some in running.

In what way the wings act in raising birds and carrying them along, I will explain when I come to tell you about the air.

How beautiful are the motions of many of the birds as they fly in the air! How gracefully and easily their wings work! See a bird as it goes up and up, and then look at it as it makes a turn and comes down so swiftly on its stretched out wings, taking a beautiful sweep off at a distance; and then up it goes again to come down, in the same way that boys do when they travel up a long hill to slide down so swiftly on their sleds. The swallow, as he has this fine sport, is, at the same time, getting his living. As he skims along close to the ground or the water, quick as thought, he catches any unlucky fly that happens to be in his way.

Especially beautiful are the motions of the humming-bird. Look at him as he stops before some flower, fluttering on his wings, or as he darts with them from one flower to another. The muscles of his wings are very nimble workmen. Our muscles can make no motions as quick as these make.

Did you ever examine a feather from a bird's wing to see what a curiously made thing it is? The quill part of it is very strong, but, at the same time, light. The plume or feather part is quite strong also. It is made up of a great many very thin and delicate flat leaves, as we may call them, which are locked together curiously by fine teeth on their edges. If you separate them, they soon come together again, and are locked as fast as ever. You can see the teeth by which they hold on to each other very well with a common microscope.

No wonder that the bat can fly so swiftly, with such broad and light wings as he has. Did you ever observe how a bat's wing is made? It is a very curious and really beautiful thing. It is an exceedingly fine, thin skin, on a framework of long slender bones. These are to it what sticks of whalebone are to an umbrella; and the wings can be folded up somewhat as an umbrella is. This is done whenever the bat is not flying. When it is on the ground it is very awkward in its movements. It cannot get a start to fly, and so it pushes itself along with its hind feet, at the same time pulling by the hooks in its wings, which it puts forward, first one and then the other, hooking them into the ground. It never likes to get upon the ground, and takes its rest always by hanging itself up by the two hooks in its wings.

Nothing is more delicate than the wings of insects. They are like gauze; but they have a framework that makes them quite firm, just as leaves are firm from the ribs that are in them. You must examine the wings to see their beauty. Even the wing of a common fly is very beautiful, so delicate is its structure.

The wing of the Katydid, as it is called, is peculiarly beautiful and delicate. Its color is a light green. There is a rather thick, three-cornered ridge at that part of the wing which joins the body, and a similar ridge on the wing of the other side. In the space within this ridge there is a thin but strong membrane or skin, so that it makes a kind of drum-head. It is the rubbing together of these two drum-heads on the wings that makes the noise. It is a queer sound. There is no music in it, but the Katydids seem to enjoy making it.

The Katydid commonly makes three rubs at a time with its drum-heads. It sounds somewhat as if it said "Katy did," and from that comes its name. Sometimes there are only two rubs, and then you can fancy that it says, "She did" or "she didn't." The Katydids, you know are all quiet in the day time, but when evening comes they are very noisy. I have often been amused to hear them as they begin just at dusk. One will begin and perhaps say its "Katy did" several times; then another on a neighboring tree will reply; and after a little time the whole tribe will be at work. Each one appears to rest upon it after each rubbing, and so it seems as if they answered each other from one tree and another. It is curious that you can at once stop the noise of this insect by striking the trunk of the tree on which he is with your hand.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MUSINGS IN A FRIENDS' MEETING.

'Tis not in vain, ye faithful seeking ones,
Ye gather duly for this quiet hour,
Like patient watchmen waiting for the dawn;
The perfect day may never come to you,
But in your patience, in your faith and hope,
Ye may behold and hail it from afar.
I see before me faces varying
From youth to age; and fancy I can read
Somewhat of inward hist'ry traced on each.
Ingenuous youth is here, with longings vague
For something that may feed the immortal life:
Not skilled, as yet, to know that ev'ry thing
Appointed in the providence of God
Is food to faithful souls, they ask for bread;
And, as of old, the Word took outward form,
So it takes *voice*, to meet the children's need.
Others I see, with eyes whose inward look
Bespeak the spirit's large development:

Little of outward help these seek or need,—
They're fed by silent thought; yet these, if school'd
In heavenly charity, will not contemn
The children's food, because *they* need it not.
Faces I see, where furrows have been plowed
By struggle—conflict; by unyielding wills,
That, suffering only, had the power to bend.
The highest good has ever come to these,
As comes the sun when stormy clouds have passed:
They know our Father as a *chastening* power,
Thus dealing with the children whom he loves.
Faces are here, of soft and gentle mould,
Telling of pliant wills—of passions calm—
Perhaps, too, of a nurture, tender, firm—
That thus has kept them ever near the fold:
These feel that Wisdom's ways are pleasant ways,
And echo back that cheering utterance.

Oh ye, who deem ye are admitted near
The Sacred Presence door, that ye may bring
Tidings to dwellers in the outward court,
Beware, lest ye take glimpses for the whole:
Short-sighted man, who sees but *relative*
And *partial* truth, is prone to round it out
With half-truths suited to a former age,
Putting new cloth into the garment old.
Thy vision tell, O seer! thy message give
In simple words; and thou hast done thy all.
Stop not a fellow-servant on his way,
Thinking his errand fits not with thy own;
In the great household there are many states,
Each to be fed and ministered unto.

Is it a dream, inspired by earnest hope,
That some behold a better day at hand,
When truths that make an echo in the heart
Shall find a simpler, purer utterance?
When kindly offices, and holy lives,
Shall be the test of Christian fellowship,
And mere belief, the offspring of the head,
Usurp no longer the sweet place of love.
When usages grown dry as ripened husks
Shall burst, like them, and let the germ spring forth.
When man—his faculties—their use and scope,
And how they fit his glorious destiny,
Shall be the noblest study of a man.
When youth shall grow like rose and hyacinth,
With fitting soil, and sun, and gentle showers,
And, radiant with a beauty all its own,
Waft each its own sweet fragrance up to Heaven.
A better day! has not the longing soul,
Ever looked forward to a better day?
And when some faithful messenger has called
To simpler faith and purer righteousness,
'Twas thought that better day had surely come.
There was a time when Israel waited long
Her Promised One; and when he came at last,
Who were the ones that knew and welcomed him?
Shepherds, who watched their flocks while others slept!
Sages, who pondered on prophetic lore!
Some who were mending broken fishing-nets,
And talked the while of him who was to come;
Mothers, who brought their children to be bless'd;
The pious Jew, who kept his sacred law,
While yet he waited for the better hope;
The good old Simeon, and the prophetess,
Who watched and fed the temple's sacred fire!
Are we, too, watching like these faithful ones?
Or are we, fretful at the long delay,
Our fellow-servants chiding? and, for lack
Of heavenly good, content with that of earth?
Ah! 'tis not such as these that enter in
When the great feast is spread; but those who wait
With their lamps burning, and with girded loins,
E'en until midnight, for the welcome call.

PHILADELPHIA, 11th mo., 1866. S.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS)

(Continued from page 574.)

As I said before, fear was not confined to the females; we all experienced it more or less. Of course we men endeavored to disguise our real feelings from them—going from one room to the other cheering them up as best we could. This state of things continued all night. About two in the morning (Wednesday) I went to my room, and had a short sleep, the last I had in the *London*. When I awoke I then found a slight improvement in the cabin—not so much water coming down, and the ship rolling less: she had been put around an hour before to return to Plymouth, and was running close-hauled.

When daylight came in, the wind had somewhat abated, but the sea was very heavy. We then had to go to work, and carry up water out of our rooms. I went on deck at nine in the morning, and looked over the side just abaft the main rigging, and saw the two pieces of broken booms that had been carried away the previous day, still towing by the iron rigging and thumping against the ship's sides. I was told by one of the firemen that night that there were one or two forward dead-lights knocked in by these booms, The most of this day, say up to three o'clock, the crew were engaged in getting in-board the wreck of the boom, for what purpose I never understood, nor do I know now, unless it was fear of it coming in contact with the screw. Even so I think that in towing it to the stern, and then letting it go adrift, there would have been no danger. As it was, it proved a cause of trouble to us: it was lashed that afternoon just alongside of the engine-room skylight, and at night, when the gale increased, it got loose from its lashings and was knocking about, there always being a deal of water on the deck; and by the action of it and the sea the skylight over the engine-room was carried away, which was the immediate cause of the ship's loss.

When it was known in the morning that we were returning to England, everybody appeared much pleased. Then commenced new speculations, many saying they would not return in this ship, they didn't like her, some would go by another vessel, some would give up going to Australia altogether. Several asked me what I intended doing. I said, "If the ship goes I go. I am not afraid of the *London*" (although I was the previous night,) "if she is properly managed. When she gets repaired and put in proper sea-trim, she will go all right. She was started this time before she was ready. I think the owners and captain will have learned a severe lesson not to attempt the like again."

We had a scrambling dinner that day, which was the last meal we had together. It was

very good under the circumstances,—thanks to a good steward.

A small vessel passed near us. I did not see her, not happening to be on deck at the time, but I heard many speaking of having seen her. People have since asked why Captain Martin did not request this vessel to remain near us. That is a question no one can answer. He may have said, "I have perfect confidence in my own ship," and I know the feeling in our cabin was perfect reliance on his judgment. The whole day (Wednesday) was dull and gloomy; heavy cross seas, ship laboring, no comfort any where Darkness came on early, the wind increased, the sky looked wild, everything bespoke a terrible night; and the anxious countenances of all seemed to have forebodings of danger. I dreaded the thoughts of another such night as last. I thought of the hatchway, and said to Munroe, "Here is night coming on, and a prospect of a severe one, and yet nothing has been done to prevent the water coming down." He said, "I know it. I have told Mr. Harris (the first officer) about it, and all the satisfaction I got was, 'Let it go down.' If they would only let me have canvass and pump tacks, I would do it myself. I will try again." After a while I heard some one hammering overhead. When he returned, I said, "Well, you have succeeded at last." He said, "No, only partially. I got enough canvass, but could get only half enough pump-tacks. Everything is alike on board, everything in confusion, nothing can be got that is required."

At length night set in: hatches were closed down and fastened on the inside, to prevent the water from floating them up; but still the water came in—first one side, then the other,—with every roll. By seven or eight o'clock we were in as great a state of terror as on the previous night, and with more cause, for the gale was more violent. The steam was so troublesome that we could not open the lids for a moment to let in air. The sensation in the cabin then was really awful. I never shall be able to convey any idea of it. Imagine what your feelings would be, waiting and expecting every moment to meet death. Add to that the dismal sound of water rushing in. You could not see it through the cloud of steam and dim lights, and were not sure whether the ship was filling or not; in fact, a foot of water washing to and fro, carrying with it every moveable article, strengthened your fears that she was. Then at every heavy roll a woman shrieked. There was one young girl nearly frantic. By nine o'clock we were in worse state than ever; when the ship rolled there would be nearly two feet of water in the cabin. It would come in with a rush, then back again to the other side, carrying with it anything that was not lashed. The boards of the lower berths were washed out, and the bedding would drop down, and then, by the roll of the ship, was carried out into the cabin and there floated about. There was a lady in the next state-room—about the only one who remained in her berth—and whom I was assisting to prevent her trunks being broken; both of us up to our knees in water, in which various articles, such as buckets, pieces of boxes, clothing of every description, apples, books and papers were swimming. A few of the women were quite collected—talking as calmly as on land. One in particular I remember, Mrs. M——, who had come home in this ship on her last voyage from Melbourne; she said to me, "I feel as if I never should see land again. I am loth to give up life, but it is not so much on my own account as for those I leave behind. I was married only two months before leaving Melbourne. I know my husband will mourn my death very much. I came home to settle some property. And another thing I regret very much is, that I have brought this little niece of mine with me" (a nice girl of about twelve or thirteen years.) "I induced her father and mother to let her come with me." "Never mind," says the little niece, "I am happy, aunt, and we will die together." And I think they did. They were the last whom I spoke to in the cuddy, just before leaving the ship. They were then close together, sitting at one of the tables, and the water nearly up to the seat, and not far from the Rev. Mr. Drapper.

I often stood that night watching the port-hole in the state-room—when the ship would take those awful lurches. I would see the water dark and still against the glass of the port; it would remain so for half a minute or more. I would say to myself, "Is she sinking now, and twenty feet under water, or is she at her old tricks?" Presently I would see the water in a foam against the glass, and then I would say, "She is all right yet."

So the evening wore on—all of us more or less frightened; with the females, some reading and praying, some their husbands comforting. In one cabin where there were several congregated, one woman had five children: two of the smaller ones were playing about in the bed as happy as could be: some one remarked that their innocence and happiness were to be envied. The children at no time showed much fear—even those of eight or ten years of age did not seem to realize their danger. Several females, still seated on the tables, had never been in bed since Sunday night; their clothes wet, their eyes red from the hot steam. Occasionally a man would come in from the deck, and his report would be anything but consoling. Our means of getting on deck now was through to the afterpart and up through the cuddy.

About ten o'clock, the purser of the ship

came into our cabin. I spoke to him about the water being there. "Oh, you have nothing to complain of," he said, "we are just as bad aft: we have been carrying it out of the state-rooms all the evening." I said it was very wrong that it should be there when it could have been so easily prevented by securing the hatches—not on account of the danger, but for the comfort of the passengers: they had plenty of warning—last night was nearly as bad. He said, "There is no danger of it; it runs aft to the engine pumps, and is pumped up." But what was the consequence? its weight all told with a heavily-laden ship; it all tended to bring her deeper in the water. In a few minutes after, the fires were out—the engine stopped: what use were their pumps then, and where was the water? Still there.

While the purser and I were talking, there came some sailors, and rushed past us going to the room where the sails were kept. I heard one say to another, "Let us make haste with a sail, or she will sink." At that moment I heard an order from one of the sailors that all men were wanted on the poop. I knew this applied to the passengers, and felt there must be something very serious now. Immediately we left to go aft, leaving the women alone: only a few men having children remained behind, their wives begging of them not to go. In getting there we had to grope our way through a long dark passage, say sixty or eighty feet in length, and over the top of stores, luggage, &c., that were piled in some places within two feet of the deck. Once through, and in passing the engine-room, we could see there was water rushing down. A short time before, the skylight over the engine-room hatch had been washed off, and this was the cause of the consternation. At this time I was not aware of it, but hurried by to get up on the poop, the place we were ordered to. There a dismal sight presented itself, and one I shall never forget. The gale was at its height. The night was very dark; but from lights held at the cuddy windows to give light on the deck in front, and which reflected up the mainmast, could be seen the half of the maintopsail still standing, and the other half blown away, the shreds blown straight out at right angles with the yard by the force of the wind. The winds whistling through the wire rigging produced a dreadful sound. Waves lashed the sides of the ship—now and then one breaking over her, she laying over very much. There was a boiling foam level with the railings, and a little farther off could be seen seas ten or fifteen feet above us, with a phosphorescent crest showing through the dark. While standing there, viewing this scene of wild fury, and supporting myself by the companion-way, others were coming up the steps; so I let go my hold, and reached across to catch hold of a railing round the screw-shaft or opening, where it was drawn up out of water when disconnected, but I found nothing to hold on by but a smooth wall. All at once I found myself sliding down to leeward, and nothing to prevent me going over the low iron railing into the boiling foam below, when suddenly I caught hold of something in the dark that brought me up. No one but myself knew what a narrow escape I had—even to the present day it sends a thrill through me when I think of it.

(To be continued.)

THE FRANKLIN FUND.

Dr. Franklin, by his will, gave a thousand pounds sterling in money to the city of Boston, to be kept as a fund to assist young mechanics of good character in setting up in business for themselves. He calculated that in one hundred years the fund would increase to one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds, of which one hundred thousand should then be laid out in such public improvements as would make the town "more convenient to its people and more agreeable to strangers." The remaining thirty-one thousand should be managed as before for another hundred years, when it would amount to more than four millions sterling, all which he would leave to the disposal of the state and the town, "not presuming to carry his views further."

A recent report of the city clerk of Boston, on the state of this fund, discloses the existence of only "one bond" for $80, for money loaned to a mechanic. The residue, amounting to one hundred and ten thousand dollars, for which there has been no demand, is "deposited with the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company," where it is quite secure, and yields an interest of five per cent. The opportunities for loaning to young mechanics under the terms of the will, have ceased, owing to the changes in the manner of conducting business. The day for the first distribution, by which Boston is to receive half a million dollars for public improvements, is thrust forward a good way into the next century, but it will come with the lapse of time.

In earlier times it was customary for the young mechanics of Boston to get loans from the Franklin Fund. But it is a remarkable fact that seven-eighths of the repayments of the authorized loans were made by the sureties, and not by the principals. Mr. Wm. Minot was treasurer of the fund from 1811 to 1866, during which period it increased from $9,000 to $110,166.

The fact that a scheme emanating from one so wise and philanthropic, and conversant with affairs, as Franklin, has proved so entirely futile, shows how fast the country has advanced

in practical sagacity, under the culture of Republican liberty. Nothing is more uncertain or less satisfactory than the result of mortuary investments generally, for purposes of business or benevolence. Those gifts are most productive of good which are employed directly by the giver, or under his personal supervision, and applied directly for the benefit of the generations out of whose labors the wealth has accrued, or for the benefit of their immediate posterity, leaving it to the generations of the distant future to do as much for themselves when they come upon the stage of action.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Society would gain much were its members to restrict themselves to the expression only of their most cheerful feelings, digesting their evil moods in silence, just as some engines are made to consume their own smoke.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$142.00
" Ruth Moscher, and others, West Liberty, Iowa	16.00
" A Friend, Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa	5.00
" Friends of Providence Preparative Meeting	25.00
	$188.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 11th mo. 10th, 1866.

A wise philosopher remarked that "he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor." And this is true, although, of course, he increases his income by doubling his grass crop.

"When I awake I am still with Thee." What we love most, we most muse upon. That which we much like, we shall much mind. Believers, keep up holy and spiritual affections; for such as your affections are, such will be your thoughts.

ITEMS.

The *Intellectual Observer* gives some interesting information concerning meteoric showers. "Mr. Alexander Herschel recently gave a lecture at the Royal Institution, 'On the Shooting Stars of the years 1865—66, and on the Probability of the Cosmical Theory of their Origin.' He commenced by adverting to the probability established by Professor Newton, of Yale College, 'that in the current year, 1866, a prodigious flight of meteors, the most imposing of its kind, and visible over a large area of the earth's surface, will make its appearance—perhaps for the last time in the present century—either on the morning of the 13th or 14th of November.'

"Mr. Herschel observes that 'between the 13th of October and the 12th of November, during the years from A. D. 903 to 1833, not less than thirteen great star-showers have been recorded. They are separated from each other by the third part of a century, or by some multiple of this period, and the periodical reappearances of one grand meteoric shower, viz., that seen by Humboldt in 1799, and by Olmsted in 1833, the star-shower expected to return in the present year, and known by the name of the 'great November shower.' Its contact with the earth takes place one day in the year at each of its principal returns. They proceed, with few exceptions, from a common centre in some part of the constellation of Leo.' Two hundred and forty thousand meteors are computed by Arago to have been visible above the horizon of Boston on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833.

"The average height of shooting stars at the middle of their apparent paths is not quite sixty miles above the earth.

"Mr. Herschel points out a singular difference in the behavior of shooting stars and ærolites, or meteoric stones. The meteoric stones most frequently fall after mid-day, between noon and nine P. M., while the shooting stars are most abundant after midnight; and only one stone has been known to fall on the 10th of August or the 13th of November, when shooting stars are most numerous."

ANOTHER FEARFUL ACCIDENT AT MONT BLANC.—The news of another disaster comes to us from Chamounix. It appears that the fine weather had attracted a considerable number of families to that place, and among others Captain Arkwright, an Englishman, with his mother and his two sisters. On Friday morning last he resolved to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc, and one of his sisters decided to accompany him as far as the Grand-Mulets.

Early on the following morning Captain Arkwright took his departure with two guides and a porter, and about 9 o'clock they were seen ascending the Grand Plateau. In advance of the party went Silvain Couttet, the proprietor of the new huts on the Grand-Mulets, attached by a rope to a coachman of the Hotel Royal, known by the name of Nicholas, who wished to profit by the opportunity to ascend Mont Blanc. On reaching the Grand Plateau the parties agreed to take the passage which had been usually followed before 1820, but which was subsequently abandoned in consequence of a catastrophe similar to the present.

They adopted it in preference to the "Corridor," from its shortening the journey by two hours, and because they calculated to have much less ice to cut through, as was experienced during the summer by three or four other parties. They were about half an hour in their ascent, when Sylvain Couttet, who was in advance, suddenly heard above him a loud detonation. He looked up, and to his horror saw an avalanche rushing down with fearful rapidity. He instantly shouted out to those who were below him, "Save yourselves! to the right! to the right!" He threw himself in that direction, advanced a few steps, struck his staff into the snow, and clung to it with all his might, and his companion Nicholas did the same.

They both threw themselves flat on their faces, and buried their heads in the snow. They had hardly done so when a tremendous crash followed, and the immense mass thundered along quite close to them—so close that they were all over splashed with the fragments of the ice. In a few minutes, when the avalanche had passed, they raised themselves up, and looked about for their unfortunate companions. They saw nothing—nothing but a furrow under them,

and further down on the Grand Plateau a mass of blocks of ice.

Couttet and Nicholas descended in all haste in the same direction, and searched everywhere in the hope of hearing a cry or moan to indicate that some had survived the catastrophe. They at last perceived an arm. At great risk to themselves they reached the spot, and dragged out from beneath the blocks a dead body, the skull crushed and the breast laid open. They laid it on the snow and resumed their search, but found nothing more.

On Sunday morning, fifteen men, selected from among the most intrepid of the population, left on the search. They proposed to pass the night on the Grand-Mulets, in order to begin early the following morning clearing away the avalanche; and many others have offered themselves to act on the following days if necessary. Fortunately the weather was fine and favorable to their perilous work.

A letter from Chamounix says: "Twenty-six guides left the Grand-Mulets at 6 A. M. yesterday for the Grand Plateau; their progress was watched with great interest by means of powerful glasses, until at last they were observed to divide into parties of twos and threes, and for some time to wander to and fro, when they were observed to collect together on one spot, 'to the right of the Rocher Rouge,' and from the many anxious glances that were given through all the available glasses in Chamounix, the conclusion come to was that they had discovered some traces of the poor fellows.

"This surmise turned out to be true, for at 2.30 eight guides were despatched to Chamounix with the sad news that they had recovered the bodies of the two porters, (Joseph and Francois Tournier), and that they had left eighteen guides, with the indefatigable Silvain Couttet diligently searching for some traces of poor Capt. Arkwright and his guide, Simond Michel. After toiling away until nearly dusk, they had to return to the Grand-Mulets unsuccessful in finding the least trace of Captain Arkwright or his guide."—*Paris (October 17) Correspondence of London Times.*

THE FREEDMEN.—The report of J. W. Alvord, Inspector of Schools and Finances of Freedmen for First and Seventh mos., 1866, gives full and reliable information of the work carried on among the freedmen, and especially of their present educational condition. It shows a total of 975 schools, 1,405, teachers, 90,778 pupils. This does not include all the schools, especially night, private, and First-day schools.

In the District of Columbia there are 132 teachers. Eight or ten self-supporting schools, taught by colored teachers, numbering at least 500 scholars, are also in operation in the District. Some of these appear remarkably well. There is an association of all the above teachers of these schools, with 100 members. In their monthly meetings reports are made, and questions of mutual interest discussed, and in this way the general character of the schools is constantly improved.

Maryland reports 34 schools, with over 3,000 pupils; over one-half of them in the city of Baltimore. The colored people aided the country schools last year by paying $2,000. The American Missionary Association have 5 schools in Maryland; the Society of Friends 1; besides which there were 7 schools in Baltimore under the management of the colored people, supported by their own money, and taught by them.

In Virginia there are 200 teachers; in North Carolina, 135; South Carolina, 148; Georgia, 51; Alabama, 31; Tennessee, 125.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 580.)

1817, *Ninth month 20th.*—Truly do I rejoice in believing that I find myself losing more and more of that authority and ability to do anything for the service of the blessed cause which proceeds from the creature; and in this happy experience I see advancement as well as safety. O! that all shadow and appearance of confidence in the fleshly part may be still farther removed; that there may follow a yet more firm establishment on the Rock of sure strength, the immovable foundation of all true wisdom. Man may possibly think, in his reasoning, that a smooth path is best for the Christian pilgrim, little knowing how it is that "we must, through much tribulation, enter the kingdom,"—except, perhaps, as it respects outward affliction. Yet we do see, and some of us feelingly know, that deep plungings, with buffetings, and toilings, and groanings of spirit, are the "bonds and afflictions that await us," down to the final hour it may be of our departure hence; and we can, of a truth, declare at times, that such heavily distressing dispensations are by the permission of the Author of all good in love to our souls; and we are sometimes enabled in the blessed moment when we feel ourselves on the banks of deliverance, to extol His holy name, who hath made us a path through the mighty waters, and sustained us in the wilderness. O! how shall my soul forbear to sing aloud unto Him who has preserved it in its travel through a land of pits and of snares, through unspeakable darkness, and an almost utterly disconsolate state; and has given me this hour of rest and of peace, this little interval of refreshment, and joy, and great consolation. O! that this precious season had never been graciously given unto me, rather than that I should, after such tender mercies, turn away from following the Lord in the "little moment," when he may again be pleased to "hide his face."

To J. F. M.

LONDON, 22d of Ninth month, 1817.

My Dear Friend:—There are some bright spots in this wilderness journey, and I think thou wilt recognize them by my faint description, when as from an eminence we are enabled to see to a considerable distance both before and behind us; feeling ourselves as it were removed into a purer atmosphere. We can even distinguish the little stumbling-blocks that have impeded our progress, the rough and rocky ground that has sorely wounded our feet, the very brambles and briary thickets that have jaded us, the narrow passes and threatening precipices through which we have escaped, and on the edge of which we have been preserved. Here it is, on this interesting elevation, whilst the eye of the mind is rapidly traversing over and tracing the windings of the road by which we have come, that we remember where and when "the troubles of our hearts were enlarged;"

we call to mind the perplexity that befell us, the secret conflicts that attended, and the temptations that waylaid us;—we can precisely point out the spot where "we sat down by the rivers of Babylon," where "we wept when we remembered Zion," and "hanged our harps upon the willows," and refused to be comforted;—we can tell where it was that we "fell among thieves, who stripped and wounded us," and left us, as it were, half dead; and we shall not easily forget where the good Samaritan found us, and had compassion on us, and how tenderly he treated us, how diligently he took care of us, and provided for our wants. O! which of us at such a time can fail to discover, and to admire the hand that is over us continually for good; how seasonably it has been stretched out for our deliverance, for our encouragement, when there seemed no one near to help, and nothing to do but to give up the tedious travel. It is in such a season that we are truly enabled to "praise Him who is the help of our countenance and our God;" and to repose anew in Him our confidence and trust for the time to come.

Thy very affectionate

J. B.

1817, *Ninth month 28th.*—During the present and past fight of afflictions, which the Lord has, in wisdom, appointed unto me, I have at times, through the assisting grace of Him who has been pleased to fight for me, maintained a fierce and desperate contest; and in degree have been enabled to stand firm against the fury of the enemy. Yet at other seasons, after having been a long time under arms, and very weary with watching and fasting, there has been a relapse or retreat experienced; and the ground that had been gained by hard fighting has been lost or relinquished. O! how difficult at such a moment, when harassed and oppressed, faint and ready to drop, to keep from utterly falling away, and fleeing before the emboldened adversary, who, exulting in his success, is proudly pushing forward at this critical juncture, to make the most of his advantages. But firmly persuaded I am that with the Lord there is sufficient strength and power to enable us to overcome all our enemies; I do very earnestly desire to trust in Him, and not be afraid to repose my reliance upon Him afresh day by day, to keep near to Him at all times, to be very faithful unto his requirings, to be very patient in waiting for his aid and counsel, and increasingly watchful against the snares of the enemy. And may his blessing come upon me, and prevent my utter destruction, which at times seems fearfully impending. O! where is there hope, but in the Lord!

1817, *Ninth month 29th.*—O! how shall words set forth the dispensation of desolation as to anything like good that seems to have come over my soul? Darker and darker,—deeper and deeper,—what will be the termination of this distress?

Yesterday I attended Westminster Meeting; upon sitting down my sorrows began to arise like a whirlwind, and I was ready soon to burst into tears, exclaiming in secret, "The Lord hath forsaken me, he hath utterly forgotten and rejected me." After a time of great trial and tossing, a young Friend got up with these words, "Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." Soon after which, F. Smith rose, and, in a very tender manner, addressed the poor, afflicted, tossed, tried servants, whose conflict he described as being so heavy, and their souls almost in despair; he expatiated on the number of promises contained in Scripture, for such as these, if they still continued faithful and steadfast to the end,—if they still persisted in hoping in, waiting for, and trusting to the Lord alone. He said he believed there were some present whose language was,—"The Lord hath forsaken and forgotten me;"—with much more for the encouragement of such to patience and perseverance under suffering. As for me, I seemed utterly unable to receive any comfort or hope, as if all hold was gone and out of reach, and like poor Job, who refused to be comforted.

This evening, after a day of heavy exercise and tears, my brother read a portion of the Psalms. Whilst he was preparing to read, my heart said, "It is all over with me, there is no good at all for me; I am rejected of the Lord, his presence and blessing is departed:"—however, when he began to read, the first words awfully ran through me, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me, why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? O my God! I cry in the day time, but thou hearest not; and in the night season I am not silent." Then I was somewhat comforted in remembering that this was the language of David in great distress; yet he was not forsaken, but was greatly helped every way by the Lord in the appointed time.

1817, *Ninth month.*—O! it is good to trust in the name of the Lord, to repose in his arm of strength, his parental tenderness and compassion. It is good to have our many strongholds invaded, our misplaced confidence unhinged, our secret props struck away; that we may more closely cling unto that which is not of ourselves, nor of our brethren, but comes only from the Source of all might and of all mercy. O! it is good to have all sense of hope and of help withdrawn,—to be laid low in the dust with all our pride and selfishness; that we may feel that which is good to flow in upon us in the Lord's own time as an unmerited gift, and thus be enabled to give the praise to Him alone, from

whom comes grace and glory, and every good thing. O! how great is my desire that the Lord would rather give me darkness and distress, than that, enjoying his favor and blessing, I should be unmindful of the Giver, or grieve him by saying or doing anything inconsistent with his blessed will concerning me.

1817, *Date uncertain.*—My mind has been much burdened, and weightily affected with the present aspect of things, relating to the growth and prosperity of the ever blessed truth; and not only do I allude to the low state of things within my own bosom, and in the circle of our privileged Society, but also in the world at large. Under a very humbling sense of the infinite condescension, which still spares us from day to day, and from year to year, and of the unfathomable compassion which still pities, helps, preserves and provides for us with paternal tenderness, I am ready to cry out, —"Who will not love, and fear, and obey thee, O! Lord; and give themselves up to be moulded into accordance with thy blessed will?" But O! the ravages, the desolations which the enemy hath effected on the face of all the earth; how hath he blighted the blooming bud, and blasted the richest grain, and parched up the fruitful field; so that the time of harvest is become the hour of desolation and darkness! Here and there, through the gloom of this vast howling wilderness, a patch of green revives the drooping eye, and cheers the desert scene; here and there, amidst the straw and stubble in this great field, the earth, a few single ears are to be discovered raising their heads, and is just sufficient to show what the glory of the crop and of the harvest would have been had it escaped the destroyer's hand, and not been trampled down by the wild beasts.

1817, *Tenth month 2d.*—"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord! as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." O! the precious applicableness to my present condition, which my soul perceives and warmly feels in the above written Psalm. I seem as though I dare not omit testifying of the abundant riches of his mercies and of his grace, which the Lord hath profusely shed upon me to the joy of my heart, to the very lighting up of my countenance. Weeping may endure in the night season, but joy cometh in the morning, when the Sun of righteousness ariseth with healing in his wings, and gladdens the face of all things, making the whole heritage of God shout for joy. My soul did, during the several opportunities which were permitted us through this Quarterly Meeting, earnestly crave and wrestle for a blessing, even for the slightest token of the Lord's compassionate regard; and O! how sweetly he has condescended to answer my petitions, my cries, my longings for a little of the living bread,—that precious power and presence which is only of and from him, and is in his wisdom allotted or withheld. Much instruction and comfort were also verbally conveyed at this time; and I was rejoiced to see some young persons, who appeared to have the cause of truth and righteousness at heart, as well as their own individual advancement and preservation in the strait and narrow way in which they have happily set their feet. Yet alas! what a number of this class seem to be ready to leave us! I believe, with some confidence, that but few of those who do leave our religious Society truly thrive in a spiritual sense; not that I confine true religion to our own profession by any means, but that I believe that there is that grace and truth to be met with in a diligent and patient waiting for the teachings of the heavenly Guide, which they who leave us are in great measure unacquainted with, or do not much regard or value. This I have found to be the case, even with some of the few who profess to leave us on conscientious grounds. But O! if all left us only for something, which, after solemn inquiry, they believed to be nearer the truth, how few should we have to lament the loss of. I was very earnestly desirous for our dear young Friends, during our sitting together in the Youths' Meeting, (appointed at the request of Mary Dudley,) as well as during the first sitting for worship, that they might come up in the strength and power of the living principle of grace and truth, to the help of the great cause; —that they might, in some measure, make up for the flagrant deficiency of standard-bearers apparent among our sex; even by such a steady, firm, consistent life and conversation,—by such an abiding in the blessed life and power and strength of the gospel, as is now too rarely to be discovered amongst us.

(To be continued.)

Beg earnestly of God that the power of sanctification may come upon thy fancy. Some Christians have attained such a degree of sanctification of their imagination, that they have had much sweetness left upon their hearts by the spiritual workings of it.—*Flavel.*

The more any renewed heart tastes the sweetness of communion with God, by so much more it is disposed for unity or peace with his people. —*Flavel.*

MEMOIR OF REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(Continued from page 581.)

During her progress through the spiritual baptism that had then been meted out to her, having had to part with many things upon which her hopes of enjoyment had been centered, and learned through suffering that all terrestial things are fleeting and uncertain, she came experimentally to realize that all substantial joys, even every blessing with which we are favored, was from the Divine hand; and as this feeling was cherished, a concern was matured, that when we came to partake of the bounteous supply of that which goes to nourish these poor bodies when assembled at our meals, that the family be all gathered, and a solemn silence be observed, wherein a feeling of gratitude might arise in our minds for these numberless blessings. This concern lived with her to the latest period of her life, and it was often her engagement in these opportunities of silence and waiting openly to acknowledge these favors, and hand forth a word of exhortation and encouragement.

It was also her practice during several years of the latter part of her life, generally before retiring at night, to sit down in stillness, and, in the quiet, frequently requesting myself, sometimes others of the family, to join her therein, for the purpose (as she would express it) of waiting upon God for the renewal of our strength, that we might look over our past actions with a view to future improvement; and often giving advice peculiarly suited to the occasion.

Having been brought into a state of entire dependence upon, and a sense given her of the great condescension and loving kindness of her Redeemer in meeting with and redeeming her from her low estate, she felt that none need despair of his mercies. She therefore felt constrained, in the love of the Father, to go forth even as to the highways and hedges, that she might proclaim the glad tidings of the gosple, even to the seemingly most degraded, that there was yet hope for all. Under this feeling, and about this time, she visited many mostly not of our Society; and the remembrance is now vividly before me of the simple but earnest pleadings of this loved one, and the touching and heart-tendering acknowledgments of His unmerited mercies to her, as an incentive to their amendment of life, with the encouraging language, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." As a further evidence of this feeling pervading her mind, and her desire to be found faithful in the performance of his divine requirings, I will give an incident that occurred about this time. While sitting in a meeting at Mill Creek, a stranger in charge of cattle, while passing the house, used language in her hearing that grated harshly on her ear. Her sympathetic feelings went out after him with desires for his improvement, and as the concern matured, she felt drawn to have an opportunity with him; but as none then offered, she returned home; but not feeling excused, a horse and carriage were provided, and she travelled several miles alone, not knowing where she should find him. Having procured an interview, and after relieving her mind of the concern, he acknowledged in broken accents his obligations for her kindness and interest in him; and she returned home with the reward of sweet peace for this little act of dedication. Although favored at times to be the recipient of Divine love and favor, for acts of obedience, yet, by not keeping sufficiently on the watch, she was at times brought into suffering on account of omissions of little duties, as set forth in the following manuscript:

"Since it was my privilege to mingle with you, my mind has been much exercised on account of my neglect of a trifling duty, which seemed pointed out for me to perform; but, letting the reasoner in, I omitted to attend to it. Desiring that all may not be lost, I feel drawn to address you by letter, as matter may seem to present, believing as I do that our Heavenly Father condescends to make use of his creatures as instruments of good or usefulness one unto another, in order to advance his cause in the earth, which is truth and righteousness.

"After a season of suffering, on account of not fully performing the part which I believe was appointed me, a spark or glimmer of light shone forth, and with it a command to address you by letter, as way should open; not in my own ability, for I acknowledge little of this for letter writing. Therefore, if any thing valuable is communicated, let all the glory be given to God, who is able to dictate what to write as what to speak, either in private opportunities or in the public assemblies of his people. In the love which I feel in the enjoyment of my Heavenly Father, which is in proportion to my obedience to his will, I was drawn to visit you with what I believed to be a message of His love to you, through me, a poor weak instrument. But finding my way much closed up, I came away burthened in spirit, on account of my unfaithfulness; yet I believe that He who appoints can open a way, if we let not the reasoner in and conclude it is out of the question to perform our known duty. This reasoner is the grand enemy of our soul's salvation; which destroys the happiness of all who listen to his voice, for it is always in opposition to the will of God; for the voice of God, if strictly followed, raises us above the fear of man. This I have known from a degree of happy experience, as I have also known deep sorrow occasioned by omissions of known duty.

"For as a parent careth for a child, so doth our Heavenly Father watch over and care for us, the workmanship of His holy hand, and appointeth unto each a work to do, in order that they may work out their own soul's salvation with fear and trembling before him. He giveth unto each one according to their ability to comprehend. This is beautifully illustrated in the passage, 'He carrieth the lambs in his bosom, and tenderly tendeth those with young;' evidencing clearly that his care is extended even to the youngest of his flock—the feeble and the helpless ones. These are nourished and fed by the sincere milk of his word, and they come to know that it alone can support them. That which is of an outward or external character can never nourish up the soul to life and immortality. Those who have tasted of His goodness are constrained to bear testimony to, and invite their fellow-travellers, wherever their lot may be cast, to come taste and see that the Lord is good, and a rich rewarder of all those who diligently seek him; for 'they that seek shall find,' and 'unto those who knock it shall be opened,' and 'they shall come in and sup with me and I with them.' They shall enjoy union and communion and sweet fellowship with the Author of their being, and see with indubitable clearness his will concerning them. These, then, are the blessed privileges of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to which all may have access if they will submit to his terms. If any man will be my disciple, he must deny himself, take up his daily cross, and follow me in the way of my leadings; not in his own will, for that would rob God of his glory, which he has testified he will not give unto another, nor his praise to graven images. Proving beyond a donbt that man of himself cannot perform acceptable worship unto the great Author and Creator of all; for it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps aright. He is prone to hew our cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water; such as proceed from Him, the pure and inexhaustible fountain of living waters, and whose crystal streams make glad the whole heritage of God."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN OLD AGE.

Up to a certain period of life it is the tendency of man to look forwards. There is a marvellous prodigality with which we throw away our present happiness when we are young, which belongs to those who feel that they are rich in happiness, and never expect to be bankrupts. It almost seems one of the signatures of our immortality that we squander time as if there were a dim consciousness that we are in possession of an eternity of it; but as we arrive at middle age, it is the tendency of man to look back. To a man of middle life, existence is no longer a dream, but a reality. He has not much more now to look forward to, for the character of his life is generally fixed by that time. His profession, his home, his occupation, will be for the most part what they are now. He will make few new acquaintances,—no new friends. It is the solemn thought connected with middle age that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to look back and marvel with a kind of remorseful feeling, that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling,—it is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lights fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first grey hairs become visible,—when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up the hill, but down, and that the sun is already westering,—he looks back on things behind. Now, this is a natural feeling, but is it the high Christian tone of feeling? We may assuredly answer, No. We who have an inheritance in corruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, what have we to do with things past? When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us, manhood with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. And so manhood in the Christian life is a better thing than boyhood, because it is a riper thing; and old age ought to be a brighter, and a calmer, and a more serene thing than manhood. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not back. There is a peculiar simplicity of heart, and a touching singleness of purpose, in Christian old age, which has ripened gradually and not fitfully. It is then that to the wisdom of the serpent is added the harmlessness of the dove; it is then that to the firmness of manhood is joined almost the gentleness of womanhood; it is then that the somewhat austere and sour character of growing strength, moral and intellectual, mellow into the rich ripeness of an old age made sweet and tolerant by experience; it is then that man returns to first principles. There comes a love more pure and deep than the boy could ever feel; there comes a conviction, with a strength beyond that which the boy could ever know, that the earliest lesson of life is infinite, Christ is all in all.—*F. W. Robertson.*

"It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more."

From the British Friend.

THE INDIAN PREACHER.

The following is an account of the Christian experience of an Indian preacher, as related by himself to a number of Friends in America. It is in his own simple words, and shows how Christ leads and instructs his disciples by his Holy Spirit:

He says, "I don't often open my mind to any, but I now feel the way is open, and a freedom to do it. Some years past it was laid upon me to encourage others to do well, but I thought I was such a poor, ignorant Indian, I could not encourage others to do well, so I shoved it away," (the Indian pushed his hand out as though he had put it from him, and then fetching it back again and putting it on his breast, he continued), "but it was brought back and put upon me. I then put it away again," (and he waved his hand to and fro again, to show the wavering of his mind.) "It was then opened to my mind that the truth was a very precious thing, very precious, indeed; oh, how precious it did look to me, words cannot say half. I then said with Peter, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." But it was laid upon me again.

"One morning, as I was going to a Presbyterian meeting, I saw a flock of sheep—I did not see them with these eyes—they appeared to be travelling along before me; the foremost were fat and grown large, &c.' I heard them talking to one another—but not with these ears—saying to one another, 'God speed, God help you on the way.' The hindermost looked poor and small, their heads hung down, and they seemed almost ready to give up. I wondered what it should mean; then something came and talked with me, it talked to me and told me, 'These are my sheep, and this day you shall see them lift up their heads in hope, and feed upon the bread of life.' Then it said to me, 'These that are before are the priests and deacons; they are grown fat and full, they can encourage one another, but they forget the poor of the flock.'

I went on to meeting; the priest preached, and prayed, and sung, and used the very words I heard the fat sheep use to one another. So after he had sat down, I thought it my duty to tell them what I saw on the way; so I did, and I thought I saw my vision fulfilled; the poor of the flock lifted up their heads in hope, and fed on the bread of life. The priest acknowledged, in the presence of the people, that what I said was true, and that the truth had been declared among them by a poor, ignorant, Indian man. Then I went home very comfortable; oh! how comfortable I did feel.

"Then sometimes I felt my mind drawn into sympathy with some, and I wanted to go to see them, but I did not; I was afraid some would think I undertook to encourage others to do well, and I did not want folks to think so. I felt such a sympathy for a poor family I wanted to go and see them, but I did not know how to do so. I thought I would take a sack of meal on my back and go to where they lived; and so I did; and when I stepped in it was just night. There was a rich man lived on the other side of the wood; I supposed he would have let me have a bed to sleep on, but I thought I would rather lie by the men's fire; I felt their wants and I wanted to be with them. In the morning, when I was going away, I asked the woman to hand me something to put some meal in; she was unwilling, but I told her she must; so she got a bowl, and I took out a part of my meal and left it with her. I felt the wants of the poor children so that I did not carry all my meal away. Then I took my leave of them, and went home quietly; and thus I kept along.

"When I felt very much in sympathy with any, I tried to go to see them, and I thought I was getting on pretty well. One day I was thinking I should go to meeting two or three days hence, and I began to think what I should say when I came there, so I thought it over. I got something fixed in my mind which I thought would do very well, and I hung it up; by and by I took it and looked at it again; I thought it would do very well; so I did many times before meeting-day came. I went to the meeting, and, after the priest got through, I stood up and said it off as well as I could, and thought I said it off pretty well. Oh, how was I troubled! I went home. I did not know what the matter was; but oh! how I was distressed, and so I passed a long, long time, but did not know what the matter was. Then something came and talked to me, and said, 'Did you ever know a great man, if he wanted great business done away in Philadelphia, to send a poor, ignorant, unlearned man to do it?' 'No,' I said, 'I did not.' 'No more will the Great Spirit take you.' Well, I thought, sure enough I have been mistaken; I never have known what good is. Oh, how I was distressed." This, he supposed, was the bad spirit coming at a time when he went wrong, endeavoring to persuade him that he had never known what good was. Then, he says, "Something else came and talked with me, which I supposed to be the Good Spirit, and said, 'The great One knows all things—He knows what is best. If a king wants great business done, he has servants under him. When he sends one to do business for him, if he is a wise, learned man, he ought to say what the king tells him to say: if he is an ignorant man he can say over after the king just what he tells him, if it be two, three, four words, or less; just what the king says, just so he ought to say.' Then it said, 'Suppose one of your neighbors had a piece of

fresh meat given to him, a very good piece when it was given to him, he takes it, feels it, handles it, looks at it, hangs it up; then, by and by, he takes it down, looks at it, handles it, and hangs it up again; and so he does a great many times, and keeps it three or four days, till it begins to stink; then he takes it, cooks it, and sets it before you to eat; would you eat it?' 'No,' said I, 'I would not eat it.' 'Well, just so was your preaching the other day; the Great Spirit won't have it, the people won't have it.'

"Then it came to my mind the passage when there is a piece of money brought to our Saviour; I don't remember it particularly, I believe they had some design of ensnaring him, but I remember he asked them whose image and superscription was on it. They said unto him, Cæsar's. Well, he told them to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, to God the things that are God's. Then I saw my preaching had Cæsar's inscription on it; because it was something of my own preparation; it did not come from the Great Spirit, therefore, it had not his superscription on it, and he would not have it; and that was the reason why I was so troubled. I saw that everything of man's contrivance had Cæsar's superscription on it, and that only that which came immediately from the Great Spirit would return to him, or would be food for his true sheep. 'My sheep,' says Christ, 'know my voice.' I did not feel it here; I love to feel it here (and he put his hand to his breast.) Then it opened in my mind the passage where the multitude followed our Saviour into the wilderness; the disciples seemed willing to send them away and give them nothing to eat, but he knew their wants, he did not want them to faint by the way. He called to his disciples, and asked them if they had anything to eat. They said they had five loaves and a few fishes, but what are they among so many? But he knew what he was going to do, and he directed that the multitude should all sit down in companies on the grass. Then he called on the disciples, and they gave all up to him that they had, and he took and blessed it, and gave it to the disciples. After all this was done he commanded them to hand it to the multitude; then it was food for them, and they had enough and to spare. Just so I see it is now; when the Great Spirit is pleased to break the bread of life, to hand to his disciples, and command them to hand it to the people, then it is food for them.

"Now, after all this, it was laid upon me again to encourage others to do well, but it looked so great, and I felt like such a poor, ignorant Indian, that I thought I could not give up to it. I said to that that talked to me, There are a great many that can do better than I can; take some other, and excuse me. It asked, Who? I said, Such an one; it told me to fetch him up. I did in my mind, but it would not have him, but shoved him away.' And so in this way he said he brought up a number, but he would not have them, but he says. 'It told me I must give up. Now, I found the Great Spirit condescended to my weak state, and opened my understanding in a way to meet my capacity. So I found it was necessary to wait upon him to be instructed what to say and when to say, and then I could say with the servants that were sent out to invite in to the feast, 'It is done, Lord, as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.' And I found there is room yet for more exercise, more labor, more invitations. The way is open, the way is not shut up in my heart. Then it opened in my mind the circumstance of Joseph, how he was sold by his brethren, and the reason why they sold him; he was designed by the Great Spirit to be greater than his brethren; he had some dreams that seemed to lead them to think so. Some of them had a mind to kill him, others thought best to sell him and see what would become of his dreams. So they sold him, and he was carried off and put in prison wrongfully, but the Great Spirit was with him there, and knew what he was going to bring about; his brethren appeared to get along pretty well for a while. Then there was somebody in prison with Joseph, and he was released, and Joseph told him when he came in the presence of the king to remember him, but he forgot Joseph until he was brought into a strait. The king had some dreams, but I cannot read much, I cannot just tell what it was, but I remember he dreamed about some ears of corn eating some ears of corn, and there was nobody could interpret his dreams. Then the man remembered Joseph, and he was sent for. The Great Spirit was with him and knew all things, so he could tell the king the interpretation of his dreams; and when he told him what was going to happen, the king believed him, and thought it best to prepare against the famine that Joseph said was coming, and thought there was none so suitable as Joseph, because the Great Spirit was with him. So he put all power in his hand, only the king was greater. Joseph ordered storehouses to be built, and laid up corn for the time of famine that was coming, and he had the keys of the stores. Now the famine came; his brethren came to want, although they had sold Joseph and did not intend to bow to him. They heard there was corn in Egypt, so their father sent some of them down to buy corn. They applied to Joseph; he knew them, but they did not know him; he asked them whether they had any brethren, and whether they had a father living; they told him about them; so, after a while, Joseph sent for them, and they all went down and bowed to Joseph, for there

was no other way for them to be kept alive. Now it looked plain to me that we have a measure of the Good Spirit offered to us, to lead us, to instruct us, and it is greater than we are, and designed to rule over us. We may do as that tells us, or we may mind the bad spirit; but if we do, it will not yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. We may say to the Good Spirit, We will not have this man to rule over us; we may push it away and sell it, and it may be put in prison. Yet a famine will overtake us, and though we may go into a far country, far away from what is good and right, and not even know Joseph or this Good Spirit, yet it will know us, and it will there rise up and plead with us. Now, there is no other way but to come back again to what is right, and acknowledge this Joseph to be greatest—this Good Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has the keys of the store, and they that will not bow to him must die. The same disposition that was in Joseph's brethren, and in the days of the apostles, is now in people. I have seen some people so simple that they have got angry with a gun and broke it in pieces, because it had done some mischief, as if the gun was to blame. If it had not been charged, and then fire put to it, it would not have done any harm. So when the apostles were charged, and the fire of Divine love operated on them, then they could do execution, but after it had passed through them, they were like the empty gun; it was not they that did it. It was that flame of Divine love that operated through them, and yet the people took the apostles and put some of them to death, as though they had done it, and thought to stop it from spreading. But they could not, for it operated through others, and it operates through a thousand others now, and they never can stop it."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 24, 1866.

DIED, at Mt. Kisco, N. Y., on the 5th of Tenth month, 1866, of dysentery, BERTHA, only daughter of Albert and Berthena N. Tompkins, aged 18 months and 11 days.

——, at the residence of his uncle, Isaac Buckman, near Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 28th of Tenth month, 1866, of small-pox, SAMUEL H., son of the late Isaac B. and Rebecca M. Satterthwaite, in his 21st year.

——, on the 13th of Eleventh month, 1866, at her residence in Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., of inflammation of the lungs, SUSANNA H. BURTON, relict of Dr. William Burton, in her 70th year; a member of Falls Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 16th of Tenth month, 1866, HANNAH, daughter of Wm. D. and Lydia Rogers, in the 33d year of her age; a member of Evesham Monthly Meeting, N. J.

——, on the 15th of Eleventh month, 1866, in Philadelphia, RACHEL M ROWLEY, daughter of the late Thomas Gillingham, in her 74th year.

DIED, on the 15th of Eleventh month, at Salem, N. J., EMMA P., wife of Clarkson Lippincott, and daughter of the late Joseph D. Pedrick, aged 24 years.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

The Annual Meeting of this Association will be held at Race St. Meeting-House, (Monthly Meeting Room) on Seventh-day evening, Twelfth month 1st, at 8 o'clock. The Annual Summary will be read and other business transacted. All interested are invited.

JOS. S. TRUMAN, JR.,
Clerk.

The Meetings for consideration of the Discipline and Testimonies of Friends have been recommenced, and will be continued at Race St. Meeting-House, on the second and fourth Fourth-day evenings in each month, at 7½ o'clock.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

(Concluded from page 586.)

Fourth Day.—The Committee appointed at a former sitting, to bring forward the names of suitable Friends to constitute a Meeting for Sufferings for the ensuing year, produced the following list, which was approved, and the Friends therein named were accordingly appointed to that service. . . . .

The Committee appointed last year to attend at the opening of the Quarterly Meeting at Prairie Grove, Iowa, produced the following report, which was satisfactory, viz:

To Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends:

The Committee appointed by the Yearly Meeting to attend at the opening of the Quarterly Meeting at Prairie Grove, Iowa, report:

That through Divine favor we were all enabled to comply with the appointment, (except one of our number who was removed by death.) The meeting of Ministers and Elders was an occasion of unusual solemnity. And at the large Public Meeting on First-day, there was much unanimity of feeling and expression, and the Meeting closed under great solemnity.

The general Quarterly Meeting was organized and held in a satisfactory manner. We found a larger body of solid Friends than we had expected, accessions having been made within the past year by *removals*, and a number from *convincement*.

A part of our number attended the Monthly Meeting at Wapsanonock, and *all* the Committee attended the Monthly Meeting at Prairie Grove, in both of which, representatives were appointed in the regular order of Society, to attend at the opening of the Quarterly Meeting.

At the close of the Meeting for worship, preceding the business part of the Quarterly Meeting, the Committee suggested that the Representatives from the two Monthly Meetings should retire, and choose clerks to serve for the day; which was approved of by the Meeting,

and clerks to both Men's and Women's Meetings were appointed as proposed.

We have reason to believe there is a religious concern among Friends in that new and interesting land, to hold their Meetings to good reputation, and to advance the precious testimonies of *truth* among the people.

Signed, by all the Committee who attended.

Prairie Grove, Henry Co., Iowa, 6th mo., 11th, 1866.

The Committee continued from last year, in relation to some of our Virginia Friends, who have suffered from the ravages of war, produced the following report, which was satisfactory to the Meeting, and the Committee was continued another year, viz:

To the Yearly Meeting:

The Committee appointed by the Yearly Meeting, in the year 1864, to assist such of our members, who had been stripped of their substance by the ravages of the late war, and were continued by our last Yearly Meeting with instructions to extend aid and care in providing suitable school facilities for the children of Friends so circumstanced, now report to the Yearly Meeting, that soon after its close in the 11th Month last they opened a school in Winchester, under the charge of a female Friend, and those of our members who were embraced in this concern of the Yearly Meeting, were encouraged to send their children to it; and such, to the number of *twenty-one* were received and carefully instructed, besides *nine* others, not the children of Friends, whose tuition was paid for, and to that extent diminished the expense of the school. Most of the children were too young to be sent far from home, and it was thought by the Committee, that the object of the Yearly Meeting, would be more economically accomplished in this way, than by any other mode suggested. The whole cost of this school to the Yearly Meeting, including rent of room, salary of teacher, and books furnished, amounted to *five hundred and seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents*, the vouchers for which are in the hands of our Clerk.

In addition to this school the Committee had placed, in accordance with the wishes of their parents, *three* children at *Sandy Spring*, and assumed the cost of *three at Wilmington* and *two* at *Chester Valley School*, Pennsylvania, of those older and further advanced in their studies, which has involved an expense of *one thousand, twenty-seven dollars and forty cents* in addition to the above amount, making the total expenditures of the Committee, *fifteen hundred and forty-four dollars and sixty five cents.* They have received of the voluntary contributions of our members towards this most laudable object, the sum of *two hundred and fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents*, leaving a balance of *twelve hundred and eighty-eight dollars and eighty one-cents* to be paid by the Yearly Meeting.

The Committee are of opinion, that the liberality and sympathy of the Yearly Meeting for our Friends and their children, has been, through the efforts of the Committee, of material assistance to them and productive of good; and they are willing to hope, with the better prospects now before our Friends in that part of the Yearly Meeting, that further care on its part in these respects will not much longer be needed, but that the Committee should be continued another year.

On behalf of the Committee,

GERARD H. REESE,
BENJ. RUSH ROBERTS,
SUSAN H JONES,
MARY D. BROWN.

The Standing Committee in charge of the Fair Hill Fund produced a report, which was satisfactory to the Meeting, and the Committee was directed to pay the sum of $105.60 of interest now in their hands, to the Committee having the charge of the Education of the children of Virginia Friends, referred to in the preceding report. . . . . .

Fifth Day.—The Committee appointed at a former sitting, produced the following minute, embodying some of the exercises of this Meeting, which was satisfactory, and it was directed to be inserted in our printed Extracts, viz:

In the early part of the Meeting, the injunction of the Divine Master, to his disciples was revived among us: "As I have washed your feet, so ought you to wash one another's feet;" and it was shown that the stream of gospel love, which flows from vessel to vessel in an assembly of devout worshippers, has a tendency to refresh the heart, and purify the understanding, enabling us to go forward in the path of religious duty. By yielding to this holy influence, we may become one another's joy in the Lord, and partake together of that heavenly bread—that hidden manna—which nourishes the soul unto everlasting life They who attain to this happy experience, find in our Meetings for divine worship a source of high spiritual enjoyment, and a means of preparation for the various duties of life. Although no lip may be touched with the live coal from God's holy altar, calling for the exercise of vocal ministry, yet the sweet influences of religious peace may flow from one to another, during our silent meditations.

The importance of abiding, always, under the harmonizing influence of divine love, was feelingly brought before us, as the only bond of our union; for, if our love fail, our Meetings will fail with it, and all the benefits of religious society must cease. Let us, therefore, cherish this tender plant, that it may grow up and

bring forth fruit, to the honor of the great husbandman.

The desolating effects of a spirit of detraction were brought into view, and their consequences were feelingly portrayed. From this cause arise dissentions among brethren that obstruct spiritual communion, impair the sweetness of social intercourse, and finally lay waste the heritage of God.

We have been affectionately cautioned against the indulgence of a critical and censorious spirit in relation to the communications of our ministering friends. If they err, let us remember that, like ourselves, they are subject to the frailties of human nature, and that nothing short of entire self-renunciation and subjection to the divine will, can preserve the pure water of life from contamination; for "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

The home education of our children has been impressively brought to our view, as a subject of deep and abiding interest. It was evidently the design of our bountiful Creator, in endowing the human mind with intellectual and moral faculties, susceptible of improvement, that we should assiduously cultivate these powers, and devote them to his service. In the quietude of domestic life, and under the fostering care of parental affection, the young mind expands and receives those early impressions which mould its future character. How important then is the charge entrusted to parents and guardians, to watch over the opening mind, and guide the inexperienced steps in the paths of purity and virtue.

The love of God is the basis of all true religion: where *it* prevails, the heart is expanded into love for all our fellow creatures, and through the operation of the Holy Spirit, the faithful followers of the Lamb are created anew in Christ Jesus. In order to attain this blessed experience, we must not "despise the day of small things," for those who do so shall "fall by little and little." On the contrary, we must watch over ourselves, check the first presentations of evil as they arise in the mind, and turn our thoughts towards that ever-present Divine power, who alone can save us in the hour of temptation. By this means may we "work out our salvation with fear and trembling," reverently acknowledging that the ability is not of us; for "it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

A deep exercise has been felt that our testimony against the unnecessary use of ardent spirits may be maintained; and a desire has been expressed that this testimony may be extended to the disuse, as a beverage, of all fermented drinks. The fearful ravages of intemperance throughout our land should incite us to make some sacrifices, in order to discountenance a practice which is fraught with so much evil to the human family; and experience teaches that it can only be averted by watching and checking the first approaches of the insidious foe.

While rejoicing that the conflict of arms has ceased in our land, and that the blessings of peace are measurably enjoyed, we have mournfully to reflect, that the elements of strife still exist in our midst. May we then, as the professed followers of the Prince of Peace, keep close to our Leader, and follow his example, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously."

The Committee appointed at a former sitting on the Treasurer's accounts, produced a report, which was approved by the Meeting, and Richard H. Townsend was accordingly appointed Treasurer to this Meeting for the ensuing year; and our Quarterly Meetings are directed to forward to him their respective quotas of the sum proposed to be raised. . . .

The following report was received from the Committee appointed at our last sitting, in relation to the meeting house at Winchester, Va., viz:

The Committee appointed to propose to the Meeting the mode to be pursued in reference to the money directed to be raised, for the erection of a Meeting house in Winchester, Virginia, report:

That they unite in recommending the Yearly Meeting to authorize the Treasurer of this Meeting to pay to the Friends in Winchester, the sum of seventy five dollars, to provide them with a suitable building as a place of meeting for the ensuing year; and that the subject of the new building be postponed for the present.

Which, upon deliberation, was united with, by the meeting, and the Treasurer was directed to pay $75 to Daniel Walker, for the purposes proposed in the report. . . . .

The Committee appointed at a former sitting to prepare Essays of Epistles to the several Yearly Meetings with which we correspond, produced one embodying the Minutes of this Meeting, which, upon being read, was satisfactory to the Meeting, and the Clerk was directed to transcribe it, sign it on behalf of the Meeting, and forward a copy to the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia, New York, Genessee, Ohio, and Indiana, respectively.

Having been favored through several sittings of this Yearly Meeting, with a comforting evidence of the continuance of Divine love and favor, solemnizing and strengthening our hearts, and gathering all, we trust, into a feeling of common brotherhood, enabling us to transact the business that has claimed our attention, in much harmony and condescension,

under a sense of which our hearts are humbled in gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, the Meeting adjourned, to meet at the usual time next year, if consistent with the Divine will.

BENJ. HALLOWELL, *Clerk.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION.

During the week of the late Yearly Meeting at Baltimore, a large and interesting meeting was held at Lombard Street Meeting-house, on the subject of Education, with special reference to the prospects of Swarthmore College. Remarks were made by Samuel M. Janney, Henry Haydock, of Benjamin Hallowell, Edward Parrish, Henry Hallowell, John Cox, and others.

Many aspects of the general subject were ably presented. The great and obvious advantage of a religious body, holding vital principles fitted to benefit all mankind, having an institution adapted to cultivate the intellectual powers and develope the talent of its members, so that in the midst of this reading age it may be at least fairly represented in the world of letters, was presented as a leading consideration.

Oral preaching under the divine influence and direction is indeed a great instrumentality for good, but it reaches comparatively few, while books and publications go everywhere and silently, at all times and in all places, to mould the opinions and fix the principles of those to whose capacity they are addressed. We want books especially for the young,—books which will interest while they inform the mind and improve the heart of those who must soon come upon the stage of active life.

The three kinds of enjoyment were presented to view: Physical enjoyment, which man has in common with the beasts that perish, is the lowest, and its pursuit as the main object of life has a tendency to degrade and debase. Intellectual enjoyment is elevating and improving, enlarging our conceptions of the Creator and his works, and rendering the mind sensitive to those influences provided in the external universe for its growth and expansion. Spiritual enjoyment, which comes from the exercise of our affections towards God and our fellow creatures, is the highest and most enduring, and above all else to be sought after and prized. These three kinds of enjoyment are desirable each in its appropriate place, and society owes it to its members that opportunities are furnished as far as practicable for their pursuit and realization by all.

In commenting upon the importance of the cultivation of Science, the circumstances under which steam came to be applied to the mechanic arts were adverted to. The philosopher first investigated its properties as affected by the various conditions of temperature and pressure, and taught these from the lecturer's desk, before the mechanic seized upon and applied this wonderful agent to his purposes. As a result of this discovery and application more than to any other cause, the humblest mechanic in our time may enjoy comfort and means of improvement, greater than those of kings and princes three hundred years ago. The discovery of the philosophical fact that a galvanic current passing round a piece of soft iron gave it the properties of a magnet, was the first step toward the perfection of those wonderful means of communication by which events in the most distant communities and the thoughts of the most widely separated men are now spread with lightning speed over the world.

The social influence of institutions of learning was forcibly presented by a Friend who had graduated in Yale College. He said that wherever he travelled he found the name "*Yale*" a passport to the friendly regard of any one who had ever enjoyed the privileges of that ancient College, and he hoped in the future Swarthmore would be a word of equal charm to its graduates, with the additional advantage that those knit together by memories of our College would be generally of the same social and religious training, and would include both sexes, and, in some instances, doubtless, those associated in the nearest relations of life.

Although no effort was made by the officers of this meeting to obtain the names of subscribers to the fund for the erection of the College, we are informed that considerable pecuniary results have already followed from it, and we earnestly wish that similar conferences might be held throughout the Society, till such interest should be awakened as would insure an ample fund for the completion and endowment of Swarthmore College.

11*th mo.*, 1866.

It is better to trust, and be sometimes deceived, than never to trust at all.

"But of all the sad sights that I ever saw,
The saddest under the sun
Is a little one,
Whose poor, pale face was despoiled of grace
Ere yet its life begun.

No glimpse of the good green Nature
To gladden with sweet surprise
The staring eyes
That only have seen, close walls between,
A hand-breadth of the skies.

Ah! never a bird is heard to sing
At the windows under ground,
The long year round:
There never the morn on its pipes of corn
Maketh a cheerful sound.

Alice Cary.

From the Congregationalist.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

BY I. N. TARBOX.

As I lay awake in the night,
And heard the pattering rain,
Faintly I caught the rumbling sound
Of the coming midnight train.

The world was murky and still,
The air was loaded with damp,
And on the folds of the mist it came—
The noise of this iron tramp.

Plunging through darkness and fog,
Screaming its signals before,
Searching the night with its eye of flame,
And filling the earth with its roar.

I knew all the track, and could tell,
By the sinking and swell of the sound,
When it darted through woods, or toiled up a grade,
Or leaped o'er a bridge at a bound.

Now the sound floated free on the air,
Now it died round the curve of a hill,
Now lost to the ear in the deep rocky pass,
But the mad thing was rushing on still—

Plunging through blackness and mist,
Sending wild 'larums before,
Howling like demon of darkness let loose
From Acheron's fiery shore.

And now all the windings are passed,
And out it comes on to the plain,
Shaking the earth as it tears along
Through midnight blackness and rain.

O, that some forest chief,
From his ancient woodland nest,
Might peer through the night and catch the wild sight
Of this monster troubling his rest!

Nearer and nearer it comes—
Louder the crash and the roar,
Bearing its precious load of life,
Two hundred souls and more.

Many their errands be—
Some journey for traffic and gain,
Some go to the gloomy chambers of death,
And some to the bridal train.

Here are eyes heavy with sleep,
Here bright with the light of love,
In joy and in tears, with hopes, with fears,
On through the darkness they move.

And now it goes by at a leap,
Wild the weird flashes it throws!
Out of thick darkness it comes in its flight,
And into thick darkness it goes.

Plunging through blackness and fog,
Sending loud signals before,
Searching the night with its eye of flame,
And filling the earth with its roar.

Wm. Allen thus replies to a question as to his mental impressions:—Those who are in the spirit of the world are so apt to ask, How do you know whether what you take for a divine impulse, may not be the working of your own imagination? It sweetly occurred that it might be known by the same test that our Lord gave to distinguish his followers from those of the world—*by the fruits.*

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS)

(Continued from page 590.)

Soon after getting on the poop I saw the
was nothing to be done there, and with tl
others went down again. I then went in
the cuddy, which was well lit up; it was fu
of people. There was a clergyman praying
the time, very fervently, and all joined in wit
deep and earnest Amens. It was a solemn an
trying moment: I remained there about fi
minutes until prayers were ended, when a
arose and with one consent showed a willin
ness to assist in any way for our safety; eve
some of the ladies were very energetic—assis
ing the best they could, and encouragin
others. Of course there were some quite pro
trated with fear. Very much has been sai
upon the remarkable coolness and resignatio
evinced by all, which certainly was the ca
during the last twelve or fourteen hours: bu
when our helpless position was first apparent
every one, then fear and excitement showe
itself more or less in every face; but there wa
no raving, no running to and fro but in the wa
of assisting. Several were advising what th
captain should do. I heard one gentleman,
first-class passenger, crying out, "Tell the ca
tain to shut the watertight compartments an
run to land." I said to myself, "That reque
is useless now, as the ship is filling through th
openings in the deck; if it were a hole knocke
through her bottom, these compartments migh
be of some use. As for running to land, 't
too late; we have to go wherever the win
takes us." As soon as prayers were over,
heard one of the officers order more lights to b
held to the windows to enable the men to se
how to secure the engine-room hatch. I go
two swing-lights from the after-part of th
cuddy, and took them to the windows. Ther
were several holding lights at the time; a lad
came to us—she was rather tall and exceedingl
handsome—and proposed that the ladies shoul
hold the lights if we could assist in anythin
else. Sails were being got up at the time fro
the second cabin. I went below 'tween deck
to assist with the sails. As I passed along b
the engine-room, Mr. Greenhill, the chie
engineer, sung out to the firemen below t
come up. Soon I saw three men come, wh
said, "It's useless to try any longer; the fire
are out and the water up to our middle." A
this took place in a short time—say about te
minutes from the time I went on to the poo
then to the cuddy, and then to the engine
room, 'tween decks. Water was coming dow
at the time, but the mass of it was stopped b
sails, &c., placed over the opening. While
stood by the engine-room holding a light fo
the men who were seeking sails, I had a
opportunity of learning our actual conditio

rom the captain, officers, doctor, and engineer, vho frequently met there. They had little ıope, though they endeavored to disguise the ctual danger. The engineer, Mr. Greenhill, ook a light from me to go down into the ngine to have a look. It seemed to me a ery dangerous undertaking, as there was water till going down, and I could hear it washing bout below. He was a very active and able oung man. I did not see him return, and felt ery uneasy about him—some time after I was elieved to see him—he had come up without ıy noticing him. At this time, almost all the assengers were assisting; among them was . V. Brooke, without coat or hat, working ith a will. I then helped with a sail which ıey were getting through to take up on deck; hen it was up, I heard an order to bring attresses, beds, &c., to put in this opening ver the engine-room, to prevent it going own in a body; then afterwards to be covered ver with sails. The ladies immediately went to their rooms and turned up their beds to get the mattress. The conduct of some of the dies was certainly heroic in aiding, directing, id encouraging. After the mattresses were assed out on deck, I went below again. It was en proposed that the passengers should get ckets and pass up water from between decks, every little would lighten, though two were ming in for one taken out. Buckets were cordingly produced, and fifty or eighty men ere soon employed in passing along buckets water. Some time after, say half-past one lock, (Thursday morning, the 11th), as we ere arranged along 'tween decks, the captain me to us and said, "Men, put down those ckets, and come and try to secure the engine- om hatch, for that is the only chance to save e ship." It has been thought that there ust have been some other leak than the gine-room hatch,—the captain's words do t favor the supposition. Immediately some e sung out, "More sails wanted." A very ge one was brought, the last one of the lot I was told.) It was very heavy, and they l great difficulty in getting it along.

The sails were kept in a store or state-room, the starboard side abaft the mainmast; y could not be taken aft by the passage-way that side of the ship, as it was blocked with freight or luggage; consequently they l to be taken forward around the mainmast l down the passage-way on the port side, ere there was just room enough left to crawl r; and here is where the detention was, a ly painful one at that time. As the sail was s delayed, some came down to see what was cause; first the captain, asking, "What is ining you? hurry it along!" then Mr. ehurst, the second officer, singing out, urry up that sail!" then some one else, "For God's sake bring along that sail, or the ship will sink!" I mention this to show how every space was choked up that should have been clear, and also to show the unprepared state of the ship for an emergency. At length the sail was got over, (I think the passage-way had to be cleared first), and through on to the deck. There we could best understand our hopelessness condition. There was much water on deck, perhaps never less than two feet on the lee side, though she was not taking much over on the weather side she would roll over and take it over the lee rail; then when she rolled to windward, up would come a tide two to three feet deep, carrying everything before it. It is no wonder then the skylight was carried away, particularly when there was a piece of a spar striking against it.

About fifty men were on deck assisting to put the sail where it was required, and where there were already a pile of them about three feet high. The great difficulty appeared to be in preventing the water from floating up the whole pile of sails and getting down. The one we had just brought up was spread over all the others, and nailed to the deck on the lee side with great difficulty. I saw Mr. Harris and the carpenter driving nails in a foot of water. We were about half-an-hour at this job, and oh, how it did blow, and how cold was the water, and what a medley of dismal noises there was—men hallooing, the sea roaring, and the rigging whistling! At this time I heard the captain give orders that the pumps should be kept going. When the sail was placed over, I went into the cuddy, and passed on down below to assist in carrying up water—fully convinced that the ship must sink. I did not expect her to keep afloat till daylight, and am astonished to this day that she floated as long as she did. I remember saying twice that night to a young man, "This ship will sink before morning, and there will not be one left to tell the tale." My prophecy did not prove true. It was an error in judgment, a thing which few like to own to, but I am happy to do so in this instance.

Again below, I joined in the ranks of those passing buckets of water. Presently Mr. Grant, on of the junior officers, came round raising volunteers for the pumps. At this time there was a great difficulty in getting men to go to the pumps; not but what they were willing to work, but they dreaded going on to the deck—the night dark and cold—and a danger of being washed out to sea. I consented to go, though I dreaded it as much as the others; moreover, I felt very weak and fatigued, having eaten little that day. On my way up, I noticed that the stern posts on the starboard side were knocked in; and the water coming in later in the morning those on the port side were also

stove in. On my way out, through the cuddy, I noticed that almost everybody had become very quiet. Ladies were sitting together talking, some reading. Those from the second cabin were there also, as well as the children. Men had become much more calm than they were three or four hours previous; there was very little conversation; every one seemed wrapped in his own thoughts. I got to the cuddy door to go out, watching an opportunity when the ship was over to leeward to open the door, so that the water should not rush in. Once on deck, what a sensation it was! Water whirling round you up to the knees—wind piercing cold—night intensely dark. I felt my way along in the darkness, again steadying myself by the ropes, &c., on the weather bulwarks, to about midships, to where the pumps were. I found about a dozen men there. I could barely distinguish figures in the dark, though I recognized a few voices. It required six to turn the wheels that worked the pumps, three at each handle. All were passengers there at the time, excepting two of the officers, Mr. Angel and Mr. Grant. Mr. Angel was placed to see the pumps were kept going—and nobly he did his duty. I saw him there after we had left the ship, still at his post, encouraging and assisting. There were no sailors at the pumps at any time after I went out. I do not think worse of them for this. They had had a hard week of it—most all the time at work—all the time wet; poorly fed for the last day or two. Some were disabled by so much lumber on deck; I saw several who had bad wounds. Mr. Munroe went to the forecastle once to get men for the pumps, and twenty pleaded illness. The work at the pumps was very laborious. We had to take brief spells, being short-handed; ocaasionally we would have a fresh hand, whom Mr. Grant had persuaded to come, while others left off, quite done up; and indeed it was a trying place. The seas broke over us so roughly, that sometimes I felt the water up round my neck. At those moments the pumps would have to stop; but as soon as the tide had receded, then would be heard Mr. Angel's voice, "Round with the pumps, keep them going." There was a good deal of talking and encouraging to keep up pluck and make the work go lighter. I felt much happier here, away from the women, for seeing so many frightened made me feel worse, and when inside you did not know how matters stood, whether she was sinking or not; and I had a great horror of being shut up inside when she did go. After being about an hour there we were getting fatigued—wanted a stimulant—and wishing we could get something to drink. One said, "I will try and get some." He went to the cuddy and returned with a bottle of whiskey, which was fully appreciated. It gave us new life. Some time after, Mr. Main, a passenger, and I were sent to the cuddy to raise volunteers, as we were getting worn out. When we got in I saw a good many men sitting there, and asked every one; some went out, some were not well, some sitting beside their wives and children. The mother would say, "Oh do not take him from me!" Most of the passengers were still below, carrying up water.

Daylight at length came in, and then we could see what a helpless log our ship was. She was then pretty low at the stern, and when she rolled seemed going right under. The sensation to any one on deck was truly awful. None seemed to blame Captain Martin, and at no time did I hear anybody reproach him. But the expressions towards the owners were quite different: they were anything but blessings.

(To be continued.)

THE CHALETS OF THE ALPS.

Those who have not in person visited the Châlets can form but little idea of the primitive simplicity with which these rude dwellings are built. In some places they are merely made of large stones piled on one another, with a sloping roof, and surrounded by a narrow gutter to carry off the rain; others, when situated within reach of the forests, are built of rough logs of wood, placed across each other, the interstices being filled with moss and dried leaves; those are better than the stone huts, as they are much warmer and retain less damp. The whole building is about 20 ft. by 14 ft. and divided by a slight wooden partition, the larger portion being used as a cowshed. Above this apartment, and under the slanting roof, is the place where the hay is stored, and which forms the shepherd's sleeping chamber. The remainder, a space of about 14 ft. by 6 ft. is reserved for kitchen and parlor, and is not unfrequently shared by one or two favorite goats, or even a pig. This part is open to the roof, and through a trap door, kept open by a means of a long fir-pole, the smoke finds exit, chimneys not being in vogue. It has also another slight partition or screen across one corner, which is appropriated as pantry or larder.

There being no windows, daylight is admitted through the door, which is kept open for that purpose. The floor is of stone, or rather a mixture of earth, rock, and stone; and there is no fire-place, a fire being made when required on the ground in a corner. Its furniture consists of a wooden bench or settle, and perhaps a large stone boulder, which serves as a table or seat, as may be required. The kitchen utensils comprise two or three porringers, a kettle, and a few wooden spoons, besides two milking-pails. Above the hearth, which is formed of stones, is suspended a little wooden

crane that turns on a pivot, upon which is hung the great copper cauldron that the king of the herd brought up in triumph on his head from the village below, and in which the milk is scalded preparatory to making it into butter and cheese. There is no lack of ventilation in the dwelling, for around, above and between the bare rafters which form the walls the wind and cold air from the glaciers above whistles freely, though this is in a measure tempered by the warm and fragrant breath of the cows, which are closely packed every night within the hut. —*Chambers's Journal.*

CRUELTY TO TURTLES.

The New York Evening Post publishes the following reply of Professor Agassiz to a letter from Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, requesting the learned Professor to lecture, sometime during the coming fall, on the turtle:

NAHANT, September 27, 1866.

Dear Sir: It would give me the greatest pleasure to co-operate with your Society, for I sympathize heartily with the object you have in view.

But my life is absorbed with other duties, and with the best will I cannot do more than what I have already engaged to do.

Excuse me, therefore, if I answer but briefly your special questions. To meet you in New York and expound publicly my views upon such subject is out of the question.

I need not tell you that men have always excuses enough to justify their wrong doings. So it was with the slave trade; so it is to-day with the turtle market. And though black men are more likely to be protected hereafter, their former sufferings during long sea voyages are on record, and humanity shudders at the tale. Whether men may ever be refined enough to feel their guilt when they torment animals, remains to be seen, and your Society will no doubt do its share in educating them in that direction. But to say that turtles do not suffer when dragged from their natural haunts, tied that they may not move, turned upside down, &c., &c., is simply absurd. It is true that they can live for a long time without food or drink; but they do feel pain, and are indeed very sensitive to some injuries. That of turning them upside down among others is sufficient, for instance, to prevent their eggs from hatching. Their sufferings may be inferred by the violent and convulsive movements to which the perforation of their fins gives rise. And yet to this proceeding dealers in turtles generally resort in order to tie them more closely and pack a larger number in a smaller space.

Of course when tied in this manner they must suffer less by being turned upon their backs, because the fins are thus relieved from the pressure of their whole weight; but the best evidence I can afford that they suffer in that position is, that they *die* if it is much protracted; and yet turtles are among the animals that resist longest privations of all kinds. Is not the fact that they die merely from the attitude in which they are forcibly kept the most complete evidence of their suffering? For what else would cause death, if not pain and the unnatural pressure of parts brought into unaccustomed positions.

Having gone so far, let me call your attention to the dangers arising from ill treatment of beef cattle before slaughtering them. While in Brazil, I learned that the city of Para suffered from the quality of the beef sold in the public market, deteriorated because the oxen and cows killed in the city were brought in from a considerable distance, and were often kept many days without food. The matter grew so bad that a company was formed to bring, by steam, beef killed upon the farms; and everybody felt the difference in the condition of the meat and its nutritive qualities.

Very respectfully yours,
L. AGASSIZ.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$ 40.00
" Mary D. Brown	500.00
" Friends of Darby	46.00
" " " Upper Greenwich	32.00
" " Chester Prep. Meeting	16.00
" " " Trenton, per Lydia Stephens,	75.00
	$709.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.
Philada., 11th mo. 17th, 1866.

ITEMS.

A company of Americans have obtained permission to erect telegraph wires or to sink telegraph cables along the coast, and to connect them with other lines now building in Russia.

It having been decided by the Secretary of the Interior to have printed instead of manuscript copies of patent cases prepared by the Superintendent of Public Printing, all the female clerks employed upon such work have been discharged.

The thirteenth article of the Constitution of Indiana, known as the "black article," forbidding negroes from entering the State, etc., has been pronounced unconstitutional and void by the Supreme Court of the State.

The Jamaica committee has unanimously resolved to indict Governor Eyre for murder.

A royal decree prohibits in Spain the dangerous toys known as "Pharaoh's serpents."

THE BRICKS OF EGYPT.—Professor Unger, the celebrated Viennese botanist and palæontologist, has recently published some remarks on the bricks of the ancient Egyptians, especially those of the pyramid of Dashour, which was built about 3400 years before our era. One of them being examined through the microscope by the professor, he dis-

covered that the mud of the Nile, out of which it was made, contained the remains of plants and animals that had existed in those pyramid-building days. There were fresh-water shells, fishes, remains of insects and swarms of other organic bodies, which are, for the most part, found without change in Egypt at the present time. There were two sorts of grain—wheat and barley—the field pea, the common flax, which he supposes was cultivated as an article of food as well as for spinning; also the wild radish, common vetch and many other weeds of familiar kinds. He also found fragments of burnt tiles, of pottery, a small piece of twine, spun of flax and sheeps' wool, indicating the advance that civilization had made more than five thousand years ago. The chopped straw clearly discernible in the body of the bricks confirms the description of the manner of making the latter, such as we find in Herodotus and in the Book of Exodus. —*Galignani.*

THE INDIANS.—The census of the Indian tribes of the United States, accompanying the annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1866, shows that the Indians are distributed as follows: Washington superintendency, 14,800; Oregon do., 10,471; California do, 25,962; Arizona do., 34,500; Nevada do., 8,200; Utah do., 19,800; New Mexico do., 19,900; Colorado do., 5,000; Dakota do., 24 470; Idaho do., 7,330; Montana do., 13,633; Northern do., 18,178; Central do., 12 837; Southern do., 53,904; various independent agencies throughout the country, 26,779. Total number in the United States, 295,774.

Both Houses of the Cherokee Legislature have elected William P. Ross Chief of the Cherokee Nation in the place of the late John Ross. He delivered an inaugural, in which he paid a tribute to his predecessor, and urged them to imitate his virtue, congratulated the nation on the return of peace and the treaty of the 19th of Seventh month, recommended the adoption of the amendments required by the treaty, the repeal of the confiscation laws, and the granting of the right of way to the Pacific road and a census of the nation. He discussed also the condition of the public schools, and the granting of indemnity for losses of the war.

THE FREEDMEN.—The Secretary of the Treasury has sold the marine hospital at Charleston, S. C., to the Protestant Episcopal Church South, of that city, to be used as an orphans' home and school for the education of freedmen's children.

The Bureau has recently extended its operations in procuring employment for the large number of freedmen congregated in certain localities. Under the direction of the Assistant Commissioner of the District of Columbia, offices have been recently opened in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Boston, Providence, and other points in the North and West. Large numbers of freed-people are constantly being shipped to good homes, in accordance with the requisitions of these offices.

A circular from General Charles H. Howard, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, sets forth that there is a much larger number of freed-people in the District than can find work at proper wages, and the Bureau has sought the aid of benevolent societies in the North and East, and called upon officers of its own, for the furnishing to the freedmen of employment with fair remuneration. About 5,000 freed-people have been provided for during the past year, having been furnished transportation from this city to places at which employment had been secured for them. It is stated in the circular that amongst a population of 22,000 freed-people in the District, probably not more than 15,000 can obtain work at fair wages, and the colored people are invited to avail themselves of the agency of the Bureau in giving them transportation to points where they can be furnished with employment.

A plan to entice negroes to Peru, where they would be placed upon the footing of coolies and reduced to practical serfdom, has been exposed by Secretary Seward.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 595.)

1817, *Tenth month 2d.*—I have been fearful of leaving anything on record behind me, but what upon clear conviction has appeared to be right; and have often seen the necessity of looking as closely to what is thus committed to paper as to anything that may be said or done, it being my earnest desire that nothing may even in secret be done or said but what will bear the test of being brought to light. It may seem to many, who have not hitherto been much, if at all, brought under the reducing, refining power of Truth, that such heavy exercises as have been permitted to come upon me, and as have come upon others, are nothing but the effects of a weak mind and a bewildered imagination; and such may not enter into any understanding or feeling of these trials, which are described in such strong terms. These may be yet more surprised when they read of such sudden changes and revolutions as some experienced in their religious states. Yet, in the natural world, how often do we see the greatest storm preceded, and, at other times, followed, by the smoothest, calmest weather. The analogy is striking, and it may be safely concluded that all these reverses are designed to produce a beneficial effect.

1817, *Tenth month 17th.*—About a month ago, I was at a young Friend's house, concerning whose zeal and sincerity in the blessed cause I have not a doubt. He has appeared in the ministry, I believe, acceptably to Friends in general, and is a promising, growing character. In the course of much intimate conversation, we approached the subject of prayer. Upon which, he asked me whether I did not think that the end which Friends had in view, by the practice of private retirement, was vocal prayer, that is, the outward act and attitude of kneeling down and using words. I felt very much at this question; and an awfulness came over me, and exercise, lest either this person or myself should be adventuring, without taking off our shoes, upon holy ground. In replying to him, I could scarcely refrain from using the language of William Penn, "Words are for others, not for ourselves, nor for God, who hears, not as bodies do, but as spirits should." It is the heart or soul that can alone cry acceptably through the drawings of that Spirit which inclines to good and to the source of all good; the mouth may speak out of the very abundance of the heart. There is nothing, however, in words, as such, nor in outward silence, as such. So that our prayers are none the better for being clothed in words, nor the less likely to be accepted when not clothed in words. There may be words when none should be used, and there may be a silence when words are called for; and herein stands the snare which should be carefully guarded against.

To a Friend.

London, Tenth month 20th, 1817.

This morning, upon calling at J. S.'s, I found Samuel Alexander within and alone, and spent about twenty minutes pleasantly with him. Upon inquiring after the American Friends, S. A. said they were both there, and that Hannah Field was unwell, but that I should see Elizabeth Barker. Upon this, he left the room, and soon returned, introducing E. B., whom I had felt dear to me, indeed, before I saw her. She took my hand with the affection of a near relative, and addressed me in as moving and affecting a manner as I remember ever witnessing. She seemed to be speaking to one whom she believed to be under the powerful, refining and preparing hand of the Lord, and with whom she tenderly entered into sympathy, under His necessary provings and purgings, using several times the words "dear exercised child," and speaking especially of the over-ruling power that is to be regarded and trusted to in all our affairs, both temporal and spiritual; and these words, as it were, still ring in my ears—"He can bless a little, and he can blast a great deal." Oh! that we may all keep in the littleness, in the lowliness, remembering what we are in the absence of our Beloved. How poor, how mean, how unable to preserve ourselves from falling, or to keep our souls alive to what is good; that so we may truly know wherein our strength lies, whence our qualifications come, how we may be what we ought to be, and how become instrumental to good in any way.

Thou knowest that I have wished, in regard to my settlement in the world, far more earnestly to obtain the blessing which maketh truly rich than any other acquisition. Thou art also fully aware, that, as this blessing is annexed to obedience, so the nearest way to partake of it in our outward affairs is to submit to that which may be required of us. I am ready to think, if there be anything for me to do in the line of business, it will be in a very humiliating way; that I must, whether in business or not, descend into a rank far below the wishes of my dear relatives and friends, and be subject to the wants of those poorer brethren and sisters, who are often meanly esteemed and little regarded; that I must thus enter into their sufferings and taste of their cup of bitters, and thus also loudly testify against the prevailing prejudices, pride and luxury of this age, but more especially against many notions and opinions that are creeping in amongst us a people. Oh! how is the prosperity of the precious cause of Truth obstructed and impeded—how grieviously is it suffering under some who call themselves its friends. "Ye are my friends," said our Lord, "if ye do that which I command you." Ye are the friends of Truth who obey the dictates of Truth; but those would rob her of her simplicity, and have her disguise the distinguishing features of her countenance, and cover her with their own deceitful embellishments, their own vain inventions. But I cannot express to thee the warmth of feeling that prevails with me when I look around and consider the situation of that numerous class, the full, the rich and the gay; nor can I convey to thee the pity that I have in my heart for them. How are they encompassed about by their own selfish, earthly satisfactions and comforts—how are they snugly nestling themselves in that which is likely, in the end, to prove to them a bed of briars! May we be favored to subject our own fallible faculties and powers, our own reason and natural understanding, which are ever apt to busy themselves in things that cannot rightly be brought under their decision; that we may each, I repeat, endeavor to sink down low and dwell low in that which sheweth indubitably the good from the evil in all our undertakings and designs. Oh! this is an attainment that comes only by a diligent attention to the voice of the true Shepherd.

Thy very affectionate friend,

J. B.

To his Sister.

Tenth month 31st, 1817.

My Dear Lydia:—Thou art very near to me in the best sense. How precious to feel one another to be under the continual observation of One who cares for us and watches over us for good. Though I have passed over some wild heaths and dry deserts since I last saw thy face, and have been, as it were, parched with thirst and panting for the water-brook, longing also for the shadow of the great Rock in this weary land: yet, there has met me the good Samaritan, whilst I lay by the road-side, bruised and buffeted by him who waylaid me. Oh! what shall I say of all that has been done for me by Him who had compassion on me; how precisely can I point out the spot where he saw me as I lay—it was even at that spot where every human help forsook me, and every hope seemed to be taken away—the priest and the Levite had passed by! I have, I think, seen by experience somewhat of the narrowness of the right path; and, in prospect, (as regards myself,) I see it more and more narrow; still have I day by day the portion of encouragement that is best for me, the good that is convenient, and such timely support as enables me still to struggle forward, still to journey on. May we both be aided to look over and beyond our trials, to the inheritance laid up for those who persevere in faith and patience to the end. Let not thy feet slip insensibly from off the sure foundation, the Eternal Rock, the unchangeable Truth; but

often be concerned to survey thy building, and upon what it stands; to examine whether it be firmly fixed upon that which is immovable, or whether it be in any degree propped up by inferior dependence; also, inquire whether, if outward means, aids and instruments were removed, thy building would still withstand the inclemencies of the varied seasons. For when the floods of affliction outwardly or inwardly arise—when the winds of opposition or of persecution assail, and when the rains descend—it may be too late for any to lay to heart these things, for their ruin may be at the door. The approbation, the regard, the sympathy of such as love what is good, have required from me all the watchfulness, all the earnest desires for preservation that I have been blessed with. How needful, then, is it that our foundation be on that in which there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Thus we may come to know in whom we have believed, and to see who is our Teacher, and to feel Him a present help in the time of need—a shield, a tower, a rock, a refuge, our joy and crown of glory. I have longed that, amongst the many deceits of the enemy, thou mayest not be taken by a very subtle one—discouragement. Oh! how many have set out well, have made some strait steps with firm foot and steady eye, have begun to show forth by some sweet fruits the great and marvellous power which has visited them; yet, through giving way to the wiles of the enemy, they have let in discouragements, like a flood, which have borne down everything before them. All unprofitable discouragement, all undue lamentation on account of frailty, folly or disobedience, may be considered to be the work of him who was a liar from the beginning. We read that "godly sorrow worketh repentance," and it is, indeed, nothing short of an ungodly sorrow that induces despair. Oh! that we may be content at such times of discouragement to sink down with that which suffers within us; that we may there wait in patience, in humility, in true prostration and silence of all flesh, being determined to hope against hope, being resigned to acquiesce in whatever may be called for.

We profess to believe that that which is to be known of God is manifested within; and that there is revealed or manifested what the Lord requireth at our hands. I believe that we have need to exercise a daily and hourly watching and waiting in the light, in order to be favored clearly to discover those things that belong to our peace.

1817, *Eleventh month 10th.*—I think I have seen the danger of young men or women dwelling anywhere else than in the valley of humility. Human learning, human attainments and excellencies—I mean all those things that are obtained by the memory, judgment, reasoning powers and mental abilities, separate from any immediate influence and assistance derived from the source of all true wisdom—these natural acquisitions and talents are well in their places, and are serviceable to us, when kept in subjection to the pure teachings of Him "who teaches" by His Spirit "as never man taught." But when any natural talent or faculty of the mind, or acquisition by virtue of that talent or faculty, usurps and domineers over the little seed of the kingdom sown in the heart, it had been better that such an enemy were cast, as it were, into the sea, or utterly annihilated, than that such mischief should be done. I have been in company with some young persons of our Society, who have been not a little injured by giving way to pride and foolish talkativeness, in respect to many matters, in which, though they seemed well-informed, yet not keeping in the littleness and lowliness, they have acquitted themselves but ill, through letting in a forward, prating spirit. Now, the best light in which we can view true talents and virtues, and in which they are set off to the best advantage, is the sombre shade of humility. For the more the frame-work is colored, or gilt, or carved, or ornamented, the more there is to take off the attention of the eye from the picture itself. So that it seems to me best for each of us to dwell in the littleness, in the lowliness; always bearing in mind whence we are, even from the dust, and whither we shall return, even to the dust; and that we should not forget from whence all that is good, either immediately or mediately comes, even from the source of all good. This would make us backward and timid at giving our judgment; it would render us ready and willing to esteem others better than ourselves—quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath, because we should be patient, humble, forgiving one another, loving one another, pitying one another—for we should then know how frail man is.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

Do we find Christ frequently examining his followers in their creed, and rejecting one as a sceptic and another as an infidel? Sceptics they were all, so long as he was among them, a society of doubters, attaining to faith only at intervals, and then falling back again into uncertainty. And from their Master they received reproofs for this, but reproofs tenderly expressed—not dry threats nor cold dismission.

Assuredly those who represent Christ as representing to men an abstruse theology, and saying to them peremptorily, "Believe or be damned," have the coarsest conception of the Saviour of the world. He will reject, he tells us, those who refuse to clothe the naked, or tend the sick, those whose lamps have gone out, those who have buried their talents—not those

whose minds are poorly furnished with theological knowledge. Incredulity and uncertainty, as long as it seemed honest, he always treated with kind consideration; and so disposed was he to the largest tolerance that on one occasion he refused to condemn one who, showing some respect for his character, yet disobeyed his first and most peremptory law—namely, that which commanded all persons to follow and attach themselves to him. And on this occasion he uttered words which breathe that contempt for forms, and respect for what is substantial, which is the unfailing mark of a commanding spirit—"He that is not against us is on our part."

MEMOIR OF REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(Continued from page 597.)

She was at the time referred to, and for several years previous, an almost constant attender of our religious meetings, making many sacrifices, often in much weakness, and under bodily suffering. Her interest in these, and her views on the right ordering thereof, may be gathered from the letters inserted. Although she had a high regard for the Society of which she was a member, yet she was measureably free from that sectarian feeling so much abounding in the world, and so much to be deplored. This feeling is well depicted in the following manuscript, to wit:—

"From an impression which has attended my mind to write what the spirit may dictate, as being applicable to whomsoever it may seem to be addressed, for in that particular I am at this time blind; therefore, the natural will in me can have no part, having long since seen that of myself I can do no good thing, neither do I believe it possible for any man, as man, to do the works of God. But in order to do this, he must know a coming down into the littleness and lowliness of self, willing to ask counsel and direction of Him; not depending on his own understanding, or that of others, as regards what he may do or leave undone. However high and exalted his reasoning powers may be, they are insufficient to teach him his duty to his God. For no man knoweth the things of God save God and he to whom he revealeth them by his inspeaking word, whispered in the attentive ear of the sincere seeker after spiritual food. The Scriptures of Truth declare 'they that seek me shall find me, and unto those who knock it shall be opened;' showing that there must be a laboring upon our parts for our daily bread, in order that we may be nourished and supported with spiritual food during this state of existence; and thereby be prepared, when done with the perishing things of this world, to enter upon a life of joy unspeakable and full of glory in that which is to come. Thus we may be enabled to adopt the language of that eminent apostle, Paul, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away; and not for me only, but for all those who do likewise.' How much is embraced in these few words, *not for me only*, but for all those who follow me, as I have followed Christ! This includes all the human family, no matter what their rank or condition in life may be, or to what religious sect they may belong. * * * If they are only concerned to acknowledge and follow Christ as their holy leader and true guide, as Paul did, they will be enabled to adopt the same glorious language when about to bid adieu to the perishing things of this world. This is the precious privilege of the love of God to his poor finite creature man,—that it does not confine him to any particular creed or any set forms of worship, it only requires true humility and entire dedication of heart; for 'the humble he teacheth of his ways, and the pure in spirit shall see God.' They shall know a union and communion of feeling—a sweet fellowship, in which they shall not only feel love to God, but it will extend to all the workmanship of his hands. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye have love one for another.' Under the influence of this love, I ask no man to embrace my particular title or sect of religion, for I have no feeling but that of love for any one, however differently they may see from myself; it having been my lot to mingle with different religious professors, where every feeling of 'stand by thyself, I am holier than thou,' was swallowed up in the love which emanates from the Father, and there was a joy and rejoicing together, unknown to the unbaptized in spirit,—they who are trusting in their own strength instead of leaning upon the breast of the beloved of souls."

Her offerings in the ministry were for a time but seldom, and often of but few words, expressed with fear and trembling; neither were they at any time in the "enticing words of man's wisdom," but were few and savory, accompanied with a vitality that made them generally acceptable to her hearers. In 1853, she was acknowledged to have received a gift in the ministry, which was in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Although she never obtained a minute from her Monthly Meeting to travel in the service of Truth on her own account, yet she several times received the sanction of her friends, by way of minute, to unite with other laborers in the vineyard, when she felt a Gospel call leading her thereto. But her great care and concern, not to engage in such weighty undertakings without the sanction and approval of the great Head of the Church, will be best exemplified by an extract from a letter to a female friend, respecting a proposed religious visit on Truth's account:—

"Feeling, as I believed, the way opened this morning to communicate a few lines to thee, I gladly embrace it, not having before seen with clearness how to proceed in so weighty an undertaking as was under consideration when I last saw thee; but as I have been willing to leave all with my Heavenly Father, who is not only able to appoint, but also to anoint, I am only desirous of becoming passive in His holy hands, knowing that, unless this is my condition, I can never go forth as an instrument of usefulness. I also know that strict watchfulness is necessary to maintain this position, for the enemy of our souls' salvation is ever on the watch, and if he cannot draw us in one way, he will seek to do so in another. This I have known from a degree of experience. I believe I must for the present endure all that my Father may be pleased to inflict for my further refinement, for He will refine His servants, and make them as pure gold and as polished shafts before they can go forth in His name. This, then, is the situation in which I am placed; therefore, I can move no further in the concern, unless a fresh command should proceed from His lips, who doeth all things well. Therefore, let none go forth in His name, unless fully convinced it is His will."

(To be continued.)

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and to act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something much beyond this; that which lies at the root of all his ease and refinement, and tact and power of pleasing, is the same spirit which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others, for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of, any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself — never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantage—such as is implied in ridicule, or sarcasm, or abuse—as he never indulges in habits, or tricks, or inclinations, which may be offensive to others. He feels as a mere member of society, that he has no right to tresspass on others, to wound or annoy them. And he feels, as a Christian, that they are his brothers—that, as his brothers, they are children, like himself, of God—members, like himself, of Christ—heirs, like himself, of the kingdom of heaven.—*Quarterly Review.*

ANCIENT ROME.

BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

The Public Life of Rome.

First, I notice the spirit of its religion. The very word shows what that was.

Religion, a Roman word, means obligation, a binding power. Very different from the corresponding Greek expression, which implies worship by a sensuous ceremonial (threskeia.)

The Roman began, like the Jew, from Law. He started from the idea of Duty. But there was an important difference. The Jew was taught duty or obedience to the Law of a personal, holy God. The Roman obeyed, as his Etruscan ancestors taught him, a Fate or Will; and with very different results. But at present we only observe the lofty character of the early religion which resulted from such a starting-point.

The early history of Rome is wrapped in fable; but the fable itself is worth much, as preserving the spirit of the old life when it does not preserve the facts. Accordingly, the tradition taught that the building of Rome was done in obedience to the intimations of the will of Heaven. It was rebuilt in a site selected not by human prudence, but a voice divinely guided.

Its first great legislator (Numa) is represented us giving laws, not from a human heart, but after secret communion with the Superhuman. It was the belief of Roman writers that the early faith taught access to God only through the mind; that, therefore, no images, but only temples, were found in Rome during the first two centuries of her existence. No bloody sacrifices defiled the city. War itself was a religious act, solemnly declared by a minister of religion casting a spear into the enemy's territory. Nay, we even find something in spirit resembling the Jewish Sabbath—the command that during the rites of religion no traffic should go on, nor workmen's hammer break the consecrated silence, but that men should devoutly contemplate God. Here was a high, earnest, severe religion.

Now, this resulted in government, as its highest earthly expression. Duty: and there-

fore Law on earth, as a copy of the will of Heaven. Different nations seem, consciously or unconsciously, destined by God to achieve different missions. The Jew had the highest: to reveal to the world Holiness. The Oriental stands as a witness to the reality of the invisible above the visible. The Greek reminded the world of Eternal Beauty; and the destiny of the Roman seems to have been to stamp upon the minds of mankind the ideas of Law, Government, Order.

Beauty was not the object of the Roman contemplation, nor worship; nor was harmony. The taste for them might be taught, superinduced; but it was not natural. It was not indigenous to the soil of his nature.

Hence, when Greece was reduced to a Roman province, in 146 B. C., the Roman soldiers took the noblest specimens of Grecian painting and converted them into gambling-tables.

You may distinguish the difference of the two characters from the relics which they have left behind them. The Greek produced a statue or a temple, the expression of a sentiment. The Roman, standing upon visible Fact, dealing with the practical, and living in the actual life of men, has left behind him works of public usefulness: noble roads which intersect empires, mighty aqueducts, bridges, enormous excavations for draining cities, at which we stand astonished; and above all, that system of Law, the slow result of ages of experience, which has so largely entered into the modern jurisprudence of most European nations.

One of their own writers has distinctly recognized this destiny (Virgil.) "It is for others to work brass into breathing shape; others may be more eloquent, or describe the circling movements of the heavens, and tell the rising of the stars. Thy work, O Roman! is to rule the nations; these be thine acts: to impose the conditions of the world is peace, to show mercy to the fallen, and to crush the proud."

In accordance with this, it is a characteristic fact that we find the *institutions* of Rome referred to inspiration. Not a decalogue of private duties, but a code of municipal laws. And turning to the page of Scripture, whenever the Roman comes prominently forward, we always find him the organ of law, the instrument of public rule and order. Pilate has no idea of condemning unjustly: "Why, what evil hath He done?" But he yields at the mention of the source of Law, the Emperor. The Apostle Paul appeals to Cæsar; and even a corrupt Festus respects the appeal: "Unto Cæsar thou shalt go." Nor could even the prisoner's innocence reverse his own appeal: "This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar." The tumult at Ephesus is stilled by a hint of Roman interference: "We are in danger of being called in question for this day's uproar." When the angry crowd at Athens, and the equally angry mob of the Sanhedrim, was about to destroy Paul, again the Roman comes—Claudius Lysias—"with an army and rescues him." It was always the same thing. The Roman seems almost to have existed to exhibit on earth a copy of the Divine order of the Universe, the law of the heavenly hierarchies.

Private Life.

Second, We observe the sanctity of the domestic ties. Very touching are all the well-known anecdotes. That, for instance, of the noble matron, who fell, all spotless as she was, life-dishonored, and died by her own hand. The sacredness of Home was expressed strongly by the idea of two guardian deities, (Lares and Penates), who watched over it. A Roman's own fireside and hearthstone were almost the most sacred spots on earth. There was no battle-cry that came so to his heart as that, "For the altar and the hearth." How firmly this was rooted in the nation's heart is plain from the tradition that for one hundred and seventy years no separation took place by law between those who had been united in wedlock.

There is deep importance in this remark; for it was to this that Rome owed her greatness. The whole fabric of the commonwealth rose out of the Family. The Family was the nucleus round which all the rest agglomerated. First, the Family; then the clan, made up of the family and its dependents or clients; then the tribe; lastly, the nation. And so the noble structure of the Roman commonwealth arose, compacted and mortised together, but resting on the foundation of the hearthstone.

Very different is it in the East. A nation is a collection of units, held together by a government. There is a principle of cohesion in them; but only such cohesion as belongs to the column of sand, supported by the whirlwind: when the blast ceases, the atoms fall asunder. When the chief is slain or murdered, the nation is in anarchy—the family does not exist. Polygamy and infanticide, the bane of domestic life, are the destruction, too, of national existence.

There is a solemn lesson in this. Moral decay in the family is the invariable prelude to public corruption. It is a false distinction which we make between public integrity and private honor. The man whom you cannot admit into your family, whose morals are corrupt, cannot be a pure statesman. Whoever studies history will be profoundly convinced that a nation stands or falls with the sanctity of its domestic ties. Rome mixed with Greece,

and learned her morals. The Goth was at her gates; but she fell not till she was corrupt and tainted at the heart. The domestic corruption preceded the political. When there was no longer purity on the hearthstone, nor integrity in her senate, then and not till then, the death-knell was rung.

We will bless God for our English homes. Partly the result of our religion. Partly the result of the climate which God has given us, according to the law of compensation by which physical evil is repaid by moral blessing; so that, its gloom and darkness making life more necessarily spent within doors than it is among continental nations, our life is domestic and theirs is social. When England shall learn domestic maxims from strangers, as Rome from Greece, her ruin is accomplished. And this blessing, too, comes from Christ, who presided at the marriage feast at Cana, who found a home in the family of Nazareth, and consecrated the hearthstone with everlasting inviolability.

Let us break up this private life into particulars. We find manly courage. This, too, is preserved in a word. Virtue is a Roman word—manhood, courage; for courage, manhood, virtue, were one word. Words are fossil thoughts. You trace the ancient feeling in that word; you trace it, too, in the corruption of the word. Among the degenerate descendants of the Romans, *virtue* not only means manhood; it is simply dillettantism. The decay of life exhibits itself in the debasement even of words.

We dwell on this courage, because it was not merely animal daring. Like everything Roman, it was connected with religion. It was duty—obedience to will—self surrender to the public good.

The Roman legions subdued the world; but it was not their discipline alone, nor their strength, nor their brute daring. It was rather for their moral force. A nation whose legendary and historical heroes could thrust their hand into the flame and see it consumed without a nerve shrinking; or come from captivity on parole, advise their countrymen against peace and then go back to torture and certain death; or devote themselves by solemn self-sacrifice, (like the Decii), who could bid sublime defiance to pain, and count dishonor the only evil; the world must bow before such men; for, unconsciously, here was a form of the spirit of the cross,—self-surrender, unconquerable fidelity to duty, sacrifice for others. And so far as Rome had in her that spirit, and so long as she had it, her career was the career of all those who, in any form, even the lowest, take up the cross: she went forth conquering and to conquer.

Deep as Roman greatness was rooted in the courage of her men, it was rooted deeper still in the honor of her women. I take one significant fact, which exhibits its natural feeling. There was a fire in Rome called eternal, forever replenished. It was the type and symbol of the duration of the Republic. This fire was tended by the vestals: a beautifully significant institution. It implied that the duration of Rome was co-extensive with the preservation of her purity of morals. So long as the dignity of her matrons and her virgins remain unsullied, so long she would last—no longer. Female chastity guarded the eternal city.

Here we observe something anticipative of Christianity. In the earlier ages after the advent there was divine honors paid to the Queen of Heaven; and the land was covered over with houses set apart for celibacy. Of course, rude and gross minds can find plenty to sneer at in that institution; and doubtless the form of the truth was mistaken enough, as all mere *forms* of doctrine are. But the heart of truth which lay beneath all that superstition was a precious one. It was this: So long as purity of heart, delicacy of feeling, chastity of life, are found in a nation, so long that nation is great, no longer. Personal purity is the divinest thing in man and woman. It is the most sacred truth which the church of Christ is commissioned to exhibit and proclaim. Upon these virtues I observe: The Roman was conspicuous for the virtues of this earth,—honor fidelity, courage, chastity, all manliness; yet the Apostle felt that he had a Gospel to preach to them that were in Rome also. Moral virtues are not religious graces. There are two classes of excellence. There are men whose lives are full of moral principle, and there are others whose feelings are strongly devotional. And, strange to say, each of these is found at times disjoined from the other. Men of almost spotless earthly honor, who scarcely seem to know what reverence for things heavenly and devout aspirations towards God mean. Men who have religious instinct pray with fervor, kindle with spiritual raptures, and yet are impure in their feelings, and fail in matters of common truth and honesty. Each of these is but half a man—dwarfed and stunted in his spiritual growth. The "perfect man in Christ Jesus," who has grown to the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," is he who has united these two things; who to the high Roman virtues which adorn this earth has added the sublimer feelings which are the investiture of heaven; in whom justice, mercy and truth," are but the body of which the soul is faith and love. Yet, observe, these are moral virtues, and morality is not religion. Still, beware of depreciating them. Beware of talking contemptuously of "mere morality."

If we must choose between two things which

ought never to be divided, moral principle and religious sentiment, there is no question which most constitutes the character "which is not far from the kingdom of heaven."

Devout feelings are common enough in childhood,—religious emotions, religious warmth,—instances of which are retailed by the happy parent; common enough, too, in grown men and women; but listen—those devout feelings separate from high principle, do not save from immorality; nay, I do believe, are the very stepping-stone towards it. When the sensual is confounded with and mistaken for the spiritual, and merely devout warmth is the rich, rank soil of the heart, in which moral evil most surely and most rankly grows, you will not easily build Roman virtues upon *that*. But high principle, which is in other words the baptism of John, is the very basis on which is most naturally raised the superstructure of religious faith.

Happy, thrice happy, he who begins with the law and ends with the Gospel.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 1, 1866.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.—Extracts from its Minutes have been received. They will be noticed next week.

The Annual Meeting of the Contributors of Swarthmore College will be held at Race St. Meeting-house, in the City of Philadelphia, on Third-day, the 4th of Twelfth month, 1866, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD PARRISH, } *Clerks.*
EDITH W. ATLEE, }

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS.

As the subjects that claimed the attention of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Women Friends are the same as those contained in the Extracts of the Men's Meeting, already published, we give only the minute embracing the exercises of the meeting.

As we have collected again as a Yearly Meeting, some of us have felt it to be a great privilege to mingle in fellowship together, and amid some discouragements, have had cause to believe that we can be helpers to each other, as we dwell in love. And only by faith and reliance upon Him, before whom all souls are equal, can we receive that love which unites in sympathy and fellowship.

We feel encouraged to press forward, and not stumble at the failings of others; and a concern has been felt for those of our dear young people, who may not always find what their souls crave among us, in consequence of looking too much at the infirmities of those professing to walk in the light, and who fear that the brightness of our early days has passed away, and that darkness has settled around us.—Take not your flight in the winter.

The same power which was with our fathers is just as near to aid and support us. The same dedication, the same earnestness of effort manifested now as in the early days, would produce the same results; and spiritual miracles would be wrought now as formerly they were done outwardly. We, too, have a work to do. Let us endeavor to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called." To every heart the Divine Spirit is calling, and pointing out the path of duty, and however small its requirements, let us give diligent heed to them, and thus be prepared for greater service. Obedience to every intimation of duty is our only means of being made rulers over more. We are a people blessed with many privileges. Could we as a united band press forward, bearing each others burdens, what an army might we be to promote the cause of truth and righteousness on the earth. We are called to bear before the world peculiar testimonies, and it has been urged upon us, that what may seem to many to be little things, have most important bearings upon our spiritual health and life. Our freedom from the thraldom of fashion, cannot be maintained, unless we preserve our beautiful testimonies to simplicity of attire, of language, and of manners. We have the power to choose. Relying on Divine assistance, and being faithful, we may become lights in the world, and draw others to us; or neglecting this, may drift into the vortex of the world, and be lost to usefulness.

No one can lay out a sphere of duty for another, but the mind imbued with the love of God, and attentive and watchful, will find that it is oftimes led out of itself, and will have to labor for the good of others. "The fields are already white to harvest." "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into the harvest."

We have been impressively reminded of the large field of labor opening before us, as a whole race in our land has just passed from a state of bondage.—Our young Women have been reminded that they might minister greatly to the comfort and benefit of our sisters of the African race, by patiently instructing them in the use of the needle.

Multitudes of their children are growing up in ignorance of this art, and also of many industrial pursuits, the knowledge of which would tend to make them self-reliant and independent. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Finally, let us be not "slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and we

shall find that He who has been our morning sacrifice, will be our evening star.

With reverent acknowledgement of the favors extended to us at this time, we conclude, to meet again next year if so permitted.

Signed on behalf of the Meeting,

MARY G. MOORE, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM, PHILADELPHIA.

The present season has opened with a prospect of an interesting series of meetings of the Lyceum. Lectures have been delivered by Caleb S. Hallowell, Dr. J. G. Hunt, Henry Bentley and Thomas H. Speakman. That of Henry Bentley was upon the subject of Telegraphing, and was illustrated by electro-magnetic apparatus used for conveying messages to distant places. The alphabet of telegraphy was shown, and many very interesting details in regard to the history of the art and the practical details of its management. The position of the Lecturer as the manager of a large establishment through which intelligence is constantly transmitted from remote and very widely separated points, makes him familiar with many curious incidents, the relation of which gave variety and interest to the lecture. On the evening of the 13th inst., an essay on Phrenology was read by Thomas H. Speakman, which was followed by a discussion in regard to the truth of that science. There can be no doubt that the labors of Phrenologists have done much to popularize the study of mental phenomena, and have given, perhaps, the best classification of the mental faculties yet invented, while the pretensions of those who have professed to enter into the minutiæ of character by an examination of skulls, and have made a business of this, have tended to bring discredit upon the study. The reasons for believing in Phrenology as a science of mind were cogently presented in this lecture, and in the discussion which followed, the most that was urged by those who opposed its claims related to its details rather than to the great facts which underlie it, and which point to close connection between the form and size of the brain, and the mental characteristics which pertain to it.

While some professors are laboring to mitigate the rule of Christ, let us be solely taken up in seeking that powerful help of the Holy Spirit, which renews the strength of the fainting soul, and enduing her with power from on high, shall in truth make the most rigid practice easy. While some strive to accommodate the road to their strength, let us, by relying on God, seek from Him strength adequate to the difficulties of the way,—let us avoid the error of softening down Christianity to the low standard of general practice.—*Memoirs of Port Royal.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

NO. II.

Reports for the Tenth month have been received by the Education Committee of the Association of Friends for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen from *seven* of its teachers in Fairfax Co., Va., from *two* in Loudon Co., Va., and *three* in South Carolina. The remainder of the schools not officially reported.

These *twelve* reports present the following aggregate:

		No. of Pupils.	No. Reading.	No. Writing.	In Alphabet.
7	Schools in Fairfax Co.,	209	122	116	22
2	" Loudon Co.,	93	33	46	10
3	" S. Carolina,	151	116	116	24
12	Total,	453	271	278	56

Of the entire number above designated, 222 are Males and 231 Females, while 404 of them are between 6 and 16 years of age. The account also presents the remarkable fact that only 56 are learning the alphabet!

In reference to the Teachers of these schools, the following items have been gleaned from their letters, and may prove of interest to some of the readers of the Intelligencer.

CATHARINE E. HALL, at "Andrews Chapel," speaks very encouragingly of the increase of her school and the progress of the pupils, being very agreeably surprised at their intelligence. She has visited them at their residences, and urged their attendance. She also makes an urgent appeal for assistance in the way of clothing, some children being unable to attend school for want of it; closing with the remark, "Their desire for learning has dispelled the *labor*, and made the task of teaching them a *pleasure*."

From ELIZA E. WAY we have yet received no classified report, her school having been so recently established; but she appears well satisfied with her position, and describes "Falls Church" as a pleasant village situated about seven miles from Washington and four from Alexandria, with a post-office, &c."

HANNAH SHORTLIDGE, at "Big Falls," states her school is increasing, but there are more who would come had they clothes sufficient to protect them from the cold, adding, "There are others, who cannot come in the daytime, who seem so anxious to learn, I have started a school of evenings during a portion of the week."

MARTHA WRIGHT, at "Lewinsville," reports that the Freedmen have completed a building (except the gallery) intended both for school and church purposes, and adds, "I wish I could clothe some of the poor creatures who are most needy."

FRANCIS E. GAUSE, at "Herndon Station," remarks, "I have enough to keep me busy now,

though I anticipate quite an increase in numbers during the winter. There were not any of my pupils who knew their letters when they commenced; now, some of them know the first line of tables." Her report shows that she has twenty-one pupils between the ages of 6 and 16 years, and yet there are but three in the alphabet.

SARAH E. LLOYD, at "Woodlawn," has a school of 34 pupils, 31 of whom are between 6 and 16 years of age, and yet only 4 are in the alphabet; 26 are reading, and 21 write.

CAROLINE THOMAS, at "Leesburg," gives an interesting account of one of her pupils who was in many respects incorrigible when she entered her school, but by patient labor with her a reformation has taken place to such an extent that she is now willing to avail herself of her services as an assistant, in which position she has thus far been successful.

MARY K. BROSIUS, at "Vienna," in alluding to the recent removal of that true and faithful friend of the freedmen, Capt. Thos. H. Ross, from that district, says, "There are some unhappy faces of sable hue just now." Her school is on the increase; 23 of her pupils are between 6 and 16 years of age, with only 4 in the alphabet. She has also an evening school of twenty *men and women*.

MARY MCBRIDE, at "Fairfax Court House," remarks, "I am quite proud of my pupils; a number of them take particular pride in dressing neatly and nicely, and looking like ladies! two of them especially, in the first class. They are good, faithful girls, in whom I have every confidence, and I think in the future they will be able to take entire charge of the school. They are good spellers and readers, write well, and talk grammatically. A number of the young ladies at the boarding school here do not read or write as well as four of the girls in my first class." She also alludes to another pupil, daughter of the village blacksmith, *nine years of age*, who keeps her father's books, and does all his writing, much to the astonishment of the influential inhabitants of the place.

SARAH A. STEER, at "Waterford," gives an interesting account of one of her pupils "who is anxious to become a teacher, to accomplish which she has been working during the summer for *seventy-five cents per week*, with the privilege of attending school four afternoons in the week. She tries very hard to have her lessons always perfect, and is now my best scholar." (The Education Committee, desiring the encouragement of such an earnest seeker after knowledge, and deeming this a fit opportunity to carry out a view that had for some time claimed their attention, instructed S. A. Steer, to employ her as an assistant, at a compensation that would leave her at liberty not only to profit by the exercises of the school as a pupil, but aid her in fitting herself for a teacher. It may be well also to remark, that other teachers have been encouraged to advance such of their pupils as were competent to the position of assistants.) In a subsequent letter from S. A. Steer, she says, "My assistant has been duly installed in her new office. She is very grateful for the opportunity thus afforded to improve herself, and at the same time earn a support by imparting to others the instruction she has received."

Interesting letters have been received from our teachers in South Carolina, as well as classified reports from CORNELIA HANCOCK, CAROLINE TAYLOR and MARY A. TAYLOR, located at Mount Pleasant. It will be seen these three schools numbered last month 151 scholars, of which 147 were between 6 and 16 years of age.

CORNELIA HANCOCK remarks, "The pupils show an undiminished zeal in their studies, and all have evidently *studied* during their holidays. I never saw a school so easily re-organized, after a vacation, and such prompt attention observed. They had had fears we would not return, and their joy that they were to have a steady school to attend knew no bounds. My scholars are now fit for monitors, and a class of fifteen of M. Taylor's school are so instructed. To see some of them teaching *their parents* is a gratifying sight."

CAROLINE TAYLOR states she has "substantially the same scholars as before vacation. The children give me satisfactory evidence of improvement in their studies, and particularly in their conduct towards each other as respects their former quarrelling; giving fresh evidence of the civilizing influence of the schools."

MARY A. TAYLOR writes, "What shall I say of my little ones? My school is not so well organized as either of the two others, as there are so many more, fit only for *my* department. Almost every day I have to turn from the door some small individual seeking his education, as we make it a rule to take none under seven years of age. I often look around me, and as I see sixty children struggling for an education, I think there is work enough before me to keep me some time before either *Poets* or *Philosophers* are raised amongst them, and yet I am not particularly discouraged. They nearly all prefer remaining in at recess to write on their slates, to going out to play."

Cheerful greetings have also been received from our two teachers at St. Helena,—Philena Heald and Sarah M. Ely; although they had at the time of writing only reached Beaufort. They say, "Once more safe, so near our island home that we almost imagine we can hear the voices of our flock; and we long to be with them soon again." Thus the same cheerful spirit appears to animate *all* our teachers, as

was so eminently manifested during their previous labors in the good work.

In the fear that some of his readers may have been wearied with the above, the compiler may remark that it is hardly probable so lengthy a statement will again be presented, but it was thought it would be well at the commencement of another season that Friends should have an opportunity to see the *system* that had been adopted, as well as the *cheerfulness and energy* with which our Teachers are resuming their labors.

11th mo. 1866. J. M. E.

SWITZERLAND—THE MER DE GLACE.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

It was the following day we ascended through the pine forest to Le Montanvert. It is here that one sees before one the so called Mer de Glace, a broad stream of ice and snow, the offspring of the highest Alps, which pours itself between lofty mountain ridges down into the valley of Chamouni, where, from beneath its gates, issues the river of Arveron. I say, "pours itself," because the frozen river slides from the heights down into the valley, and these icy masses are besides, as one knows, in a state of continual advance.

From the heights of Montanvert we saw the Mer de Glace, Le Mont Blanc des Dames, splendidly shining in the morning sun, and a party of gentlemen and ladies crossing to the opposite side. It looked quite calm and agreeable. Why should not we do the same? Our guides encouraged us to do so, yet with a certain cautiousness of expression.

In half an hour we could cross the Mer de Glace, afterward we should have about an hour's "somewhat difficult road," in the mountain to Le Chapeau; but once there we should see a grand sight, and then also every danger and difficulty would be over—and the guides would have earned a double day's wages! Of this last consideration, however, they said nothing, but the knowledge of it was the reason of their encouraging words.

I was tempted by the thought of becoming acquainted with the beauties and dangers of the Mer de Glace, and determined to undertake the hazardous journey; but how I repented doing so, when, in its midst, I discovered what the nature of it was. For one did not only run the continual danger of slipping or falling while climbing over the icy billows, but one found oneself perpetually on the brink of wide crevices in an ice mass of two or three hundred feet deep, and across which one must leap without any other foothold than a smooth icy wave or hillock. I was in a state of silent despair at having undertaken this enterprise, particularly as I had Louise Coulin with me. If any thing should happen to this young girl! If I should not be able to restore her to her parents! Then I could not live myself! I thought about turning back, but my guide assured me that we had already accomplished the worst part of the way; but, what yet remained was, in comparison, not without danger; even he himself fell more than once on our slippery career.

With an anxiety which cannot be described, my eyes followed Louise, who went before me with her guide, as lightly and as nimbly as though they were dancing a minuet. This guide was a young man, who had only within the last half year become incorporated into the guild of Chamouni guides, and I therefore felt all the less dependence upon him; but he was light-footed and agile, and in reality better than my old, safe, but very heavy-footed conductor. My guide was a peasant, Louise's was a cavalier; but Louise's was not only young, strong and safe upon his feet, but he enjoyed the undertaking, and never thought about danger. But as for me—

And when we found ourselves midway on the Mer de Glace, and I was desired to notice the splendid walls of a broad ice fissure, in the abyss of which the thundering roar of waters is heard, and was called upon to admire the Mer de Glace, which is even from this point up to the top of the mountains, where it is born, I felt myself like one doomed to death, with the rope already round my neck, who is desired to notice "the beautiful prospect!" But I said nothing, and as Louise gaily recommended me to do, I broke off little pieces of ice and let them melt in my mouth: this, and the beaming glances of my young friend, refreshed me.

The sun shone with great heat, melting the ice, and through the latter part of the road we went sliding and splashing through a regular ice slush. How delighted I was when I had once more firm footing on earth, and I saw Louise there in safety. I gathered and kissed a little common crimson flower, which grew on the borders of the ice like a kind of salutation of welcome.

But the joy was of short duration; for in order to reach Le Chapeau—the only way on this side down to Chamouni—one must clamber along the side of a perpendicular rock, without any thing to hold by but a rope, fastened by iron nails, as a hand-rail on the mountain wall. One walks along a narrow pathway cut in the rocks, midway between two perpendicular mountain walls, the one above, the other below. At the depth of many hundred feet below this again is the Mer de Glace, with its sheer descent. A moment's dizziness and all would be over! The guides now began to advise us to hasten, "because stones are frequently precipitated from the rocks above."

I glance up and see that masses of stones are hanging above our heads, as it appeared, just

ready to fall. But how is one to hasten here where one must give heed to every step, and hold fast by the rope? And now even this ceases and the path goes before me, steep up hill; I have merely the guide's hand, who pulls me up.

"We shall go quite safely," he says, consolingly. "Nay; on, on! go on still faster!" I replied, whilst I see stones and debris giving way under each heavy step he takes, and I pray silently, "Deliver us from evil."

Louise, with her light-footed guide, is already up and out of danger, and all the difficulties of the journey are overcome. We are very near the Chapeau, and may quietly rest there before we go farther. I feel ready to cry.

But a few minutes later, when we reached the Chapeau and little Alpine cottage, sheltered by a rock, in the shape of a hat crown, and seated upon a wooden bench in the cheerful sunshine, with my young friend's hand clasped in mine, I felt so unspeakably thankful to have overcome all the perils of the way, that I could not do other than share Louise's delight over the extraordinary spectacle which the Mer de Glace presented; for at this place the pressure from above has caused the ice to mass itself together, and to assume the most remarkable forms. Imagine to yourself a stream of ice-witches and hobgoblins, with their children and bag and baggage, on their journey to the lowest pit! Here, a great giantess, with three daughters, in hoods, shawls and crinolines, are advancing majestically forward; then a whole procession of gray nuns, ten monks without heads; there giants in berserker mood, and yonder a castle of ice, with many towers, like an immense artichoke, with its point somewhat turning inward. In general it seemed to me that the figures of the Mer de Glace resemble the forms and peaks of the circumjacent mountains. Saussure saw, from the heights of Mount Blanc, groups of its pyramids and needles, like the leaves of an artichoke, turning inward toward the middle. Imagine to yourself all this crowd of dirty gray ice-witches, little and big hobgoblins, now in fantastic groups, now a solitary lofty figure, among towers, columns, ruins, as of a demolished city,—imagine all this immovable, and yet advancing downward on a slope of from two to three leagues! Sometimes a witch looses her head, which, set at liberty by the sun, is precipitated into the depths below, and one hears it roaring down like the sound of subterranean thunder.

"The law of truth is that it cannot be shut up without becoming a dead thing and mortifying the whole nature.

Not the truth which a man knows, but that which he says and lives, becomes the soul's life. Truth cannot bless except when it is lived for, proclaimed, and suffered for."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindness,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own sweet will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

DARK HOURS.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

Oh, my tried soul, be patient! Roughest rinds
Fold over sweetest fruitage; heaviest clouds
Rain the most ample harvest on the fields;
The grass grows greenest where the wintry snows
Have fallen deepest, and the fairest flowers
Spring from old dead decay. The darkest mine
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell,
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.
Oh, my tried soul, be patient! Yet for thee
Goes on the secret alchemy of life!
God, the One Giver, grants no boon to earth
That He withholds from thee; and from the dark
Of thy deep sorrow shall envolve new light,

New strength to do and suffer, new resolves,
Perchance new gladnesses and freshest hopes!
Oh! there are times when I can no more weep
That I have suffered, for I know great strength
Is born of suffering; and I trust that still
Wrapt in the dry husk of my outer life,
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst
From their dull covering: stronger purposes
Stir consciously within, and make me great
With a new life—a life akin to God's—
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me thou great All Patient! For the flesh
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fail;
Add to my human Thy divinest strength,
When next I waver; rouse my faith as now.
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads,—to Thee!

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

(Continued from page 606.)

The weather in the morning was very dull and unsettled. The wind was not so furious as in the night, but the sea still heavy. A few now talked about the boats, though none entertained much hopes of them—of those remaining—for the life boats were both gone. The last one had been washed away the evening previous, and one of the cutters was stove, and hanging down at the side of the ship by the stern-fall from the davit. The mate to it on the opposite side was still good, also two iron pinnaces, capable of carrying say thirty each, and a small wooden boat forward at the forecastle. The two iron boats were swung on davits on board. About nine o'clock in the morning, and while I was still at the pumps, I saw them making ready the starboard iron boat. The captain had given orders to get the boats ready. I did not leave the pumps to seek a chance in the boat, although there was one whom I knew who was helping in preparing her for sea. I had previously made up my mind to stop by the ship till the last, in case any vessel should come to our rescue, although we had no distress signals up; for why, I cannot say. I am puzzled to this day why Captain Martin did not have up signals, as a vessel, if she did happen to sight us, and we not her, of course, would take no notice, and pass on. Another reason why I was so indifferent about the boats was this: I thought that where a large ship could not live, a small boat could not. I saw the boat lowered, and several jump over the side to get in her. Soon I saw them climbing in again. The boat had been swamped in lowering her, and she sank. I think, but am not sure, that one or two were drowned at that time.

Steam had now been got up in the donkey-engine, which was a house on deck forward, and shortly it was connected with the pumps, and we were relieved. I then climbed up on the poop, where everything presented a gloomy appearance—the boat sinking had destroyed all hope. We had still three boats, but they were on the weather side; the ship would have to be brought round before they could be lowered. There was no effort made at that time to get them out. People were walking about, very quiet and very anxious. I saw the captain then, also Mr. Tycehurst; several ladies walking about bareheaded, their hair flying about with the wind, but calm and resigned, and very little being said.

They were walking about just as you see people at a railway station when they are waiting for a train. I saw and spoke to the young girl who was so frantic at first; now she was as reasonable and calm as anybody. I then thought, as a good many thought, that we were not long for this world; death was staring us in the face. I felt loth to give up life; I enjoy life. There was also the uppermost thought of all—the uncertain hereafter. I said to myself, "Well, I suppose I am as prepared now as I should be twenty years to come." I regretted most for those I was leaving behind, and whom I had come on a visit half round the world to see; and now to be drowned on returning, and that in such a stupid, unsatisfactory way! There happened to be no excuse for it whatever. True, we had a severe gale, but I fancied I had seen as heavy a one before. It appeared to me that a new, strong, well-built ship had been thrown away. Had our ship been driven on to a rock, or had taken fire, or met with some unavoidable accident, I should not have felt so bad. I always dread to think, or to get talking on this part of it, for my feelings of sorrow become mixed with feelings of regret and reproach against some one for so cruel a sacrifice.

Whilst on the deck at this time, I saw the sailors going about throwing overboard any articles they could—hencoops, useless gear, &c. I then looked about to see what prospect there was of saving myself. Hope had not altogether deserted me. I looked out on to the sea, and asked myself the question, What boat could live there but a life-boat? There was no vessel in sight. I then turned my eyes to the deck. I saw a piece of a board or side of a hencoop, and said to myself, "I shall keep near that when she sinks." It appears now a ridiculous idea to expect that to save me, then 190 miles from land! I remained on deck about half an hour, and then went below to the cuddy, to see how fared my lady acquaintances, it then being about ten o'clock. Just as I was turning to go down, I noticed the sailors were beginning to get the port-cutter ready; and I heard one say, "This boat is for the captain and ladies;" so any hopes I had from this boat were destroyed then; for I would not try to get in it, and destroy the chance of any of the ladies. So took no notice of it, and passed on

below, intending to keep a pretty sharp look out when she was going to sink, to rush on deck to where my board was.

When I got to the cuddy, the usual question was put by the women, as it was to any one coming in from the deck, "What hopes now." I said, "We are afloat still, and while we are afloat, we are alive, is all I can say." At this time, I thought it wrong to disguise our actual condition; in fact, the captain did not. He had been in the cuddy some time previous, and told all to "prepare for the worst; nothing but a miracle would save us now!" which dreadful assertion was received with no fresh outburst of terror. All the women from the second cabin were sitting by themselves. Those from the steerage part of the ship were in the cuddy also. No distinction now. There were fathers and mothers, with their families of three, four and five, grouped around them—the children very quiet. They did not seem to understand why their fathers and mothers were crying so; and, poor little things, many were standing up to their knees in water. The Rev. Mr. Draper was sitting about the middle of the cuddy, at one of the tables, with many around him, reading and praying unceasingly. Now and then would be heard a voice, saying, Oh, Mr. Draper, pray with me." There were also to be seen men by themselves, reading the Bible. I remember seeing a newly-married couple, sitting by themselves, weeping bitterly. He had lately returned from Australia, had got married, and had induced many of his relations to return with him. They were on board—in all, nine, I have since heard. He appeared to be reproaching himself for having taken her away from her home. She was consoling and comforting him as best she could, saying she was happy, and they would die together. One poor young girl was writing a message on an envelope. I little thought I might have been the bearer of it. She probably intended putting it in a cask or keg that was being got ready by a friend of hers, as I learned afterwards. A young man whom I know was instrumental in starting it; his name was Row, of New Zealand. This keg has not yet turned up.

I conversed with many I knew; every one seemed fully to understand that there was no chance of being saved. A few clung to the hope that a vessel would yet come. Some of the sailors circulated a report that a vessel was in sight, to quiet them. I remained there until say twelve o'clock. Matters getting worse and worse, I could not remain below, but went up on deck again, bidding some whom I knew good-by. As I went to the door to go up the steps, I found a number of people standing on the ladder-way, apparently bewildered. I turned round and took the last look I ever had of the cuddy; the sight is indelibly stamped on my memory. I found some difficulty in pushing my way through the crowd to gain the deck. The day had brightened up a little, the sun would occasionally show out. The wind and sea were still heavy, but I think had abated since morning. I noticed the sailors were still about the same boat, intending soon to lower it; but, as I had previously heard this was for the ladies and captain, of course, I never looked to it with any hope for my safety. I glanced at the state of the ship, wondering at the length of time she kept together—which raised false hopes with many, not that she would ever get to land, but that she might live long enough for a vessel to come to take us off. For my part, I thought she might keep afloat for four or five hours yet—at this time, I would not not ask anybody's opinion, for fear of being misled—and concluded I would go down to the state-room to put on a dry coat. I thought I might as well live comfortably for a few hours, if I had to die then. Before going, I satisfied myself she would not sink while I was below, as I had a long distance to go, and had a particular horror of being closed in. I went down the companion-way to the cuddy-deck, then around and down to between decks. At this time the passengers had ceased with the buckets, thinking their labor useless. There was no one there at the time but the captain. He had been having a look at the engine-room. I spoke to him, and asked him if he thought it any use to still continue carrying up water; if so, I would go and try and get them together again. He did not care about answering me, and walked back to the engine-room, and I with him. We looked down, and a frightful place it was—the water colored black with the coal, and washing about and breaking up the iron floorings or platforms, and producing an unearthly noise. And a great pool of water it appeared to be. We stood looking for a minute or two. When he turned to go aft, I said, "Well, captain, what do you say?" He replied, "You may, but I think it's no use." We then went up the steps on to the cuddy-deck. There was a division between the after state-rooms and the cuddy. In passing these rooms, we saw some sailors and firemen in there opening cases of liquor, and some with bottles of brandy in their hands; there were several drunk at this time. The captain said to them, calling some by name, "Don't do that, boys! don't die cowards!" I saw a sailor down on his knees, feeling about in a foot of water for a sovereign he had dropped out of his mouth; he was as cool and eager looking for it as a street Arab would be for a sixpence he had seen fall. I saw standing at the cuddy-door a first-class passenger with a life-preserver strapped round him. I then turned and went down again to go to my room, opened one of my trunks, took

out a coat, saw my watch and purse; thought to myself, well, I may as well take them; laid them out, shut the trunk, was particular in locking it, (such is the force of habit), then put my watch in my pocket. At that moment, the ship gave a roll, the water covering the port, which darkened the room, and, in picking up my coat, my purse fell into the water. There was about a foot and a half there at the time. I put my arm down, and felt for half a minute, like the sailor for the sovereign, but could not find it: then walked out into the cabin; there were about half a dozen there at the time. I saw a Mr. Lemmon, of Melbourne; I spoke to a Mr. Harding,—he shook his head as much as to say he did not wish to be interrupted then: some sitting with their heads resting on the table—almost all preparing for death, and patiently waiting. I saw an elderly person strapping up a railway-rug into a bundle; shortly after he was seen on deck with it, when the captain, with a faint smile, asked him if he intended taking it with him. I have since been told by friends of this gentlemen that he had a thousand sovereigns with him; and probably these were in the rug. On my way back to the engine-room, I was alarmed at seeing that a serious change had taken place—a deal more water was rushing down. From what I saw, I thought the pile of sails over the opening above had floated up, the water pouring in underneath. I looked over into the engine-room below, and noticed that the water had increased considerably since the captain and I were there: it was now within two or three feet of the deck on which I was standing. I got on the poop as soon as I could, knowing now that the end was near. I had some difficulty in getting up the staircase between the cuddy and the poop, as it was crowded with people, who were all mute. It was then about one o'clock or half-past one in the day, Thursday, 11th January. Just as I on to the poop I saw an elderly couple, man and wife, with three children, two little girls about eight to ten years of age, and an infant. I am not sure, but I think they were the same who were wrecked a short time previously in the *Dunbar*, and this was the second, if not the third, attempt they had made to get to Australia. The mother and the two girls were sitting on the lee-side, close to the mizzen rigging, and the father alongside of them, holding an infant in his arms, and shielding it from the spray that was blowing clean over from windward. I took the mother and two girls up, and set them midship in the lee of the after companion-way. In about half-an-hour after, and just before we left the ship, I saw the mother and two girls washing about on deck, drowned.

(To be continued.)

It is the sickness of the soul, and not the heaviness of the cross, which makes it hard to bear.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* relates the following: During the last prevalence of cholera, a remarkable case of recovery from a supposed state of death, and so pronounced by respectable physicians, occurred in the family of a friend of mine in Chicago. He was a young man, recently married. His wife was attacked with cholera, and died. A few days after her death he was attacked, and although he received every attention which kind friends and relations and attentive physicians could render, he was supposed to have died. His body was laid on a board, and placed near a window in the parlor, and the usual preparation made for its interment. Before the hour for the funeral service arrived, a violent storm arose, accompanied with loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightening. This storm aroused the supposed dead man; he opened his eyes, moved his hands, and thus attracted the notice of persons in the room. He revived, lived nearly a week, but died of congestive fever. Now, but for a mere accident, this person would have been buried alive. How many such cases may have occurred, no man knows, or can know: and unless proper views are made known and acted upon during the prevalence of cholera there may be many such fearful mistakes. It is the duty of the living, therefore, to see that there are no cases of premature interments.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$ 79.00
" Friends of Darby	56.00
" " Providence Meeting	11.25
" " of Deerfield, Ohio	14.50
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md	15.00
	$175.75

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 11th mo. 24th, 1866.

ITEMS.

Rumors of a Prusso-Russian alliance continue to prevail. It is even said that the treaty provides for the admission of the United States into the alliance, with a sovereign establishment in the Mediterranean Sea, and guarantees that nation highly favorable commercial advantages.

In England there is still trouble in the manufacturing districts, and "strikes" are becoming more numerous.

John Bright has delivered a remarkable speech at Dublin, in which he proposes that the absentee landlords should dispose of their large estates to the government, which should then sell them out in small lots to the present tenantry. The Reform agitation continues and must soon compel some satisfactory action on the part of the government.

In the locality of Union-street, Borough-roads, London, is to be seen an old stable with one hundred infants in the horse-troughs and hay-cribs. The work has been undertaken by George Adlington, who

has secured an old stable to form a nursery, and has fitted it up for taking care of the young children of women obliged to go out to char or work away from home.

THE PROPOSED CONGRESS OF JEWS IN PARIS.—The *Gazette de France*, alluding to the Jewish council which is to assemble in Paris next year, remarks that the meeting will be especially called on to decide the following questions: The abolition of the prohibition of certain articles of food; the suppression of polygamy which exists among the Jews in Algeria, and the recognition of female children as equally qualified to inherit in that country with males. The French Government is said to be very anxious for the reforms relating to the African colony, as there are in Algeria forty thousand Jewish families, composed of industrious people, who are not subject to the general laws of the civil code.

The crew of the whale-ship Antelope brings home a gold watch and silver spoons said to belong to Sir John Franklin, and word as to where the remains of the explorer are buried.

THE FREEDMEN.—At a recent meeting of the Penn Association for the Freedmen, held in Philadelphia, Gen. O. O. Howard made the following statement, that "in some sections of the South the negroes were extremely ignorant. In others, as in New Orleans, they were as intelligent and apt to learn as the whites. Public sentiment in the South had been opposed to the education of the negro; but that sentiment is gradually changing. That change must be encouraged. He had seen planters who were bitterly opposed to education, but who now say send us teachers; the negroes will not stay with and work for us without them. And this feeling is increasing to such a degree that ere long he who attempts to run a plantation without a school house upon it will attempt an impossiblity. They now say, send us teachers—send the right kind—send us, if you please, negroes—but don't send us Yankees. Why? Because they teach negroes to hate us; to sing offensive songs and the like. He has heard this from the pulpit; from the stage, and from other sources. This is true. Then why not give them Southern teachers? Because the Southerner does not recognize the manhood of the negro. Our Northern teachers do recognize that manhood, and consequently teach him a certain degree of self-respect. In this line we must persevere. We cannot help resisting all education that teaches a human being that he should be a slave. Keep on, then, in sending Northern teachers—the very best that can be sent—who can give a good, thorough, systematic education. We must have more heart in this work, more interest, more universality.

Judge Bond, of Baltimore, stated that throughout the State of Maryland at this time every negro pays ten cents for his education. Out of fifteen hundred negro scholars in the city of Baltimore, there were only five who did not brinq their ten cents. Talk of the civil-rights bill. What is it worth when all the sheriffs and other officers are secessionists, and the negro has to go before secession judges? At the last report we had 150,000 scholars at the regularly-organized schools. This has, to some extent, been done by the colored people themselves. Take Arkansas, for instance. In that State alone 100,000 colored people have paid four dollars a piece toward the work of education. The interest taken by the colored people is astonishing.

The recent report of the Baltimore association for the moral and educational improvement of the colored people states that the society has in operation 73 schools, including 22 in that city, numbering in all, 74 teachers and 7,000 scholars; most of the teachers are colored. The most encouraging success has attended the efforts of this association, the colored people everywhere manifesting the greatest eagerness to learn and willingness to contribute to the support of the schools. $16,000 have been contributed by the colored people in the counties during the year.

TO FRIENDS.—The Subscriber, about to relinquish the Farming business, will sell at Public Sale, on Second-day, 10th of 12th mo., 1866, on the premises, a VALUABLE little FARM of 42 acres, in a high state of cultivation, with *good improvements*, situated in Warminster Township, Bucks Co., Pa., half mile from Warminster Meetingof Friends, three miles from Horsham Meeting-house and 16 from Philadelphia. A rare chance for a desirable home, on easy terms. Sale at 2 o'clock, P. M.

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Journal of John Comly	2 00	2 40
" John Woolman	1 00	1 20
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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

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1817, *Eleventh month* 27*th.*—I question whether they who go empty away from our religious meetings, or from those gatherings of two or three in the name of the Lord Jesus, where He himself is in the midst ready to heal each one of his diseases and infirmities;—I question much whether such as go home none the better for meeting with those thus gathered together are not "rich,"—are not full,—are not satisfied, confident, "settled on the lees," sluggish and sleeping in security. We may remember there is a woe against "those that are at ease in Zion." It is also worthy of remark that all those that came to Jesus when personally on earth to be cured of their maladies were in a very opposite state to that of those of whom I have spoken above; these were destitute, afflicted, forsaken, despised; and, what is still more, they were sensible of their lamentable situation, their helplessness and distress; and they knew or believed who it was that had power to stem the torrent of their troubles, the tide of their calamities. "Speak the word only," said one, "and my servant shall be healed." "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" said Jesus to two who answered—"Yea, Lord." "Lord I believe," said another, "help thou mine unbelief." So that the blessing which maketh truly rich shall assuredly and inevitably come down in abundance upon those who, with a humble and a contrite heart, wait upon the Lord, and are exercised and engaged in truth and earnestness to seek Him. O! what a rich reward of peace at times flows into the hearts of these true disciples, these poor publicans, these buffeted, bruised, broken-hearted little ones; whose help is placed, and hope fixed upon Him that is mighty, the giver of glory and grace, and of every good thing; but whose hands are ready to hang down, their knees to smite one against the other, and their hearts to fail, because they find not Him whom their soul loveth, and feel not his aid "who is able to save unto the uttermost." O! these are the poor of the everlasting kingdom, and are richer than the richest in outward mammon, or even than the richest in good works, (though these also will not be wanting herein,) because they are the "rich in faith," whom God hath chosen as heirs of the kingdom, which he hath prepared for them that love him.

1817, *Twelfth month* 10*th.*—I can look back upon many a favored season, many an availing prayer,—sometimes a single sigh after what was good,—sometimes the mental eye turned inward during a few spare minutes of intermission or leisure from the hurry of business, when in my father's banking-house; sometimes as I went and returned to and from town, but especially before dinner. At that particular time I was in the regular habit of secluding myself for a short season in private, and either devot-

ing that opportunity to reading the Scriptures, or more commonly to silently seeking the Lord, and waiting upon him for support, strength, sustenance, and whatever he saw needful for me. After this period the efficacy of the same spirit of dependence and reliance which the Lord had begotten and kept alive in me was striking; and it has been memorable to me since, when I was engaged in the business of an attorney's office, and lived at lodgings: there the same power, as I was concerned to keep close to it, preserved me through all the difficulties and trials that were strewed in my path. O! what sweet First-days have I spent at a disagreeable dull lodging; what meetings have I had, what sweet meetings in the middle of the week, when I gave up everything that stood in the way, and thus procured liberty to attend them. What sighs, what cries unto the Lord in secret corners, when a few minutes could be spared in the midst of the bustle of worldly engagements: when walking through the noisy crowded streets, what songs unto the Lord God of all tender mercies who overshadowed me;—and when occasionally an afternoon was allowed me wherein to be absent from business, what sweet contemplative walks in the meadows and country, a few miles out of town! But how shall I stop, or where shall I end, in speaking of the merciful compassion of Him who regards the prayer of the humble under many circumstances which I have not mentioned. How has the Lord ever had his eye upon and over me to turn all to good, as long as I have regarded, trusted in, resigned myself unto his preserving power; when I have been enabled to say, "I am thine, do with me what thou wilt." So that surely we may never doubt, but that "whosoever calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

1817, *Twelfth month* 17*th*.—In the midst of much drought, and distress, and apparent desertion, which have encompassed me for a long season, I cannot forget the grievous sufferings which the greater part of my poor fellow-creatures are daily undergoing. O! how my heart has been this evening affected with the sight of a heap of human creatures, nestling together under the shelter of a wall, striving to cover each other's half bare limbs from the piercing cold. Ah! ye rich, ye gay, ye proud, ye professors of good words and good works, the charity of this starving family will sooner be accepted of their Maker than yours; for ye of your abundance have cast the paltry pittance, whilst they have in their wretchedness sheltered each other from the piercing cold, and wept over each other's woe. Surely, surely, (I have been ready to exclaim in my heart at this, and at other times,) the Lord Almighty will arise for the cry of the poor and the sighing of the needy;—surely, he will take vengeance upon such as spend their lives in fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness,—upon such as abuse his gifts, and forget his creatures, and shut up their bowels of compassion against their own flesh, and do not remember the many good things which the Lord has showered upon them. O! how heavily hath my soul been burdened, because of such who live in pleasure, in luxury and extravagance; and how deeply have I felt for the poor and needy.

Date uncertain, perhaps Twelfth month, 1817.—It seems as if, after such exercise and trouble as can scarcely be expressed to another, I had now at length a glimpse of light thrown on the path before me, through the free extension of abundant mercy. Yet what a spark, what a faint flash, what a slender beam! When I consider how easy it is to mistake the true shinings of the heavenly star, to listen to the whisperings of the deceitful one, and to take them for the manifestations and leadings of the best Counsellor, the infallible Guide;—my spirit is engaged in earnest desire that I may be preserved on every hand, and protected from the evil. O! how strongly does the instance of poor yet faithful Abraham come to my mind whilst writing these lines; and firmly am I encouraged to believe that He of whom it is said, "faithful is He that hath called you, who also will do it," even the Father of faithful Abraham, whose tender mercies are over all his works, and who remains even now the same unfailing source of help and strength that ever he was,—will be near to the very least of his contrite little ones; even those that are bowed down, and bruised, and buffeted. He knows, indeed, who these are, though no one else may cast an eye upon them, or esteem or regard them. He knows their sufferings, their sighs, their tears; and O! what a sweet savor, what an acceptable incense arises from the hearts of these, even though no knee be bent, or mouth be opened. Surely under the shadow of His wings, under the blessing of the strength of His extended arm, shall these go forth through this vast howling wilderness; the floods and rivers shall be divided and dried up before them, and the parched desert shall become a fruitful field.

Date unknown.—We are placed here on earth only for a season: like travellers at an inn, we are permitted to take shelter for a night in this frail habitation:—it is a strange place, and has but temporary and middling accommodations; and all the comfort it affords is far inferior to the abundance which we have to expect will be dealt to us in our Father's mansion, our heavenly home. None of those numerous objects which we see around rightly belong to us; they are not our property, strictly speaking; but are lent to us for the supply of our neces-

sities, for our comfort, for the right enjoyment of them. I have often wished that this view of life might occasionally occupy our minds. Let us consider what would be some of the consequences of taking such a view of life, as I have ventured to point out. Let us see what ought properly to follow from the establishment of such a principle as this, that the earth we inhabit is not our rest, that we are but pilgrims and wanderers upon the face of it, that none of those things which our senses can perceive are our own; but that we are only for a time permitted the use of them: how could we, with this principle in sight, abuse those innumerable blessings which the great Giver of every good and perfect gift has been pleased to bestow; how could we do otherwise than apply all those natural things which are in mercy provided for us to the purposes for which they were intended. Then among many other good effects there would be no servile and degrading obedience to custom and fashion; but such simplicity in our way of living, such denial of whatever is superfluous, expensive, useless, or productive of injury to the mind, as is now scarcely thought of or understood.

1818, *First month* 12*th.*—The struggle which I have been enabled to sustain against a flood of affliction and deep exercise still goes on through unutterable mercy and condescension; but it is daily with me a question how each succeeding day's conflict will terminate. It seems sometimes as if there was no other language in my heart, but—"If it be possible, forsake me not, O! thou Most High!" again, when a little relieved, something seems to arise like this—"Save me from myself, leave me not to myself; spare not, neither pity, but utterly destroy all that in me—which is not of and from thee." What to-morrow's light may bring forth, what it may find me, or in what condition, I know not; but this do I desire to know and to be assured of,—that the Lord is, and that he is good, and to feel his goodness overcoming and taking the place of the evil both in me and in all the world. O! that I might be delivered from all looking out for release from this chastising and purifying dispensation, which has been in an increasing measure allotted me ever since I was made willing more fully to follow the Lord in the way of his requirings. O! that I might be preserved from all desire to take myself under my own care, or to walk in the way which my own will approves: and as to outward matters, that I might be made more and more entirely disposed to acquiesce in whatever is manifested unto me, to be the will of the Lord concerning me. The highest good that I or any can attain to in this life seems to me at this time to consist and centre in the ability to say and feel always,—"Thy will, and not mine, be done, O Lord."

1818, *First month* 20*th.*—O! how much dross, how much evil is there still lurking within me, how many and how deceitful are the modes by which the enemy contrives to keep up his kingdom, his seat in my soul; when shall I, through Him that fights for me, utterly expel, subdue, and tread under foot this unwearied enemy! The Lord, my strength, give me patience, that I may quietly confide in Him yet more and more; and suffer all the exercises, chastenings, withdrawings, judgments and afflictions which he is pleased in mercy and love to bring upon me; for I think I see plainly that his scourge and severity is not dealt out to his tender babe-like nature, but to that nature which is not of Him, but of the wicked one,—even that selfish, unfeeling, Egyptian spirit which is to be destroyed. O! how much of this do I feel continually within me, lurking in secret under cover of many plausible pretences, eating out any appearance of good with which the Lord is pleased to favor me, appropriating to self any good action, motive or thought; endeavoring, when it cannot hinder the entrance of good, to make me proud of it, and so convert it into evil:—thus the best friends, the best books, the best feelings, the best intentions with which I am at any time privileged, these the wicked one endeavors so to pervert as to render them a snare to me. He cares not how busy I am in reading good books, how fond I am of waiting on the Lord, how great a lover I am of the Lord's people, and the Lord's cause; if I will but fall down and worship him in these, all shall be mine,—all the honor and praise of being a great and good character, a saint, shall be mine, if I will but let him have a little share, a little corner in my heart. "O Lord! disappoint him, cast him down, deliver my soul. Let not thy hand spare, neither let thine eye pity, till all be utterly purged away, which defiles and is unseemly in thy sight." When mine eye is opened rightly to see these things, my heart craves that I may abide in patience under the operation of proving and refinement, however severe it may seem, to wean me from this world and the wickedness thereof; not only from gross sins, but also from hidden and secret faults, and from the deepest insinuations of the enemy in my heart, in the semblance of an angel of light. I have had of late such a time of this discipline as had never before befallen me in my life;—such apparent desertion of everything like good, such distress in consequence of outward circumstances of various kinds, that at many intervals a deep conviction of the certainty of a future judgment seemed to prevent my choosing death rather than life. Yet through inexpressibly tender mercy, I have been preserved to this day in earnest seeking after the Lord, and with great desires after submission to his will,

cost what it may. And even in the hour of desolation and darkness, I have often experienced such a sweet cessation from suffering, and such an influx of love from the inexhaustible fountain, as has enabled me still to struggle and hold on my way in a degree of hope (almost imperceptibly small,) that all would be well in the end if I was concerned to look unto Him who is the author, and also the finisher of our faith.

(From George Fox's Works.)

MARRIAGE.

"The right joining in marriage is the work of the Lord only, and not the priests or magistrates, for it is God's ordinance, and not man's.

And, therefore, Friends cannot consent that they should join them together. For we marry none—it is the Lord's work, and we are but witnesses. But yet if a Friend, through tenderness, have a desire that the magistrate should know it (after the marriage is performed in a public meeting of Friends and others, according to the holy order and practice of Friends in truth throughout the world, and according to the manner of the holy men and women of God of old,) he may go and carry a copy of the certificate to the magistrate; Friends are left to their own freedom herein.

But for priests or magistrates to marry or join any in that relation, it is not according to the Scripture; and our testimony and practice hath been always against it.

It was God's work before the fall, and it is God's work only in the restoration.

THE LOVING KINDNESS OF GOD.

The loving kindness of God! what a beautiful expression! How rich and consoling the thought contained in it! It is not a mere good will, nor mere complacent friendship, nor the mere neighborly kindness of human beings, although these are of high and precious account; it is the good will, the friendship, the kindness of love—of the love of God, who is love itself. We know something of the loving kindness of father and mother. We have been gently tended and nursed by his kindness; or parents ourselves, we know full well the throbbing of paternal affection. Deep, earnest, self-sacrificing, is human love in many tender relations. We trust in it fervently, and without fear. O, if there were no human love in which we could trust, what a desolate place would this world be? But the loving kindness of God—of that great, incomprehensible Being who fills the universe with his presence, and before whose majesty pillars of heaven tremble—what a loving kindness that must be! the kindness of infinite love wedded with infinite power! There is nothing that love can conceive of or wish to do for its object, but is contained here, and rendered not only possible, but absolutely certain.

MEMOIR OF REBECCA B. THOMPSON.

(Continued from page 613.)

"In looking back over the chain that connected her with her paternal ancestry, she would remark, 'There is but one link left,' and that link was an only and devotedly-attached brother. They were often together, and there being a great congeniality of spirit and feeling between them, it is not surprising that upon him should be centred all a sister's love. He being several years younger than herself, of a more robust constitution, with a fair prospect for a longer life, she had looked forward to him as a staff to lean upon in more advanced years; but in this, too, she was doomed to disappointment, for in the spring of 1852, he, too, was followed to the grave by this solitary, disconsolate sister. His removal being sudden, the shock on her already shattered nervous system was such, that her life for a time seemed almost poised as in a balance. But in a time, a greater degree of resignation was attained to. . . .

From this time forward her health began gradually to improve; and being favored measurably to keep the enemy of her soul's peace under foot, and having received an enlargement of her gift in the ministry, she journeyed forward for a time, filling up, in a good degree, her measure in the line of a Gospel minister. During this portion of her life, she often attended neighboring meetings in Gospel love, and was frequent in her appearances in our own. But for some time prior to 1861, she was mostly silent therein. From that time, she seemed to be released from her bonds, and again came forth in the ministry, to the great satisfaction of her friends, and so continued so long as health permitted her to attend meetings.

Although her path through life may seem to have been a tribulated one, she having had so often to go down into suffering on her own account and for the suffering seed, yet she was permitted, I believe, at times, to experience newness of life, and be made a partaker of those substantial joys which the unbaptized in spirit know not of. And as she became weaned from the world and its entanglements, and experienced more of the smiles of Divine favor, she came to enjoy life (in Christian simplicity) with a greater zest, and greatly enjoyed the society of her friends and neighbors, and loved to mingle much with them in the way of receiving and making social calls or friendly visits, thus manifesting her interest in their welfare, not overlooking those in the humbler walks of life. These were the fruits of a feeling inherent in her nature, which she would sometimes allude to thus: 'I live not for my-

self alone;' and being liberal in her views and feelings, with much honesty and simplicity of character, caused her to be beloved by many, especially by the young.

In the spring of 1864, our son and only child was attacked with measles, which proved to be of a serious character, during which he was waited on by her with that unremitting attention, such as a mother's solicitude only could prompt, that by the time he began to recover, she became quite indisposed from over-exertion of body and mind, and in this condition she, too, was attacked with the same disease; and, although she suffered but little bodily pain, she soon sank with the progress of the disease, her mind through the whole (except at short intervals) remaining clear and unclouded."

Her illness continued about two weeks, and was marked by a beautiful feeling of resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father. At one time she said, alluding to her recovery. "On your account I could desire it; but it is very doubtful; yet if it is the Master's will, He can yet raise me up and put a new song into my mouth; and I now feel, if He has a further work for me to do, I shall be more faithful and obedient than I have heretofore been. The cares and pleasures of this world have sometimes been a snare to me, leading me away from a full dependence upon Him." At another time she said, "Oh! if I had only been faithful, how the work would have prospered; but it has been marred upon the wheel." Again, she remarked, "I thought last night my way was clear, but since then clouds and thick darkness have intervened; I have leaned too much to the weakness of the flesh." At another time she said, "I think if I can get still enough I can see Him after awhile." After this trying conflict passed away she was strengthened to give utterancee to an impressive and deeply interesting and dying testimony. Looking round upon those about her, she exhorted them "to be faithful, reminding them that none of them had any too much time to do what they had to do." Her concern was now for others rather than for herself, and she spoke until feeble nature was exhausted. "Now let me rest," she said, "though I am not done;" but her voice of counsel and admonition was heard no more. She lay still and composed, with a countenance so expressive of peace that it was felt to be an evidence that she had finished her work and had entered into "that rest prepared for the people of God." In this apparently happy frame of mind she passed quietly away, and we believe her redeemed spirit is now an inhabitant of that city whose walls are "salvation and whose gates are praise."

She was interred at Mill Creek, on Third day, the 22d of 3d month, 1864, at which time a large and interesting meeting was held.

REMARKS ON THE MINISTRY.

"I never suffered myself to criticise it, but acted on the uniform principle of endeavoring to obtain from what I heard all the edification it afforded. This is a principle I would warmly recommend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers critics. I am persuaded it is often the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words and balancing doctrines, which we hear, is a miserable exchange for tenderness of heart and the dew of Heaven."

MEDITATION.

Meditation is often confounded with something which only partially resembles it. Sometimes we sit in a kind of day-dream, the mind expatiating far away into vacancy, while minutes and hours slip by, almost unmarked in mere vacuity. That is not meditation, but revery,—a state to which the soul resigns itself in pure passivity. When the soul is absent and dreaming, let no man think that that is spiritual meditation, or any thing that is spiritual.

Meditation is partly a passive, partly an active state. Whoever has pondered long over a plan which he is anxious to accomplish, without distinctly seeing at first the way, knows what meditation is. The subject presents itself in leisure moments spontaneously; but then all this sets the mind at work—contriving, imagining, rejecting, modifying. It is in this way that one of the greatest of English engineers, a man uncouth and unaccustomed to regular discipline of mind, is said to have accomplished his most marvellous triumphs. He threw bridges over almost impracticable torrents, and pierced the eternal mountains for his viaducts. Sometimes a difficulty brought all the work to a pause: then he would shut himself up in his room, eat nothing, speak to no one, abandon himself intensely to the contemplation of that on which his heart was set; and at the end of two or three days, would come forth serene and calm, walk to the spot, and quietly give orders which seemed the result of superhuman intuition. This was meditation.

He, too, knows what it is, who has ever earnestly and sincerely loved one living human being. The image of his friend rises unbidden by day and night, stands before his soul in the street and in the field, comes athwart his every thought, and mixes its presence with his every plan. So far all is passive. But besides this he plans and contrives for that other's happiness; tries to devise what would give pleasure; examines his own conduct and conversation, to

avoid that which can by any possibility give pain. This is meditation.

So, too, is meditation on religious truth carried on. If it first be loved, it will recur spontaneously to the heart. But then it is dwelt on until it receives innumerable applications; is again and again brought up to the sun and tried in various lights, and so incorporates itself with the realities of practical existence.

Meditation is done in silence. By it we renounce our narrow individuality, and expatiate into that which is infinite. Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret, hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred solitary moments. There is a divine depth in silence. We meet God alone.—*F. W. Robertson.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

If there be any bond in life which ought to be sacredly guarded from everything that can put it in peril, it is that which unites the members of a family. If there be a spot upon earth from which discord and strife should be banished, it is the fireside. There centre the fondest hopes and the most tender affections. How lovely the spectacle presented by that family which is governed by the right spirit! Each strives to avoid giving offence, and is studiously considerate of the others' happiness. Sweet, loving dispositions are cultivated by all, and each tries to surpass the other in his efforts for the common harmony. Each heart glows with love; and the benediction of heavenly peace seems to abide upon that dwelling with such power that no black fiend of passion dare rear his head within it.

Who would not realize this lovely picture? It may be realized by all who employ the appointed means. Let the precepts of the Gospel be applied as they are designed to be; and they will be found to shed a holy charm upon the family circle, and make it what God designed it should be—the most heaven-like scene on earth.—*Country Gentleman.*

Those that have the "testimony of Christ confirmed" in them "come behind in no gift," but "are enriched by Him" in every thing, while waiting for the coming of our Lord. "Ask no man for it," says Augustine; "turn to thine own heart; already art thou placed at God's right hand. Do not mind thy glory being hidden; when the Lord cometh thou shalt appear with him in glory. The root liveth, though the branch may appear withered; inwardly, in the living marrow, is already the strength of the leaves and fruit, but they wait for the summer."

LETTER FROM JOHN JACKSON.

The following letter is in reply to one received from S. M., not a member of our Society, who was concerned on account of J. J. considering water-baptism and the ordinance of bread and wine non-essential. This person and her husband both became interested in Truth's testimonies as held by friends, and the latter regularly attends Friend's meetings.

SHARON, 2*d mo.*, 1838.

"*Dear Friend,*—I received thy letter, and after giving it a careful perusal, could not question the sincerity with which it was written, believing it to proceed from the kindest feelings of gospel love, under the influence of which we can speak to each other, and desire for one another an establishment on the true foundation, Christ Jesus, the spiritual head of the Church. The substance of thy concern for my advancement in the knowledge of divine things appears to be, that I should be found in the observance of some of those outward ceremonies which *thou* believest are very essential, and by so doing put on the 'whole armor of God.' Although thou art a stranger to me, the expression of thy kind concern for my welfare is grateful to my feelings; and in answer to the query, 'why tarriest thou?' I am willing to give thee my views upon the subjects to which thou hast alluded.

"While I do not desire in any way to interfere with the religious opinions of others, or call in question the sincerity with which they adhere to their peculiar forms of worship or views of 'faith in Jesus,' yet I have not so learned Christ as to be unable to give a reason for the hope that is in me, and of that faith in him which I desire to hold fast unto the end without wavering. As regards myself, I have never felt the necessity of turning to the 'weak and beggarly elements' to witness that cleansing of heart which is necessary to santification, and that redemption from sin, which is followed by a communion of the soul with its Divine Author, believing that Christ has not called us to these, but to glory and to virtue.' The apostle has declared that as we give 'all diligence, to add to our faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, to temperance patience, to patience godliness, to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, charity,' that 'an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' This kingdom I believe to be a state of *inward spiritual communion* with God; it cometh not by observation; 'neither shall they say, lo here! or lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you.'

"I have an unshaken confidence in the all-sufficiency of the spirit of Christ, as it becomes in us 'the resurrection and the life,' to effect

our redemption from all iniquity, and the suffering consequent upon a separation from the divine harmony, and to put us in the possession of the joys of holiness in this life, and a well-grounded hope of a blessed immortality. And in order to accomplish this great work, I believe it is essential to be *baptized*. But there is no evidence to my mind, either from the convictions of truth or the testimony of scripture, that the baptism of water is the one saving baptism enjoyed by our blessed Master, or enforced by his apostles. John the baptist, in the comparison he made of his mission, which was distinguished by the observance of this ordinance, with the mission of Christ, declared, 'He must *increase*, but I must decrease. He that cometh from above is above all. He that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth.' 'I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' The baptism of John was but an outward ceremony of a decreasing nature, which, like the ceremonies of the law, was typical of a more spiritual dispensation, but made not the comers thereunto perfect, as 'pertaining to the conscience.' Whereas, the baptism of Jesus Christ is of a spiritual, increasing and heavenly nature, aad does not consist in the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the 'answer of a good conscience toward God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.'

"This I believe was the baptism which Jesus embraced in his great commission to his disciples, 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world.' He did not say baptize them *with water*, but in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' It is this spiritual baptism that is essential to wash away the sins of the soul, and it was no doubt this that was alluded to in the command given to Saul. 'Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord.' For He declared in his epistle to Titus, 'It is not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewings of the Holy Ghost.' Thus plainly setting forth the insufficiency of carnal ordinances, the performance of which constituted the righteousness of the law, and placing their hope of salvation upon the 'mercy of God, the washing of the regeneration and the renewings of the Holy Ghost.' As the Apostles witnessed this effectual baptism, they could declare, 'as many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death. Therefore we are buried with him by baptism unto death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so, also, we should walk in the newness of life.' 'For as many as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ.'

"The apostle Paul has also declared, there is unto us but 'one Lord, one faith and one baptism.' This one baptism, then, is not an *outward ordinance*, but an inward spiritual cleansing, effected by the 'washing of regeneration and the renewings of the Holy Ghost."

"I am satisfied that I have not followed cunningly devised fables, in placing my hope of sanctification here, believing this to be the baptism of Christ, and the ground taken by the primitive believers. And I am also well satisfied that were I to turn from the 'cloud of witnesses which have surrounded my mind, of the sufficiency of this baptism, to the observance of an outward ceremony, I should justly deserve the reproof given by Paul to a people formerly, 'O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you,' &c., (see the Epistle to the Galatians.)

"It was, no doubt, the baptism of the Holy Spirit that the three thousand souls were baptized with, by which they were introduced into membership with the church of Christ, on the memorable day of Pentecost, when the powerful appeals of the apostle Peter awakened in them the inquiry, 'men and brethren what shall we do to be saved.' We may remember the apostle exhorted them to 'repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' On another occasion the same apostle declares, that whosoever 'believeth in Christ,' shall receive remission of sins,' thus showing that this saving baptism is one and the same thing with a belief in Christ. I think it evident from the testimony of scripture that in the latter periods of the apostolic age, the use of water decreased, because they had experienced its inefficacy, and were made living witnesses of the powerful baptism of Christ, under the influence of which they could say, 'By one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have all been made to drink into one spirit.' It is also evident that water baptism became a fruitful source of contention, as will be seen by Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, where he speaks of it in such a way as to give reason to believe, he was prepared to lay it aside, for he thanked God that he had baptized so few, saying, 'Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel.'"

To be continued.

We should never have felt Christ's tender heart, if we had not felt ourselves "weary and

heavy laden, hungry and thirsty, poor and contrite." And then what comfort mayest thou have in prayer when thou canst say, "Our Father," in full assurance. What sweet thoughts wilt thou have of God. How sweet will be the promises, when thou art sure they are thine own. How lively will it make thee in the work of the Lord, and how profitable to all around thee. What vigor will it infuse into all thy graces and affections. All these sweet effects of assurance would make thy life a heaven upon earth.—*Baxter.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 8, 1866.

PUBLIC MORALS.—"My ear is pained, my soul is sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled."

May not this lamentation of the pure-hearted poet be taken up by all who love their fellow men, and desire their country's good? For surely crime is rife in our land, and the sanctity of human life appears but little regarded by the reckless adventurer of the hour. Peaceful homes are invaded by the midnight robber, and the traveller on the highway is assailed, despoiled of his personal effects, and sometimes deprived of life.

To what shall we attribute the fearful increase of wickedness? The late war has contributed greatly to demoralization, but we view, with deep concern and regret, the fruitful source of evil in the example of many of the public and popular men of the day.

The Capitol of our "boasted land of liberty" is said to be filled with vice and immorality. Men chosen as the Legislators for their country's weal are so regardless of the important trust as to be allured, by the siren voice of dissipation, from the halls of wisdom and justice into the dens of degradation and sin. Honorable exceptions there are; but, if we are to judge men "by their fruits," these *are* the *exceptions*, and not the rule. Fearful, indeed, is that condition of things when the rulers of the land are themselves the exemplars of licentiousness and profanity. "Wickedness in high places" is especially to be deplored, because of its mighty power to disseminate its poison through the various grades of society. When the most exalted offices within the gift of the people are encumbered with those who use the means thus placed at their command to minister to sensual gratification rather than to the public benefit, is it any marvel if, in the imitativeness of human nature, we find State Legislatures, County Courts, and City Councils influenced by the same spirit? We are not about to enter into the minutia of the wrongs connected with this subject, but there is one to which we would direct serious attention—we allude to that of *Bribery*. This has become so common as to appear to have lost, in a degree, its heinousness by familiarity, and is no longer to be numbered among the *secret* sins.

In the days of purer legislation a receiver of bribes would have been branded with ignominy and shame; but now we are told it is almost useless to attempt the passage of any bill, however useful its purpose, without becoming a party to this crime.

Are we, as a nation, forgetful of the true interests of our Republic, while we pride ourselves upon its commerce, its mineral wealth, its noble rivers, broad acres and fruitful fields? Do we lose sight of a retributive justice—that sin brings its own punishment? However noble the structure of any government, if the foundation be undermined by moral wrong it will totter, and must ultimately fall. It was said of Rome, "that when there was no longer purity on her hearthstone, nor integrity in her Senate, then, and not till then, her death-knell was rung."

The luxury and extravagance indulged in by individuals who have suddenly amassed wealth, during the fearful national struggle through which we have just passed, will sooner or later correct itself, and while the effect upon the community may be injurious, that is less to be feared than the grosser evils to which we have referred. Although removed from the arena of political life, we are not indifferent to our country's good; and in common with others who love the precepts of Jesus, and are concerned that they be practiced in the spirit in which they were taught by him, we feel the importance of an effort to correct evil.

The columns of the *Intelligencer*, with its comparative limited circulation, may not be deemed the most suitable channel to give publicity to the views we have expressed; but, in the remembrance of the assurance we have at

different times received, that Friends could, by their united influence, have a ruling voice in the elective franchise, we make an appeal to those who are interested in the preservation of the honor and integrity of our beloved country to use the power they may possess in the purification of its moral atmosphere, and do their part toward excluding from every responsible position in the government the man given to "strong drink," or he who would stain his hands with "the holding of bribes;" so that instead of weakness and decay through misrule we may witness an advance in that which *truly exalts* a nation. "*Righteousness* exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

MARRIED, on the 24th day of Tenth month, 1866, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of T. S. Wright, Woodlawn, Fairfax Co., Va., STEPHEN BARRETT, of Ridgway, Orleans Co., N. Y., to EMILY R. GREENE, of the former place.

——, on Fifth-day, the 8th of Eleventh month, 1866, at Friends' Meeting-House, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, ABEL MILLS, son of Joseph and Sarah Mills, and ELIZABETH WILSON, daughter of Amos and Anna Wilson, all of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, Putnam Co., Ill.

——, on Fifth-day, the 29th of Eleventh month, according to the order of Friends, under the care of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, of which the parties are members, MORDECAI DAWSON RICHARDS and RUTH ANNA B., daughter of Comly and Susan S. Tyson.

DIED, on the 9th of Third month, 1866, at East Liberty, Logan Co., Ohio, SAMUEL MAROT, formerly of Philadelphia, in his 72d year; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 11th of Eleventh month, 1866, after a short and severe illness, PRUDENCE CONROW, formerly of Salem, N. J., in her 83d year.

——, on the 24th of Eleventh month, 1866, in Philadelphia, THOMAS TEMPLE, in his 90th year.

——, on the 20th of Eleventh month, 1866, at his parents' residence, Abington, Pa., ROBERT GRAY, son of Edwin A. and Annie L. Atlee, aged 6 months.

A Stated Meeting of the Committee of Management of The Library Association of Friends will be held in the Library Room on Fourth-day evening next, the 12th inst., at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

12th mo. 8, 1866.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

REFORM.

All governments and societies of men do, in process of long time, gather an irregularity, and wear away much of their primitive institutions. And therefore the true wisdom of all ages hath been to review at fit periods those errors, defects, or excesses, that have insensibly crept into the public administration; to brush the dust off the wheels, and oil them again, or, if it be found advisable, to choose a set of new ones. And this reformation is most easily, and with least disturbance, to be effected by the society itself, no single men being forbidden by any magistrate to amend their own manners, and, much more, all societies having the liberty to bring themselves within compass.—*Marvell.*

"When alone we have our thoughts to watch, in our families our tempers, and in society our tongues."

The late Indiana Yearly Meeting, held at Waynesville, O., the 1st of the Tenth month, 1866.

We give the following comprised account:

The Friends in attendance with minutes were Andrew Dorland, from Saratoga Monthly Meeting; Bennett Walters and Nathan Thomas, from Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting; Benj. Tomlinson, from Byberry Monthly Meeting; Samuel J. Levick, from Richland Monthly Meeting; Rebecca John, from Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting; Lydia S. Garrett, (companion to Rebecca John,) from Goshen Monthly Meeting; and Jesse Underwood, also companion to Rebecca John, from Centre Monthly Meeting.

[Epistles from the Yearly Meetings corresponding were received, except the one from Baltimore addressed to the Women's Meeting].

The Blue River Quarterly Meeting proposes that a change be made in that section of our book of discipline in relation to marriage, recommending the omission of the fifth paragraph—that the seventh be made to read thus: "When any of our members accomplish their marriage by the assistance of a hireling Minister, or attend a marriage so accomplished, they be tenderly admonished and treated with, and where they cannot be brought to a sense of their error that they be disowned." Also, "that a member be allowed to marry one not in membership with us provided the marriage be accomplished according to the order of our Society, and that marriages be permitted in a meeting at the residence of the bride, or other suitable place approved by the Monthly Meeting," which claiming the deliberation of this Meeting, resulted in the appointment of a joint Committee, to consider the subject and report their judgment at a future sitting.

This Committee subsequently reported, but the meeting was not sufficiently united therewith to make any change.

The Meeting for Sufferings produced the Minutes of its proceedings the past year, which were satisfactory.

[Robert Hatton was appointed Clerk and Samuel Morris Assistant in the Men's Meeting, and Sarah O. Plummer Clerk and Emily Stratton Assistant in the Women's Meeting.]

The Committee on Education produced the following satisfactory report, viz.: That it has been attentive to the concern. Schools have been taught at Waynesville, Green Plain, Cincinnati and Blue River to the encouragement of the committee. Negotiations are in progress to print a collection of reading in prose and verse adapted to schools or families. The committee continues to feel the subject to be one of great importance and essential to our existence as supporters of the principles of the religion of Christ, as professed by Friends. The committee is continued and are to report next year.

The committee on the concerns of the people of color informed that "three schools have been taught, of three months each, in Richmond, Indiana, the past year, the daily average attendance thirty scholars. One school has been in operation in Dublin, Indiana, for the term of three months, averaging thirty pupils. There is, on the part of the colored children, a strong desire to become properly educated, and it was particularly gratifying to the committee, to see that they had made such good progress in their studies. There is a prospect of two schools being taught in three months; average attendance, thirty pupils. For their tuition the committee expended thirty dollars, including one dollar in the hands of the committeel ast year. There is a prospect of two schools in Richmond the ensuing winter.

"We think the importance of the subject should receive the further care of the Yearly Meeting."

The report was satisfactory and the committee was continued.

The committee appointed last year, on the oppressive distinctions made by State laws against the colored people, made the following satisfactory report, and the further attention needful is referred to the Meeting for Sufferings:

"*To the Yearly Meeting now sitting*:

The committee appointed by the Yearly Meeting last year, upon the legal and civil disabilities of the people of color within the limits of Ohio and Indiana, have given attention to the subject, and report that, at the convening of the last Legislature of Indiana, there existed a constitutional enactment prohibiting colored people from settling within the limits of the State, and all contracts entered into by such persons were null and void.

By statutory law, the colored people of Indiana were denied the benefits of any portion of the school fund; were rendered incompetent as witnesses where a white person was an interested party; were taxed without being allowed representation; denied the benefits of laws regulating business pursuits, and were required to register their names upon the county records to prove their right to a residence within the State.

On the 20th of Tenth month last, a part of the committee attended a sitting of the Legislature of Indiana, and, in conjunction with like committees of Orthodox Friends from two Yearly Meetings, endeavored to encourage the Legislators to obey the dictates of humanity, rather than of supposed political policy, when dealing with the interests of these people.

We hope our efforts were not wholly without good results. During the winter, the Legislature so amended the laws as to render competent as witnesses persons of color not in the State, in violation of the thirteenth article of the constitution, and rendered incompetent as witnesses all white persons who are interested parties to a suit, if the opposing party is a colored person whose testimony is forbidden by the thirteenth article of the constitution.

By the action of Congress, in the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, we suppose the thirteenth article of the constitution of Indiana, and all laws resting upon it, are null and void, leaving at the present time as just cause of complaint against the laws of Indiana upon the subject:

1. The failure to set apart a share of the school fund for the benefit of colored persons.

2. The presence upon our statute books of laws (probably obsolete) yet unjust and disgraceful.

3. The denial of the right of suffrage as the concomitant of taxation.

In Ohio we find a law prohibiting suffrage to all who have a preponderance of African blood.

We believe further attention to this subject by the Yearly Meeting will be fraught with good, and that we should not close our eyes to the duties that lie around us, nor refuse to exercise our influence for the benefit and advancement of our brother men.

We propose the appointment of a judicious committee, which should be left at liberty to memorialize the Legislatures of these States in behalf of this body, on the subjects hereinbefore mentioned, and to labor in such other manner as best wisdom may direct."

The following minute embraces some of the exercises of the women's meeting:

The reading of the epistles, received at this time, has induced a lively and corroborative feeling of the excellency of freely communicating that which is designed to be disseminated for the strengthening of one another's hands in things pertaining to the everlasting truth.

The language of encouragement was extended in view of the beauty of the order which at the time prevailed, and which was apprehended to be the effect of a general perception of the pre-eminent excellency of that which can supply all deficiencies and gather into a oneness even those who are afar off.

The virtue of perseverance in the line of known duty was feelingly commended, a lively concern was expressed that the youthful mind should be divested of all idea of gloom in connection with a life of devotion to the holy cause of truth, for this alone brings true peace and joy; and it would be found as required sacrifices were lain upon the altar, the reward would be more than commensurate thereto, and by virtue of those dedications the mind becomes cleared of previous occupants and room made for better guests.

The power of love to gather all into harmonious oneness, and qualifying for the right conducting of our business, was sweetly held forth to view, together with an exhortation to give ourselves up unreservedly to the truth.

The great Head of the Church was humbly supplicated to strengthen our faith in his divine power, that we might experience the incomes of his love preserving from the desolating effects of indifference to the soul's truest interest.

The state of society presenting, much exercise was elicited.

The satisfying effect of attending all our meetings when ability permitted, was earnestly portrayed.

Tender sympathy was expressed and former experience recurred to, in view of the temptations besetting our younger sisters to deviations from simplicity in dress and address, testimonies for which our ancestors greatly suffered. They were solicited to turn a deaf ear to those suggestions which would allure them from the path circumscribed by the truth as taught them by convictions in their own minds and corroborated by clear scriptural testimony, and, if these failed, to remember that respect was due to parents and society. Retirement and close communion with their own minds were recommended, that they might ascertain by the light afforded what ground they occupied in regard to those things.

It was recommended that the scriptures be read from serious motives, as the only means of securing corresponding results; if the heart be sincere in seeking instruction, the understanding would ofttimes be enlightened to apprehend and apply their testimonies.

The mutual enlightenment by the principle or light of Christ was interestingly demonstrated by the beautiful incident of Peter and Cornelius, whose knowledge of one another was only obtained through the revelation of truth in their own minds; by this was illustrated the spiritual benefit we may be one to another, when our tarriance is at the true place of waiting.

The inefficiency of that ministry which demands pecuniary remuneration was zealously proclaimed, elicited by deficiencies noticeable in our reports, and our young sisters were urged to restrain their curiosity and suppress other motives that would lead them to violate our testimony concerning a free gospel ministry. Testimony was borne to the capability of parents in whom a right concern exists for the proper training of their children, by inducing attention to suitable objects: in this way preserving their unwary feet from the many snares which beset their slippery path, and preparing the ground for the seed of the great Husbandman. It was thought that utility accrued from mothers frequently gathering their little children around them, and endeavoring to instil ideas that would be likely to prove useful towards forming and bending their susceptible minds in the right way, making impressions to which it will prove profitable in after-time to recur.

We have been exhorted to rebuild the walls that may be broken down, each one against her own house, that a restoration of primitive zeal in the cause of truth may be witnessed; and it was made apparent that this could not be effected by working one time and being idle another, but the labor must go on uninterruptedly, overcoming, courageously, the obstructions and difficulties that present as impediments. Thus was perceived the necessity of a closer walking and a more continued co-operation with the spirit of truth, as revealed in our hearts, if we attain to that state of stability which secures contentment with the allotments of Providence, and enables us to adopt the language of the Apostle: "Everywhere and in all things I am instructed,"—a state which calls for the abandonment of self, and in which the illuminating beams of wisdom discover lessons of instruction even in things repugnant.

The blessed effects of devotion to the cause of righteousness was illustrated by the recital of the conduct of a young man, under the influence of that Spirit which would gather all into the fold of rest; which seemed to meet the witness for good in the minds of our dear young sisters, the remembrance of which, it was hoped, might not pass away as the morning cloud or evening dew.

Friends were reminded of the manifold privileges enjoyed by the Christian traveller in this day of gospel light, restraints and hindrances of a former time being removed. Yet it was mournfully obvious that feebleness, as a society, has increased, lukewarmness and indifference usurping the place of a properly tempered zeal, the clean and beautiful garments of righteousness have been soiled by trailing through the highways of the world. Our testimonies have been compromised, and there is too little practical recognition of the great fundamental principle and corner stone of our once peculiar building.

By the instance of the little captive maid was

shown the virtue of knowledge that can be made available to the good of others when seasonably imparted.

We were admonished to keep close behind our divine Guide, as there was danger, when not on the watch, of preceding and thus lose sight of the footsteps of the true Shepherd, which produces bewilderment and estrangement from the flock.

The different sittings of our meeting were marked by a prevailing interest in the exercises thereof, exemplified by a more general expression of feeling than usual, which was cause of thankfulness to those who have long borne the burthen of the day.

An encouraging evidence was felt that light was arising in the minds of many that would dissipate the dark shadows of unbelief and indifference, and workers would be furnished from the ranks of the young, to set up our gates and re-establish our falling walls.

Our public meetings were large and solemn; both watchmen aad watchwomen proclaiming with vitality and earnestness the word of faith which we preach to the comfort of many, contriting of others, and we believe to the convincement of some truth-seeking ones.

We have been favored, through the several sittings of this meeting, with evidence of the continuance of the Father's love, uniting our spirits, and affording encouragement to believe there are those of the younger class amongst us who are under the preparing Hand to take the places of their elder sisters who are passing away; and now, under a feeling of solemnity, the meeting concludes to meet again at Richmond next year, if permitted.

SARAH O. PLUMMER,
Clerk.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Lecture on "How to Read Understandingly."

BY DR J. THOMAS.

The lecturer remarked that in this life every advantage has its corresponding disadvantage; thus health, wealth, beauty and talents have each their peculiar dangers and temptations. The facility with which books are in our age multiplied and diffused constitutes no exception to this general remark; for not only are bad books diffused throughout the land even more extensively than good ones, but the vast amount of reading which seems necessary in order to keep up with the times, is a temptation to read superficially and with the least possible amount of thinking.

He alluded to the great number of works of fiction, to read which was not merely a waste of time,—it was worse; for the reader was almost certain to acquire bad habits, without acquiring any ideas that could repay him for the loss sustained. He did not, however, mean to affirm that all works of fiction were unprofitable reading. Fiction indeed may be—and sometimes has been—made the vehicle of important truth; while that which goes under the name of true history may be so written as to convey the worst kind of falsehood; thus it may be written for the express purpose of perverting the truth and making the worse appear the better cause.

The most important question to be asked respecting any work is, "With what spirit has it been written?"—if with an honest and earnest purpose of representing men and things as they really are, it will probably be a good book, whether it goes by the name of fiction or history; but if for the purpose of misrepresentation, it must necessarily be a bad book, by whatever title it may be called.

True, it may sometimes be difficult to determine the spirit with which a book has been written; but if the reader is honest to himself, and will take the trouble to examine the work in question *attentively*,—and, as far as possible, *impartially*,— he will generally be able to form a correct judgment respecting its character.

In connection with this subject, the lecturer made some severe strictures on Macaulay the historian. No one admired Macaulay more than he; in a literary point of view his writings were admirable; his prose was perhaps the most brilliant to be found in the whole compass of English literature. It was because he admired Macaulay's genius that he so deeply regretted that he had not those high moral qualities which give to genius its brightest lustre. After a careful perusal of his works, the lecturer had reluctantly come to the conclusion that he was not to be trusted either as a historian or critic. In fact he seldom fails to misrepresent whenever a strong temptation to do so is presented to his mind, whether by interest, prejudice or passion. A lucrative office is given him under the East India Company, and he palliates, or rather whitewashes some of the most infamous acts of the agents of that Company. As a Whig and a lover of liberty, (as doubtless he sincerely was,) he was naturally prejudiced against James the Second; but he is not content with inveighing against his follies or his crimes alone, he would represent his virtues, few and feeble though they were, as weaknesses, if not deformities. Certain members of the Society of Friends in Edinburgh defeat his re-election to Parliament, and he revenges himself by calumniating William Penn, one of the purest, noblest and loveliest characters presented on the page of history—for no other reason, it would seem, than that the reputation of Penn was peculiarly dear to the Society of Friends, and a wound inflicted on him was sure to be keenly felt by all.

The lecturer spoke in high terms of the candor and fairness of Walter Scott, who, though a writer of fiction, was generally just in his delineation of historical characters. He did not say that Scott was *always strictly* just; it was a very difficult thing for the best of men to be so; but he showed the fairness of his spirit by representing some of his very finest and noblest characters as belonging to those religious and political parties to which he himself was opposed. If a writer is just towards those against whom he has a prejudice, he may for the most part be safely trusted in other cases. He cited Prescott as a noble example of a historian who everywhere manifests the spirit of justice and an unswerving devotion to truth.

The lecturer observed that every advance in society brought with it some modification or extension of the duties of the members of such society; the duties of the subjects of a despotic government are not exactly the same as those of the citizens of a republic; nor are the duties of men living in a state of barbarism precisely the same as those of a highly civilized nation. In like manner, the universal diffusion of literature among all classes in our country, imposes new duties upon us all. The Spanish proverb says, "Tell me who your company is, and I will tell you who you are." So one may say with equal if not greater truth to those who are fond of reading, "Tell me what your favorite books are, and I will tell you what you are." As a reading people, books not only become our companions, but precisely those companions that exercise the greatest influence in the formation of our character. Hence it is a duty which we owe to ourselves and to society, to select our books wisely and judge of them correctly. But it is impossible to judge rightly if we read hastily and superficially. Hence as a general rule we should read no more than we can *understand* and *digest*. By superficial reading our thinking powers do not merely remain uncultivated—they are actually impaired. Reading extensively and superficially tends also to confuse and impair the memory.

If we form a habit of reading *thoroughly*, of weighing what we read, and of forming, as far as may be, a correct judgment of the thoughts presented to our minds, we not only benefit ourselves and society at large so far as our influence extends, but we render a real service to authors, perhaps the most influential and important class that we have among us. If we accept and applaud every work that is written in a graceful and animated style, without much regard to the truth or error contained in it, we are offering the strongest temptation to authors to seek popularity rather than truth; and provided their manner is attractive, they will be apt to regard the matter of their works as of comparatively little account. The lecturer cited several instances of works of the merest pretension, that had yet received the commendation of persons of no little intelligence, who, skimming over them rapidly, and finding them written in an agreeable style, supported by ingenious reasoning and a great parade of learned authorities, imagined that inasmuch as what they saw and understood (in part) seemed fair and plausible, what they did not understand at all was as much superior to the other as it was more profound. Now if the reader would only take the trouble to examine the authorities referred to in such works, he would in many cases find that they do not at all support the positions taken;—and perhaps they were not intended to do so, but simply to give the reader a profound impression of the author's erudition, in the hope that most persons would prefer to accept the positions without much examination, rather than incur the labor of searching beneath so deep a stratum of "learned lumber."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"WHEN I SEE THEE I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

When in each budding flower,
And each green, waving tree,
And each soft, flattering, summer shower,
My spirit eyes see thee;
When all broad nature's field
Of joy tells me thy care,
My soul, in thrilling extacy,
Shall bless thee everywhere.

When not alone in these,
But in thy sterner form,
"Our Father" on the maddening sea,
"Our Father" in the storm;
When all our joys are wrecked,
Our loves and hopes laid low,—
Life swept of all the beautiful,
Can we our Father know?

Then, in that fearful hour,
To see thee, is to ride
Serene the tossing waves of life,
Our rudder at our side.
To see thee then, a present God,
Is to be satisfied.

S. A. Nichols.

Danby, Vt.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.)

(Continued from page 623.)

When I got on deck this last time, I found the ship being put round to bring the boats on the lee side, so that they could be lowered. The sun would show out occasionally—very heavy and troubled sea yet—people still walking about, calmly watching the scene. The captain was walking up and down the poop with a long mackintosh coat on, and a cap of same material tied close down under his chin. Poor man! I pitied him. It was a trying moment to each of us, but how much more must it be to a captain at a time like that, when every one looks up to him as their head; when ladies come up to him and ask if there is any hope, and he has to say

No; when one or more ask him if he would advise them to go in the boat, he has to tell them, "I think there is no hope for you," which amounts to saying, "No, you had better remain here, and be drowned at once." I felt very much for him situated at that moment; I felt at peace with every one, even the owners. The ship at this time was nearly on a level keel, and very low at the stern, and rolling much like a log—not those sudden tosses and jerks. There was no one at the helm, it (the wheel) was lashed with a rope. I looked around to see what prospect there was of being saved, and saw that the small wooden boat near the forecastle had been got out to the ship's side to be lowered, the bows were just over the railing. At this time, nor at any time after did I see any men near it for the purpose of launching it. The port iron pinnace was still hanging in its place; no order was given that I heard, nor any preparation made for lowering it. I saw a young man in it trying to do something, but he knew nothing of a boat. There was only one boat being got ready—the same one I have mentioned before—that for the captain and ladies,—the port cutter, a fine wooden boat, and still hanging in the davits, with several men in it. I stood by for a time watching the proceedings, when it gradually dawned on my mind that the sailors had this boat in their own possession, entirely under their own control. I never saw any of the officers giving any orders or directions; and as for the ladies, I saw no preparation towards getting any on board. The facts of the case were, as I afterwards learned—that after the first boat swamping in the morning, there seemed not much chance of any getting lowered and cleared from the ship with safety; which would account for the captain's not having his first order in the morning carried out,—of getting the boats ready; for if he saw reason to get the boats ready then, surely he must have seen more now. But a few of the sailors were evidently men who knew what could be done with a boat at sea, and agreed among themselves to fit out this boat, and have a trial for their lives. They got her ready with oars, compasses, bucket, bailer, life-buoys, biscuits, &c. The captain may have directed, but I never understood so; and, for the half hour or more that I was on deck at the last, I did not see him interfere, and I was near the boat all the time. So when I saw how matters stood with regard to this boat, I then and there determined to get in her if possible. Once that boat is in the water (thought I), I will jump in, and I don't think they will put me out. Presently I saw a sailor step over, and get in the stern of the boat, which was still hanging in the davits; he was one of those who had helped prepare her, and one I knew by sight—the only one on board. Our acquaintance was very slight, and made by chance. When on my way from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury, he got in at Stepney, and sat on the same seat with me, and from that circumstance we spoke once or twice on board. I then went up to the side of the ship, and spoke to him in a free sailor-like way. Though not a seafaring man myself, I had been thrown during my life very much amongst sailors, and fancied I understood them pretty well, and knew their dislike to ceremony or to a line of distinction being drawn between them and the rest of society; so I asked him in an off-handed manner, wishing to establish a fellow feeling. It had the desired effect. He said, "Yes, but take your chance when she is in the water," which was all I wanted; for if I had been allowed to have got in before, I think I would not, as I was afraid she might upset in the lowering, as the first did. I soon found that my plan for gaining a favor at that time was decidedly the best, as I heard men beseeching of them to let them go, also offering large amounts of money; the answer was, "We don't want your money." When my friend the sailor gave me permission to go, I thought of the ladies; and asked myself the question, "Am I robbing them of any chance they might have?" and said to my friend in the boat, "Well, I do not like going and leaving those behind," pointing to some that were standing near the mizzen-mast. Not that I thought many could be saved; but should like to have a few in the boat, in case we were saved, to show we were not selfish. He said, "I am as sorry as you, but it can't be helped; try and save yourself:" which nerved me, and also showed to me the impossibility of saving any, unless they jumped after the boat was lowered. Anybody would say, "Why not lower them in the boat?" but that was where the danger was, in case she upset, as a great many expected she would. If this sailor had said to me, "Yes, get one or two, and put them in the boat," I would not have done it; for I could not have advised females to go where I was afraid to go myself. Many at this time were standing near; some passengers and some of the foreign sailors were trying to get into the boat, but were prevented by one of the sailors whose duty it was to see she was not overloaded, for if so they could not lower her with any safety. The assistant surgeon was pleading very hard for himself and a young lady, and I heard one say to him, "Keep your money, and as for a doctor we don't want one." By the remark I judged he had been offering money, and I heard him say, "You must take me, you will want a doctor." This same young lady I saw soon after talking with one of the sailors; I heard after that she offered him 500*l.* if he would save her. I do not know her name. She was about middle height, and I think fair complexion and very pretty. He was very anxious to save h e

but I suppose he thought as others that it would not be advisable for her then to get in the boat. There was another young lady, also very pretty. She came to the side, and said to this sailor-friend of mine—"Young man, will you save me?" He said, "Yes, you jump as soon as you see the boat in the water all right;" and when the boat was in the water he held up his arms (she was then holding on by the mizzen-rigging), and told her to jump, but she would not. Often during the night after I heard him regretting that she did not jump. In the troubled state of the sea at that time, it was a very dangerous jump: if you fell into the water, then good by; no one would pull you in. I foresaw this difficulty, and provided against any such contingency, by asking my friend in court if he would pull me in in case I should fall into the water, which he promised to do; luckily I did not have occasion to test his honest intentions, which I never for a moment doubted.

By this time, say five or ten minutes before the boat was lowered, and about half-past one or nearly two o'clock of Thursday, the 11th, the ship was settling gradually by the stern. Any one who was keeping a sharp look-out could not but help seeing there was a great change within a quarter of an hour. People were still walking about—the number on deck increasing. I saw the captain amongst them, apparently giving no directions; now and then a lady would speak to him. A good many were standing in a group near the companion-way, scarcely a word being said. I saw some of those I knew, but did not even exchange a word with any one, excepting Munroe, when once he came near me. I said to him, "I intend to have a trial for this boat," not with the purpose of wishing to influence him, as I could not advise anybody at that time, but I wished to get his opinion as to the probability of a boat living in such a sea. All he said, "Are you?" and walked away. I began to fear that the ship would go from under us before the boat was lowered, so said to my acquaintance in the boat, "Unless you lower soon, you will be too late." He said, "We can't lower till King comes." He was one of their party, who had gone below to see if any water could be got to take with them; presently he came up, and they told him to come in, and they would lower. He then walked a short distance to where Captain Martin was, to ask him if he would go with them. He declined, saying (which I did not hear, being too far away), "God speed you safe to land." Then King asked him for the course and distance to land; he said, "E.N.E., ninety miles to Brest." King must have misunderstood him, as we were then fully 190 miles off. King returned and jumped into the boat, and immediately they lowered, being about a dozen in her. I got on to the rail, holding on to the mizzen-riging; as soon as I saw that she was safe in the water, I stepped down on to the mizzen-chains, then watched my opportunity when the boat rose on the sea, and made a cautious leap right into her stern. I did not have far to jump, about four or five feet, by waiting until a sea lifted the boat. Immediately that I was in, I saw the boat was drawing under the channels of the ship, and was in imminent peril. I at once got out an oar, as did two others, and we pressed the boat off. When the sailors saw that the boat was safe, and there was a chance of getting away, then they were anxious to have a few women. Mr. Munroe was at the side intending to leap, when they sung out to bring a lady; he turned round and run his eyes around the few to find, naturally enough, one he knew; not seeing one, he made a few steps to the middle of the deck and asked the nearest, a young girl of sixteen or eighteen, if she would go. She said, "Yes." They went to the side to jump; but when she saw the fearful sight below, the little boat being tossed about, with a prospect of being smashed at every heave of the sea against the iron wall of the ship, she said, "I can't do that." There was no time for delay or consideration; as she would not leap, Munroe, seeing the boat shoving off, leaped in himself. All this took place in about a minute or two—that is, the lowering and getting away. After the boat was shoved off the first time, she drew in again. There appeared to be a suction at the stern and I saw when she drew in this time that she was drawing right under the stern—which would have been sudden death to us. The oars were again brought to bear against the side of the ship; we were then, I think, more in dread of being lost by getting under the ship's side than in fear of too many jumping. At that time there was no attempt made by any to prevent any one from getting in—all on board could have jumped. There was only one man prevented getting in, and that was one of the foreign sailors: he came down by the falls from the davits, and some one pressed them on one side so that if he dropped he would go into the water. The boat was apparently crowded full, and I heard one remark (which was very true). "Why don't they go and get out the other boats? why all look to this one, as if there was no other on board?" It still is an unaccountable thing to me why Captain Martin did not see and have those boats got ready, properly manned and officered, and then tell some of the ladies, "There is your only chance; accept it, if you choose." The second time the boat was shoved off her bows were got round, and soon we were pulling away on the port side, and running before the wind. Just then a heavy sea was seen to break over the ship's stern, and wash the people about the deck; but just before we saw a good many, both men and women, standing on the lee-side of the

forward part of the poop, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. The sun had just shone out at that time, which made the scene appear worse to me. I thought dark and gloom more suitable for such a sad moment, and more in keeping with the feelings of those on board. Not that I rejoiced over my position, or considered myself much better off, for we did not know the moment we would be swallowed up.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS.

The brilliant prismatic colors of the pearl are attributed to the decomposition and reflection of the light by the numerous minute grooves on its surface.

The change in the fashions is said to be the cause of the prevailing distress among the weavers of Lyons; the Empress of the French is using her utmost efforts to bring into fashion the silks which are manufactured in that city.

The celebrated Japanese traveller, Dr. von Siebold died at Munich, on the 18th inst., of typhus, at the age of 71. He has left a rich collection of manuscripts.

THE FREEDMEN.—Secretary Stanton, under the act of Congress passed last session, has appointed a commission to award compensation to loyal slave owners of Maryland whose slaves were drafted into the army.

The case of Gen. John M. Palmer, accused of felony in abetting the escape of a slave woman, under his General Order No. 30, which was dismissed in the circuit court of Jefferson County because, in the meantime, the Constitutional Amendment had been adopted, and the alleged slave become a free woman, has been remanded by the Kentucky Court of Appeals for further proceedings. The logic of the bench that makes this decision is of a sort that reflects little credit on the State. "No jurist or enlightened man," says the court, "could doubt that, in a prosecution for horse-stealing, the death of the stolen horse after the theft could not prevent a judgment of conviction according to the then existing law. And the parallelism between that case and this is complete in principle and reason."

General R. K. Scott, assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of South Carolina, says, in relation to the condition of the freedmen and the operations of the bureau in that State during the 10th month, in the district of Anderson, including Abberville, Edgefield, Barnwell and Anderson districts, the freedmen are generally treated with kindness; labor is plentiful, and no destitution is known to exist. No schools are now open, and though they might be in operation without interference of any kind, lack of funds compel them to remain closed. One school, now in operation in Aiken, S. C., is attended by 123 pupils. The former teacher of the school was driven away by an armed mob, who threatened to take his life unless he left that place. None of the parties concerned in the outrage have yet been detected, though suspicion rests on several of the so-called high-toned gentlemen residing in the vicinity. The feeling existing between the whites and freedmen among the most intelligent and respectable people is kindly in its character, and only from the poorer and more ignorant class of whites do the colored people receive injustice and ill-treatment.

Some destitution is reported in Colleton district in consequence of the partial failure of the crops, and unless aid is extended to the indigent persons, both white and black, much suffering will ensue.

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THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE AS A MEANS OF MENTAL CULTURE.

A Lecture delivered before Friends' Social Lyceum, Philadelphia, by EDWARD H. MAGILL.

It has, of late, become fashionable in certain quarters to decry the study of language, more especially that of the ancient languages, as a means of mental culture, and the advocates of this study are under the necessity, either of standing by and seeing their favorite theories demolished with unsparing hand, or of entering the arena of discussion, and maintaining their views by convincing arguments, which alone can influence the decision of the intelligent public of the present day. It is no longer sufficient for the advocates of classical learning to preserve a dignified reticence with reference to the theories which they cherish, superciliously assuming that it is as vain to attempt to convince those who have never enjoyed the advantages of classical culture of the truth of their views, as it would be to attempt to teach the nature of color to the blind; and still less will the plea of antiquity, of long established usage, avail them in these days when *change* and *improvement* are so generally regarded as convertible terms.

I do not propose, in this discussion, to decry the study of the external world; nor to attempt to hold up, in invidious contrast, any one exclusive course of study as opposed to another; my design being rather to present the claims of those studies to which my attention has been more especially directed, and which the practical spirit of the age is too much inclined to assign to an inferior place, if not wholly to ignore; leaving it for others who are better fitted for the task, to present the especial claims of theirs. It is an important truth which cannot be too distinctly impressed upon the minds of educators, that it is a fatal defect in any system of education to foster a partial, one-sided, course of training, at the expense of other equally important and equally efficient means of discipline. Proper food and proper exercise must be provided for all the varied powers and needs of the human mind. Of what avail would it be to store the mind with the facts and principles of science, unless, at the same time, it be so trained as to bring forth promptly, when occasion demands it, from its rich store of treasures, things new and old; and, on the other hand, to what end would you train the mind to the utmost facility, precision, and even elegance of expression, and leave it totally destitute of any valuable thought to utter? It is clear that, in the language of Marcel, "Literature and science are mutually dependent upon each other, and must go hand in hand." Whoever attempts to divorce them, or, in the fulness of his zeal in the advocacy of his favorite studies, to set the one against the other, as though either could, by any possibility, be made to supply the other's place in a well-ordered system of instruction, but proves himself a visionary dreamer, ready to sacrifice to his pet theories,

the only means by which the broadest and most generous culture can be obtained. This whole controversy is but the re-enacting in another form of the ancient fable, concerning the stomach and members of the human body. Much of the bitterness of the controversy upon this, as upon other subjects, might be avoided if we would always remember that there are many truths which, from the peculiar circumstances under which we have been placed, and in consequence of the peculiar structure of our minds, lie beyond the reach of our circumscribed vision. Animated then by this spirit, aiming to present, with their full weight, truths which seem to me of vital importance, rather than to deny the existence of other equally important truths, let me direct your attention, during the brief time allotted me, to some considerations which cause me to attach great importance to the study of language as a means of mental discipline.

By the study of language, of course I do not refer to the study of the ancient or so-called dead languages merely, but to a comprehensive study of the works of the masters of thought and speech in our own, as well as in preceding ages. "For," says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "to know Latin and Greek is a great intellectual luxury; but to know one's own tongue is an intellectual necessity." The argument is frequently adduced, and not without some show of reason,—if language is the expressio nof thought, the means by which knowledge is communicated, why devote so many valuable years to the acquisition of that which is but a means to an end, and sacrifice to this acquisition of the means the very end at which we aim? Now, this objection is based upon the false supposition, which all educators should labor most assiduously to remove, that *education* and *information* are synonymous terms. It is this belief which has given rise to so many false systems of instruction, and given a coloring of truth to the serious charge, that our institutions of learning are so generally ingeniously contrived devices for the "murder of the innocents." Says Marcel, "The teacher's services are estimated not by the quickened apprehension, the established habit of attention, the well-regulated mind, and the refined taste of his pupil, but by the actual amount of Latin and Greek which has been waded through in the academic course." Under the false impression that he is the best educator who imparts, in a given time, the greatest amount of information, who succeeds best in a limited term of years in filling the minds of his pupils with positive knowledge, what wonder that ambitious teachers resort, so generally, to the cramming system, and that ambitious parents, who entertain similar views, countenance the process, and that under the terrible strain of this twofold stimulus at home and at school so utterly at variance with the true idea of education, many of the most promising children are sacrificed. Now, if the study of language be so conducted that it is nothing better nor higher than learning a barren list of names for the same object, as the Icelandic Scaldic poet must know his 115 names for *Odin*, and 120 synonymous words for *island*, I freely admit that the study would be utterly unworthy of the high place to which, by the almost unanimous consent of the educated of all ages, it has been assigned. If the study must, of necessity, be so conducted that it becomes a mere exercise of the verbal memory, a parrot repetition of dry and often unmeaning forms, a slavish adherence to "the letter which killeth" to the entire neglect of "the spirit which maketh alive," the sooner the study of language be abandoned for studies in which a living interest can be inspired in the pupil's mind, the better it would be for the welfare of the individual pupil, and for the cause of sound learning everywhere. But whatever may have been the practice in this regard in many of our best colleges, where students who have been most thoroughly trained in their preparatory studies by able and experienced men in their various departments are brought under the *experimental* instruction of newly graduated tutors, whose diplomas are scarcely dry, surely no such necessity really exists for thus divorcing form and substance.

I assume, in this discussion, that the proper study of language, after obtaining so much familiarity with our own as a child of ordinary intelligence acquires before the age of ten, without the *hindrance* (or *help*, if that term be preferred,) of technical English Grammar, always begins with the study of the ancient languages. There are many substantial reasons for this preference; reasons which have always had their influence with educated men since the revival of letters, and which increase rather than diminish in weight with every passing generation. I am well aware that this view is directly at variance with opinions entertained by many distinguished writers and scholars of the present day, who admit that the study of Greek and Latin was all important at a period when all that was most valuable in literature, science and philosophy, all history and biography, all moral and religious instruction, was locked up in those ancient tongues; but claim that now, when we have a newly created literature of our own, when all that is valuable in those ancient writings is easily accessible through the medium of translations, the same necessity for acquiring a knowledge of those languages no longer exists. This belief is based upon a twofold assumption: first, that it is possible to convey an accurate idea of the beauties of an author's style, or even a faithfu

picture of his thought, through the medium of translations; and secondly, that the style and thought, in the study of a language, are the only objects worthy of regard. Both these assumptions are utterly groundless. Can you catch the true spirit of the master minds of antiquity—the orators, the poets, and the philosophers—through the poor medium of the most perfect translation? Let me answer the question in the language of Judge Story:—"Ay! as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image, as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told, as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet, as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimpse of twilight." Nor can we more readily admit the truth of the second assumption,—that the author's style and thoughts are the only objects worthy of regard. It is true that we *do* and *should* study the models of antiquity for the unrivalled specimens of poetry and eloquence, of biography and history, which they present, specimens so elaborately wrought out in the minutest details, and of so exquisite a finish, that, after the lapse of two thousand years, we may still turn to them as models, since then unequalled, or certainly unsurpassed; and the subject-matter of those ancient writers, (embracing topics the most varied, from the humble themes of gardening and rearing bees, to the loftiest disquisitions upon law, both human and divine, scarcely omitting any topic of human interest,) is, even now, after the astonishing progress of the present century, well worthy of our profound study and reflection; teaching us that much that we are prone to regard as new in human experience is as old as Homer or Plato; that even modern inventions, and the far-reaching deductions of modern science, have often been foreshadowed by the intuitions of the masters of thought and speech, for more than two thousand years. And yet it is not *primarily*, either as models of style, or for the sake of the thoughts which they have recorded, that we study the classical writers of antiquity, but for that discipline of mind which they afford, a discipline which, owing to the peculiar arrangement and forms of the words, and the grammatical structure of the language, is of such a nature that its place cannot be supplied by any other means of mental culture ever yet devised.

I have said that the reasons for studying Latin and Greek are increasing rather than diminishing in weight with every passing generation. Fifty years ago the study of Comparative Philology was yet in its infancy. It is less than sixty years since the work of the German poet Schlegel appeared, "On the Learning and Wisdom of the Indians,"—a work which, according to Max Muller, was "the foundation of the science of language." Now any study of Comparative Philology, except in the most superficial and unsatisfactory manner, is only possible after a knowledge of Greek and Latin, as the foundation has been surely laid. Latin is at once the master-key to the romance languages of Southern Europe, being the source whence the languages of Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Wallachia, and that of the Grisons of Switzerland, are directly derived; not less than ninety-five per cent. of the words in the most useful of these languages, the French, presenting evident traces of their Latin originals. In our own language, although made up of a heterogeneous mass of words collected from every source—"rudis indigestaque moles,"—but few literary languages, or even dialects, being unrepresented in it, more than one-third of the words are of Greek or Latin origin, either directly, or, more generally, through the modified Latin of the French or other romance languages.

With the study of the ancient languages, the study of ancient history, of biography, and of classical geography should always be combined, and a vital interest *may* and *should* be given to the whole, by keeping up a constant comparison between ancient and modern times. A page of Demosthenes or Plato may be made an exercise of surpassing interest, if, while the essential drill upon grammatical forms and the construction of sentences is not neglected, the attention of the student is directed to the circumstances under which the words were uttered, the characters who were then upon the stage of action, the intended and the actual effect of the speaker's words, the part which the passage under consideration subserves in the general argument, and instances of parallel passages in other authors, both ancient and modern; if, in short, every thing be done to enable the student to see re-enacted, by living, breathing, real men, the scenes which transpired two thousand years ago. That all this is done, or even very generally attempted, in the class-room, I will not pretend to affirm. In the earlier stages of the pupil's course in particular, so much attention must necessarily be given to the forms of the words and the construction of the sentences that it is only by the greatest exertion on the teacher's part that any time can be obtained to attend to any of these things, which, at this stage of the course, must be made secondary, for strict attention to the *literal rendering* of the passage before him is as important to the student of language, at least in the earlier stages of his course, as the exercises in the dissecting-room are to the student of anatomy; and if this early training be neglected, the classical writers are never read with pleasure or profit. I would not then be understood as advocating the abandoning of the necessarily somewhat dry and tedious work of literal rendering, but that from the beginning more than that should be at-

tempted, and especially in the more advanced stages of the course, when, if the earlier labor has been faithfully performed, the forms and constructions are comparatively familiar. What a disgrace to the great schools of England that Staunton, in his recent work upon those schools, can truly say, "In teaching the classics we have not yet passed beyond the period of the dry bones. Who is to breathe on these dry as-dust relics with creative energy, and summon from the valley of death forms of glory, strength and beauty. What is to be the regenerated agency if our educational institutions continue apathetic." Now, whatever the study of language may be capable of effecting when properly conducted, judgment will inevitably be passed upon it in these practical days, not by what it *may*, but by what it actually *does* accomplish. It therefore becomes an imperative duty for those who would not see this time-honored study superseded by studies of a (so-called) practical nature, who are firmly convinced that nothing has ever yet been devised, as a means of intellectual training, which so admirably answers all the needs of the mind, and so fully fits it for the varied duties of life, to see to it that this study is so directed that its higher capabilities are proved in practice, and are not the vain imaginings of devoted enthusiasts or fanciful theorists. To this end let the grammars be simplified and greatly abridged, so that the essential principles of the language may be indelibly fixed in the pupil's mind, and he may not, in the language of Robespierre, "*lose sight of the principles amid the multitude of exceptions.*" Then, too, it is of the last importance, and cannot be too strenuously urged, that the exercises be so conducted that the actors in the scenes described shall be something more than mere shadowy names. A human interest would at once cluster around what would otherwise be dry and formal, if, bridging the great gulf of two thousand years, summoning, as with the enchanter's wand, the scenes and actors of other days, we could see in Cæsar, Cicero and Virgil, Xenophon, Demosthenes and Homer, men of like thoughts and feelings with ourselves.

(To be continued.)

A certain Scotchman being solicited to enter the army and fight for his country, asked the officer who desired to enlist him these questions: "Can you tell me if I kill a man that he will go to Heaven? Or can you say whether, if I am killed myself, I shall likewise go there." Meeting with no satisfactory answer, he continued:—"I dare not send a fellow-creature unprepared to Eternity, neither dare I rush thither unbidden." This man was a true hero; he would rather meet the dangers of life and the contumely of the world than offend his Divine Master.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 629)

To S. A.

1818, *Second Month* 1*st.*—I have been apprehensive that *our* views of these doctrines [of Immediate revelation, and the true and saving knowledge of God, and of His truth] which are closely accordant with those of the holy penmen of Scripture, are but little known among the many religious denominations. I have believed, both as to those within and without the pale of our own Society, that there is in this day (as there ever has been,) more need of leading people, in the first place, to the fountain of truth, the foundation stone, than of laying much stress upon the building, the beautiful harmonious superstructure of doctrines, which arises from that base, and can stand only upon it. This corner-stone we well know is Christ, not merely testified of without us, but also manifested within; and as we closely attend to, and obey the manifestations of His Spirit and power in our hearts, we come truly and savingly to *know* something of Him and His holy religion, according to our present ability and growth; and in following Him in His leadings we are best able to receive those true testimonies of Him recorded in Scripture, and livingly to understand, as well as availingly to believe, what is there said of His appearance in the flesh, with all that He said, did, and suffered. There has been, and still continues to be a great deal said and written, respecting correct and scriptural views, of the doctrines and duties of Christianity; but I believe until men come to that, which can alone give the true discernment of these spiritual things, they *will*, they *must* continue to grope as in the dark, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God; and it is feared, resist Him, who the apostle said, "hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It seems to me, that under the constraining influence of the love of Christ, we should earnestly recommend people to believe in and obey His light in their hearts; that by following Him in this manifestation, they may have the light of life, as He Himself has graciously promised. No pointing to the written testimones borne to the existence of this light within, will avail, but as the mind is gathered (in some measure, however small,) to that which witnesses those testimonies to be true, and alone enables us to receive them. I cannot think that that Scripture, "the letter killeth," if rightly made use of, could hurt any but those who walk not closely in accordance with that Spirit which gave it forth, and which is able to give a true understanding thereof. No man can availingly know or follow the directions laid down in

Scripture, but as he bows to the appearance and openings of that Light, which enlighteneth every man more or less in the day of his visitation. It seems to my view, that the greatest thing which we all have to guard against is, the leaving our heavenly guide; and this may easily be done, both in reading Scripture, and in every other religious engagement; if this be the case with us, we cannot but wrest them, some way or other, to our own condemnation or even destruction, whatever we may think or imagine; it may be by thinking to have *life in them*, as the Jews did, whom Jesus reproved. It was not that the Jews did *wrong* in diligently searching those writings, or that there was any harm or noxious influence *in* Scripture,—it was not in that sense that the letter killed, or doth kill; though, on the other hand, we know that they cannot *give* faith, and that all their authority, and excellence, and efficacy in the work of salvation, are only from that power and life whence they came. But it was by reading in the light of their own reason, which is indeed darkness;—heaping up a dead set of doctrines, in their own wisdom, which is foolishness; presuming to pry into things too high for them, things into which the Spirit of Truth led them not, but their own speculations and imaginations; thus they made the commandments of God of none effect, as many now do, by their own traditions, and expositions, and interpretations, adding to and diminishing from the true meaning of the Scriptures. Being unstable and very unlearned in the word, which spake forth the Scripture, though learned ever so much in the words, they cannot reach the essence; but must stumble as Nicodemus and other learned Jews did, who knew nothing of the new birth; though they could easily tell by the letter of the book, where Christ was to be born. It is such in this day, who are crucifying unto themselves the Son of God afresh, notwithstanding all their high professions about the atonement, etc., which they have very clearly in the notion and dead apprehension, but out of the life of these things:—the evil spirits could testify of Christ, and say, "I know thee who thou art, the holy one of God;" and, "these are the servants of the Most High God, which shew unto us the way of salvation;"—for even these had a knowledge of God, and belief in him,—a knowledge of Christ, and confession of him,—a knowledge also of the Scripture. The enemy also himself was ready at quoting Scripture,—witness the temptation of our Lord; and He can put men upon studying the Scriptures, so long as through the carnal mind he may but interpret, and apply them to their states; for by all this he has the poor soul the safer in his net. He is not deterred from prosecuting his evil designs, by our holding the Scriptures in ever so high estimation; if in studying them, we lean on our own understanding, although with great and apparently laudible zeal: though we apply one part to confirm another—though we get them by heart,—though we extract all the doctrines and duties that are testified of therein,—though we are able by this skill to give an expert answer to such as may inquire a reason of the hope that we have adopted, and the faith which we have formed out of the letter of the book,—though we even set ourselves to do all that is commanded;—yet all these willings, and runnings, and strivings, do not overthrow his government in the heart: nay, his snare is not broken, but made more subtle and intricate. It is the simple, and those that abide in the simplicity of the truth, that are kept by the truth out of his beguiling snares; the spirit of truth is their shield and sure defence on the right hand as on the left, and they lean not unto their own understandings; so that the Scriptures and every other outward means are blessed to them, as they keep to the anointing which they have of him; by which, whether with or without instrumental aid, they know all things requisite for their present need; having "an understanding given them to know Him that is true."

1818, *Third Month 3d.*—I believe if young persons were more fully open, and implicitly given up to acts of dedication apparently small, and were willing to go, to stay, to do, or to forbear in minor matters, as seemed best, that they would thrive more vigorously in religious stature and strength. One thing after another came gradually before the view of my mind; all that I had to do, or believed was required at my hands, came not upon me at once: for there was no hard task maker to obey, but one who knew my weakness, and my inability to give up even to the least matter of duty, without His special aid. As I was concerned to keep my eye open, to see whatever He might shew me was to be given up to,—and as my desire from day to day unto Him, and the accomplishment of His will respecting me,—first one thing, then another, at seasons opened before me with sufficient clearness: sometimes these apprehended duties were very little matters, at other times they were of fearfully great importance; and often were they of a nature and complexion which the worldly-wise part in myself and in others could not bear or understand. Yet after having gone through and been favored to stand faithful in the performance of these things, I have often seen the propriety of them; and I have felt it a precious thing to be "led about and instructed" so suitably, so seasonably, so safely.

To E. H.

16th of Fourth Month, 1818.

Dear Edward.—It is my belief, that, ac-

ccording to thy own expressions, "the Master is come," and coming, (what if I say,) to plead as in old time, with the modern money-changers in the temple, who turn the holy house of Him that is most holy into "a den of thieves;"—to upset their tables and scatter their silver and their gold; the "love" of which is said to be the "root of all evil." His scourge is, as it were, in His hand; and the buyers and sellers being cast out, the blind and the lame shall yet come to him in the temple, the house of prayer for all nations, and He will heal them. The little children shall yet cry in this temple, saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and out of the mouths of the very "babes and sucklings," whose hearts He had fed with "the milk of His word," praises shall yet come forth unto Himself.

It is my belief, and I feel freedom to mention it to thee, that there are or will arise, those who will, in some sense, "build the old waste places." I live in the faith that the truth shall spread; and the number of those that are guided and governed by the teachings of that Spirit, which leadeth into all truth, will be greatly multiplied. Surely there are even now those that "are left of the captivity," who "are in great affliction and reproach;" we may also say, that, in some acceptation of the passage, "the wall of Jerusalem is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire." May I not also add, there are, even in this day, those who can in measure adopt a similar language with that of Nehemiah,—"When I heard these things, I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven." Surely there are those that can say, "I arose in the night, neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem:—then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back;—and the rulers knew not whither I went, or what I did: neither had I as yet told it to the Jews, nor to the priests, nor to the nobles, nor to the rulers, nor to the rest that did the work." There are doubtless some that are ready to laugh these to scorn, and to despise them; and to say, "What is this thing that ye do?"—and I judge there are those that can reply, "The God of heaven, He will prosper us: therefore we His servants will arise and build." To such as endeavour to entice the sincere-hearted, and to take them off, by whatever specious pretence, from their watch and work, their unceasing concern and travail for the prosperity of the great cause; I am clearly of the mind that the reply should be, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?" Now the work that is wanted, as far as I have in this and some other favored seasons had capacity to see, is a sinking down and bowing down yet lower and deeper than many of us have hitherto humbled ourselves,—even under the government and dominion of the holy seed, Christ Jesus; that so we may, through subjection to Him, be led to "cease from our own works," and to let Him do and work all things in us according to His own divine will. Wherever this blessed work hath gone forward with strength and beauty, wherever this constraining power has been fully and faithfully given up to, I believe a necessity has been sooner or later felt, to make a full surrender and sacrifice of everything, which the law written in the heart may call for.

From one, who is much more often than otherwise plunged into the depths, and who finds himself yet weaker and weaker in himself to will or to do anything as of himself, but is at times favored to see still greater necessity for a daily waiting upon the Lord, that so His will may be daily known and done through His Spirit, which brings into and preserves in a watchful, weighty frame of mind at all times,—and who is, with feelings of affectionate regard, Thy friend, J. B.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM JOHN JACKSON.

(Concluded from page 631.)

"As regards that ordinance called the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as it is observed by modern professors, it appears to me to be a continuation of a Jewish ceremony under a new name. For I think the testimony of all the Evangelists informs us, that it is not an institution of Christ, when they tell us that Jesus kept it as the 'passover.' 'The feast of the passover' and 'The feast of unleavened bread.'

"It was not consistent with the nature of the spiritual dispensation which Jesus Christ came to introduce, that any outward right could be essential to divine communion. It was the object of his mission to put an end to sin, by laying the axe at the root of every corrupt desire and inclination of the heart, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, a work too momentous to be effected by any outward forms Hence it became necessary that he should 'blot out the handwriting of ordinances, nailing them to the cross,' and instruct them in the knowledge of the kingdom of God within them, where his appearance should be known by an inward and spiritual communion, a participation in which is the only true supper of the Lord. 'Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man will hear my voice and open unto me, I will come in and sup with him and he shall sup with me.'

"The blessed Jesus frequently instructed his disciples in the knowledge of divine truths, by the aid of figures, well knowing they were un-

able to comprehend the fulness of the gospel day at once; and we find on the last occasion when he kept the ceremony of the 'Passover,' in which he took bread and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to them, saying, 'take eat, this is my body,' he wished to impress their minds through the medium of this interesting figure, that as this ceremony had been kept in commemoration of the deliverance of that people from Egyptian bondage, so it was a type or figure of the deliverance of the soul from the bondage or thraldom of sin, which was to be kept in commemoration of its redemption through Christ, 'the wisdom and the power of God.' He further told them, 'Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in the kingdom of God.' Thus showing them that the observance of the type was to end, that it was expedient he should go away, but giving them the blessed promise that he would appear a second time without sin unto salvation, and be with his faithful followers and disciples 'alway even unto the end of the world.' Jesus commanded his disciples and the people not to 'labor for that meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.' 'I am that bread of life.' 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day; for my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever.'

"The disciples did not perceive the mystical meaning of these sayings, but the blessed Jesus did not leave them to conjecture; for when he found they were offended at what they had heard, he told them, 'It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.' Thus showing them that under the figure of his flesh and blood, he was speaking of his spiritual manifestation, in which he will become 'Christ in us, the hope of glory,' 'the resurrection and the life.' As we are made witnesses of this resurrection, we can in truth say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because he lives I shall live also.' Then shall we know that it is his *life*, and not his death, that becomes a propitiation for our sins, agreeably to his own promise. 'I will give my life a ransom for many.' And as we are clothed upon with the life of Christ, we come to put on the 'new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness,' and are raised above carnal performances and dead works, to serve the living God in newness of life.

"The apostle Paul assures the believers that 'meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances,' were only to continue till the 'time of reformation,' and this 'time of reformation,' he says, was the coming of Christ by the establishment of a 'greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands,' an inward and spiritual temple, where the true worshipper might worship God, not in form and ceremony, but 'in spirit and in truth.' However this kind of worship may be overlooked or neglected, it remains to be the blessed medium through which the soul finds access to the throne of grace, and knows its communion to be with God in the 'silence of all flesh.'

"As every reformation is gradual, and as many of the early converts to Christianity had been taught from their infancy to reverence the ceremonies of the law, we cannot suppose they would at once abandon them; but as they took heed unto that light, or 'manifestation of the spirit, which is given to every one to profit withal,' their views of divine truths became clearer and clearer, till at length they considered that righteousness which stood in the observance of the ceremonies of the law as 'filthy rags.'

"Whatever may have been the practice of the apostle Paul in the beginning of his ministry, we find, thirty years after his conversion, in the maturity of his religious experience, he drew a boundary line between the dispensation of the law, and the spiritual dispensation of the new covenant, (of which the other was only as a schoolmaster to lead unto;) and in view of the sufficiency of the grace of God to bring salvation, he cautioned the Hebrews after this manner: 'Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines; for it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace; not with meats, which have not profited them that have been occupied therein."

"Happy would it have been for the human family had this admonition of Paul been attended to; but how soon after the days of the apostles was the sufficiency of this grace of God to effect salvation questioned, the church turned again to the weak and beggarly elements, and brought in bondage to a mercenary priesthood. The civil and ecclesiastical powers were blended; men became the advocates of Christianity, more from the pecuniary interest with which it endowed its possessor, than that love of souls which distinguished the labors of the primitive followers of Jesus. In consequence of this unhallowed union, the church lost her purity. Mystery Babylon bewitched her with love of 'filthy lucre.' The use of many carnal ordinances increased, every effort was made to cloud the simplicity of Christianity, and to render that

obscure and difficult to be understood, which was easily comprehended by the illiterate fisherman of Galilee, and which was seen in prophetic vision to be so plain, that the 'wayfaring man though a fool cannot err therein.' And had not God in his mercy preserved a little remnant, who, like the seven thousand in the days of Elijah, could not bow the knee to Baal nor worship his image, the church would have become an utter desolation. But truth triumphed over error, the light of the gospel has been shining with increasing brightness, opening to the obedient soul the simplicity and purity of the religion of Jesus. Should we not then desire that the church may come still more fully out of the wilderness, and that she may indeed be clothed with the sun of righteousness, Christ Jesus? That the fulness of the gospel day may be witnessed, in which the declaration of the prophet shall be fulfilled, 'They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord, for all shall know me from the least to the greatest of them.' When there shall be no need to depend upon the arm of flesh, the cry of lo, here is Christ! and lo, he is there! will cease; for the Lord's children, being all taught of the Lord, will speak the same language, and mind the same thing. Then may we not hope for the coming of that day in which all the disputes and contentions which have so long distracted Christendom, and divided it into sects and parties, will be at an end, and the professors of religion be able to labor harmoniously together for the universal establishment of the Redeemer's Kingdom?

"With sincere desires for thy advancement in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus,

"I am thy friend, JOHN JACKSON."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 15, 1866.

THE TESTIMONY TO PEACE.—To the question which has at various times been asked us, as to what course Friends are generally pursuing in relation to such of their members as have violated the discipline by "bearing arms" or engaging in "other military services," we are unable to give a full answer, or much information. Several individuals belonging to different monthly meetings have voluntarily offered acknowledgments, which have been accepted by their friends; while others have not yet seen the inconsistency of engaging in warlike measures for the preservation of the government. We feel there should be no compromise of the peace principle as inculcated in the "sermon on the mount," and as professed by Friends since the earliest rise of the Society. The excellence and power of this principle have been manifested in a number of instances both in ancient and modern times. A striking one, familiar, no doubt, to most of our readers, is related as occurring in the early settlement of this country by the English. The natives became incensed by the aggressions of the colonists, and looked upon them as invaders of their rights and privileges; and in the bloodthirstiness of uncivilizied life, doomed the white man to destruction. Although revenge is so strong a characteristic of the Indian, even *he* had respect for the friend of Peace. A white feather—a fitting emblem—was placed over the door of the dwelling of the non resistant "Quaker," to protect its inmates from cruelty and death, while another, a member of the same religious body, who was found armed with a deadly weapon, fell a victim to the tomahawk.

As a Society, our adherence to the righteous testimony againstwar has never, perhaps, been so closely tested as within the few past years; and it is lamentable that there were so many departures from that spirit which we have held as essential to the Christian character, by which evil is to be overcome with good.

Too few are to be found among us who have not in a greater or less degree participated in some way in the fearful strife, although it may have been in a manner to make them less amenable to the letter of discipline than if they had enlisted for personal combat. Much encouragement was given our young men, probably without intending it, by the expression of sympathy and interest in the cause at issue by those who were older, and were looked upon as consistent members of our religious Society. This should be duly considered; and we feel that great leniency should be shown those who, in the ardor and inexperience of youth, with their own ideas of patriotism and loyalty, were induced to buckle on the sword, regardless of physical or moral danger. In view of what we have recently suffered in relation to this subject, we increasingly feel the importance of endeavoring to impress upon the minds of children, *very early*, the necessity of forgiving

"as we hope to be forgiven." Let us bring before them the example of Jesus, whom all Christians claim as the pattern to be followed; who, when "reviled, reviled not again," and who taught that when smitten on the one cheek we should turn the other. If the twig be bent in this direction, will not the tree have the same inclination? But if instead of this peaceful course we engender a martial spirit, by placing in the hands of the little ones the toy-drum, pistol and gun, with the tin battallion, which, though inertive in themselves, are significant of hostility and a retaliatory temper, which demands "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," we shall surely realize the fact that, after its kind, every seed bringeth forth fruit.

May we heed the touching appeal of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." The prayerful effort on the part of parents will, we believe, be blessed with the assurance that they have done what they could. It may be thought we have given rather a gloomy view of the condition of things *among us*, and we are glad to be able, through an extract from a private letter, to present a brighter picture of another part of the heritage, which, we trust, will be as gratifying to others as it has been to us.

Among Friends in these parts, the effects of the late war seem to have been rather to heighten the appreciation of the principles of peace, and to advance our important testimony upon this subject; and this valuable result has been produced, not so much by any action of Society in a Society capacity, as from the influence of the events and circumstances on the individual heart, which was, no doubt, aided by the good spirit, to draw healthful and strengthening instruction from the sad realities that were seen and experienced. There is reason to believe that we often underrate the care of the Heavenly Father, to instruct His children in righteousness, from passing events—showing the hurtful consequences of a deviation from the laws of love and virtue; and addressing to the spiritual ear the language, "Come out of Babylon my people: be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues."

A Friend has procured us, through the kindness of the editors of the "Daily Evening Bulletin," permission to use a cut of the "Old Slate-roof House," which appeared recently in their own paper. This building, situated at the corner of Second and Gothic Streets, is invested with especial interest as having been the residence of William Penn, the founder and Governor of the State of Pennsylvania. The particulars respecting it are also taken from the "Bulletin."

The site has been purchased by the Corn Exchange Association of Philadelphia.

MARRIED, on the 27th of 11th mo., according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, under the care of Green Street Monthly Meeting, of which the parties are members, AARON GASKILL, son of Aaron Gaskill, and REBECCA W., daughter of Abraham W. Haines.

DIED, on the 3d of Twelfth mo., at her husband's residence, Camden, N. J., HANNAH F., wife of Wm. C. Shourds, in her 57th year, a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 27th of Eleventh month, 1866, at the residence of his father, Mahlon Chandlee, Sandy Spring, Md., EDWIN CHANDLEE, of the city of Baltimore, in the 46th year of his age.

Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor meets this (7th day) evening, 12th mo. 15th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting room.

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, Clerk.

This Association meets on the first and third 7th day evenings in each of the winter months.

The Association of Friends for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen meets at Green Street Meeting House, on 4th day evening, 12th mo. 19th, at 7½ o'clock. Friends interested are invited.

JACOB M. ELLIS, ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

AN APPEAL.

A Colored Orphan Asylum for the State of Louisiana is much needed. A French gentleman has given $10,000 to an Association in New Orleans for this object, provided $20,000 additional be raised by the 1st of First month, 1867. More than half that amount has been collected. Will each reader of the *Intelligencer* contribute $1.00 to provide a home for these friendless and destitute children? Please send it by mail to CHAS. T. BUNTING,
116 E. Twelfth St., New York.

NEW YORK, Twelfth mo., 1866.

The Employment Society of Friends, organized since 1862, is about to resume its winter's work, and would solicit a more general co-operation in this worthy charity, the object of which is to give assistance by sewing to the industrious poor. An annual subscription of three dollars entitles a member to a weekly allowance of work for her pensioner. The made garments are returned to the Society, and if not applied for are sold for the benefit of its fund. The managers of this association desired to bring it before the notice of Friends, hoping thereby to increase the number of its members and subscribers.

ELLA T. BUNTING, Secretary,
116 E. Twelfth Street.
JANE C. RUSSELL, Treasurer,
114 E. Twelfth Street.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONTRIBUTORS TO SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

This occasion drew together a number of Friends from different sections, including some representatives from New York and Baltimore.

The report of the Board of Managers, which will be published with the Proceedings in pamphlet form, gave a favorable view of the progress of the building, about one-third of which is now being roofed in, while the foundation of the whole is completed and the first floor of joist laid.

A drawing of the building, as now fully agreed upon, with the French or Mansard roof, was exhibited, and called forth general commendation, as an improvement upon the former plan both in the appearance and in the amount of accommodation, at about the same cost of labor and material.

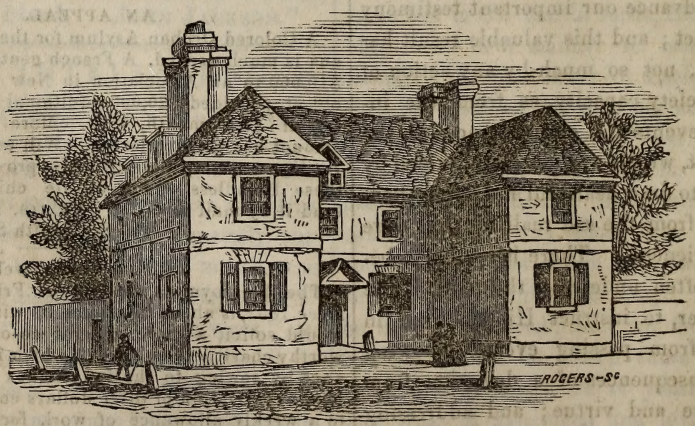
The expense of building has thus far fallen below the estimate, though it is evident that the completion of the entire structure will tax to the utmost the energies of those engaged in the work of obtaining the means.

The amount of money thus far subscribed has reached $130,000. The farm, its improvements and stock have cost $24,000; other expenses since the origin of the Association, $3,500. The remainder will be nearly consumed in *enclosing* the entire building, while for *completing* it, fully $60,000 more will be required, exclusive of arrangements for heating and lighting it, of fitting up the laundry, and of furnishing and supplying apparatus for instruction.

The additional funds required to be raised to put the whole establishment in working order will reach an aggregate of $100,000,—a sum which, although it appears large, is less than what has already been accomplished, when the subject was comparatively new to the great body of Friends, and when money was less plentiful than it is now.

An impression was alluded to, as being entertained by some, that this work was being carried on extravagantly, and on a scale not warranted by the necessities of the case; but it is the opinion of those who have the best opportunity of knowing that it is far otherwise. Considering the greatly enhanced prices of material and labor, the cost of construction is remarkably low, and when finished, the capacity of the building will, it is believed, be found below the requirements of society. It was the desire of the Board to have reached the conclusion at this time to open the preparatory department in the portion of the building now erected, next fall, but in view of their contracts to complete the walls of the whole structure, the funds in hand will not justify this, and it was resolved to postpone it, unless the results of this winter's canvass for subscriptions should make it practicable.

The subjects of the organization of the School, the selection of teachers and the arrangement of the course of study, have all received attention, and nothing is in the way of a commencement but the want of money. To secure this, a committee which was appointed a year ago was encouraged to add to its number from within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and to proceed with renewed activity in this indispensable part of the work.



THE OLD "SLATE-ROOF HOUSE."

From the Daily Evening Bulletin.

The last few architectural relics of the days of William Penn, in Philadelphia, are gradually disappearing. We know of but three that still remain: The "Swedes' Church, in Southwark," a relic of the days when the Swedes pushed their settlements up the Delaware from Christiana, in Delaware, and being contemporary with the English "Friends" who came hither under cover of the authority of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., of kicked-out memory. Then, there is the old Letitia House, on Letitia street, between Chestnut and Market,

and Front and Second streets. The latter was built, as our chroniclers tell us, for the daughter of the Quaker Founder of the State and city, was occupied by Penn himself, and was located upon a court that was named in honor of the lady for whose use the house was built. Tradition tells of how the cottage of the heiress of the Penn honors and estates was built with a view to a lookout upon the Delaware, and to the convenience of certain green lanes reaching to the "great meeting house," the Court House, &c., at Second and Market streets; but time has changed all that, and if Letitia Penn could reassume the flesh and revisit the neighborhood of her old home, in the year of grace 1866, she would find the lingering odors of defunct Market houses, with the present realities of big and little stores, lager beer saloons, crowded wharves, and stir and excitement generally, sufficient to scatter to the winds all ideas of the fulfilment of her illustrious father's pet plan of a "greene countrye towne" with a sylvan retreat for his daughter.

The "Old Slate-Roof House."

Third in our list of architectural relics of the days of the Founder, comes the "Old Slate-Roof House," at the corner of Second and Gothic streets, formerly Norris' alley. The name of the thoroughfare last named was changed a few years since, under our reformed street nomenclature; but we protest against the name of "Gothic." What fitness there is in the name of "Gothic" in such a locality, passes our understanding.

The old house, one of the only two still standing in which William Penn ever set foot in Philadelphia, "is tottering to its fall." It has long since outlived its usefulness, and it has stood in the way of the progress of the locality in which it stands, and whether rightfully or wrongfully, reverently or irreverently, its doom is sealed, and it must, within a few weeks, come down, to make way for the nineteenth century, and for the Corn Exchange Association.

History of the Old Mansion.

Few buildings in Philadelphia have more interesting historical associations clustering around them than the primitive structure, the past condition of which we illustrate in our columns today. The State House and Carpenter's Hall commend themselves to notice, from the fact that the Continental Congress first assembled within their walls, and that events of great historical importance, and of vast interest to the cause of liberty and humanity, occurred within their precincts. But the Slate-Roof House is a type of a much earlier period of the history of the city, and was a prominent feature of an exceedingly interesting era nearly a century prior to the events which gave importance to the sacred spots reverently preserved as the places where the patriots of the revolution first met to deliberate upon the great events which marked that period.

The house was built before the close of the seventeenth century, by Samuel Carpenter, a wealthy Friend, who was conspicuous among the first citizens of Philadelphia for his enterprise and public spirit. We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Carpenter resided in the building after its completion, but judging from the fact that it would have been difficult at that early day to rent so *splendid* a mansion to advantage, it is probable it was intended for his own residence.

On the second visit of Wm. Penn to his infant city, in 1699, the slate-roof house was taken possession of by him, for his quarters, and he remained there during his stay upon this side of the Atlantic. The house was noted at that time as the finest in the town, and, as the residence of the Governor, it was an object of no little interest, and the scene of many important events.

In September, 1701, Wm. Penn, in obedience to the wish of his home-sick wife, and despite the conviction that his interests would be promoted by remaining in the colony, left his slate-roof house and started in the good ship Messenger for England, taking with him his infant son John, who was the first and only scion of the house ever born in America. John Penn was born soon after the arrival of his parents in Philadelphia, and first saw the light in the Slate-Roof House.

After Penn's departure, James Logan continued the mansion as the government house until 1704, when the public concerns were cared for at Clark's Hall, at Third and Chestnut streets. The tide of business and fashion was then beginning to move westward, and the latter had already ventured out as far as Third street and Chestnut street. It was many years after that time, however, before dwellings were numerous as far out as Third street.

Before the removal of James Logan from the Slate-Roof House, the property had been sold to Wm. Trent, the founder of Trenton, N. J., for the sum of £850, Pennsylvania currency, less than $2,300. In addition to the present building there was then a fine garden, extending nearly to Front street on the east, and down Second street nearly to Walnut. It was filled with fine pines and shrubbery. This beautiful garden, through which the leading men of the early days of the colony wandered so often, is now covered with shops and lumber.

In 1702 Lord Cornbury, then Governor of New York and New Jersey, was invited to Philadelphia by James Logan, and entertained in splendid style at the Slate-Roof House. The distinguished guest was accompanied by a retinue of nearly thirty persons.

In 1709 the house was sold by William Trent to Isaac Norris, the great grandfather of Miss Sally Norris Dickinson, the late owner. This circumstance was a source of great annoyance to the Governor's friend, Logan, who wrote to Penn, saying, in reference to the house, "I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a Governor."

For a long period preceding the Revolution the Slate-Roof House was occupied as a first-class boarding-house, and many persons of high distinction made their homes within its walls.

In 1764 the property was leased to the widow Graydon, and a humorous description of many of the persons who lodged there, as well as some account of the house itself, is furnished by Captain Graydon, the son of the proprietress, in his entertaining "memoirs." The Captain describes the house as "a singular, old-fashioned structure, laid out in the style of a fortification, with abundance of angles, both salient and re-entering. Its two wings projected to the street in the manner of bastions, to which the main building, retreating from sixteen to eighteen feet, served for a curtain."

This description will be found to compare accurately with our picture of the original condition of the building. Graydon gives a most entertaining account of the persons who lodged at the old house during the time it was occupied by his mother. Among other guests the names of Washington, Hancock and the elder Adams are mentioned.

Soon after the period of the Revolution, the Slate-Roof House lost its *prestige*. The march of improvement left the ancient mansion in the back ground; it speedily fell from its high estate and become insignificant in contrast with many of the mansions of the rising city. Its various apartments were rented out to different tenants, and these were not at all times of the most respectable class of society. The court-yard in front was filled up with the miserable wooden structures which still disfigure it, and the northern wing was converted into a shop long since The slate-roof, which was its distinguishing mark, disappeared many years ago, and wooden shingles have taken its place upon the ancient rafters. The old building has, in fact, been tottering to its final fall for half a century or more.

The ancient structure has a world of interesting reminiscences clustering about it. As the city residence of the first Governor and proprietor of the State, it would command attention and excite an interest which would strengthen as its age grew greater, and its contrast with surrounding structures become more marked could it remain intact; but the necessities of the times demand its removal, and the doom of anything that stands in the way of progress is sooner or later fixed in this utilitarian age.

The Corn Exchange Association, with characteristic liberality, proposed to give the building to the city, with a view to its translation as a whole to Fairmount Park, or to some other spot where it could be preserved as a relic of the infant Philadelphia. The Mayor and the City Councils have duly considered the matter, and consulted skilful architects, and the decision arrived at is, that the shaky old structure can neither be removed bodily, nor taken to pieces and transferred piecemeal, with a view to its reconstruction. So the old Slate-Roof House is doomed to disintegration and annihilation.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

Let us bear each other's burdens,
Aid each other while we may;
Every little act of kindness
Helps to smooth the onward way.
Cheering words, when rightly given,
Brighten earth with smiles of Heaven.

Though the deed seem poor and trifling,
Its effect we may not tell:
Is there little in our power?
"Let us do the little well."
For each loving duty willing,
Thus the "Law of Christ" fulfilling.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.)

(Continued from page 640.)

I saw distinctly Mr. Angel still by the pumps; many with their eyes turned towards us. The foresail was still standing, also the half of the maintopsail. The mizzen yards were swinging about, not braced; the wreck of the foretopmast still hanging, and swinging to and fro; the gangways knocked out, the bulwarks all standing as good as when she left the docks. The stern very low in the water, the bows pretty well out of it, so that we could see the red painted bottom, or colored iron by rust; the jib boom gone. Soon we ran down in the trough of a large sea, and were hid from sight of her. When we came up we could see she had changed her position very much; we could not see the after part of the vessel—whether under water or hid by a sea, I cannot tell; her bows were high up out of the water, and by the pitch or rake of the mast we could see that she was sitting at an angle of about 45 degrees. Soon another wave came, and we ran down in the trough of another sea; when we came up, there was nothing to be seen of the *London*.

Thus ended this fine ship and all in her. When we were lifted on the wave this second time, and found that the ship was no more to be seen, it cast a gloom over our little party, though pretty well prepared to expect it. We still continued looking in the direction where we last saw the ship, to see if anybody would be

seen clinging to a spar, boat, or anything; but nothing whatever was to be seen. Although there might have been one or more there, and we not able to see, even so they could not have survived long from the spray that was flying.

One of the sailors (King)—then I did not know the name of any—now sang out, "Boys, the *London* is gone, and there is no help for those gone with her, so let her drop for the present. If we don't mind what we are about, we'll soon be with them. Say nothing more about her, but attend to the boat"—which was certainly a wise proposition, as our boat was in a similar condition to our ship at starting—too heavily laden. She was a fine, light, square-sterned boat, about twenty-five feet in length, six in breadth in the widest part; her right complement I was told was twelve, and there were now nineteen in her. Our party consisted of three engineers, one fireman, one young midshipman, one carpenter, eight seamen, one steward, one boy, and three passengers. We had been thrown together mostly by chance, and were almost all unknown to each other, but all bound together by the same tie; for if one sunk all must sink too. We were entirely on our own resources, with no one to look up to, no captain to depend upon, and no officers to navigate to land. But we had what was far better, and the only thing to save us at that time: we had cool, skilful, and excellent boatmen; and, had we not, we would not have lived half-an-hour. I never had much experience in boats, and had no idea of what they could go through. No one could ever have made me believe that a boat could have withstood what ours did. I think some of our men must have been born and reared in a boat. Smith, a seaman, was the first who took the helm, and we all agreed to obey him, as there were now a good many giving orders. There were also other arrangements made: those who understood rowing were to work by spells, those who did not were to bail. I was one of the latter; two or three were to be on the look-out for vessels, one to be constantly watching behind to see when a wave was coming that had a crest on it, and tell the helmsman. Those were the waves we dreaded. And here was where the skill and judgment was displayed. One time we would have to back water so as to let the large sea break just in front of us. At other times the order would be pull quick, to get out of its way until its force would be spent; when along it would come and raise us up on the top, and as it would pass by would invariably give us a dash; then we had to bail out quickly. Three oars were out for the first few hours—as much to assist in steering as in pulling. We were running before the wind, and the chief study was to let the seas meet us square on to the stern, for if the boat was allowed to broach to, or meet the seas on the side, she would fill or upset at once. As one sea would pass, then another would be seen coming from another direction, perhaps on our quarter. These were the cross seas, and the ones most likely to catch us; immediately the boat would have to be brought round to meet it. As the rudder could not bring her round in time, or it might be up out of the water at that moment, then would be heard the man at the helm singing out, "Pull on the starboard, and back on the port,—quick, quick." The next moment it would be, "Pull on the port, and back on the starboard," as a cross sea would be seen making for us. Then the next cry would be, "Pull, pull, all," that was to get out of the way of a sea that was going to break. After it had passed, then it would be, "Back, back, all." Sometimes all four orders would be given within the minute.

We also made arrangements as to the provisions, which consisted of about fifty pounds of biscuit; when anybody took a piece, all were to have alike. Soon we discovered that our little supply of water was mixed with salt. The cask was therefore thrown overboard to make more room, for we were very much crowded. After that the allowance of biscuit was restricted—they being so dry increased our thirst. Not long after getting away I learned that they had some brandy on board, which I thought was a fortunate provision, as the weather was dreadfully cold, with water splashing over us every little while. On second thought I feared it might prove to our disadvantage, in case they should take too much at once, but my fears were soon set to rights when I found that all we had was three bottles. One was out and dispatched, but it was only a mouthful to each. The second bottle was drank in the evening. The next morning, when we most wanted the other, it could not be found. There was also one bottle of champagne, which was the amount of drinkables on board. About two or three hours after being at sea, our helmsman had to resign his post, as one of his hands was sore, or frost-bitten, as he thought. Steering was most trying work for the hands, there being no tiller to the rudder—he had to work the rudder by his hand, consequently one hand was almost all the time in water. King, another seaman, then took his place, which he kept until about three o'clock next morning. Just before dark, we sighted a vessel. We at first thought to run for her, but soon we found it impossible; she was out of our track, and we had to keep fair before the wind. Our chief study was to keep afloat, no matter where we went to. We had two of the ship's compasses on board, but they proved of very little use to us. I heard King say in the night that he could not steer at all by them, even though the sea would per-

mit us. They had been adjusted for an iron vessel, which may have been the cause of their not working properly now.

Night was now coming on: I dreaded to look forward to it. Asked myself the question, how are we to see those curling seas that we so much fear? The sky looked wild; the wind still strong and very cold—the seas still very heavy. It was what you might call a troubled sea. All of us wet, cold, and hungry, and nearly worn out by the constant exertion anxiety and fatigue of the two previous days. I considered it about one chance in a hundred that ever we saw the morning. True, I was beginning to have more faith in our little boat and the good skill of our crew, but those high crested waves in the dark rather shook my hopes. I could not see any possible way of escaping them, and I was rather puzzled to see that the sailors did not entertain any more fear of them in the night than day—that is, they did not speak of this great difficulty that troubled me. Presently the night closed in, and the mystery was solved by the phosphorescent tops of the waves, which, shining through the dark, showed pretty well their position, and the way they were coming. The first of the evening was rather clear; the stars shone out occasionally; by them we could guess pretty nearly the direction we were steering. Up to about nine, we thought we were going south. I said to King, "At this course we will not fetch the Spanish coast, much less the French coast—we shall go wide of Cape Finisterre." He said, "I can't help it, we must go where we are compelled to—the wind may change soon." And so it did. I had certain stars as guides, and by them I could see we were coming around gradually, and by about midnight were going pretty nearly east. We knew that any course that had east in it would bring us to land, which at this time we thought was only ninety miles distant. But our chief hope was in falling in with a vessel. As the evening wore on, I found that we got on pretty nearly as well as before dark, but great watchfulness was required; and King, who was then steering, was continually singing out to pull first one way, then immediately the other way, or back water. Then the next order would be, "Bail her out, keep her dry. Who is bailing now?" So in that way he was constantly talking and encouraging us, which was needed, for, cold as the night was, and drenched as we were, we were drowsy; in fact, we were quite done up with fatigue. I myself had had but three or four hours' sleep since Sunday night, and no doubt there were others who had no more. At times, while baling, I would be half asleep, but still dipping out the water. When in that state I could always see a vessel before me with her stern under water—her bows well up—her jib-boom and foretopmast gone, and her foresail shaking in the wind: it was the *London* as she last appeared to me. At any time during the night if I were to close my eyes, if only for a minute, the ship was always before me in this form.

A few hours after dark, King asked, "Who had the time?" I had. I had set my watch going at four o'clock. I pulled it out to look, but could not distinguish the hands in the darkness. By-and-by, I was asked about the time again; we thought it must be getting on towards daylight. I opened my watch, felt the hands, and found it was only eleven o'clock. And so the long dreary night wore slowly on. We thought daylight would never come.

About midnight the weather became more squally. Heavy black clouds came down upon us, and sometimes we were running, as it seemed, right into a black wall. It was difficult even to discern the figure of a man sitting alongside. It was a night remembered in London for a heavy fall of snow,—the heaviest of the season, when the telegraph wires were broken down in many parts of England, and vessels were being wrecked by scores in Torbay. About this time, and a time that will never be forgotten by any in the boat, we experienced the most narrow escape of any during the whole of our disaster. A large sea was seen close behind us, and on the point of breaking, and it was impossible to get out of the way in time. There it was, eight or ten feet higher than our stern, and the next moment we should be all engulphed. Some quietly remarked,—"It's all over with us now." I myself thought the end had come at last. Over came the wave, burying the after-part of the boat completely. She trembled, and up she came; the sea had passed on and left us in all but a sinking state. The water in the boat was about a foot and a half deep; a bucket would dip in it. Immediately King sung out, "Dont move—bail out quick—we are safe yet!" At once the bucket was going, and in a few minutes she was lightened, and on we went again. It was sometime before we fully recovered from that shock. It was a providential thing that we had no more in our boat at this time, for I think the weight of one man more would have taken us down.

(To be continued.)

"*Call upon Me in the day of trouble.*"—Beware, in your distress, of crooked policy, of unlawful means of relief, of impatience, of dejection. By nothing can you so much please God, as by your confidence in Him; and by nothing can you so recommend your religion, as by showing the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

ELEVENTH MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	7 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	2 "	1 "
Snow, including very slight falls	2 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms,	3 "	6 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	16 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865	1866.
Mean temperature of 11th month per Penna. Hospital,	45.35 deg.	48.08 deg.
Highest do. during month	67.00 "	69.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	28.50 "	29.50 "
Rain during the month,	3.96 in.	1.76 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1042	1091

Average of the mean temperature of 11th month for the past *seventy-seven* years	43.29 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1849	50.50 "
Lowest do. do. 1793, 1827, 1842	38.00 "

FALL TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three Fall mos. of 1864 and 1865	57.63 deg.
Mean do do do do months of 1865 and 1866	58.61 "
Average of the Fall temperature for the past *seventy-seven* years	54.69 "
Highest Fall mean occurring during that entire period, 1850	58.16 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1827	49.33 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
First month	3.61 inch.	3.14 inch.
Second month	5.83 "	6.61 "
Third month	4.71 "	2.15 "
Fourth month	2.83 "	2.93 "
Fifth month	7.21 "	4.68 "
Sixth month	4.75 "	2.96 "
Totals for the first six mos. of each year	28.94 "	22.47 "
Seventh month	2.97 "	2.52 "
Eighth month	3.75 "	2.18 "
Ninth month	7.96 "	8.70 "
Tenth month	3.05 "	4.15 "
Eleventh month	3.96 "	1.76 "
Totals	50.63 "	41.78 "

It will be seen from the above that the temperatures throughout have been in *excess* of last year, in fact, not very far, in all their points, from the *highest* that have occurred during the past *seventy-seven* years. The number of deaths, it will also be seen, are but *little* in excess of last year. J. M. E.

Philada., 12th mo. 3d, 1866.

We are to be *in* the world, but not *of* it. The religion of the Gospel calls us both out of the world, and into the world, out of the world as to its maxims and temper, into it as a field of labor and a sphere of usefulness. When Calvin was requested to leave off writing, "What," said he, "shall the Master come and find me doing nothing?" And Philip Henry's remark was, "What are candles for, but to burn out."

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report :—

From City Contributions	$185.00
" R. A. S., Illinois	9.00
" Women Friends, Abington, Pa	21.25
" Friends and others, Alloway's Creek	31.00
" " of Wilmington, Del	600.00
" Caroline M. Reeves, Richmond, Ind	25.00
	$871.25

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 12th mo. 8th, 1866.

ITEMS.

Advices have been received from England to the effect that Minister Adams had renewed our demands upon the British Government for a speedy settlement of the claims for indemnity growing out of the depredations of rebel privateers. It is stated from England that a meeting of the British Cabinet will soon be held, when the case will receive respectful consideration. It is certain that the present British Ministry is actuated by a kindlier feeling toward these claims than was the former one.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The Imperial Commission has divided the contents of the coming Exhibition under ten general heads or groups. "The first group, that of works of art, is divided into five classes, namely, oil paintings, drawings, sculpture and die-sinking, architecture and engraving and lithography.

"The second group comprises the materials and the applications of the liberal arts, as printing, paper making, bookbinding, colors, industrial design, photography, musical instruments, medical, scientific, and educational apparatus and instruments, maps and charts. Group three comprehends furniture and other objects connected with habitation; as furniture, properly so-called, upholstery, decoration, glass, porcelain and other pottery, carpets and other tissues, paper hangings, cutlery, jewelry, artistic bronzes and metal works, clock and watchmaking, heating, lighting and ventilation, perfumery and small-wares. The fourth group includes fabrics, clothing and all other objects of personal wear or use, beginning with cotton, woollen and silk manufactures, and ending with dolls and toys.

"The fifth group is entitled 'Productions, raw, or prepared, of extractive industry,' and includes mining and metallurgy, as well as the productions of the forest, the chase, and of agriculture, chemical and pharmaceutical products, leather and skin manufactures. Group six comprises the instruments and processes of the common arts, the means in fact of working and manufacturing the objects of the preceding group, with railways, civil engineering and navigation. Group the seventh includes articles of food and consumption, whether raw, preserved, partly prepared or cooked, including drinks of all kinds; group the eighth, living animals reared for the use or amusement of man; group the ninth, horticulture; and group ten, objects specially exhibited with a view to the amelioration of the moral and physical condition of the people.

"The last group forms of itself a general economic exhibition, as regards education, food, clothing and other necessaries of life, and also includes costumes worn by the people of various countries, specimens of habitations, and the tools and processes in use by small masters, workingmen engaged working at home on their own account."

The second session of the 39th Congress convened on the 3d inst. The President's Message was read in both Houses. In the Senate a bill was introduced for the admission of Nebraska into the Union, and was referred to the Committee on Territories. The joint resolution for the amendment to the Constitution, making the President of the United States ineligible for re-election, was taken up and referred to the appropriate committee. Various other bills and resolutions were offered and referred to committees. A bill was introduced and referred providing for the election of a delegate to Congress from the District of Columbia. The bill provides for impartial suffrage. A resolution was adopted ordering inquiry to be made as to the power of the President to restore confiscated property, and also as to the power of the Secretary of the Treasury to deliver, without judicial proceedings, to private claimants, property or proceeds of property seized by the United States.

HOUSE.—A rule was adopted for a standing committee of nine on freedmen's affairs. Various department and subordinate reports were presented. The Ways and Means Committee were instructed to inquire and report whether the repeal of the tax on cotton would not be beneficial to the interests of the country. A resolution was adopted declaring as the sense of the House, in answer to the President's message, that it finds in the disloyal attitude of the South, and the results of the elections in the North, additional reasons for the adoption of the Constitutional amendment before it will consider the propriety of giving them Congressional representation. A motion to lay on the table was lost—yeas 32, nays 119. A resolution was adopted for the investigation of the New Orleans massacre by a committee to be appointed by the speaker. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing a law to more perfectly provide for the punishment of bribery at elections, and to make any person who shall be found guilty of purchasing votes ineligible to office.

THE FREEDMEN.—There are about 150,000 Freedmen, women and children attending school in the Southern States.

The Bureau superintendent of education in Georgia, in his report for 10th month, reckons the number of schools at 48, teachers 63, and pupils 2,755. Thirty-four of these schools and 1,163 pupils are sustained entirely by the freedmen; the rest by the benevolence of the North. Twenty three of the teachers are colored, for the most part very imperfectly qualified. The contributions of the freedmen during the 10th mo. reached $1,000.

Several outrages have been recently perpetrated upon the inoffensive freedmen residing in Fairfax County, Va. Two poor colored men were badly beaten near the Chain Bridge, and although a warrant was issued, it has not been served; religious meetings held in the house of a freedman at Langley have been disturbed; colored pupils of the night school at Great Falls have been attacked and injured; the school-house at Lewinsville has been greatly damaged, and the one near Frying-Pan church and Herndon Station burned to the ground. The authorities apparently make no attempt to arrest the miscreants.

FOR SALE, at Office of Friends' Intelligencer, 144 N. Seventh St.

	At Office.	By mail.
Janney's Life of Wm. Penn, 2d edition, octavo	$2 50	$2 75
" " George Fox	2 25	2 50
Journal of John Comly	2 00	2 40
" John Woolman	1 00	1 20
" Hugh Judge	1 00	1 20
Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting	75	90
Friends' Miscellany, 11 vols	8 00	9 80
Works of Isaac Penington	5 00	6 00
Conversations, &c., by Thos Story	1 00	1 20
History of Delaware County	3 00	3 60
Evenings with John Woolman	50	60
Priscilla Cadwallader	50	60
Child's Book of Nature—3 parts	2 65	2 85
Winnowed Wheat	1 00	1 25
The new Poems, "Studies," by John A. Dorgan, Marot's (3d) edition, muslin	2 00	2 20
Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties, by Zschokke	1 75	2 00
Meditations on Death and Eternity, do.	1 75	2 00
Emily Mayland, or the Faithful Governess, by M. H. Cox	1 00	1 20
History of the United States from 1492 to 1866, by J. C. Martindale, ($5.40 per doz)	60	70
Likeness of Wm. Penn. *Steel engraving*	50	56
Engraved Forms MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, for filling up Friends style	4 50	5 00

Friends' Family and Pocket Almanacs for 1867. Price 10 cts.
Devotional Poetry, Testimonies of Truth, Treasury of Facts, Poetry Cards, &c. &c.
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EMMOR COMLY.

SITUATION WANTED.—The advertiser, a member of the Society of Friends, desires a situation as HOUSEKEEPER in a Friend's family. Name, address and reference left at the office of Friends' Intelligencer. 1215 3 T P

I HAVE on hand a good assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which I will make to order on reasonable terms, and in the best style; and solicit the patronage of my friends and the public generally. WM. HAWKINS,
1215 3tp 107 N. 4th St.

"JOSEPH FOULKE'S FRIENDS' ALMANACK" for 1867 now ready, by T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Nos. 17 and 19 S. 6th St., Philada. Sent by mail free—either the large or pocket one—upon receipt of 10 cents. 1215 4t

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MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, by Friends' Ceremony, published by T. E. Chapman, No. 5 S. Fifth St. Sent by mail, Blank, $5.00. Filled up in the neatest manner, $10.00.

FRIENDS' FAMILY AND POCKET ALMANAC, 1867, published by T. E. Chapman, No. 5 S. Fifth St. Sent by mail 10c.

IN the First month, 1867, will be published No. 1 of "THE FRIENDS' EXAMINER," a half-yearly volume, treating on Religious, Civil and Social questions, from the standpoint of the Society of Friends. Conducted by the Publishing Committee of the "Old Banner Essays. Price 2 s. each volume, containing 100 to 150 pp. in stiff covers. Communications and literary contributions to be addressed to the honorary Editor, W. C. Westlake, Southampton; and all orders for advertisements, &c., to be addressed to the Publisher, A. M. Bennett, 5 Bishopsgate Without, London. 1282tawnz.

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CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Third session of this Institution will commence on the 19th of 11th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
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SAMUEL TOWNSEND & SON, Produce Commission Merchants, No. 52 Light Street, Baltimore, respectfully solicit consignments of Grain, Flour, Seeds, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Poultry, &c. Constantly in store and for sale, Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass, and other Field Seeds. Also Bone Dust and other Fertilizers. Dried Fruits bought and sold. 721 tfa.fn.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE AS A MEANS OF MENTAL CULTURE.

A Lecture delivered before Friends' Social Lyceum, Philadelphia, by EDWARD H. MAGILL.

(Concluded from page 644.)

No course of training could be devised better adapted to cultivate a taste for general literature than that of keeping up a constant comparison between the ancient and modern writers, and pointing out from time to time how far the latter are indebted to the former for many of their best thoughts, and even for the language in which those thoughts are clothed. Indeed, all the works of the greatest writers of our own and every other age so abound in allusions, direct and indirect, to the works of others, that all literature may be said to be relative, and a thorough understanding of any demands a familiarity with all. No course of instruction in ancient or modern language is complete or desirable which does not early awaken the mind of the pupil to this important fact, and, by this constant comparison, stimulate him to enrich and enlarge his mind by daily increasing familiarity with the works of the great and the good of all ages.

I have said that the peculiar nature of the discipline acquired in the study of language is especially adapted to prepare one for the practical duties of after life. The rival claims of the mathematics, as a means to this end, should receive a passing notice, although, as I stated in the outset, I do not wish to hold up for invidious comparison any one course of training to the exclusion of all others. However, as the claims of mathematical studies have been put forward very prominently by others, in recent discussions upon this subject, even to the exclusion of linguistic studies, or reducing them to a subordinate poisition, I cannot forbear quoting the words of Professor Pillans, of Edinburgh, upon this point. He says, "It is a great mistake to suppose that the mere mathematician, from being accustomed to the long and beautiful deductions of his favorite science, is a better reasoner, or less liable to error than other men, in all matters that lie beyond the mathematical pale." On the contrary, it is notorious, that the more profound he is in his own science, and the more devoted to it, the less is he fitted for the investigation of truth in every other direction, and the more liable to be imposed upon by false reasoning, and led astray by specious views in the commerce and intercourse with the world; for, as Dugald Stewart observes,—and that beautiful writer on metaphysics and morals was himself an able mathematician,—"It unfortunately happens, that while mathematical studies exercise the faculty of reasoning or deduction, they give no employment to the other powers of the understanding concerned in the investigation of truth. On the contrary, they are apt to produce a facility in the admission of data, and a circumscription of the field of investigation, by partial and arbitrary definitions." In the study

of language the mind is constantly occupied in balancing probabilities, as in the reasoning processes required in ordinary human affairs; while the absolute certainty of the conclusions following, admitted premises in mathematical reasoning, rarely finds a counterpart in actual life. In unraveling the intricacies of a long and involved sentence in Cicero or Livy, where the most closely connected parts are often far removed from each other, and the subordinate divisions of the sentence are ingeniously enfolded within other subordinate parts, the whole forming a sentence closely connected in thought with what precedes and follows, reason, observation and judgment are constantly called into action, in deciding the various relations of the words and clauses to each other, and of the whole sentence to the general course of thought; and a fine opportunity is afforded for the play of the imagination and fancy, in the selection of the most appropriate English dress, in which to clothe the thought when fully eliminated by the exercise of the other faculties. This is not, with the classical student, any unusul or irregular exercise, but forms the staple of his daily work. Who does not see that a course like this, pursued for a series of years, properly interspersed with other studies, (for ours, it will be borne in mind, is no *exclusive* claim,) cannot fail to have upon the youthful mind the most salutary effect, and that the Professors of language, devoted as they are to those studies, which are so especially adapted to the needs of the human mind, are not inaptly styled, in the Scottish Universities, Professors of the Humanities.

Intimately connected with the work of oral translation, and an essential part in every well-digested system of classical instruction, are written translations into English of some of the choice passages which have been the subjects of the daily recitations. If the student is encouraged, in these translations, to avoid the bald and literal rendering which the rigid analysis of the ordinary lesson would require, and to express the *exact thought* of the author without regard to the *form* in which that thought is expressed by him, (so far, at least, as it is possible to separate thought from the form in which it is expressed,) that is, to present the thought in the most approved modern dress, free from every blemish of antiquated style or of foreign idiom, it becomes a most valuable training in the proper use of his own language. What better training than this can be conceived for the future poet, orator, or historian, or even for those in the humblest private walks of life, who have thoughts to clothe, in words wherewith, to instruct and influence their fellow men—and who have not? Says a modern journalist, in a highly appreciative criticism of the poet Longfellow, "Endowed with a remarkable command of, and exquisite taste in language, he began his poetical education by rendering, not only with accuracy, but the most delicate analogy, German, Spanish, French and Italian verse into English. There is no exercise of the mind which so finely trains expression as such a work as this. Intimate acquaintance with the subtle eloquence and expressive significance of foreign tongues gives an insight and grasp as regards the vernacular. Thus, by experience and endowment, taste and mastery, Longfellow is a verbal artist. Words are to him what colors are to the painter; he has an exquisite sense of their fitness, a keen ear for their music. Thus furnished with the vocabulary of his art, and fastidious in its use, the love of beauty, the sense of the appropriate, methodize expression. As a mosaic worker carefully selects his tinted cube, and places it with exquisite fastidious skill, so, as to produce the desired form, shade and combination, until a saintly face or lovely flower of adamantine hue rewards his patient toil, so gracefully adjusted and wisely chosen, the words of the poet are combined into images of picturesque or plaintive relief and permanent grace."

Now, although the course above indicated is of the utmost value as a training in English, and cannot be omitted or lightly passed over without great disadvantage to the student, it must not, however, be allowed to encroach upon the more literal version, required in his daily work, for the twofold reason, that the construction of the language will be likely, in that case, to be overlooked, and the peculiar forms and idioms which, when properly studied, form so interesting and valuable a feature in the acquisition of any language, and which so often indicate the character of a people, are wholly lost. Thus, to make my meaning clear, let me borrow an illustration from the poems of the Scaldic bards. If, in translating the highly figurative language of these bards, we render "the beast of the sea" by the more homely, but more intelligible word, "ship," "the dew of pain," or "the water of the sword," by "blood," "the tree of battle" by "warrior," and "the flame of wounds" by "sword," we shall certainly, in every instance, come nearer a plain English translation of the passages in question, but we should fail, wholly, not merely to give the proper construction of the passages, which would, perhaps, be a minor consideration, but fail, as well, to convey any idea of the highly imaginative character of the people.

As no language is properly taught unless a comparison be constantly instituted between that language and the student's mother tongue, both as to the forms of words, the syntactical structure of the language, and parallel passages in the literature of the two, so a constant

comparison should be made between the Latin and Greek, and between these and whatever modern languages may claim the student's attention. For, although the derivation of the Latin from the Greek is an idea long since abondoned, and even the common derivation of both from the Sanskrit is most emphatically denied by Max Muller, the three languages being regarded by him rather in the light of three sisters, of which the Sanskrit may be considered the eldest, all pointing back to some earlier stage, when they were more similar to each other than we find them now, everything beyond this being, *as yet*, involved in profound obscurity; still this comparison of two kindred ancient tongues, without directly deriving one from the other, or even deciding which is the elder, is an essential aid in the acquisition of both. And the comparison of the Latin with the Romance Languages of modern Europe, which are directly derived, not it is true, wholly or chiefly from the classical Latin, as written and spoken by Cicero, but from the various dialects of ancient Italy, this comparison of the various modern languages with the original whence they are directly or indirectly derived, presents advantages in the acquisition of modern tongues, which may be appreciated from the fact, that on two pages of simple conversational French, which I took up at random to examine, for the purpose of this illustration, I find 200 different roots, and of the first 100, 96 are directly and readily traceable te their Latin originals, while of the second 100, every root may be thus traced. These are fair specimen pages of easy conversational French; and I hazard nothing in reaffirming the statement of Gibson, in his work published thirty years since, when the science of Comparative Philology was yet in its infancy, that "ninety-nine French words out of every one hundred are of Latin origin." If the study of language be conducted upon this principle, each new language acquired is an additional facility toward the acquisition of another, and to the industrious and faithful student, portal after portal will open, with constantly increasing rapidity, until the glorious temple of the science of Language, which involves in its wonderful revelations the history of the race, lies invitingly open, bidding him enter in.

Nor should he who thus devotes his life to the acquisition of foreign tongues, and the study of Comparative Philology, be stigmatized as a student of *words*,—mere *words*; for, in the language of Marsh, in the introduction to his excellent course of "Lectures on the English Language," "So necessary are *words* to thought, to reflection, to the memory of former tates of self-conscious being, that, though the ntelligence of persons born without the sense f hearing sometimes receives, through the medium of manual signs, and without instruction in *words*, a very considerable degree of apparant culture, yet, when deaf mutes are educated and taught the use of verbal language, they are generally almost wholly unable to recall their mental status at earlier periods; and, so far as we are able to judge, they appear to have been previously devoid of those conceptions which we acquire, or at least retain and express, by means of general terms. So our recollection of moments of intense pain or pleasure, moral or physical, is dim and undefined. Grief, too big for words, joy, which finds no articulate voice for utterance, sensations too acute for description, when once their cause is removed, or when time has abated their keenness, leave traces *deep* indeed in *tone*, but too *shadowy* in *outline*, to be capable of distinct reproduction; for that alone which is precisely formulated can be clearly remembered."

You will pardon this long quotation, for it conveys most happily the exact thought which I wished to utter, and which I should vainly attempt to express as well. Let no one think to cast a stigma upon the studies of the philologist by accusing him of being a student of *mere words*. Mere words, indeed! and what is more noble and more worthy of our regard than the study of the various symbols of thought, and the changes wrought upon those symbols in the lapse of ages through various external circumstances and the steady progress of the human mind. Where shall we seek for a more ennobling and refining study than that which brings us into daily contact with the choice spirits of every age, and which places in our hand the *open sesame* to a richer mine of treasures than gold or silver can ever buy? Mere words, indeed! and what were the noble examples of the heroes and martyrs of other days to us of the present generation;—what would become of all the rich stores of history, which Bolingbroke has so felicitously characterized as "Philosophy Teaching by Example,"—aye, of the very teaching of the founder of Christianity himself,—but for the conservative power of written words. Mere words, indeed! as well stigmatize the acquisition of all knowledge as worse than useless, as thus attempt to cast reproach upon the study of the history and power of words. So great, indeed, is the influence of words upon human thought and action, that it is scarcely hyperbolical to say, that *words* are *realities*, no less than *deeds*. Who shall set a limit to the influence, for good or evil, of one written or spoken word?

If the careful study and classification of the bones of extinct species of animals is worthy the attention of the naturalist,—and who will presume to deny that this or any other study by which we increase our knowledge of the creatures of God's universe, and of the various

stages of development through which our earth has passed, is unworthy of our regard,—how much more worthy of profound study are the fragments of a lost language, the bones and framework of what has once been human speech? I listened with the deepest interest to a lecture by Agassiz on the Glacial Theory, on the eve of his departure upon his great exploring expedition to South America, and to his first lecture in Boston after his return, describing the waters of the Amazon; and as I followed the wonderful deductions of this Prince of Naturalists, by which the most astonishing conclusions were reached, step by step, from premises at first sight so apparently insignificant that it seemed impossible that they could be made the groundwork of any important theory, as in his first lecture he evolved, by clearly defined steps, his Glacial Theory, from the carefully observed scratches upon the surfaces of rocks, and from the great boulders deposited in various parts of the world, amid rocks of a totally different formation, indicating the gradual progress of immense fields of ice from the higher or polar regions towards the equatorial, I could not fail to remember how the patient investigations of Philologists had enabled them to trace, not merely the movement of great bodies of ice from north to south, but the various migrations of tribes and nations from east to west, from Asia to northern and afterwards to southern Europe, and how the history of our tongue, and of all the Teutonic stock to which it more especially belongs, and that of the softer and more harmonious tongues of Southern Europe, may thus be traced back, with unerring precision, to a time when, in the farthest east, in the early home of the human race, all were really one family, of one language and one speech. When I listened to his wonderful account of the Amazon and its tributary waters, and of the various kinds of fishes which inhabit that marvellous stream, and to the account of the labors of this indefatigable student of nature during the past year, resulting in the enriching of the domains of science by numerous specimens of fishes unheard of until now, and, by new theories, as to the changes which the centuries have produced upon the South American coast, I could but remember the unwearied labors of philologists in tracing the small streams of dialects, with their countless variations, and labyrinthian network of ramifications, not unlike the branches of this great river; and how from these minor streams, they have traced the broad flowing tide of human speech, sweeping down the ages, bearing on its bosom a precious freight, the collected wisdom of countless generations, and how these same philologists, from patient study of the word strata, which everywhere met their view, have determined the former boundaries of the ocean of human thought, and measured its steady encroachments upon the domains of ignorance and error; and when, at the close of the lecture, the speaker commended to the kind regard of the citizens of his adopted State the University to which he belongs, and of which he is so bright an ornament, and said, in speaking of his own special department, that we had yet to obtain in this country the first crude notions of what a University should be, adding that although we might suppose that ample provision had been made at Harvard for all needed Professorships, *fourteen* Professors are employed in the University of Berlin, to fill the place assigned to him at Cambridge, I could not forget that, in the same University of Berlin, *twenty-eight* Professors are at present employed upon the various departments of Philology, many of them men whose reputation is world-wide, including among their number such names as Mullach, Mommsen, Bopp and Bekker, and that these twenty eight men make it the business of their lives to present to the crowds of students who flock to that renowned seat of learning the ripe results of their own department; and although the eager haste, and the eminently practical aims of our people, so characteristic of a young and growing nation, and so prejudicial to the highest results of scholarship, may long prevent the consummation of the wished expressed by the enthusiastic naturalist, that European youth, in a not very far distant future, may flock to our shores in search of the highest culture, as American youth now flock to the Old World, I could not help hoping and believing, that more abundant provision would be constantly made for the study of *all* the sciences; not forgetting, nor assigning to any secondary place, that science which in itself is better adapted than any other to supply the varied needs of the human mind, and upon which a knowledge of the early history of our race, as well as of all the sciences, so largely depends.

Creature comforts are often, to the soul, what suckers are to the tree; and the Heavenly Husbandman prunes us, to secure the sap for the bearing. Many are the afflictions of the righteous. The husbandman does not prune the *bramble*, but the *vine*. The stones designed for the Temple above require more cutting and polishing than those which are for the common wall.

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 646.)

To E. S.

RUSSELL SQUARE, 17th of Fourth month, 1818.

DEAR EDWARD.—The true authority as well as beauty of our religious meetings, in which I cannot exclude those for the right ordering of the affairs of truth, stands upon and consists in that, without which the very form is a mockery, though the best of forms. It is not age, it is not any station in the church, it is not an outward knowledge or experience in the letter of those laws, which the Spirit of Truth has led our forefathers to adopt,—much less is it any repute among men grounded upon outward possessions,—which will make one living stone for the Master's use, in the building up of his beautiful city the new Jerusalem. Now, if any man build with the straw and stubble, or even with that which appears like gold or silver;—every man's work shall be made manifest of what sort it is; for it shall be revealed by fire, and the day shall declare it." How much need then is there for all amongst us, who fill any of the offices in the church, and even for such as may be in the highest stations, and may have been made of eminent service therein, yet again and again to wait upon the Lord, yet again to bow down their souls; so that every high thing, that would exalt itself within them, may be abased, under the humbling influence of that power, which bruiseth and breaketh in pieces, which bringeth us low, and keepeth us low, even as children and babes, willing to be led about and instructed, and ready to esteem another better than ourselves. Now as individuals are brought into such a feeling tender state as this, they become sweetly qualified to take those places, which the master-builder ordereth for them in his house, in his family, in his vineyard. They thus receive capacity and authority to labor for the great cause, and in the name and power of their leader; they have strength to bind and to lose, to help and to heal the weak and the wounded; and they have the spirit of patience and of pity given them, to plead with and to pray for the tempted, the tossed, the tried. And O! the tenderness that is shown by such as these, on behalf of their poor fellow-creatures, who may be overtaken or overcome of evil or error; knowing that they themselves stand only through the mercy of the Most High. J. B.

1818, *Fourth month 21st.*—How little do we know what is best for us—O! how good a thing it is to be led about and instructed by our tender Parent, even as little children; seeing that we, no more than they, can run alone with safety. When I am ready to receive hurt from some precious gift or other, which He has lent me;—when I am likely to be elated by seeing myself so favored, or to assume anything to myself because the Lord showers upon me his blessing;—then in the abundance of his compassion he taketh away that which I was ready to abuse, and leaves me in darkness and in the deeps, it may be without a shadow of comfort or a ray of his heavenly presence. And then, in the bitterness of my soul, in the absence of my Beloved, I cry out and weary myself with bewailing; being in my own apprehension on the point of despair. But He, even my Father, regards not my crying, nor my weeping; he knows best what is good for me, and continues his dispensation of afflicting darkness and drought, until in his wisdom he sees that the set time to favor me is come.

1818, *Fourth month 22d.*—Was much instructed by looking over a Monthly Meeting's early minute-book, dated about 1666. I thought I clearly saw that our Friends in the beginning, were a simple, plain set of people; and that they mostly had but a very small proportion of learning or general knowledge,—very many in early times not being able to write legibly or even some to read. Divers advantages have we above them in several respects; yet it has seemed to me that some of these very advantages have proved our hurt and stinted our growth, so that we have not arrived at their stature or strength. "The love of other things," we read, choked the good seed; and this seems to me to be applied to our case, who have many "other things," (some of them very good when kept in subjection,) which draw away our minds from the simplicity of the Truth, and from a patient, humble, waiting frame of mind, in which alone true safety can be witnessed.

1818, *Fourth month 26th.*—I desire greatly not to be led away and ensnared, by coveting or looking for the esteem and notice of any, even of religious characters; I pray in my heart, that I may be preserved from liking to hear my own voice and tongue in company, and from the least approach to anything like a love of showing off even good qualities. If we are in the right spot, we shall forget ourselves, and not esteem those things as our own, which are wrought in us, or which we have been enabled rightly to do or say.

I have also seen, that much care is needful not to be endeavoring or presuming to correct the views and sentiments of others, by our own strength and in our own will and time; I see danger in this for all, but especially for young people, who are so likely to get into argument and much talking. Nothing is gained often thereby; but the way to openness and conviction respecting any matter is much blocked up. But after long patience and waiting, and much uneasiness has been undergone, lest the right thing should by any means suffer,—and after not a little exercise of mind on account of the

person who may hold such a wrong sentiment, —then have I seen a word in season put forth in meekness, do more than all the ill-timed efforts of a man's own will and strength.

1818, *Fifth month 10th.*—The day before yesterday, I completed my twenty first year. I may say, with some feeling, that my breathing in secret is unto the Lord, that he would in mercy continue near to me, to help in time of need; for I am still unable to take one right step, notwithstanding anything already attained; but have need day by day to wait upon him again and again, for a renewal of strength: for assuredly He alone, who began the work, can safely carry it on, and bring it to such a conclusion as will redound to his own praise.

1818, *Fifth month 19th.*—The day before yesterday, it seemed right for me to give up to go and sit among Friends at their Monthly Meeting at Kingston. I had no probable means of conveyance but on my feet, and it was a very rainy morning: but I cried unto the Lord that he would direct me, and give me sufficient strength to do whatever might be best. I got there (it being, I suppose, more than thirteen miles) some time after the hour of assembling, much wearied in body, but sweetly fresh and lively in mind, through the extendings of mercy; so that the driving rain and the length of my walk had not much effect upon me, who am but a poor weakly one. On my way thither, it rather vividly came to my mind,—"what if I should have to speak in their meeting?" But the Lord quieted that spirit within me, which would be questioning and reasoning; and I was favored to feel great composure and calmness, notwithstanding that suggestion. And O! the melting power and glorious influence which was enjoyed by me, and I believe by others, in the meeting for worship! how precious an half-hour did I spend among them! so much so, that my heart was filled with the song of praise unto that great Being, who remembers and cares for his poor little ones; and who in his own time fills his hungry ones with good things —yea, with the choice dainties of his table,— so that their cup runs over! O! the tears of joy that were shed! May I never forget the renewed mercies of the Lord my God, while I have my being! The next day was our Monthly Meeting at Westminster, where were present some choice servants; through whose ministry the language of encouragement was held out to the little ones, but especially to those young in years, whose hearts the Lord had in measure melted into a willingness to be conformed to his holy will respecting them. O! the unutterable condescension of Him, whose mercies are new every morning! May the objects of his bounty be yet more and more mindful of him, and of his goodness; and be induced yet more fully and faithfully to give up to his requirings; to bring all the tithe into the Lord's treasury (as two dear Friends said in the meeting,) and prove him therewith, and see if He will not open the windows of heaven and pour them out a blessing, until there be no room to contain.

To E. J.

Isle of Wight, 30th Sixth month, 1818.

Dear Edmund,—I have felt so much dissipation of mind since I arrived here, as to unfit me for a calm enjoyment of the beauties of nature, so profusely mingled as they are here. The cares devolving upon me, not a little tend to lead away the mind from that "retired, strict, and watchful frame," (as I think William Penn calls it,) which seems to be the safest and most profitable state for me as an individual, and a soil most conducive to my present growth. I may truly say, that though I desire not to prescribe for any, otherwise than seems to be my especial duty; yet, I believe that few, very few there are, to whom an approach to unwatchfulness or levity is not dangerous—is not ensnaring. How often have I been in different degrees unfitted thereby for that sweet retirement of mind, which seems to be, as it were, the element and atmosphere of the true Friend. I think of you at your Quarterly Meeting this day. I long that the many Pharisees, who are in the formality, and obtrude their services and "much speaking" in meetings for discipline, and some even in those for worship, may be kept under; for assuredly, the wisdom that is from below, is at enmity with the pure lowly seed of the kingdom, and will do only mischief to the good cause; its nature and tendency being to exalt *itself*, whilst its pretension is, to forward the right thing. But the foolish things of the world, and the weak things, and the base things, are still preferred and chosen to confound the wise, and to bring to nought every thing else, but the power, the life, the wisdom, the nobility of the Truth. Paul, the learned Paul, the enlightened Paul, when he came from the feet of Gamaliel the Pharisee, and sat at the feet of Jesus, would not even speak in the words which man's wisdom taught; he came not with enticing words or excellency of speech, lest his hearers should admire him or his words rather than the power; and so their faith should stand in the wisdom of man, and not upon that foundation, than which no other can be laid, and besides which, Paul determined to know nothing,—even Christ, the wisdom and power of God.

Dear E——, thou knowest all this, yet I long that we both may keep to those things, which we have in mercy been made sensible of; that so we may be enabled to stand for the Truth and its simplicity, over all that which looks like Truth, but is not,—being only an image, which the enemy has patched up and

embellished, wherewith to deceive the simple; and he would have us worship this image, and highly esteem such as sacrifice to it. But Truth wants no ornaments nor paint,—none of the "vain philosophy" of the learned; the polite airs and customs which are in the world, she shrinks from and avoids: the studied maxims, and gathered wisdom, and logical conclusions, and distinctness of the schools, only clog and impede our growth in the Truth. O! how little of the innocence, and artlessness, and openness, and simplicity, and natural beauty of the Christian religion, is to be seen and felt thriving amongst us at this time! The state of our Society not a little reminds me of that of a large machine or mill, which was made skilfully, and set a going admirably, and went well at the first: and when one wheel broke, the master took it away and supplied its place; and when any part of the machinery was worn away through much service, the master took care the work should not suffer thereby, but raised up other instruments. But at length the dry rot or some terrible mischief gets in and spoils it, so that the sound parts can hardly act or work, because of the number of unsound members. In such case, surely the machine must undergo a thorough repair; surely every member of the body must come under and submit to the reforming and refining hand: even the sound parts must, as it were, be taken to pieces for the sake of the rest; that all may be re-established in their several places, and according to their different capacities, by the ordering of the great Workman, whose workmanship they are.

(To be continued.)

The more the thought of God's love enters our minds, the more will faith in happiness issue from our souls as a blessed flower. Happiness is the end of our being; it is the will of the Father. To each one of us are these words addressed: God loves thee; be happy! Listen to all the voices which speak to you of comfort; be attentive to all the words of peace. Seek, labor, pray—till you are able to utter, in quiet confidence, those words of the Psalmist:

"In peace I lay me down to rest;
No fears of evil haunt my breast:
In peace I sleep till dawn of day,
For God, *my* God, is near alway;
On Him, in faith, my cares I roll,—
He never sleeps who guards my soul."

God in the heart—this it is which adds zest to our enjoyments, sanctifies our affections, calms our griefs, and which, amidst the struggles, the sorrows, and the harrowing afflictions of life, suffers to rise from the heart to the countenance that sublime smile which can shine brightly even through tears.—*Naville.*

It is an essential feature of the new life that it makes him that heareth say, "Come."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TATTLING.

A wish overspreads my feeble faculties that I could elevate the standard of truth and frown down so low and grovelling a thing as tattling,—manufacturing, magnifying and bearing tales from one to another for mischief-making purposes.

Unbridle the tongue, unstring the bow of watchfulness, and a much greater snare cannot be thrown out to entangle and retard the growth of society. There are many notorious evils appearing more public and world-wide, destructive in their aspect; but the liberated and unrestricted member of speech is like the venomous serpent in his hidden coil, seeking to strike poison to the hearts of the unsuspecting.

Few have arrived to years of understanding who have not witnessed the home circle and blessed fireside made dreary and uninviting by one or more designing individuals, prompted with no higher aspiration than popularity or the desire to interest those around them, and entertain their guests with something new and strange. And the evil does not always stop here. Persons are spoken of in disrespect which some listener garners up for future opportunity to convey, magnified, to the injured party, and thus, from a few unguarded expressions, discord is sown from which incalculable mischief is the result. Like the small seed that germinates in the earth, it grows a tender plant. A tare is apparently harmless, but time extends its branches and develops its thorns, until it becomes a formidable nuisance, and causes much labor to exterminate it.

Milton, Ind. ISAAC L. WHITELEY.

THE RIGHT USE OF REASON.

The late Dr. Henry Ware, when asked by a parent to draw up some set rules for the government of children, replied by an anecdote:—"Dr. Hitchcock," he said, "was settled at Sandwich; and when he made his first exchange with the Plymouth minister, he must needs pass through the Plymouth woods—a nine miles wilderness, where travellers almost always got lost, and frequently came out at the point they started from. Dr. Hitchcock, on entering this much dreaded labyrinth, met an old woman, and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the woods so as to fetch up at Plymouth rather than Sandwich; 'Certainly,' she said, 'I will tell you all about it with the greatest pleasure. You will just keep right on till you get some ways into the woods, and you will come to a place where several roads branch off. Then you must stop and consider, and take the one *that seems to you most likely* to bring you out right.'" He did so, and came out right. Dr. W. added, "I have always followed the worthy and sen-

sible old ladies advice in bringing up my children. I do not think anybody can do better—at any rate, I cannot." Good common sense doubtless is often better than all set rules; but the thing is, to *have* it."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 22, 1866.

DETRACTION.—The remarks in relation to talebearing, by I. L. W., which will be found in another part of the paper, are worth considering. We are willing to hope, however, that the evil does not exist to the extent apprehended by the writer, and we trust that a disposition to dwell upon the faults and failings of our neighbors is giving place to a more intelligent and healthy social condition. One of the means best calculated to awaken a sense of the impropriety of indulging in a practice so deleterious, not only to the censured, but the censor, is the observance of the admonition of Jesus, "Take heed how you *hear*." This must necessarily give a check to that spirit which would say, "Report, and we will report." The care of Friends on this subject, in the organization of the Society, is manifested by the second Query, which is read and answered in our monthly meetings four times in the year. We are first queried with as to whether love and unity are maintained? Where this is the case, talebearing and detraction will be discouraged; for if love abounds, there is no room for hatred and malice.

The Apostle Paul testified that "all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And his counsel to the Galatians was, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou, also, be tempted." In thus remembering our own liability to err, we would feel no disposition to "speak evil one of another;" but would realize that the bridling of the tongue and the hallowing of the lip are attended with the same blessed results as of old, when it was said, "To him that ordereth his conversation *aright* will I show the salvation of God."

In the Epistle of James we read, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain."

We find by the above quotations, and many others which could be cited, that in past ages, as at the present time, the habit of "backbiting" was felt to be adverse to the spirit of love and charity, which is ever becoming the professors of Christianity. May we, therefore, be so watchful as to "refrain the tongue from evil, and the lips that they speak no guile," so that at all times our "conversation may be chaste, coupled with fear."

CONVERSATIONAL MEETING WITH REFERENCE TO THE DISCIPLINE AND TESTIMONIES OF FRIENDS.—These Meetings have been resumed, the present season, at Race Street Meeting-house in this city, where they are to be held on the second and fourth Fourth-day evenings of each month. The first meeting was held on the 14th instant, and was occupied in part with arranging the order of proceedings and appointing a Committee of Superintendence, after which the admirable letter of William Penn to his wife and children, written on the eve of his departure for his Province, was read and commented on. It was shown that the Freedom of Conscience and Equal Rights granted by Penn to his infant colony, which had not only been of incalculable advantage to successive generations of the people of Pennsylvania, but had spread to most of the States of the Union, grew out of his faithfulness to those convictions of duty which had made him a conspicuous example of piety and humility. His wise and loving counsel to his wife and children was commended to the young and old in our day, as worthy of their careful and serious consideration.

At the second meeting, on the 28th, the evening before "Thanksgiving day," our testimony "against the observance of days and times" was brought into view by reading the Discipline, under this head, with extracts from the writings of George Fox, William Tuke, Robert Barclay and Jesse Kersey.

The testimony of Friends against the holiness of any one day more than another was held up as requiring faithful maintenance. The restrictions upon travel upon the first day of the week, when enforced upon any other ground than that of the "Ease of Creation," are in

conflict with the principles advocated by Friends in regard to days and times, and as a part of the system of religious restrictions devised and maintained by the clergy, should be conscientiously opposed.

Yet, while all agreed in denying the right of the priest or magistrate to impose any religious observances on the people, and the duty of Friends to guard against unwarranted interference with the civil and religious liberties which are our birthright, it was urged by some, that the custom was commendable of breaking in upon the daily toil with occasional holidays, in which social and domestic enjoyments were realized, tending to relieve the monotony of everyday life, and to brighten the chain of family affection. A fear was expressed by others, lest even this social observance of holidays might lower the standard which Friends have always endeavored to maintain.

At the third Meeting of the season, the consideration of our testimony to a free Gospel Ministry, which claimed attention last year, was continued. After the paragraphs upon the subject, in the Discipline, the Committee introduced the excellent treatise of our late esteemed friend, John Jackson, upon the Christian Ministry, from which a chapter was read.

The subject was continued for further consideration on the 27th instant.

MARRIED, on the 18th of Tenth month, 1866, in accordance with our order, BENJAMIN W. COLEMAN, a member of Byberry Monthly Meeting, to JANE BURTON, a member of Falls Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on the 1st of Eleventh month, 1866, at the groom's residence, Whitemarsh, Pa., under the care of Green Street Monthly Meeting, of which the bride is a member, ISAAC CONARD and SARAH AMBLER.

——, on the 28th of Eleventh month, 1866, at the residence of Abigail W. Ellis, Philadelphia, according to the order of Friends, WILMER ATKINSON, of Wilmington, Del., and ANNA ALLEN, a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting; daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth J. Allen.

——, on the 6th of Twelfth month, 1866, at the residence of Burtis Barber, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, under the care of Green Street Monthly Meeting, GEORGE W. JESSUP and ESTHER ANNA, daughter of the late Biddle Hancock.

——, on the 6th of Twelfth month, 1866, at Baltimore, with the approbation of Baltimore Monthly Meeting, JAMES F. BIRDSALL, of Harrison, Westchester Co., N. Y., to ANNA MARIA CORNELL, of the former place.

——, on the 13th of Twelfth month, 1866, at Lumberville, Bucks Co., Pa., according to the order of Friends, ISAIAH KENDERDINE and EMMA C. E. LIVEZEY, both members of Solebury Monthly Meeting, Pa.

DIED, on Fourth-day, the 5th inst., at his residence near Denton, Caroline Co., Md., SAMUEL DUNNING, in the 67th year of his age. This Friend had for many years been an Elder in the church. His steadfast support of our principles and testimonies, with his plain and straightforward manner of giving expression to his convictions of right and truth, were marked features of his character. Although his bodily powers were weakened by protracted disease, his mental perceptions remained undimmed, and he looked forward to his release with the assurance of a blessed immortality.

——, at the residence of his father, in Bedford Co., Pa., on the 23d of Eleventh month, 1866, of typhoid fever, ELIAKIM P. BLACKBURN, son of James Blackburn, in the 25th year of his age, a member of Dunning's Creek Monthly Meeting. He was a young man of excellent talents and good education, and above all was possessed of great moral worth, which made him an ornament to society, and enabled him to do much good in the neighborhood where he lived. Though stricken down in early manhood and at an age when there was much to bind him to this life, yet he was enabled to feel that "all was right."

——, on the 13th of Eighth month, 1866, RACHEL E. COX, wife of William Cox, and daughter of Jehu and Susan M. Price, in the 41st year of her age; a member of Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting, Iowa. For some weeks previous to her decease she had a presentiment of the approaching change, and was in a sweet and resigned state of mind.

——, on the 21st of Eleventh month, 1866, from injuries received by being thrown from a horse, SAMUEL SHARPLESS, aged 81, of Middletown, Delaware County.

——, on the 10th inst., MERRIT CANBY, in the 80th year of his age; a member of Wilmington Monthly Meeting, Del.

——, on the 11th inst., in Philadelphia, JAMES MORGAN, in his 52d year.

——, on the 11th inst., ABRAHAM LOWER, Sr., in his 53d year.

For the Children.

COVERING OF ANIMALS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

The skin of man is his covering. It covers up, like a case, all the machinery that I have told you is in his body—the bones, the muscles, the nerves, the arteries, the veins, &c. It keeps them from being injured. Besides this, how strangely should we look if there were no skin to cover up these parts from view.

The skin fits very nicely all parts of the body. On the hands it is like a glove. See how well it fits. But, observe that there are some places where it is quite loose, and full of wrinkles. It is so between the thumb and forefinger, and around the joints of the fingers. In these places, it would not do to have it fit tight, because if it did, you could not move your thumb and fingers as freely as you do.

But the covering of man's body is different from that of other animals. It is, for the most part, bare skin, while most animals have either hair or feathers, or scales, or hard plates like armor, or shells. Why is it that man has a covering that protects him so much less than animals generally are protected by their cover-

ings? It is because he knows how to make such a covering as he needs to put over his skin. He can suit this to the degree of heat or cold. But animals know nothing about this. No one ever saw an animal make clothes and put them on. The Creator has given to each animal such covering or clothes as it needs, ready made.

Animals in very cold climates need a very warm covering. They therefore have a thick fur. But animals that live in warm countries have rather thin hair, instead of fur. The elephant has very little hair, and it is only with the greatest care that he can be made to live through our cold winters. The same is true of the monkey. If these animals had a good covering of fur on their skins the cold would not effect them in this way.

The hair of the horse is rather thin. It is not like fur; and if the horse's master is kind, he is very careful to put a good blanket on him whenever the cold makes it necessary. If he did not, the horse would get chilled, and take cold. The horse is not a native of cold countries, but of such warm countries as South America and Arabia. There horses run wild and are always in large companies or herds.

You know how thick the fur is on the cat. You can see how fine it is, and how thickly the hairs stand together, if you blow on it so as to separate the hairs. With this warm coat on her, she does not mind the cold much. You see her often in cold weather, out doors, with her feet gathered up under her to keep them warm. The monkey with his thin hair could not do so. He has to be kept in a warm place during winter. The covering of birds, while it is such as to keep them warm, is very light. If it were not so, they could not fly as well as they do. Feathers are so light, that when we wish to speak of anything as being very light, we say it is as light as a feather. The down feathers on the breast of birds are especially light. The feathers of the wings are different. They are made strong, for the work of flying, and at the same time they are quite light.

Birds that go much into the water have an oil about their feathers, which keeps them from being soaked; for this reason, a duck, when it comes out of the water, is almost as dry as before it went in. But if a hen should go into the water in the same way, she would be wet through her feathers to her skin. She was not made to go into the water, and so has neither the oily feathers, nor the webbed feet, which are given to the duck.

Why is it that fishes have scales? It is because they need a smooth covering in order to get along easily in the water; a covering which is rough, or which would soak in water, would be bad for them. The scales, you know, lap over one upon another; they make quite a firm coat, and at the same time do not hinder the bending motions of the fish. If the same covering was all in one, instead of being made up of many scales, it could not bend as easily as it now does in turning its course in the water. The scales are kept oiled, and this helps the fish to glide along swiftly. It is this that makes the fish so slippery, that it is difficult to hold it in its struggles when it is first taken out of the water.

I have told you in another chapter about the coverings of such animals as lobsters and crabs. There is one kind of crab called the hermit crab, that has no covering over his tail, as he has over the other part of his body. It is, therefore, very liable to be injured, unless it is guarded in some way. And how do you think he guards it? He just puts it into some shell that he finds, and then goes about dragging it after him. As he grows, the tail becomes too large for the shell, and as soon as he feels the shell beginning to pinch, he pulls his tail out, and goes in search of another shell. It is amusing to see him try one after another, till he finds one that fits well. Sometimes, two of these crabs come to the same shell, and then they have a fight about it; very foolish must a crab feel when he has driven another one off, and finds, after all, that the shell he has been fighting for does not fit his tail.

At the dedication of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, the children of the Public Schools of that city assembled, twenty thousand in number, to pay respect to the munificent founder, George W. Peabody. When all had passed in review, and were massed in the vast space in and around the building, he delivered the following address:

When I arrived in Baltimore on Wednesday, my dear young friends, I did not expect to meet you thus, but finding by a visit from your School Commissioners' Board that such was your desire, I concluded to meet you, even should it be necessary to postpone my departure from Baltimore beyond the time originally fixed. And I take to myself no credit for doing so, for I assure you that my desire to see you is as strong as yours can possibly be to see me; and never have I seen a more beautiful sight than this vast collection of interesting children. The review of the finest army, with soldiers clothed in brilliant uniforms and attended by the most delightful strains of martial music, could never give me one-half the pleasure that it does to look upon you here, with your bright and happy faces; for the sight of such an army as I have spoken of would be

associated with thoughts of bloodshed and human suffering—of strife and violence; but I may well compare you, on the other hand, to an army of Peace; and your mission on earth is not to destroy your fellow-creatures, but to be a blessing to them, and your path, when you go out from these Public Schools, is to be marked not by ravages and desolation, but, I trust, by kindly words and actions, and by good will to all you meet.

With such an assemblage as this, therefore, I am glad to have my name associated, as I see that it is, by the badges worn by many of you; and I shall feel it to be a very great honor if the medals thus bearing my name shall continue, as I am informed they have heretofore done, to prove incentives to application, diligence, and good conduct, and I shall ever take a sincere interest in those to whom they are awarded.

There is another relation in which I look upon you, and that is as the future guardians of the Institute from which I speak to you, for in a few short years you will have left the places you now occupy, and, taking the positions of those now in active life, will have the care and enjoy the privileges of this Institution; and I hope most earnestly that it may be the means of all the good to you that was contemplated in its foundation, and that you on your part may see that it is carried on always with kind feeling and harmony. And so I trust, my dear young friends, that in passing by this edifice, young though you are now, you will feel, in looking upon it, not that it is one for grown-up men and women, and with which you have no concern, but that it is yours also that you will at no distant day have a right in it as your heritage, and so you will, even now, in your tender years, take an interest in it, and in all the things connected with it.

I have now but little advice to give you, for I am sure that your parents and your teachers have bestowed, and always will bestow, upon you the kindest and most earnest counsel. But, I would say, attend closely to your studies, and remember that your close attention to them is a thousand times more important to you than your teachers. Bear in mind that the time of your studies, though it may now appear long to you, is in reality very brief, and at a future day, when it is perhaps too late, you yourself will feel that it is so. Do not be ashamed to ask advice and take counsel from those older than yourselves; the time will come when you in your turn may advise those younger than you, and who will follow in your footsteps. Strive always to imitate the good example of others.

I am glad that your assemblage is in this most interesting place, for I hope that your future recollections of this occasion may be connected with the thought of him whose statute crowns yonder beautiful monument—the illustrious Father of his country, and that you may be induced to take him more and more for your model, for he, pre-eminently great among men, was also great and good in his boyhood and youth. As time has passed, it has rendered eulogy of him as superfluous as if we were to praise the sun for its brightness, and it is as the most perfect example for imitation the world has seen that we must look upon the character of Washington. Remember, then, his youthful life, the instances—too familiar to need repeating by me—of his truthfulness, his self-denial, his integrity, his perseverance, his reverence for age, his affection for his parents and his fear of God. Finally, strive always to act as if the eye of your Heavenly Father were upon you, and if you do this, His countenance will always smile upon you. I fear, my young friends, this is the last time I shall ever speak to you. I therefore bid you farewell. God bless you all.

LOVE.

BY J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

True love is but an humble, low born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen-ware;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content:
A simple, fire-side thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home;
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth,
In bleak November, and with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
And hath its will through blissful gentleness,—
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirrs suddenly up, then bursts and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazèd eyes;
A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes, like needle points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness;
A love that shall be new and fresh each hour,
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest *now*;
A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,
But faces Truth and Beauty as their peer,
Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
By a clear sense of inward nobleness,
A love that in its object findeth not
All grace and beauty, and enough to sate
Its thirst of blessing, but in all it sees of good
Found there, it sees but Heaven-granted types
Of good and beauty in the soul of man,
And traces in the simplest heart that beats,
A family-likeness to its chosen one,

That claims of it the rights of brotherhood.
For Love is blind but with the fleshly eye,
That so its inner sight may be more clear;
And outward shows of beauty only so
Are needful at the first, as is a hand
To guide and to uphold an infant's steps:
Great spirits need them not; their earnest look
Pierces the body's mask of thin disguise,
And beauty ever is to them revealed,
Behind the unshapeliest, meanest lump of clay,
With arms outstretched and eager face ablaze,
Yearning to be but understood and loved.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.)

(Concluded from page 654.)

After many weary hours of anxious looking we at last saw the sky in the east lighten up a little. We at first thought it to be daylight breaking, but it proved to be the moon rising. It was then about four o'clock. Daniels was now steering; he relieved King for about three hours, when of a sudden the lights of a distant ship were seen. We watched her intently for a short time, and discovered she was nearing us. Presently she was abreast of us, and only a short distance off. We dare not row towards her, the sea would not permit that. The order was then given for all to sing out at once, and lustily we obeyed; it must have sounded terrible to those on board the vessel—our voices above the roar of the sea and wind. We soon had the gratification of knowing that they had heard us, and were putting the vessel about to run for us. We could now see her—a small vessel of two masts. She ran across our bow, a short distance ahead of us. We could see her, but they could not see us. They were evidently looking for us, and we bellowed as loud as we could. We also tried to light matches, but they had got wet. We could see the ship run first to one side, then across to the other. Then a squall would come, and she would be hid from view; when it passed we would see her again, perhaps in another direction; on which there was another cheer and another cry. Presently we could see they had lost the run of us; and how tantalizing that was when we were within three minutes' row of her, and dare not deviate from our course. Now we could only see her occasionally through the gloom when we rose to the top of a wave. At last she was out of sight; all hopes of safety from her were now gone. It affected the spirits of all. We were beginning to suffer from cold, exposure, and thirst. The latter I felt the most; when baling, could scarcely resist the temptation of putting the dipper to my mouth. When we could see the vessel no more, we decided upon not going any faster than we could help, hoping to see her when daylight came in: which did happen at last—in hail and rain. Then the sun shone out for a few minutes; we scanned the horizon, but could see nothing. By the sun we judged we were making the course that Captain Martin had given us, and had a strong idea that we were within forty miles of the French coast. It was just as well we did not know our actual position. When picked up an hour or two after, we were then 140 miles from land.

Again the cry was raised, "Ship in sight!" We could just see her off on the port-quarter, apparently making towards us. Presently we sighted another, more in our track, on the starboard bow, but at a great distance. We could only see the tops of the masts, like three fingers above the water. Hope revived again; we were in the track of vessels, and rejoiced to find there were some still floating.

On we went for half an hour, with occasional sunshine, then a shower and squall, the sea still rough, the same constant attention required always. Those on the lookout reported that the vessel was not getting any nearer to us. Some proposed to King, who was now steering, to put about to run for her. He strongly objected: saying the boat would surely swamp in going around; and then we had a good distance to row, nearly to windward, before reaching the vessel. The men by this time were getting impatient, and willing to risk a good deal to bring this boating trip to a termination. My only fear was that they would end it too abruptly in trying to reach a vessel. They were also getting irritable; there was not that friendly feeling as existed at first—would answer each other sharply. Of course this was owing to exposure and want: all were complaining of thirst. There were a left in the boat; we now got to eating them, and few raw vegetables that by chance had been found them a great relief. By this time, say 9 A. M. (Friday, 12th), a dispute arose; words were running pretty high as to the advisability of putting round to run for this vessel on the port-quarter. One who was holding the signal of distress (a shirt on an oar), said to King, at the rudder, "If you don't put her about, I will put this oar through the bottom." I was beginning to feel frightened. Of course every allowance must be made for a man under these trying circumstances. I myself do not entertain any ill-feeling towards him whatever for his threat. Immediately somebody proposed that we should run for the vessel on our starboard bow, not so much with the hopes of reaching her, as to prevent the boat being put round. I seconded the proposition by saying that it was certainly the best plan; that if we should miss her, we would still be making our course good to land; that it was not more than forty miles off, and by keeping on we would sight it before night; that it was early in the day, and most likely we should see other vessels; that we were in the track of them, we having seen four already was proof. The proposition

was then put and carried in parliamentary style, though some of the language used might not be considered parliamentary. The oars were doubly manned, the course of the boat slightly altered. Soon everything was going pleasantly, and all seemed well satisfied with the new arrangement: all they wanted was to be going towards some vessel. The sun at that time was shining, and our little craft sped along bravely. She quite astonished the most sanguine,—everybody expressing great affection for her. The man on the lookout, the only one allowed to stand up, and who was also supporting the oar with the signal of distress, reported that we were nearing the ship. Still great caution was required to manage the boat. The vessel not being directly in our track, we of course had to make good a few points to the wind; and this is where the difficulty was. Whenever an opportunity offered, we would steer to windward of the vessel, knowing we could make leeway at any time. Whenever a crested wave was seen coming, then would be heard, "Look out, King, here is one;" when round would come the boat. We would turn tail and run with it until it had passed, when up she would come again to windward of the vessel. In the course of half-an-hour we were getting pretty near her. Soon we could see her hull, and when within half-a mile of her, we were rejoiced to find that they had got sight of us, by their taking in some sails, and bearing away to run for us. We then intended to run up to windward, and come round under her lee. Just at that moment there was seen a terrific squall, with its high walls of white foam coming down fast upon us, as if to totally annihilate us just at the moment that succor was at hand. In a few minutes we would be up abreast of the vessel. But on came the gale. Of course we had to turn and run with it. By the next two or three minutes we found ourselves right down to leeward, and being carried fast away from the ship. Our great fear now was that we would be shut out from sight of each other. Many then sung out to King to put about, and some not to. He said, "She will certainly fill, if I do; and I will not; and don't you see them running for us." And so they were, and hallooing, and directing with their hands in the wildest state of excitement, which very much bothered us, and tended to increase our embarrassment. I suppose they were trying to make us understand to run on with the wind, and they would follow. After the first shock of the gale had passed, the boat was partly brought round, but in doing so we had a narrow escape from being swamped, as she shipped a heavy sea. In a few minutes we were running up to the stern of the vessel (a barque of about 400 tons), when a line was thrown to it with remarkable accuracy. It was caught; soon a rope followed; and we were at last by the side of the barque. She had come round to the wind, was rolling very much, and we were thumping against her side by the main chains. All order now was broken through—each one grasping hold of anything he could lay hands on, and scrambling up, some assisted by those in the vessel. I saw directly before me two iron bolts by which the main rigging was secured; they looked very tempting; I sprang and caught hold of them; at that moment the boat was taken from under me by the roll of the vessel, and I was left hanging by my hands. I could see others on each side of me; in a moment up rose the sea and boat again lifting us up, when I caught another hold, and was soon on to the rail. All were out of the boat but one,—he had hurt himself the day before, and was not able to get up: a rope was got over, and he was drawn up. How thankful I felt to be once more in safety, and with a prospect of having plenty to eat and drink! The ship was Italian. We were kindly welcomed by the captain, who was serving out Geneva when I got aft. He was a fine jolly and burly old fellow, with a most benevolent countenance, and with his crew were doing their best to assist for our comfort; only we could not understand each other. It was now about 10 A. M., and we had been about twenty hours in the boat. In a short space of time we were all arrayed in warm dry clothing, and in possession of the captain's cabin; they soon got us warm tea and biscuit, and we saw preparations for something more substantial; some fowls were killed, which were served up in the evening in the shape of a stew. After the first meal was over, we then began to move about—to learn something of our preservers, and whereabouts we were. She was an Italian barque and crew of Genoa, bound from the Mediterranean, laden with wheat, to call at Cork for orders: her name was *Marianopolis*, Captain Gion Batta Cavassa. Her position this day at noon, N. lat. 45° 54′, W. long. 7° 13′, Greenwich meridian. She had experienced pretty heavy weather, and had been obliged some time previous to throw overboard some of her cargo, but at this time was safe, dry, and snug. We now felt very comfortable, and quite at home. We could talk freely, and began to realize more fully the dreadful catastrophe we had witnessed. It appeared more terrible to us now than at the time, or during the night, as our own safety then was very doubtful. In the afternoon I laid down and had a sleep, and a troubled sleep it was. I passed through all the horrors of another shipwreck. And for many nights after, and I may say many weeks after, I had to go through the same ordeal. At night, I can't say we went to bed: most of us lay down on the

wheat, which was loose in bulk, and covered ourselves with sails, and felt very comfortable: such a happy change from last night.

The next morning we found ourselves all very sore, particularly our hands. Having sat so long in one position, our knees and legs got stiff, and some could barely manage to crawl about. The weather was still boisterous. About noon we had quite an alarm. The rudder-head was carried away, and of course the vessel became unmanageable; the seas thumping against her sides most unmercifully. We had a carpenter in our party; and he and some of the others rendered the Italians great assistance. In the course of half-an-hour all was secure again. The day passed and another night came. Next morning (Sunday) we found the weather still unpleasant—wind unfavorable—with no prospect of getting to land that day. We were now getting uneasy, longing to see land again. The captain gave us to understand that he could not land us at Brest; but would go on to Falmouth, which was just as agreeable to us as the former place.

So another, the third night came, and we really hoped that we would get on to land to-morrow. When it came, which was now Monday, it was fine, with a fair wind. We were now in the English Channel. About 10 A. M., sighted land—the Scillys or Land's End. How rejoiced we were once more to behold it! We were now all alive and happy with the thoughts of being on shore at night. During the afternoon were anxiously looking out in hopes a pilot would be got to take us in. Evening came and none was to be seen. The wind increased, and we were in doubt if we would get in before night after all. The two Lizard lights bore nearly ahead of us, and we running towards land. About 10 P. M., the vessel was put about to stand off for the night, and by twelve o'clock the wind had increased to nearly a gale, blowing dead on shore. The captain with his crew on deck all the time, apparently very anxious; we could not communicate our fears, or learn anything of our state. They were continually singing out and directing; and we not understanding them, rather tended to increase our fears.

But our little barque held her own. Between three and four in the morning, she was put about to run slowly to the land. The day broke with a fog; soon it rose, and then was to be seen the land close by, and we running along, with Falmouth harbor fair before us. Three cheers for our captain! We ran in and dropped anchor. Shortly after, an agent or interpreter came on board. Our history was made known to him. When he returned to the shore he took three of us with him, including the chief engineer, who then made his report, and the news was soon telegraphed to London. I could scarcely believe my good fortune when looking back to five or six days ago; then it appeared too much to expect—and now that I was commencing a new existence. On Wednesday night, on board the *London*, there seemed to be so little possibility of any ever being saved, much less me; and I so fully expected to meet death.

We had to remain on board a few hours until noon, when a steam-tug came alongside. The captain took us on shore, we said good-by to our Italian preservers, and with many cheers for them we parted. I need not carry the history of the adventure any further; but am pleased to add that when the facts were made known to the Board of Trade of London, a gold chronometer, with a suitable inscription, was awarded to Captain Cavassa for his noble and humane conduct towards us.

OLD AND NEW STYLE.

The ancients had various methods of computing time. The most enlightened determined the length of the year by the amount of time taken by the earth in its periodical passage around the sun, calling the period thus adopted as the unit of measure of time a solar year, and divided the year thus obtained into months according nearly with the orbital motion of the moon. A revolution of the earth on its axis has universally served as the basis of all measures of time, and it is the only measure of a day.

Twelve lunar months are not enough for the exact solar year, and thirteen are too many; 365 days are also too few, and 366 exceed the true year. These facts were noticed by Julius Cæsar, who, considering 365 days and 6 hours to be the true length of a year, corrected the error in the calendar somewhat by constituting every fourth year to consist of 366 days, and the intermediate years of 365 days each. The long or leap years, which had an intercalary day each, were always known by being exact multiples of four. This calendar has been generally designated as the Julian, and the mode of reckoning time by it is now called the old style.

As the Julian calendar made the year about eleven minutes too long, an error of ten days was produced in the calendar during the period that intervened between the time of the Council of Nice, in the year 325, and the time of Pope Gregory XIII., who was advanced to the papal chair in 1572. On this account Gregory undertook a reformation of the calendar, which he effected in 1582, and which was almost immediately adopted in countries where papacy prevailed. In order to obviate the error which had arisen, it was ordained that the year 1582 should consist of 355 days only, and that ten days, between the 4th and 15th of October, should be thrown out of the calendar

of that year; and also, to prevent further irregularity, that no year terminating a century should be bissextile, excepting each fourth of such years. Three days are thus retrenched in every four hundred years, because the lapse of eleven minutes for every year makes very nearly three days in that period; leaving an error of one day only in about 5200 years. The alteration caused by this reformation produced what is commonly called the Gregorian Calendar, and the mode of reckoning time called the Roman or new style.

It will assist the memory by observing that when a year ending with 00 is divisible by 400 without a remainder, it is leap year; and when there is a remainder, the year consists of 365 days only. All other years in the century divisible by 4 are likewise leap years, and consequently have two letters in the Dominical Tables, the first being for January and February, and the second for the other months of the year. All years which are not leap years begin and end with the same day of the week, and consequently each successive year commences one day later in the week, except leap year, when the difference is two days.

The new style of reckoning time was not adopted in Great Britain and its colonies until 1752, when the necessary correction, for obvious reasons, had increased one more day. From the time of the Gregorian reformation of the calendar, in 1582, to the year 1699, inclusive, the difference of style was ten days; but, as the year 1700 became a common year, instead of being a leap year, by a provision of new style, containing only 366 days by the old style, the difference became eleven days. In reducing this error, it became necessary to take eleven days from the calendar, which was effected by calling the 3d day of September the 14th. The difference of the number of days requisite in different centuries for reducing old style to new has been the cause of many mistakes, it not being noticed that the dates of events happening in different centuries require amounts of correction respective of the time of their occurrence. For example. The Pilgrim Fathers of New England selected Plymouth as their place of residence on Monday the 11th day of December, 1620, old style; which corresponds in new style with Monday, December 21, 1620, and not with December 22, as was erroneously adopted at Plymouth in 1765, at the first celebration of that event. This error arose by adopting the correction of eleven days, the proper correction for events occurring between the years 1699 and 1800, it not being considered that this event happened in the previous century, when ten days only were required.

The old age of a good man is the evening of a fine day, affording an opportunity of the most serene and pure enjoyments. If clouds arise, they are generated from earth. The sun maintains a steady lustre, and, let it be observed with joy and thankfulness, its radiance wonderfully expands at the close of the day.—*Harrison's Adversaria.*

DEATH OF A COLORED LAWYER.

Mr. John S. Rock, of Boston, died in that city on Monday, from consumption. Mr. Rock was a colored man, a perfect gentleman, a ripe scholar, and a consistent Christian. Three years since he was admitted to practice at the bar of the Supreme Court at Washington. He contributed several brief essays, which were published, on national affairs, in reference to the "prescribed race," in which was exhibited a high order of talent, both in the choice of language and the depth of reasoning powers. Mr. Rock married a daughter of the late John Bowers, of Philadelphia, and with his wife he removed to Boston. The climate there did not agree with her, and she fell a victim to consumption, and departed this life in March last. Mr. Rock's health also gave way from the same cause, and he was obliged to relinquish a large and growing practice. He had already made his mark as a lawyer, and justly won the esteem of that large class of intelligent people of Boston who have more regard for culture than color. In his intercourse with mankind he was ever courteous, and in his last hours, when about to enter the dark valley of the shadow of death, its gloom seemed to be dissipated by the never-failing light of Christianity, which had guided him through an eventful and a well-spent life.—*The Press.*

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$110.00
" Friends and others, Byberry, Pa.	60.00
" A Friend, Cecil, Md.	10.00
" A Friend, Camden, Del.	10.00
" Estate of J. D. Thurston,	50.00
" M. M. Lewis, Huntsville, Ind.	3.00
	$243.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 12th mo. 15th, 1866.

ITEMS.

The French troops commenced the evacuation of Rome on the 4th inst. On the 6th the officers of the French army of occupation took formal leave of the Pope at the Vatican.

The anticipated troubles consequent on the withdrawal of the French troops have not occurred. The city is tranquil. The idea that the Pope has an intention of leaving the city is universally abandoned.

The French Government has notified Secretary Seward that all the French troops will leave Mexico in the Third month next.

The Government of Prussia is about to send en-

voys to Vienna. Now that peace has come, there is a determination on the part of both Austria and Prussia to renew their commercial relations. Negotiations to that end will be immediately opened by the envoy.

A large delegation from the Northwest tribes of Indians are to be sent as a contribution from the United States to the Exposition. The Indian Bureau and Colonel Rowland, the Commissioner of the Northwestern States and Territories, have extended every facility in their collections. Henry C. Jarrett will take the management of the party. They will carry with them their various costumes, wigwams, war and agricultural implements, and will form the only contribution from the United States to the tenth group within the limits of the Exposition. They will leave New York about the 10th of Third month. The Imperial Commission has made the most urgent requests to our Government that there should be such a representation of our aborigines.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, a memorial urging the expediency of employing a portion of the navy in surveying the bed of the Atlantic, with a view of laying telegraph cables between the United States and Europe, was referred. A memorial of silk manufacturers was presented, asking for a higher tariff on imported silks. The bill for the admission of Nebraska was reported, with a favorable recommendation, was discussed at length, and then was laid over. A bill for the admission of Colorado was introduced and referred. A resolution was referred providing for the publication of a volume containing the colonial charters and various State constitutions of each State of the United States, together with all amendments at any time in force, the whole to be arranged by States. The deficiency bill from the House was concurred in with the amendments. A report was made favoring the printing of the Land Commissioner's report in French, Swedish and German, for distribution at the Paris Exposition. The bill to regulate the franchise in the District of Columbia, giving the right of voting to all males over 21 years old, not convicted of crime, without distinction of color, except paupers, and persons under guardianship, and those who voluntarily left the District to aid the rebellion, was several times under discussion; various amendments were offered and rejected. The bill finally passed.

HOUSE.—The Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to inquire into the propriety of reducing or abolishing the internal revenue tax on manufactures. The bill to fix the times for the regular meeting of Congress, on the 4th day of 3d mo. in each year, was taken up and passed. A resolution was adopted instructing the Post Office Committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Southern overland mail from San Francisco to Memphis, Tennessee. A bill was introduced ordering the collection of the unpaid taxes in the insurrectionary districts, with the penalty and interest. Referred. A bill was introduced for the establishment of civil government in North Carolina, to enable it to resume its former relations as a State of the American Union. Referred to the Committee on Territories. A bill was introduced for the construction of a telegraph line from Washington to Boston, to be under the control of the Post Office Department. Another bill was introduced, for the Construction of a Government telegraph from Washington to New York. Both were referred to the Post Office Committee. A bill was introduced providing territorial governments for the districts lately in rebellion. It confers suffrage without respect to color, and disfranchises those engaged in the rebellion. The Senate amendments to the deficiency bill were concurred in. The Senate bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was passed—yeas 118, nays 46.

THE FREEDMEN.—Great suffering and destitution are said to prevail at Chattanooga. One negro was found who had no other clothing than the cape of an old overcoat wrapped about his loins, and a bed-ridden freedman was discovered lying under an old blanket, naked and helpless. In East Tennessee, Gen. Lewis, commissioner of the Bureau, reports the freedman as generally prosperous and living on terms of amity with their employers. Colored schools are rapidly increasing, and the freedmen are everywhere manifesting a craving desire for education.

The Georgia Legislature adjourned on the 14th instant. The sentiments of the members of both Houses were decidedly in favor of a territorial government rather than the acceptance of the constitutional amendment, or similar terms.

A FEMALE of experience desires a situation in a public or family school. Can give good references. Address
wm22? tf TEACHER, New Port, Delaware.

SPURGEON ON GEORGE FOX.—An address before Friends' Institute, in London, by C. H. Spurgeon. Price ten cents per copy, or $5.00 per 100. Just published and for sale by
12mz tf HENRY LONGSTRETH.

SITUATION WANTED.—The advertiser, a member of the Society of Friends, desires a situation as HOUSEKEEPER in a Friend's family. Name, address and reference left at the office of Friends' Intelligencer. 1215 3 T P

I HAVE on hand a good assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which I will make to order on reasonable terms, and in the best style; and solicit the patronage of my friends and the public generally. WM. HAWKINS,
1215 3tp 107 N. 4th St.

"JOSEPH FOULKE'S FRIENDS' ALMANACK" for 1867 now ready, by T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Nos. 17 and 19 S. 6th St., Philada. Sent by mail free—either the large or pocket one—upon receipt of 10 cents. 1215 4t

DISCIPLINE OF PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING, published by T. E. Chapman, No. 5 S. Fifth St. Sent by mail, 75 cts. 1284To.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, by Friends' Ceremony, published by T. E. Chapman, No. 5 S. Fifth St. Sent by mail, Blank, $5.00. Filled up in the neatest manner, $10.00.

FRIENDS' FAMILY AND POCKET ALMANAC, 1867, published by T. E. Chapman, No. 5 S. Fifth St. Sent by mail 10c.

APPLE PARERS, Preserving Kettles, Bread Slicers, Clothes Sprinklers, (for ironing,) Patent Flat-Iron Holders, Knife and Scissor Sharpeners, Expansion Brace Bitts, Clutch Braces, (require neither fitting or notching of bitts,) and a general variety of Hardware and Tools. For sale by TRUMAN & SHAW,
929. No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Third session of this Institution will commence on the 19th of 11th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 825t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N. J.

DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.—Always on hand, a large assortment of Domestic Dry Goods; Muslins of all kinds and of the best makes, both Bleached and Unbleached; Flannels of all grades White and Colored, Twilled and Plain; Calicoes, Ginghams, Check, Shirtings and Drillings, Bleached and Brown Table Linens, Towelings by the piece and by the yard. Men's and Boys' wear, a well assorted stock. EZEKIEL TYSON,
721 tfaxn. 1638 Market St., Philada.

THOS. M. SEEDS, HATTER, 41 N. 2d St. Always on hand, and made to order, a large assortment of Friends' Hats, as he makes a specialty of that part of the Hatting business.
428. 67, I&O.

WM. HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North Ninth Street.—A general assortment of ready-made Coffins, and every requisite for Funerals furnished.
Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 8466 I&O tf.

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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*
William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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We are indebted to a friend in England for the following Address from a Baptist minister in London. Many interesting points are embraced in it, but we do not endorse all the views expressed.

"GEORGE FOX."

An Address delivered to the Society of Friends, by C. H. SPURGEON, *in Devonshire House Meeting-house, Bishopsgate Street, London, on Third-day Evening, 11 month 6th, 1866. Charles Gilpin, Esq., M. P., in the Chair.*

Friends,—When first it was in my heart to address you, I did not at all suppose that it would be in the form of a lecture. I thought it possible, if God so ordered it, that I might have spoken to you for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, upon a spiritual subject which for two or three years has pressed very heavily upon my mind. It seemed to me that you, esteemed Friends, were a picked body of men, peculiarly set apart to be the advocates of spiritual religion, that you had suffered long for it, that your history had been highly honorable to yourselves in years past, that you still loved the spirituality of godliness, and were not to be bewitched by the formalism of this age; but I thought that your testimony was hardly loud enough; that though it was clear as a bell, it was not shrill as a clarion; and I hoped also that if God should put it into your hearts to permit me to say a few earnest words to you, there might be young men amongst you who might be stirred up to lift up their voice like a trumpet, to cry aloud and spare not, and to tell to this age its sins and iniquities.

This has not happened, but I have been asked to deliver a lecture instead, and the topic chosen is George Fox. Now, to lecture Friends upon George Fox is an extraordinary proposition, and I do not at present see that I was prudent in my choice. You must all of you know much more about that honored man than I could possibly tell you, and I can only say that if you do not you should, for his "Life" well repays the earnest student. It is a rich mine. Every page of it is precious as solid gold. Books now-a-days are hammered out, and you get but little metal in acres of leaf; but the "Journal" of George Fox contains ingots of gold, truths which require to be thought of month by month before you can get to the bottom of them. To talk to *you* about George Fox is bringing coals to Newcastle, and doing a work of supererogation, but nevertheless, as I am to do it—though it is not what I wanted to do—we must try to make a cross between what we wished and what is announced. We must have something like an address, and yet it must be a lecture; well then I should not wonder if it be most like a sermon after all. I have heard of a man, a Harp Alley sign painter, who was in the habit of painting red lions, and had painted so many red lions, that when one day an innkeeper asked him to paint an angel, he said, "Well, I will paint you an

angel, but it will be very much like a red lion.," So, this "lecture," as it is to be called, will be very like a sermon, and yet not altogether very widely apart from an address or a lecture. I am amongst those who bear the name of "Friends." I have no doubt that you will honestly wear that title to night, and that I shall find you friends in listening to what I want to say. If I should find any fault with you, you will remember that you did not ask me to come here to flatter you, and I know you do not desire that I should do so. If I say anything that is wrong, you will put it down to my ignorance of the matter; but, at all events, you will not suspect me of unfriendliness, for I have no object in standing here to night but, in the fear of the Lord, to say some things which, by the Holy Spirit's power, may be useful to this audience, to your Society, and to the world,

I shall not be expected to night to enter into the doctrinal opinions of George Fox. Many of you well know the opinions which I have set forth, and which I believe to be contained in God's Word; and you know also that these are very different from the theological teachings of George Fox. It would not be profitable to enter into controversy to night, nor are we at all in the frame of mind for it, and I shall not, therefore, introduce any discussion of the doctrinal teaching of George Fox. Indeed, doctrinal teaching does not appear to me to have been George Fox's *forte*. We have to look to his successors and his immediate disciples for a fuller and clearer laying down of the theological basis of your Society, than we find in Fox himself. I look upon George Fox rather as a practical than as a doctrinal man, and as experimentally carrying out in his own life the work of the Spirit of God rather than as being a creed-maker, or as fashioning formulæ or framing propositions to which any man might be required to subscribe. I suppose that Fox would object to your own creed. I have the notion that he would object to any creed, as a creed; and that even if he agreed to what was laid down, he would object to its being laid down at all; I think he would say, "No, these things may be true enough, but, lest by any means this creed should be used to bind another man's conscience, I will not agree to it; I believe it and receive it, but I will not subscribe to it, lest it should become, as all creeds do become in process of time, mere dead letters and instruments of tyranny.

Looking through George Fox's life, and viewing him as the great champion of purely spiritual worship, one is inclined to say, with William Penn, that his epitaph might well be, "Many sons have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all;" for though in his own age and in his own time there were many bright stars, yet there were some points in which George Fox outshone them all. There were some particular truths which it was given to him to feel more intensely and to set forth more vehemently and constantly than any other man of his own time, or than any other man since his time, more especially the great truth that religion is of the spirit, that it is an inward thing, and is not to be judged, and weighed, and acoounted of according to the externals of a man, but according to his inmost soul.

When George Fox appeared it was a singularly perilous age for true godliness, when a new band of witnesses must arise, or truth would be put to shame. Just as every year, early in the spring, you see the young buds appear, all green and vigorous, and then those young budlings swell until they burst into leaf and flower, but towards autumn begin to decay and fall, and other and younger buds follow them—so, very much has it been in the history of Christ's church in the world. There has blossomed in the church a body of spiritual men, full of vigor and freshness; these have endured a stern fight of afflictions, like the young buds in the early frosts of spring. They have borne it, they have grown under it, they have expanded, they have come to perfection, and there has been a delightful time of summer. But, alas! the decay of autumn has followed, and this vigor of godliness has declined, and another more spiritual band of men has followed them, pushed them off, and taken up their place. One band of men, fully spiritual, has for a time maintained the truth, but has then gradually declined through success; for so it is with human nature, that when we cease to be persecuted, when we get to feel that we are in easy circumstances, we lose the vigor of grace which we once possessed, and another and more faithful brotherhood takes our place. Perhaps it will always be so, and after one backsliding generation there will arise a more earnest people, and another, and yet another, until the end of the dispensation, so that God shall never lack a spiritual seed in the world, to keep alive vital godliness.

Now it so happened that the Puritans, who had been like the spring buds and had blossomed, were getting into the sere and yellow leaf; and the Independents, and Baptists, and other sects, who were at one time thoroughly and even remarkably spiritual, were growing worldly, political, and vainglorious; the evangelical professors had come to feel that they were numerous and powerful; they had an opportunity of grasping the carnal sword; they embraced that opportunity, and from that moment very many of them lost the spirtuality for which they had been eminent. The danger was lest the evangelical sects should quietly

settle down in one State Church, make a scramble for the good things of the Ecclesiastical Establishment, and preach each one after its own fashion, in the numbness of death rather than in the power of life. It did not quite come to that, but it did seem as if it would do so. The very men who were once most vehement for liberty when they were downtrodden, were ready to put down others when they had the opportunity, and those who had vindicated the spirituality of Christ's religion were about to fall into formalism as soon as they had the opportunity of escaping from the galling yoke of oppression and persecution. At that very moment God sent into the world George Fox, who must have been the most troublesome of men to those good easy souls who counted upon a quiet season of sleep. They had said, "Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many years." It was by the mouth of George Fox that God said to each one of them, "Thou fool!" Very soon declining professors found that another people would spring up to take their place, and that if they left the separated path and began to mingle with the world, and to war with carnal weapons, God would find another people who should stand alone and vindicate his truth against all comers. George Fox, it seems to me, was a blessing, not to you alone, but to the whole of Christendom. He was sent of God, not only with a view to this Society in after years, but to the Christian church at large of that time, and to the church of God in all times. I do believe that under God, directly and indirectly, perhaps more indirectly than directly, George Fox was the means of driving out from their nests those who were very willing to have feathered those nests well, and to have taken their rest. He stood up in the face of the Christian Church, and said to it, "No, thou shalt not do this! Thou shalt not conform thyself to the world; thou shalt not go into an unholy alliance with the State; there shall still be in the midst of thee a spiritual people who shall bear their protest that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and that religion standeth not in forms and ceremonies, but is a matter connected with the inner man, and is the work of God's Spirit in the heart." You will judge, therefore, what my idea of Fox is when I have said that I look upon him as having been sent from our heavenly Father upon the important mission of saving the Christian church at a particular juncture, when, through having obtained the possession of State power, and being much exercised with the brawls of rival creeds and contentions upon outward ceremonies, the inward power was declining, and the church was likely to become absorbed into the world, or to set up a dead formalism which is neither acceptable to God nor serviceable to man.

Now, who was this man whom God thus raised up? I cannot pretend to go through his life; besides, you know it all; but if one might put a finger on one of the most beautiful events of his life, one would single out *his conversion*. He had a godly mother, but yet he needed conversion. He was an excellent lad, naturally disposed to everything that was serious, not at all given to the usual vanities of youth, not undutiful, not likely to run into vice or even into ordinary follies; and yet the truth was applicable to him, "Ye must be born again." He was not exactly the kind of child that we would wish all our children to be, for a little of the natural sportiveness of youth, when it is not associated with sin, makes the family hearth happy, and the prattle of childdood we would not restrain. George was a special child, a prophet in his youth, a Moses acceptable with God, and strangely enough, his parents thought to put him into the priesthood of the Church of England. As Moses' supposed parents would have made *him* king of Egypt, who was to be Egypt's greatest plague: so Fox's parents would fain have made him a helper of the Established Church, who was to help to tread it under foot. But notwithstanding the gentleness of his disposition and the excellence of his deportment, like our own children he needed conversion, and that conversion, in God's grace, came. He has given us a very interesting account of how the Lord met with him in his solitary walks and musings; how sometimes in a hollow tree, or in the open fields, God was pleased to reveal to him the disease of his nature, to direct him to the precious blood of Jesus, and to lead him to put his trust where I hope we are all resting, where we must rest if we would enter heaven, upon the finished work of our dear Redeemer. He was terribly depressed and cast down, just as most of God's children are when first they arise and go to their Father. He was bewildered, perplexed and afflicted by those from whom he expected light and comfort. He tried to trust where you and I once looked in vain for succor, namely, in an arm of flesh and in carnal confidences. He went to the supposed ministers of Christ, and found them to be miserable comforters. Some of them may have been real ministers of Christ, but they were either in a bad humor or were not skilled in dealing with disordered minds; at all events, they were not able to meet the peculiarly deep and solemn exercises of this singular young man, whose "verilies" were as true as other men's oaths, and whose conscience was wounded by matters which were sport to less spiritual minds. He found one of these divines as hollow as an empty cask, and another told him to overcome his distress of mind by smoking tobacco and singing psalms. He obtained from a third what is most excellent ad-

vice to any young man who can afford it, the recommendation to get married; another bade him join the volunteers. "As he that poureth vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a sad heart." Poor remedies these for a distressed conscience! Alas for the physicians who prescribe tobacco smoke and bleeding as cures for a sin-sick soul! And yet what can the world do more for souls who are under the convincing power of God's Spirit. What remedies dost thou know of, poor blind world? Thou canst not open the eyes of thine own blind sons and daughters; how then canst thou lead the children of light in the way of peace? "One only hand, the pierced hand, can heal the sinner's woe." Fox, after going to one professor and another, inquiring as to this and that, at last found peace where we too found it, if we really have it, namely, from the love of the Lord Jesus.

(To be continued.)

Our life is but a passage to eternity; it ought therefore to be filled up with meditations on it and preparations for it. Who would not deny himself for a time that he may enjoy himself forever? Remember, you are at the door of eternity, and have better work to do than to trifle away time. Those hours which you spend in devotion, or in doing good, are the best of your time, and will have the sweetest influence on your last hour.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 663.)

To R. B.——tt.

Fifth Month 1st, 1818.

DEAR R.,—Bear with me, who am but a younger brother, if in a little of that love, which is ever ready to esteem another better than one's self, I should be bold to express to thee my opinion, that any contrivances to store and stock the memories of young persons with a literal knowledge respecting religious matters, cannot of themselves be productive of that true and living faith, which we as a people profess to seek an establishment in. I am in the full belief, that Scripture doctrines cannot be really, rightly, and savingly known and held by any, if they come not to have them written in their hearts; so that, though they may be ever so well initiated in something which looks like a perfect knowledge of these things,—though they may be able by the exertion of their natural understanding, and by dint of their memory, skilfully and readily to reply to those who may make inquiry of them,—though they may be wise as Apollos in the words of Scripture, and seem competent to explain and support our religious principles;—yet all this will avail nothing, if the wrong wisdom be uppermost in them, and sit as an angel of light, and rule and reign in their hearts; while the babe, the seed, the very Truth in them, is crushed and crucified. I desire therefore, that I myself and all others might be engaged in patiently waiting upon the Lord in the silence and subjection of the fleshly wisdom; that so, that disposition which would be setting us upon manufacturing for ourselves something to believe in, or to profess a belief in, might be starved and tired out: thus should we in the Lord's own time, be led into a true and saving knowledge of those truths which are needful for us to understand. I well remember what Robert Barclay's experience was, as described in that part of his *Apology* which treats of worship. He says, that he did not come to receive the Truth, by strength of argument, or by a particular disquisition of each doctrine, and convincement of his understanding thereby; but by being secretly reached by the life: "for," says he, "when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart; and as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised up: and so I became knit and united unto them, hungering more and more after the increase of this power and life, whereby I might feel myself perfectly redeemed. And indeed, this is the surest way to become a Christian; to whom afterwards the knowledge and understanding of principles will not be wanting, but will grow up so much as is needful, as the natural fruit of this good root; and such a knowledge will not be barren nor unfruitful. After this manner, we desire, therefore, all that come among us to be proselyted; knowing that though thousands should be convinced in their understandings of all the truths we maintain, yet if they were not sensible of this inward life, and their souls not changed from unrighteousness to righteousness, they could add nothing to us."

It seems a very truth with me that, though for good reasons we, as a people, account our children to be our members, yet no one can be rightly and truly our member, who comes into the fold by any other way than by the *door*, Christ Jesus; and that although we may do all for our dear youth which our wisdom is competent to do, in the way of religious instruction, yet nothing will supply the place of that earnest travail, that patient exercise of spirit on their account, which is indeed availing with our Heavenly Father, and which is much wanted among teachers and guardians amongst us. So that the line of our labor seems to me to be more in endeavoring to direct them to the fear of the Lord,—to engage them to self-examination,—to shew them the place of true waiting,—to point out to them where the Fountain is, where the treasure lies,—and to prevail with them to come, taste and see, the goodness

of the Lord, and what he hath in store for them that love and wait upon him.

Some may be disposed to lament over the little acquaintance, which young persons in our Society appear to have, with the reasons or grounds of our peculiar religious profession. No one, I am ready to think, laments it more than myself: but if such think to patch up a remedy by the adoption of those creeds, catechisms, and confessions of faith, which the worldly professors adopt, and have adopted (as I believe,) ever since the apostacy, and out of which Truth led our forefathers,—I lament this remedy, still more than the disease. Because, then we stand in danger of having a set of young formalists rise about us; whose heads are likely to be more filled with notions, than with that nothingness of self, which is as truly the introduction to all right knowledge on these subjects, as the other is a snare and stumbling-block in the way of it. I apprehend that the principal cause of the ignorance above adverted to of our religious principles, and of the reasons that may be rendered in support of them, is, not so much the want of having examined such books as have been written on these subjects, as of a serious seeking unto Him, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" who said, "Seek, and ye shall find,"—and whose promise of finding was, and is, only to the wrestling seed of Jacob, who, doing the will of the Father, know of the doctrine of the Son; and to whom it is given in the very hour of need, what they shall answer, and what they shall say in defence of the Truth.

It seems well for me, (though very sensible of my own state of childhood in religious growth,) here to state how I came to believe and receive the Truth, and the doctrines of it, as professed by us. When it pleased an unutterably merciful Power to pluck my feet out of the midst of mire and filth, and clearly to shew me what I was, and what I should be,—then there sprang in me living desires to know the way to the kingdom;—then it was that the enemy, as a transformed angel, took me into the wilderness of notional religion, and set me upon examining different systems of religious belief, in my own will, as well as upon judging of them by my own wisdom: and I compared doctrine with doctrine, text with text, and became, by diligent study, wise in notions, though truths in themselves; and the enemy made me strong in argument, and potent in Scripture. But how shall I speak of His goodness, who broke the net in which I was entangled, and delivered me from the snare; and who introduced me in measure into the saving knowledge of Himself, even that which is revealed, as in the cool of the day, by the still small voice. O! how plainly did I then see, that all which I had learned, read, held, and believed in my own will, was to be given up; how clearly did I see, that all knowledge, faith, obedience, but that which the Father was pleased to beget and raise in me in his own season, was good for nothing, and must be cast out as salt that hath no savour—as manna not fit for present use. And though I have read many books, which treat of and support our principles, believing that they are very comfortable and confirming to him who hath come to the fountain-head, whilst his mind is turned inward in reading them, and also useful in satisfying the simple-hearted inquirer, whose simplicity the Lord regards, and of service in stopping the mouth of gainsayers; yet to this very day, I dare not sit down and study Friends' opinions and principles, as a science, but find myself constrained to wait upon the Lord day by day, that so, as much strength, as much knowledge, as much satisfaction in regard to religious matters, as is best for me in my religious condition, may be handed to me. And in truth, this is the surest way, saith my very soul, from daily experience; for things have never been cleared up to my certain satisfaction in such a wonderful manner, as since I have been under this discipline of the cross to all selfish wisdom. O! the sweetness of being under the tuition of Him, who verily teacheth as never man taught.

I am thy affectionate friend,

J. B.

[In a letter to another Friend upon the same subject, he writes:]

——— As to religious instruction, it consists, if I mistake not, in bringing up children in that nurture and admonition which is of the Lord, as saith the Scripture. Now, how can any bring up children in the Lord's nurture and admonition—in the Lord's ordering in his counsel, direction and teaching. I say how can this be rightly and effectually done, except the parent or teacher *stand in this counsel himself*, and abide himself under this best direction? how can he be instrumental to instruct, help, and lead forward, if he be himself out of this counsel,—if he be not under the ordering of that which is meek and lowly in the heart of that pure principle, which is said to lead into all truth, as it is heeded, waited on, and submitted unto, in its simple silent instructions? How needful it is for a master or a parent to be brought to see that that which is to be known of God is manifested in man; and that there is no really knowing the things of God, but by His light and Spirit in the heart,—as said an eminent minister and messenger of the gospel, George Fox,—"no knowing the Son, nor the Father, but by the revelation of the Holy Spirit; no knowing the Scriptures but by the same Holy Ghost, that moved the holy men to

give them forth; no calling Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost; no true wisdom, but from above; no true receiving it, but in the fear of the Lord; no true understanding of spiritual things, but what Christ gives; and no true love to God, but what he sheddeth abroad in the heart."

I firmly believe, that as the deficiency complained of in our children, chiefly arises from a want of true living Christian concern in the minds of parents and masters for their religious welfare, so they ought not to be put upon, or to put themselves upon any contrivances, which best wisdom does not lead them into, and control them in the use of; but they must come to that, which alone can quicken and raise up in them a living concern for the religious welfare of their charge; and they must yield *themselves as obedient children* to its teachings. Thus will they come to know something of an establishment in the Truth, and a growth in living experience and substantial knowledge of the principles and precepts of the gospel, which is the *power* of God. Thus furnished, thus fitted to take the charge of youth, under a sense of duty, and above all inferior views, the master will be a blessing to his little ones. He will want no catechism to instruct them in, no creed to examine them by; he will not think of making them give confession of their faith; but His watchful eye will be continually over them for good, his patient exercise will be great on their account, his prayers will go up acceptably for them, not as a matter of habit, but as it is put into his heart by His heavenly *Master*, who knows what he has need of before he asks. Opportunities will often occur of giving them counsel or reproof, of opening and explaining the Scriptures of Truth, of informing them respecting our religious testimonies and principles; but above all, of directing them to turn and keep their minds inward towards God,—shewing them the place of true waiting, the source of true wisdom, and both by precept and *example*,—as was conspicuous among our early Friends. O! here is the truly religious instruction; a bringing up young people in the fear of the Lord, and in His new covenant of life; wherein it is said, all are to be taught of Him,—all are to know Him from the least to the greatest: and here is a building up in the true faith, of which the Lord, not man, is the author and the finisher.

Thy affectionate Friend,

J. B.

1818, *Tenth Month*, 11*th*.—I have of late put but little to paper by way of remark, as to the state of my mind, not having felt much freedom this way; yet I may here acknowledge, that the same Power, that hath all along helped and sustained me, is not, nor has been, wanting in the needful hour; of which the Lord is the best judge, and not I. My feeble cry is yet unto Him under all my discouragements and exercising seasons. The little lowly tender seed, which he had quickened, and in measure raised in me, doth still look unto its Parent for daily sustenance; His ear is ever open, unto the cry of His poor; and His eye of pity and compassion is still upon that birth which is of Him, to cherish and to care for it, and to provide all things needful. O! for the continuance of His Fatherly goodness, and for the renewed extension of His preserving arm of power around me; that so I may be restrained thereby from all hurt and harm through this vale of tears and temptations, and sustained by the same through all the depths of affliction, into which He may see it best for me to be plunged, for my purification and peace. My heart is much tendered and impressed, whilst writing these lines; for indeed, I am not able sufficiently to mention how good the Master is,—how worthy to be glorified, trusted in, obeyed, and loved, by all His servants and children.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"And he said unto me write, for these things are faithful and true."

Has not a voice that speaks as never man spake uttered a language like this, clear and plain, in the hearts of the talented, the learned, and the deeply experienced of our day? And why is it not listened to and obeyed? Why do not those scribes who have been instructed in the kingdom of heaven, bring from their treasuries things new and old,—laying before the people illustrations of those eternal and unchangable truths that are designed by God to shape the destinies of nations, and thus add a new link to the chain of experience brighter than aught that had gone before? As ages roll on, and as we yield to the calls of divine grace, will not the result be an increase of light from the most excellent glory, shining with effulgent brightness,—revealing the duties of men in this critical period of the nation's history, and the efficiency of a power omnipotent to save? It is high time to bring the candle from under the bed and bushel, and place it in its true position. Some may think such is the state of things that it will be of no use for *individuals* to try to effect a change. Let all such remember that if in the darkest night a traveller on the highway beholds but a glimmer from afar, and keeps his eye steadily fixed upon it, the nearer he verges towards it, the brighter it becomes; and at length, pursuing a direct course, he finds himself encircled with light in a safe place, with his difficulties all left behind him. Here may be comprehended a prophecy in Isaiah: "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light

of the sun sevenfold as the light of seven days." When the earth in her revolutions gets between the sun and the moon, an eclipse is inevitable,—so with our vain reasonings and questionings and endless endeavors to scan cause and effect. We become blind in our imagination, and bring a dense shadow between the soul and the eternal fountain of light and life.

God works by means, both in Church and State. Nations and societies are composed of individuals. Let none say, "Send by whom thou wilt send, but not by me: but rather say, here am I, send me," and go out willingly as ambassadors for the Prince of peace, with the language of *love* to the great family of mankind—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." S. H.

KEEP UP FAMILY TIES.

There is no respect in which our modern civilization is so wasteful as in failing to utilize family ties and connections. No one knows the wealth of experience that is utterly wasted by the separation in habits, feeling and society, of the aged from the young, and parents from children. The impatience of many young men to get away from home, and from the home circle, cuts *two* ways; it reflects on the parents for not having made the home life more attractive, and it still more augers ill for the future prospects of that impatient youth who longs to get away from the eye and from the heart of family ties and regard. It is still more dangerous for young women thus to long and to act against the counsels and wishes of the family head. No doubt it sometimes makes a youth strong to be thrown upon his own resources, and often outwardly both manly and successful; and where such steps are taken under the family and parental counsel, it is generally the best thing for giving self-dependence. But where there is already too much of that, it produces an impatience of control and immaturity that are certain to produce an after-weakness and crudity in the plans of life rarely recovered from, and which family counsels would have supplied. Comte, the great French philosopher, comes round to the Chinese idea, which is the most ancient, that the *family* is the center and essence of all civilization. Naturally, a youth should be a member of his own home circle till prepared to go out from it with the full parental blessings, to form the germ of a new and independent family. All the artificial arrangements of boarding, and especially of young men or young women leaving their homes and clubbing together without family ties and restraints, are dangerous and mischievous, because a deviation from the great laws of nature. They may and should be remedied in part as circumstances allow, but the closer to nature the nearer to right.

The company of one's own family is a thing that nothing can quite supply the place of. No doubt other company is good, too, at times. Even a lively and pretty cousin will make a young man spruce up and put on his best manners as a sister cannot. But for a constancy, a sister and the company of the home circle, where the character and habits of all are known, is safer and happier for a young man than any other. It saves from dissipation and bad but fascinating company—from extravagance in dress, which is now the ruin of thousands of both sexes. There is a purity, a moderation, and a character about the home circle that would save thousands of our smartest young men from lives of dissipation and early graves, of ruin and dishonor. Besides, it preserves the life of the old. Parents, whose children have gone from them, feel that they have nothing to live for. No society is like that of their own children; no interests bind them to life so much as watching for the prosperity of their family, and advising and blessing the plans of the young with the experience and assistance of aged wisdom and the weight of influence.

The business experience of the aged brings with it a double security and honor to the young. It is a great thing to be the architect of one's own fortune. But it is a safer and still more estimable thing for a parent to feel that he has a wise son to inherit his wisdom and experience and property, and carry out his plans. A father's counsels, even where somewhat dogmatically given and pertinaciously old-fashioned, it is no disgrace to a son to submit to and respect; and few are willing to make sufficient sacrifices in youth fully to exhaust the utilities and design of family ties. The old fable of the *bundle* of twigs and their strength is seldom appreciated by young America.

In marriage this is remarkably the case. By all means let it be, first of all and above all, the union of two good hearts, by their own choice and love. Yet of the twenty young women which most young men feel in the course of experiences that they *could* make themselves happy with, that *one* that the parents already love by anticipation, and long for and counsel—that brothers and sisters will unite in giving the warmest welcome to as a member of the family circle—that is *the one* who will bring with her a dowry of blessings and good-will and respect and elevation that will make a man always proud of his wife, and happy in her, whatever may betide. In this sense, a perfect marriage is a new union of all ages.

In religion itself, while each one must ever act with a supreme regard to conscience and to duty, yet it is a great advantage to have such views, plans and social worship as shall unite the whole family in one. Religious extremes tear families apart; but

that piety which binds all in love and charity —which restrains all cursing and swearing and bitterness of speech in old and young, and unites all in praises, prayer and effort—that *family religion* is the truest and most acceptable to the Author of our being.—*Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 29, 1866.

Civic Duties.—It was with surprise that we learned through a private communication from a valued friend, that he had accepted the Editorial upon "Public Morals," as giving encouragement to Friends to enter into "political strife." We regret that our concern for the welfare of the Government under which we live should be thus construed—it being very far from our design to advocate any measure at variance with the testimonies of truth, as held by the Society of Friends. We are aware that there are individuals who are conscientiously restrained from any political action. We would encourage such to an adherence to their own convictions in this, as in every other duty connected with life. Our concern, in view of our country's weal, embraced more particularly those who, in the liberty which the Truth gives, feel it *right* to endeavor to use their influence to uphold the principle of justice in the formation of the laws by which we as a nation are to be governed. This *should* not lead into party spirit, nor "*political strife,*"—neither need it make a man a *politician*, in the common acceptation of the term. Our faith rests in more effective means than the "war of words" indulged in by such as are actuated by an untempered zeal. Reference was made to the influence Friends were thought to possess, for the purpose of showing that they are in their measure, responsible for the right direction of this influence. If a good man can "shake the country for ten miles round," may we not suppose that a unity of purpose in the support of virtue and truth will have its effect upon the community in which we move? Verily do we believe we are responsible for the duties which devolve upon us as members of the human family; and if it be our earnest thought to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are His," we shall be able to discern what is required in these special relations, and be favored to keep the mind rightly balanced.

We have an instance of this in the Founder of the State of Pennsylvania, who, by his wise legislation, was instrumental in introducing a code of laws remarkable not only for urbanity but for Christian liberty.

It may be urged that Wm. Penn was a man of uncommon mental powers; we grant it; but what would his rich natural gifts have availed him, had he not cultivated them and employed them in the service of the great Giver?

Should we have known him as the wise Statesman and earnest Christian Philosopher? We think not. Now, we cannot believe that the bestowal of the five or ten talents was limited to our revered Philanthropist, but that there are those in *our* day, who, were they equally submissive to the regenerating power of divine grace, and as willing to labor for the good of their fellow-men, would come forth as valiants in the great cause of human brotherhood; and through their agency there might be witnessed the dawning of the day when it could no longer be asserted that our Government is based upon the sword—for through the power of the Highest its "swords had been beaten into plowshares and its spears into pruning hooks."

Janney's History of Friends.—The folfowing prospectus announces the completion of this valuable history. Having had an opportunity to peruse portions of the manuscript, we are enabled to speak advisedly of its merits.

The publication of these volumes has been delayed on account of the great increase in the cost of paper, printing and binding since the first proposals were issued. This advance renders it impossible for the author to issue the remainder of the work at the price originally proposed without incurring pecuniary loss. It should be borne in mind that the increase in price is necessarily incident to the changes in the value of currency. We believe the subscribers will be willing to meet this increase, and concur in the view that the loss should be borne by the many, a fair advance being added on each volume, than that it should be sustained by the author, whose time and talents

have, for many years, been devoted to the cause of Friends' literature.

The importance of diffusing throughout our Society such information as is here collected and presented in an attractive form must be apparent to Friends generally. We commend the work to the notice of all, especially our young Friends, and to parents, who will find it an interesting and instructive history to offer to the perusal of their children.

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

The two volumes now proposed to be published contain the history of the Society from the year 1691 to 1828, embracing much original matter that has not appeared in any other history. *Biographical sketches are given of the most prominent members of the Society in Great Britain and America*, with many instructive passages from their writings and interesting anecdotes.

Among the *subjects of deep interest* treated of in these volumes are: *the perils and preservation of Friends during the Irish Rebellion of* 1798; *the course they pursued during the war of American Independence; their efforts to civilize the Indians and preserve peace with them; the rise and progress of their testimony against Slavery; their early labors in the cause of Temperance; the Separation in Ireland at the beginning of this century; and the Separation in America in* 1827-8, *with the causes that led to it, and the results that have followed.*

The cost of paper, printing and binding having greatly increased since the first prospectus was issued, it is found that the work cannot be published, *without considerable loss*, at the price originally intended. The price will be, therefore, $2.00 *per volume*, bound in cloth; and $2.25 per volume, bound in sheep, library style; but those subscribers under the first prospectus who have taken the first two volumes, will be furnished with the third and fourth volumes at $2.00 each, bound in sheep.

The first two volumes can be obtained from the publisher or his agents, at $2.00 each, sheep binding.

Agents are requested to return this prospectus as speedily as possible—as the work is now in press—with full list of names and residences of subscribers, to the author's publisher,

T. ELLWOOD ZELL,
Nos. 17 and 19 S. Sixth St., Phila.

DIED, on the 15th of Twelfth month, 1866, at the residence of her sister, E. J. Bacon, Philadelphia, of paralysis, ANN, widow of Hugh Roberts, aged 65 years, late of Moorestown, N. J.

——, on the 17th of Twelfth month, 1866, REBECCA WRIGHT, in her 76th year: a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

——, on the 31st of Tenth month, 1866, in Philadelphia, MORDECAI C. HAINES, in his 45th year.

——, on the of Ninth month, at her residence near West Chester, JANE R. PAXSON.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

During the winter of 1865-'66, this Association distributed nearly 96 tons of coal and 3¼ cords of wood, on 266 applications, thus benefiting nearly 800 persons. Of these applicants, 114 were west of Thirteenth St., 95 were east of Thirteenth St. and south of Green, and 57 were east of Thirteenth St. and north of Green. 131 were Americans, 93 were Irish, 9 were German, 4 were French, 3 were English, and 26 whose nativity was not given; 9 were between 20 and 30, 46 were over 30, 36 over 40, 34 over 50, 41 over 60, 27 over 70, 10 over 80, 2 over 90, and 61 whose age was not entered on the books; 171 were white, 80 colored, and 15 whose complexion was not stated; 67 were married, 15 single, 156 widows, 2 widowers, and 26 not recorded.

In a large number of cases, sickness or infirmities of various kinds existed. J. M. T.

CIRCULAR.

DEAR FRIENDS: With the first month of the New Year will commence the second volume of "The Children's Friend."

In order to have this little work begin with other periodicals at the first of the year, we will issue for four consecutive months, two numbers—one of the old and one for the *new* year, at the expiration of which period the first volume will be complete.

The *new volume* will be mailed regularly to old subscribers, without we are notified that the subscription is to be discontinued, in which case the first volume only will be received. Still do we earnestly hope that all will feel such renewed interest in the cause, as to willingly give their continued support in this hour, thus adding strength and permanency to the work.

Nor would we have you satisfied with an individual subscription; but that all who have it in their power will constitute themselves agents, and forward to us *new* names for the *new volume*.

Friends, mention this in your monthly meetings; parents, encourage your children; little folks, encourage one another, and in a few months our additional labor will be rewarded by increased success.

We trust you will all be pleased with the new number in its enlarged size, numbering thirty-two pages (double the size announced in prospectus to first volume), and at the same time we would have you bear in mind that this has added largely to our labor and expense, and that only an increase in circulation can meet the demand.

Do not pass this appeal carelessly by, but act with that promptness of spirit that gives life to every good work.

Those in *arrears* we would be glad to hear from.

Back numbers of present volume will be furnished to new subscribers desiring the same.

Address, ESTHER K. SMEDLEY,
No. 13 South Church St., West Chester, Pa.

West Chester, 11th mo. 30th, 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

For many years past the want of a literature suitable for the children of Friends has been felt among us; a want which we acknowledge, and which, I am sorry to say, few of us make the effort to supply. Our interest seems like a flash of gunpowder, making a little heat and a little noise, but soon subsiding. In the meantime our children are supplied from other sources, and, wandering away from us, attach themselves where they happen to be attracted.

The literature for children is a mighty engine, and we must either use it ourselves, or allow others to do it for us; of one thing we may be sure—it *will* be used.

I am pretty certain of my ground when I say, "We have never yet had a literary periodical devoted to teaching the truth, as we believe it, to our children, which has paid its way." Our Society is a wealthy one, but appropriates nothing to such a purpose. Perhaps it is best not to do so, but surely a liberal patronage is needed to sustain any paper which will be agreeable and entertaining, truthful and instructive: and our papers have to creep cautiously along upon one-third of the subscriptions they ought

to have, or wreck their proprietors. Few people are aware of the cost of publishing—the illustrations alone requiring a great outlay, only to be met by *many* such small sums as are charged for one number; and most writers say, "It is more difficult to write for children than for grown people." Bearing this in mind, I wish Friends would remember that, in the Fifth month of 1866, a periodical called the "Children's Friend" was started at West Chester, the editress, a young woman of talent and energy, feeling within herself the ability to make an *attractive* paper, provided *sufficient means* were placed at her disposal to do so. Being solicited by some friends, encouraged by others, and seeing the apparent need of such a paper, she commenced it. She has more than performed her part of the bargain, for with *insufficient means* she has furnished a good periodical, her expenditure exceeding her income. This cannot continue; we ought not to allow it to continue. If we want a paper for ourselves, we must pay for it.

"The Young Folks" is sold for the same price; its hundred thousand subscribers represent a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which can afford to pay for embellishments and attractions of a high order. "The Little Corporal," too, can spend its thousands for anything that is needed,—for writing, for pictures; while a new paper for children, published here in our own city, commences with ten thousand names on its subscription list. Our "Children's Friend" is starving along on less than eleven hundred, needing eighteen hundred to pay for itself, and an additional thousand for the services of the proprietor.

Can we not do something? Many of us might take half a dozen numbers, distributing them among other children than our own, or, we might send five or ten dollars to the editress towards the improvement of the paper, or towards reimbursing her for expenses incurred. At any rate, let us do something; we shall not soon have a fairer opportunity of assisting to *establish* a paper devoted to teaching our children the truth, as we believe it. R.

Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Spoil not thy memory with thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping about his shoulder.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS OF PHILADELPHIA.

The *thirty first* year of the existence of "*The Library Association of Friends*" of this city having arrived, it again becomes the duty of the Committee of Management to make the usual report of the proceedings of the past year, as well as of the present condition of the Library.

Of their own labors and responsibilities as a committee they can adopt the language of a previous report, that "they have but little to say—the efforts made during former years, and the systematic arrangements growing out of those successful efforts, renders its supervision comparatively an easy as well as a pleasant task to all of them. They would not, however, be understood that it is not a subject of thought, and an object of watchful care with them. They feel that they occupy a responsible position, and that the well-being of the Library cannot be retained without a judicious and constant exercise of this watchfulness on the part of all concerned in its management, in which they believe they have the hearty co operation of the Librarian.

"And they are of the opinion that these continued exertions have been appreciated by the visitors to the Library, a portion of whom, as has been reported in previous years, are not members of the Society of Friends, but who have been admitted *gratuitously* to equal privileges with them"

And yet, while acknowledging this appreciation, your Committee believe that, so quietly has this Association pursued the even tenor of its way, there are a number of our members who scarcely know of its existence, or if they do, they have not a correct idea of the *extent, variety and value* of the selection of books, that only await their call to be brought into still more active usefulness.

This city embraces several Monthly Meetings of Friends, two of which are probably the largest in the world; and, in our opinion, did the members of these consult their true interests and the interests of society, the shelves of our Library would literally groan under the weight of the volumes that would rapidly accumulate, and our room at all times be crowded with visitors. It will be borne in mind we have no endowment of any description, having heretofore been entirely dependent on the voluntary contributions of but comparatively a few individuals. Like every other commodity on sale, the prices of books are now exceedingly high, and as it is requisite to keep a balance on hand to meet current expenses, our additions to the library have of latter times necessarily been small.

And while we are gratified at being able to present with our limited means as encouraging an account of the use made of the Library as may be found below, we yet earnestly ask the attention of friends generally to the foregoing views, in the hope that the minds of some may be awakened to their importance, being satisfied that a corresponding increase in the amount of our donations will be one of the results.

The use of the Library during the past year has been as follows:—

During the *first* six months,—viz., from the Tenth month last to the Third month, both inclusive,—there were loaned to an aggregate of

762 Females, . . . 1778 books.
435 Males, . . . 1113 "

Making a total of *two thousand eight hundred and ninety-one* volumes loaned during that period.

During the last six months,—viz., from Fourth month 1st to Tenth month 1st, inclusive,—there were loaned to an aggregate of

658 Females, . . . 1541 books.
360 Males, . . . 885 "

Making a total of *two thousand four hundred and twenty-six* volumes loaned during that period; showing, when combined, that there have been loaned during the year,

3319 volumes on 1420 applications of females,
1998 " 795 " males,

Or a circulation of *five thousand three hundred and seventeen* volumes during the past twelve months.

About *four hundred* individuals have made use of the Library during the past year, of which number about 270 were females and 130 males. About one-half of the entire number were minors, a large portion of whom are between the ages of ten and fifteen years. The Librarian reports that good order is invariably observed, and he is satisfied that many young persons are really improving the opportunity thus offered them for storing their minds with useful knowledge, and do not visit the Library merely for recreation and amusement.

The increase of the Library during the past year has been *one hundred and forty three* volumes, comprising *one hundred and thirty-five* works, of which *twenty six* volumes were donations; making the whole number of books now in the Library, *six thousand two hundred and eighty-two*, classified as follows:—

Abridged and Juvenile, . .	996
Scientific, ...	758
Religious, ...	1304
Voyages and Travels, . . .	648
History and Biography, . .	1080
Miscellaneous, ...	1496

Catalogues of which, completed up to the present time, can be procured of the Librarian.*

Friends' Social Lyceum, established during the fall of 1863, continued its meetings under the auspices of the Committee of Management during the whole of last season, with, it is believed, increased pleasure and profit to all the participants.

In reference to the financial condition of the Library Association, the Treasurer's account, settled to the 10th inst., makes the following exhibit:—

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand at last settlement,	$136 67
Received from subscriptions, . . .	292 50
" " fines, ...	16 73
	$445 90

EXPENDITURES.

Cash paid for New Books,	$176 20	
" " Rebinding Books,	28 60	
Librarian's salary, and assistance rendered Librarian,	99 50	
Insurance on Books, . . . :	8 25	
Incidental expenses, including Printing and dirtributing Annual Report, Notices, &c., .	39 49	
Commissions for collecting Subscriptions, ...	26 40	
		378 44
Balance due the Association, . . .		$67 46

Our collector will ere long wait on our contributors, and will be glad to receive their *increased* subscriptions.

The Library is now open, as heretofore, on *Fourth* and *Seventh day* evenings, for the accommodation of Friends generally, and on *Seventh-day afternoons* for the *exclusive accommodation of females*. Entrance from Fifteenth Street.

Extracted from the Minutes.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

Philadelphia, Tenth month, 1866.

"HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

We praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest;
But oh, how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best!

We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways:
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days?

We praise Thee when our path is plain,
And smooth beneath our feet,
But fain would learn to welcome pain,
And call the bitter sweet.

When rises first the flush of hope,
Our hearts begin to sing;
But surely not for this alone,
Should we our gladness bring.

Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
No weary toils and pains,
No watchings and no bitterness,
That bring their blessed gains?

That bring their blessed gains full well,
In truer faith and love,
And patience sweet, and gentleness,
From our dear Home above?

Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts
Aright to read Thy way,—
That Thou, with loving hand, dost trace
Our history, every day.

Then, every thorny crown of care,
Worn well in patience now,
Shall grow a glorious diadem,
Upon the faithful brow:

And every word of grief shall change,
And wave a blessed flower,
And lift its face beneath our feet,
To bless us every hour.

And Sorrow's face shall be unvailed,
And we at last shall see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

JACQUES BALMAT.

We give a few lines of extract from a private letter, as an introduction to the subjoined narrative.

PARIS, Nov. 28, 1866.

One day last summer, while at Chamouni, we made an excursion to the glacier du Bosson, and while I was waiting for the return of the guides, who had taken the rest of our party across it, and were to conduct me home by another route, I saw, among other things offered for sale, the above narrative. I read it with interest, and the idea presented itself to me that it might be new to some of the readers of the *Intelligencer*. I have, therefore, translated it from the French, in which it was written, and offer it, if you should, on perusal, deem it worthy of a place. It was written in the simple language of a Swiss peasant, which I have endeavored to retain. I. J. L.

A Biographical Notice of Jacques Balmat, Surnamed Mont Blanc. By MICHEL CARRIER.

PREFACE.

The following brief sketch of the adventurous life of the first guide who discovered, by himself, a passage to the summit of Mont Blanc, cannot be uninteresting to travellers, or to those who can remain at home in the quiet enjoyment of their health and property.

Those, however, who have visited this valley, and have been near its glaciers, and the mountains which they skirt, can better understand the intrepidity with which Balmat was inspired; particularly if he can carry his thoughts back to the period when the ascension was made.

Previous to 1741 no traveller had visited the valley of Chamouni; it was not even known at Geneva, other than as a place extremely wild, peopled by beings who were not less so, and bounded by frightful mountains, which rendered the access to it difficult and dangerous.

It is certain that after that time there was only a mule path from Sallarches to Chamouni, and the communication of the inhabitants with other districts very much limited; their education was almost nothing, as it was restricted to canonical subjects; at the same time their manners were mild and without rudeness.

Two English travellers, Messrs. Windham and Pocock, happily at that time dissipated all these unfortunate prejudices. Instead of the hostile reception which they expected from the inhabitants, they were received with courtesy, and all the formidable precautions which they had taken were found to be useless. It was not long before the constantly increasing influx of strangers, curious to explore those marvellous glaciers, and those sharp peaks, always covered with a thick cap of ice, reacted upon the lively and intelligent imagination of our mountaineers, so that the valley of Chamouni is too well known at this time to render a description necessary; and, besides, all description would be below the truth.

NOTICE.

Jacques Balmat was born in 1762, in the village of Pellarins, Commune of Chamouni. His family was one of the most wealthy of the land owners of the Canton, but notwithstanding that advantage, his education was at first only an elementary one. During his early youth, his time was occupied in cultivating his father's fields, and in searching after minerals, which were bought by travellers who came to visit the valley.

As he was endowed with a lively imagination and great courage, he was not long in acquiring a varied knowledge of natural history and domestic economy; he also rendered a signal service to the country by introducing into it the first Merino sheep.

The frequent journeys that he made as guide with Mr. Dolomieu, de Saussure and others, inspired him with such a passion for mountain passes, that from the age of 18 it was his cherished and almost only occupation.

Already the number of travellers was more than doubled; they no longer contented themselves, as their predecessors had done, with observing the mountains and the glaciers from their base; they wished to penetrate into their icy gorges, climb those rocks, those slopes of snow, and reach the summit of them. From that time our intrepid crystal searches became the first guides. Jacques Balmat passed very justly for being one of the most courageous and the most enterprising.

The ambition to distinguish himself by some remarkable exploit, suggested to him to attempt the ascension of Mont Blanc, which was then considered to be inaccessible. His courage was equal to that perilous enterprise.

With the force of determination which he

threw into all his projects, he drew up for himself a plan, calculated the chances and the dangers, measured his strength, and no longer hesitated to execute it.

Various attempts had already been made by several other guides to reach the same object, but without success; the absolute ignorance of the routes that are now taken, the fear that those vast frozen deserts inspired, above all that of passing the night among them, paralyzed the courage of the bravest. It was some years after the first successful expedition that the station on the rocks of the Grand Mulets was established, and that the guides knew how to protect themselves against the cold during the night, and against the reflection of the too brilliant sunlight during the day. The rapid exhaustion of strength which the explorers experienced, was caused chiefly by these two causes, and also by the bad choice of food. Balmat himself, as we shall soon see, was ignorant of these useful precautions. The first excursion that he made was concerted by him and Marie Contell; they resolved to ascend the great glacier of Tacul, far above the Col du Geant, to endeavor to reach and to traverse the ridge of rocks and ice which separate it from the place called the corridor, and from there climb to the Rocher Rouge.

If they had been able to affect that much, they would have succeeded; no other obstacle was in their way; after having gone beyond the Col du Geant, they were obliged to try each step on the treacherous snow which covered immense crevices; the declivities became more and more steep; and at each step frightful gulfs and yawning chasms opened before them.

Arrived at last at the foot of the ridge, exhausted with fatigue, they found it quite inaccessible. After having run great risks, they were obliged to return.

In the month of August, 1784, Jacques Balmat, having made an excursion to the Cramont, believed that in ascending the glacier of Miage, situated on the southern side of Mont Blanc, it would be possible for him to climb the unbroken hills of snow, (which are seen from the Col de la Seigne,) by cutting steps in them, and to arrive that way at the summit; but those hills were found to be so steep, and so immeasurably high, that he was again obliged to abandon the idea. So much fatigue and so many dangers would have conquered any one but him; but he was not discouraged.

During the 2d of July, in the following year, he ventured alone to ascend the mountain of La Cote, on the summit of which he passed the night.

The next day, towards 10 o'clock, he reached the rocks of the Grand Mulets, which were not then yet named, advanced, sounding every inch of the way, as far as the small Plateau, passed over then an enormous avalanche of blocks of ice, and had nearly reached the Grand Plateau, when an immense crevasse obstructed his progress.

The day was declining, and the prolonged and distant mutterings of thunder warned him that a storm was approaching, which forced him to return in haste, in order to regain his shelter before night.

The previous year (1783) Messrs. de Saussure and Bourrit, upon some hints given by some chamois hunters, had endeavored to scale the Arguille du Goûtè, thinking by that passage to arrive on the Dome, and on Mont Blanc; but after much fatigue and danger, they did not succeed in reaching even the half of the height of that Arguille, and were obliged to descend to Bionnacey.

However, Balmat was not the only guide who ardently desired to make the first ascension of Mont Blanc; many others tried at different times, and by various passages, to arrive at the same end. The father of the author, and several others, concerted a plan together, while Jacques Balmat undertook, alone, his previous exploration.

Two of them who had made the first attempt with de Saussure and Bourrit, by Pierre Ronde and the Arguille du Goûtè, were to ascend again in that direction, while the others ascended by the mountain de la Côte. They started simultaneously, and would, if it were possible, meet on the Dome.

Jacques Balmat had scarcely returned home from his fruitless attempt when he heard of the departure of the other guides. Not wishing that any one should supercede him, he immediately renewed his provisions, and set out to join them, which he effected at the entrance of the glacier, under the Grand Mulets.

The arrival of a competitor was not agreeable to the others, and, therefore, he received a rather cool reception. However, all four walked together as far as the Grand Plateau, which they happily reached in safety. The large crevasse which had stopped Balmat was crossed; from the Plateau there is little difficulty in going up to the Dôme; the acclivity is gentle, and few crevasses. It was more than two hours after these guides had reached the appointed place of meeting before they saw their friends climbing the Arguille du Goûtè, advancing slowly and with difficulty.

When they were all together they held a consultation; some said that the day was too far advanced to venture farther; others, that it was still possible to gain the ridge that joined the Dôme to Mont Blanc, and to judge if, in following it, they would be able to reach the summit the same day; Jacques Balmat was of the latter opinion.

They accordingly started towards the ridge,

but scarcely had they gained it when they were obliged to acknowledge to themselves the impossibility of scaling it; besides, being covered with crevasses, its summit was so pointed that it would be impossible to obtain a foothold. Balmat, alone, persisted in going on, and in order to do so, he would be obliged to stride it. His companions, unable to dissuade him from undertaking the rash act, left him, and turned back towards Chamouni, where they arrived the next day.

After several vain efforts, Balmat, too, was forced to confess that he had attempted the impossible; but his descent was still more dangerous, as he could only come down backwards. After the retreat of his companions, he went back as far as the Grand Plateau, and resolved to pass the night there, in order to renew his researches the following day.

(To be concluded.)

THE SCIENTIFIC SHOEMAKER.

While it is eminently proper for contributors to the *Record* to pay a just tribute to the memory of those who have passed away from us in the possession of great moral worth or eminent abilities, it is equally appropriate to speak of the living, especially when the example is such as to induce a better state of society, or give encouragement to others in the pursuit of knowledge.

For these reasons we propose to give some of the circumstances attending the life of a modest and unassuming man, who is justly entitled to the name which he enjoys in the village where he resides—"The Scientific Shoemaker." His contributions to science, and especially to the science of Botany, have introduced him to the acquaintance of the most scientific men in New England, and few, if any, names are reckoned better authority in the department of Botany than that of CHARLES C. FROST, of Brattleboro, Vt. Middlebury and Dartmouth Colleges have each, in appreciation of his valuable contributions to science, conferred on him the honorable degree of Master of Arts, and the Boston Natural History Society has enrolled him on the list of Corresponding Members. His advantages for acquiring an educaton were quite limited, and his early attainments must have been quite incomplete, for at the age of 14, with the scanty information acquired at a common school, he was apprenticed to the shoemaking business, which he has ever since followed. He possessed an ardent love for study, and about the time of his apprenticeship obtained a copy of "Hutton's Mathematics," of which he became perfect master without the aid of a teacher. His thirst for knowledge turned his mind to the study of Astronomy, Philosophy, Geology and Mineralogy. He succeeded in acquiring a tolerable knowledge of these sciences. His devotion to study and his close application to business, made sad inroads upon his health, and at the age of forty he found himself an invalid, with dyspepsia and its attendant evils closely fastened upon him, and rendering it impossible for him to attend to his business. After trying in vain to obtain the panacea that should restore him again to health, he visited an eminent physician in New York as the *dernier resort*. He called at the office of the physician, and while waiting till two or three, who had reached the place before him, were examined, he observed some house-plants in the window of the office, and to pass the time, stepped up to notice the various kinds of flowers upon them.

When his turn came, the physician, after instituting many inquiries, asked him if he was fond of flowers and had a knowledge of Botany, to which Mr. Frost replied that he had a fondness for any of the works of Nature, but knew but very little of Botany. Upon this the physician advised him to return home and make it a point to collect one flower a day during the ensuing spring and summer, and when collected he was to put it with its name into a book. He remarked, "Your health and strength will probably return to you in proportion to the distance you will be obliged to go to obtain the new flower, after you have gathered them awhile." He gave no medicine, and the above was the only prescription which he made.

Mr. Frost left the office greatly disappointed and mortified at the thought of going so far, and incurring so much expense for so simple, and, as it appeared to him, so worthless a prescription. At times he queried whether the man was not an impostor, but his reputation as a skilful practitioner was too well established to suffer a thought of this kind to remain long in his mind, nor could he believe that the physician intended it for a "sell;" therefore he determined to carry out fully the instructions which he had received.

He returned home, picked his first flower, named and pressed it, and felt no worse. He soon obtained an elementary work on Botany, and before the frost of winter came to cut down the remaining flowers, Mr. Frost had daily plucked his flower, given it its proper name and place, and what was more, he had, in a great measure, regained his health, and obtained a tolerable knowledge of Botany. With the return of spring, the benefits obtained the previous year prompted him to renew his investigations in the field, and he was surprised at the great number of plants that had previously escaped his observation. He soon found plants not described as indigenous to Vermont, and subsequently discovered those not described in any American work. This somewhat embar-

rassed him, but when he had submitted the fact to his cotemporaries, and they gave him credit for discovering new species, the inward satisfaction that ever glows in the heart of a naturalist when conscious of having contributed one new truth to science, awakened in his mind pleasant emotions, gave him strength, and made him more zealous in his search than before.

His examinations were not restricted to the field of ordinary Botany, but extended to the study of Mosses, Lichens and Fungi. He made collections of these, but when he attempted to determine their species, he found no American work that sufficiently described them to suit his purpose. In his studies he had seen reference made to foreign works, as, "Fries System a Mycologieum," "Albertini and Schweinitz' Conspectus Fungorum," "Acharius methodus qua omnes delectos Lichenes," and others, and hoping to get new light from them, sent to Europe and procured some of those which he suspected might be of the greatest service to him. In due time the works arrived, when lo! they were all written in Latin! In order that they might become available to him he must first learn the Latin language. At the age of forty-five most men would have considered this too great a task to commence; but the desire to know the contents of those dearly-bought books was a sufficient incentive in this instance to induce the undertaking, which was soon so far accomplished as to enable him to pursue his studies in the Latin language. A knowledge of the Latin aided him so much that he soon commenced the study of Greek, and became sufficiently acquainted with it to understand generally the meaning of words derived from that language, especially the generic names found in scientific works.

As he continued his researches, he again felt the want of books for reference, and determined to send to Europe again for others, among which he wanted "Rabenhorst's Deutschland Kryptogamen Flora," and "Nees ab Esenbek Das System der Pilze and Schwamme"—and notwithstanding he feared the contents might not be in Latin or English, he ordered them. The books arrived written in the German language! Again he applied himself to the grammar of a new language, and again he was victorious and amply repaid for his mental efforts.

In collecting specimens of fungi, mosses and flowers, he came in contact with insects which arrested his attention, and after having studied their history in such works on entomology as he could find in this country, he again ordered foreign works, among which were "Serville's Orthoptores" and "Ehrenberg's Infusores," all of which were written in French!

This fact did not discourage the man, who during the past five years had found time, in addition to carrying on an extensive boot and shoe business, to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the Latin and German to study text-books in those languages, hence he obtained a French dictionary and grammar, and at the age of fifty commenced the study of a new language of which he soon became master.

Since that time, during the past eight years, he has steadily pursued his studies, appropriating at least one hour each day to the pursuit of some scientific treatise, and as the legitimate result, he has become not only thoroughly informed in all the details of Botany, but conversant with nearly every other branch of natural history. He has made good collections of plants, mosses, fungi and insects, all of which are appropriately classed and named. In conversation with him one becomes greatly interested and encouraged by the recital of what he has done, and it was with hope that some might take courage from the example of this remarkable man, that we venture to bring his name before the public, and allude to some of the prominent circumstances of his eventful life.—*Prof. A. D. Hager, Vermont Record.*

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$180.00
" Women Friends of Radnor, Pa	25.00
" Friends of Quakertown, Pa	10.00
	$215.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Philada., 12th mo. 22d, 1866.

ITEMS.

CONGRESS.—The Nebraska bill was several times under discussion in both houses, but final action was not taken. A resolution was offered in the Senate, but ordered to lie on the table and to be printed, stating that as many of the Southern States had refused to accept the amendment, that such a government be organized in those States which have refused the amendment or may hereafter refuse it, as may be found necessary for the preservation of peace and for the protection of society and the national authority. A bill was introduced and referred to punish kidnapping, which makes it a penal offence to induce negroes or any other persons to emigrate to any foreign country where they would be liable to be reduced to servitude. A resolution was presented directing the President to instruct the officers of the army in the South to prevent the infliction of corporal punishment on the freedmen for crimes, which was referred.

HOUSE.—A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire whether the mediation of the United States should not be tendered to restore peace in South America. A resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to investigate the case of the sale of a colored man into slavery in Maryland, by order of a court, and to report whether it is not in violation of the Constitution of the United States, and of the Civil Rights bill. The committee are also to inquire whether the President had taken any steps to en-

force the latter bill, and to prevent the outrage. A bill was introduced and referred, authorizing the establishment of additional national banks. A resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to frame a bill to organize free schools in the District of Columbia. The Senate amendments to the deficiency bill were concurred in. A resolution was adopted prohibiting disbursing officers of the Government from paying any account or claim against the Government in favor of any one who encouraged or in any way promoted or sustained the late rebellion, or to any one who was not known to be in favor of its suppression. A resolution was offered instructing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the loyal citizens of the United States residing in districts heretofore in rebellion to form Constitutional State governments, but it was referred to the Reconstruction Committee.

THE FREEDMEN.—The following letter speaks of the rebuilding of the school-house recently burned at Herendon Station, in Fairfax County, Va. As a testimony to the efficiency of some of the efforts of Friends for the Freedmen, it will, no doubt, be interesting to many of our readers.

OFFICE SUPT. OF FREEDMEN,
Vienna, Fairfax Co., Va., Dec. 11, 1866.

To the Corresponding Secretary of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

Your kind letter of 6th December is just received, and the spirit that prompted it sincerely appreciated. In South Carolina, a year ago, I first learned to know and respect the efforts put forth by your Society in aid of the poor Freed-people; and when I came here, it afforded me much satisfaction to find that it was your Society that was doing so much for these poor people in Fairfax County. I have ever tried to, and shall always continue to render every aid in my power to secure the success of your efforts in behalf of the noble enterprise of elevating this much-persecuted class of "God's poor."

In reference to the burning of the school-house of Fanny E. Gause, I regretted it very much, for I had begun to hope that, even in that somewhat isolated locality, her quiet influence had broken down the prejudices of the enemy so far that she would not be annoyed. Yet, the deed was done, and our only alternative was to repair damages as quickly as possible. To do this, a new house has already been erected, and a report from there, just read, informs that they hope to complete it this week. I have supplied them with sufficient lumber to finish the building, and shall extend every aid in my power to enable the school to re-open next week.

Much praise is due to the efforts of Fanny Gause in encouraging the colored people to rebuild their house so quickly. Naturally slow, and unaccustomed to responsibility, these people require constant encouragement to enable them to overcome the many obstacles that come in their way. Fanny has done her duty well in this respect, and as a teacher, is unsurpassed by any in the country. Her school is a model of its kind, and would compare favorably with any school, North or South. In saying so much for her, I do not wish to be understood as disparaging any other teacher. They are *all* doing well, and the 291 pupils who attended during the month of November are improving as rapidly as any scholars do anywhere.

With thanks for your letter, and assurances that any aid I can render will be gladly extended at all times, I remain, Your friend,

P. E. HINE,
Supt. of Fairfax County.

FOR SALE, at Office of Friends' Intelligencer, 144 N. Seventh St.

	At Office.	*By mail.*
Janney's Life of Wm. Penn, 2d edition, octavo	$2 50	$2 75
" " George Fox	2 25	2 50
Journal of John Comly	2 00	2 40
" John Woolman	1 00	1 20
" Hugh Judge	1 00	1 20
Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting	75	90
Friends' Miscellany, 11 vols	8 00	9 80
Works of Isaac Penington	5 00	6 00
Conversations, &c., by Thos Story	1 00	1 20
History of Delaware County	3 00	3 60
Evenings with John Woolman	50	60
Priscilla Cadwallader	50	60
Child's Book of Nature—3 parts	2 65	2 85
Winnowed Wheat	1 00	1 25
The new Poems, "Studies." by John A. Dorgan, Marot's (3d) edition, muslin	2 00	2 20
Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties, by Zschokke	1 75	2 00
Meditations on Death and Eternity, do.	1 75	2 00
Emily Mayland, or the Faithful Governess, by M. H. Cox	1 00	1 20
History of the United States from 1492 to 1866, by J. C. Martindale, ($5.40 per doz.)	60	70
Likeness of Wm. Penn, *Steel engraving*	50	56
Engraved Forms MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, for filling up Friends style	4 50	5 00

Friends' Family and Pocket Almanacs for 1867. Price 10 cts.
Devotional Poetry, Testimonies of Truth, Treasury of Facts, Poetry-Cards, &c. &c.
Subscriptions received for "The Children's Friend."
EMMOR COMLY.

A FEMALE of experience desires a situation in a public or family school. Can give good references. Address
wm22? tf TEACHER, New Port, Delaware.

SPURGEON ON GEORGE FOX.—An address before Friends' Institute, in London, by C. H. Spurgeon. Price ten cents per copy, or $5.00 per 100. Just published and for sale by
12mz tf HENRY LONGSTRETH.

SITUATION WANTED.—The advertiser, a member of the Society of Friends, desires a situation as HOUSEKEEPER in a Friend's family. Name, address and reference left at the office of Friends' Intelligencer. 1215 3 T P

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 678.)

1818, *Tenth Month* 15*th*.—I thought I felt the tender mercies of the Most High renewedly extended at this time, to my great joy and refreshment; and that I could scarcely forbear thus taking notice or making mention of the same, from present feelings and impressions; which have not been self-kindled, but have arisen very sweetly and prevailed in my mind, during this season of retirement by my bedside: as also from the close language of a favored messenger of the Lord at a late meeting for worship, which has been sealed to me forcibly. From these concurrent testimonies, I am induced to believe, that the visitations, the tender calls, and merciful dealings, and withdrawings, and provings, and refinings, which I have experienced from time to time, ever since the Lord was pleased to awaken me out of the sleep of death, and to raise me out of the darkness of sin,—are mercifully intended to purify and to perfect his gracious work in me, and to bring about his design respecting me; which I believe to be, to raise me up a living instrument and a chosen vessel in his holy hand,—to show forth the glory of his name, (which is his power,) to the sons of men,—to exalt his eternal truth, and lead others, by prevailing with them, to submit themselves to this power revealed in them; that so they may live under its influence, know this eternal truth in and for themselves, abide under its teachings, and come to witness an establishment therein, and to have an inheritance thereby in that, which death cannot destroy, nor corruption mar, nor sin defile, but which endureth forever! Amen!

1818, *Tenth Month* 19*th*.—O! the sweet influx of the Father's peace, of the Father's joy and comfort, with which he is pleased at times to refresh and revive the hearts of his humbled contrited ones,—those that are through his mercy prevailed upon, and through his heavenly help and strength enabled to count all things but as nothing, that they may be found *in* him, and to suffer for his name's sake the loss of all things! O! what a blessed evidence of his continued goodness have I been favored with this morning, during the short space of a few minutes, in my retirement to seek the lifting up of the light of his countenance, and to wait for the shedding abroad of his love in my heart. What encouragement does it afford me, to continue steadfastly looking unto Him, the author of all my blessings, the director of all my footsteps, the restorer of right paths to walk in. What assurance have I had renewed at this season, that I am (through his daily help and strength) in the way of his leadings; so that in a fresh feeling of his directing and protecting power being about me for my preservation on every hand, I may boldly say with the Psalmist, —"Though an host should encamp against me, mine heart shall not fear," the Lord being "my light and my salvation."

To ———.

Twelfth Month 21*st*, 1818.—I have often thought ——— to be what our early Friends would have called a "tender-spirited young man;" but O! how much must such go through, who have been made willing to come to the Master, in the full belief that he is the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*. The Master *looking* upon such, *loveth* them; yet must these give up their all, as and when he calls for all or any of their "great possessions." We read that Zion was to be redeemed with judgment; and with the spirit of judgment and of burning was her filth to be purged away. O! this fiery baptism! few of us know enough the necessity of it,—it is hard coming under it, it is hard keeping under it:—then, and not until then, do we really know the full import of these deep expressions,—"baptized into his death,"—"planted in the likeness of his death,"—"crucified with him," "that I might, (as the apostle says) know Him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death." There is, as thou knowest, a refiner's fire; where the things that are even the most precious, the most pure metal, the most fine gold, are to be put in, and to be again and again melted down and softened, and rendered susceptible of the impression that it is designed to receive: it must be passive as the clay; it cannot impress itself. No more can we as creatures *humble ourselves* (truly and acceptably and profitably) in or by our own will or way, or by the voluntary exertion of any parts or powers of our own; no,—we *must* not choose our own way of being *good*, neither *do* good according to our conceits and conceivings, else another thing is exalted *in reality*, than the principle and power of Truth. I have been often instructed very deeply by these expressions;—"but we have this *treasure* (that is, the Light shining in our hearts) in *earthen* vessels; that the *excellency* of the *power* may be of God, and not of us;"—"always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." I think Penington says, that we are but vessels, wherein the pure excellent oil may appear or disappear; and some one says, these vessels *must* be *emptied*, before they can be *cleansed* from any dirt or sediment, which they may have contracted whilst in use in this filthy world. I remember John Churchman wrote, that the vessels in the potter's house were to be set on the *shelf to dry*, after they had been formed on the wheel; and *then* to be baked in the fire. These things I write to thee, dear ———, as they occur; much more of this nature often passes through me, unsought and unstudied, in times of retirement, which are seasons of refreshment to me oftentimes; and in them, I think, I have learnt more effectually, and been strengthened more availingly, than in any other way; and though speaking of ——— seemed at first the occasion of them, yet it is not for me to cast a stone; though from the very little experience which I have had of these things, I begin to see the necessity, and somewhat of the beauty of those deep baptisms, and desire greatly that dear ———, may bear me company in coming and keeping under them,—this being the true way of the cross. For a cross that bears any marks of being our own manufacture will never do, so at least I have been favored clearly to see; it is no cross at all in reality. The mind is a very active busy part; and if it be any time quickened into a sensibility and admiration of what is excellent, unless kept down in the true subjection by that which quickened it, it will speedily put itself forth and rush into such actions, or words, or thoughts, as it apprehends to be of a good tendency or nature, and is very ready to hope and believe that these things are required; forgetting that that which quickens in us the first spark of good, and raises up the least desire after it, the very same must preside over all our steppings, the last equally with the first stepping; the very same must strengthen us to choose the good and to follow it, which gives us ability to refuse and shun the evil. In this way self is cast out, and the principle and power of Truth alone exalted, and then the seed reigns and is over all, as G. F. says; for *that* is to govern, guide and go before, in this gospel day, and *that* is to lead; and when it stops we are to stop and stand still, and when it goes forward, we are to move with it and in it, as Israelites indeed.

1818, *Twelfth Month* 27*th*.—At this time it lay upon me to set up my Ebenezer, as decidedly as this perishable method with paper and ink, and this feeble representation by words, (which are at best but inadequate symbols) will allow of. My soul has been hitherto helped by the immediate handing forth of that power, wisdom, support, and indescribable consolation, which comes from the holy sanctuary of the Most High. My heart hath been sweetly engaged at seasons to praise, honor, and glorify Him, who lifteth up the poor out of the very dung-hill, setting them among princes; verily, He giveth power to the faint, "and to those that have no might, He increaseth strength." And this is He, who was called the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob; and who continues to be to *all* His *living* Israel in this day, as He ever was in old time. For the devil is the god of the dead in tresspasses and sins; but the Lord hath bruised his head by his seed, Christ Jesus, who hath purchased life for those that are willing to be made partakers thereof.

1818, *Twelfth Month* 30*th*.—O Lord! if

David thy servant did say of the love that prevailed between his fellow-servant Jonathan and himself, that it was "wonderful,"—if we may also say of those whom thou hast knit and bound up together with us in the fellowship of thy Gospel, that they are as nursing fathers and nursing mothers, as endeared brothers and sisters in thy Truth;—O Father Almighty! how shall we sufficiently commemorate thy loving-kindness towards us, thy poor creatures; whom thou hast been pleased to gather into the heavenly relationship, into the joyous fellowship, into the blessed flock of thy family, and hast deigned to acknowledge as thy children. I thought I felt the sceptre of thy paternal love stretched out, renewedly inviting me to partake of the blessing that maketh truly rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith,—inviting me to draw near, and to make my request unto thee, and to plead with thee in the power of thy love; into which thou hast gathered me, and by which thou mayst be prevailed with. I am emboldened to ask of thee at this season the continuance of thy holy help from time to time, under all the provings and afflictions and chastenings, which may in thy wisdom be allotted me. As all thy servants of old, even unto this day, have shared in the cup of bitterness, and partaken of the water of affliction, so O! Lord, may I also endure chastening, and partake of the evidence of sonship; remembering the language of thy servant, "If we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with him." This accept and grant, if it please thee, O! my Father; who hast never yet denied that which thou hast put into my heart to offer unto thee in the prayer of faith; and if I need at any hour anything of thee, I know that thou hearest me and art with me, whilst I abide with thee, and am in submission to thy manifested will. To thee, therefore, I desire at this time afresh to commend and commit all that I have or am, and increasingly to become thy child.

1818, *Twelfth Month.*—Does the best qualification, even that which the true ministers have fresh from the fountain of all-sufficient wisdom and strength, even the aid and influence of the Holy Spirit, want any human help to bear it out, or to assist the true ministers in the discharge of their gifts? If human acquirements be of use, and helpful to those that have *best* help, or advantageous to the cause they espouse, then the want of it is a deficiency; that is, the instrument is not of that service that he might be, if he had learning. And therefore the apostles, if they had had a good education, would have been more extensively useful, especially among the rulers and great people. Why did not the apostle Paul, who had much learning, and "man's wisdom," use it in his preaching among the learned Corinthians? and why did he determine to lay it all aside, and to know nothing among them, save Jesus Christ and him crucified? Why did Paul, in speaking of the things of God, speak them "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth," —if his learning was beneficial to him as a preacher? Was not his learning one of those things, which before was "gain" to him, a profitable and advantageous thing, and which *now* he "counted loss for Christ? Why did our God choose foolish, weak, base, despised things, as his instruments, if wise, mighty, honorable ones would have been more extensively useful, as long as they were humble? Why did Paul come among those of Corinth "not with excellency of speech or of wisdom?" surely on this ground, would he have gained more converts to the Truth in that place?

1819, *First Month 29th.*—This may I say, and leave upon record, that though many almost indescribable temptations and presentations of evil have been permitted to come about me, sometimes like a mighty flood, so that in hours of extreme weakness and infirmity, I have been many and many a time ready to give up the fight of faith;—yet *to this day*, the Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, has been pleased in his abundant compassion to encamp around me, and to give me songs of deliverance, songs of triumph and of praise. In his name will I set up my banner, who is a Rock of defence and sure refuge to my poor weary soul in all her afflictions, as there is a concern to flee unto, and abide in and under the shadow of this mighty rock in a weary land. O! young man or young woman, to whom this may come,—my friend, my brother, my sister;—who art seeking the better country, and Him who is the way, and the guide; O! though thou be weary and heavy-laden,—take courage! O! there is a staff, a stay, and strength and succor with Him, and in Him, who hath gone before; and who leadeth on his little ones gently and sweetly, as they are able to follow. Take this as the counsel of one, who writes from a sure and living experience, and who hath indubitably known His name (which is above every name,) to be a strong tower indeed. He will be with his, even to the end of the world.

(To be continued.)

We often think that a change of circumstances would make us happy. We imagine if this trial were removed, and that deficiency made up, we should be all right. Let us remember, when tempted to think thus, that what we want is not change of circumstances, but *victory over self.*

The duties of the *Law* were a burthen and a yoke; but those of the *Gospel* are privileges and advantages.—*Owen.*

"GEORGE FOX."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Continued from page 676.)

There is one passage in his "Journal" which has been quoted thousands of times, but you will not object to hear it again, it deserves to be printed in letters of gold.

"But, as I had forsaken all the priests, so I left the separate preachers also, and those called the *most experienced people*; for I saw there was none among them all that could speak to my condition. And when all my hope in them and in all men was gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell what to do; then, oh then, I heard a voice which said, 'There is One, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' And when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy. Then the Lord did let me see why there was none upon the earth that could speak to my condition; namely, that I might give him all the glory. For all are concluded under sin, and shut up in unbelief as I had been; that Jesus Christ might have the pre-eminence, who enlightens and gives grace, and faith, and power. Thus when God doth work who shall let it? And this I know experimentally. My desires after the Lord grew stronger, and zeal in the pure knowledge of God and of Christ alone, without the help of any man, book or writing."

All true conversions are after that same fashion essentially and radically. All men do not pass through the same depths of sorrow in coming to Christ, but they all have to come to him empty-handed, feeling that "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." There must be a stripping before there will be a clothing; there must be an emptying of self before there can be a filling with the Spirit's power, and George Fox found it so. Have we all been led in this right way? How like the finding peace in the case of Fox is to the way in which John Bunyan describes it in his "Pilgrim's Progress." There stands the poor burdened wretch who fain would go on the pilgrimage to the Celestial City, but finds it hard work to toil thither while bowed down with a load of sin. He sees before the eye of his mind the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, and as he looks to the cross, suddenly the strings which hold his burden to his shoulders begin to crack, and the burden rolls into the sepulchre so that he sees it no more. "Whereupon," writes Bunyan, "he gave three great leaps for joy, and went on his way singing." We have not forgotten those three great leaps which some of us gave in the day when Jesus took our sins away, when he became to us all our salvation and all our desire—Christ in us the hope of glory. It strikes me that George Fox would never have been the man he was, nor such an instrument in the hand of God for usefulness, if he had not been led about in the wilderness of self-despair, and made to see the dark chambers of imagery of his own natural heart. When our heavenly Captain means to use a sword, he passes it through a series of annealings to make the steel hard, so that it may not snap in the day of battle, and he passed George Fox through all these annealings in his inward conflicts. Why, how could he fear the face of man when he had feared the face of God, and been made to quake and tremble beneath his awful presence? He who has heard a lion roar will not shake at the voice of a sparrow, or the buzz of a fly. Why should he tremble at what man could do to him when he had felt the arrows of the Almighty sticking in his heart and drinking up the life-blood of his soul? and a man who has had dealings with Almighty God, and has been in the secret place of thunder, and heard God's wrath go forth against him, and then inwardly seen the tempest spend itself upon the person of the Saviour, such a man can look his fellow-creature in the face without trepidation. He has learned to fear God, and he has, therefore, nothing else to fear. Would Martin Luther have been so blazing a torch if he had not been thrust into the fire? If it had not been for that dark period when the monk was painfully climbing up and down Pilate's staircase, seeking rest, but finding none, would he have so plainly said, "By the works of the law there shall no flesh living be justified?" Can we imagine honest John Bunyan writing that noble allegory, the "Pilgrim's Progress," if it had not been for those years of soul distraction when he was looking to the broken cisterns of the creature, and learning to his sorrow that they held no water? Temptation, adversity and soul trouble are the training exercises for the heroes of the truth. Upon the wheel of soul conflict the vessel is fashioned for the Master's use.

After his conversion, George Fox took quite a separate path among the Christians of his age, and those who look at the time in which he lived cannot blame him, although sect-making and seclusion are not in themselves commendable. If every young man here to-night should set up as a separate religionist, I am not sure that he would deserve to be commended for it, for I find that those people who belong to no sect at all are each one a sect to himself, and in their unsectarian zeal they make sects by wholesale, and foolishly hope to create union by fomenting division. On the whole it is best for the present distress that each man should unite with those Christian people who appear to him to walk most according to the Scriptures, and have the most spiritual life; not separating ourselves for mere novelty, or love of singularity, lest we be found following

our own devices whilst we imagine that we are following the Spirit of God. However, supposing it to be your firm conviction that no man has a right to rule another in matters of conscience, and that you found all the sects more or less approving of legislative interference in religion, which would you unite with? Consistency makes you answer, "None at all." You would say, "No, if I unite with a Christian society I am, to some extent, accountable for what is done by that society, and I cannot share the responsibility of actions and opinions which lead to persecution." When Episcopalians clipped the ears of Puritans, what spiritual man would become an Episcopalian? When Presbyterians hated toleration, and turned the dungeon key on lovers of the Liturgy, how could those who hated oppression join with them?

Although our heart is with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, yet if they do these naughty things we cannot unite with them. Moreover, George Fox's doctrinal views were such that he could scarcely have consorted with any then existing Christian denomination. Be those views right or wrong, he would have been a dishonest man to suppress them, and if he received them, as he believed he did, from God, if he had not held them and proclaimed them he would have been a traitor to his trust. If he could not be faithful in visible communion with others, what could he do but walk with God, and before men walk alone? George Fox had a very clear perception that Christ's kingdom could not be a worldly one, whereas many professors in his age coveted a worldly church. The smallest sects were against a national church, only because their church was not likely to be selected; but most professors held as a theory that if their church could be established it would be the most proper thing in the world, "A consummation devoutly to be wished." George Fox thought that a kingdom of this world could not be the kingdom of Christ, and that enforced support of ministers by State aid was only fit for hirelings and false prophets. I have sometimes said that there was an old superstition, that the royal hand would heal disease, but that the truth was far otherwise, for whenever the king puts his hand on the church of God it causes disease. Never has any more evil event happened to the church of God than when that baptized heathen, Constantine, pretended to be a Christian, and set up Christianity as a State Church. Upon this matter the whole spirit of Fox's teaching is decided and clear. Besides, Fox was a man with so many angles and corners that he was best alone, or with others who would recognize his gigantic spiritual proportions. He could not do as some people do, put his conscience into his pocket, and say nothing about it. He had an awkward kind of conscience for that age, and it would be still more awkward in the present state of things. He would act straight-forwardly, his mind was devoid of that double-acting, rotatory machinery, which is found to be so useful now a-days, when men claim to be honest, and yet declare that black is white, and that white is black, and that it does not signify if both be blue, as long as they pay. Words, when they refer to religious truths, are in some quarters treated as if they were cards for men to shuffle, making them mean anything or nothing, as the case may require. Fox did not understand double meanings. He believed that words meant something, and when he used them he meant what he said, and said what he meant. His convictions were too deep to be trifled with, or concealed for the sake of a living. Hence, he was downright in the extreme, and never erred upon the side of flattery; it may be possible that he went too far in the direction of severity. I am very conscious that he would have chastened me pretty smartly as a "Chaffy Baptist," and probably I might not feel satisfied that I deserved all the bolts that he would be certain to launch at me; but what of that? Is it not better to be openly censured by an honest heart than to be in association with men whose approbation would be forfeited if you dared to be faithful to them? The separated walk of George Fox as a Christian, however accounted for, was fraught with blessing to this land.

Read his history through, and after being struck with his conversion, and wondering at the marvellous and gigantic strides with which he pursued the path of faith and conscience, you melt into sympathy with him when you consider his sufferings. There are some passages in his "Journal" which one ought not to read just before going to bed, because one would lie awake thinking of them, or else would dream about them. Readily may a tender mind wet the pillow with tears of grief, to think that man could so torture his fellow man under pretence of doing God service. He was frequently immured in dungeons where it would have been a detestable cruelty to have confined dogs. How many months he spent in prison we need not here tell; but you may count by years the period in which he was a prisoner of the Lord, and although, I doubt not, he found, as Rutherford did, that though man had put him in a prison that prison became a palace to him, yet the dungeons were loathsome to an inconceivable degree. Sometimes he was compelled to remain upright both day and night, because it was impossible to lie down, the filth being over the tops of his shoes, with no possibility of clearing it out, filth of the most abominable kind, and too foul to mention, being poured upon him from above, and coming

reeking into his nostrils from beneath. One can hardly tell what his sufferings must have been in the form of rheumatism and neuralgia. He was a life-long martyr. If any of us had to suffer for one week what he had to suffer for six months together, our bodily frames would bear most painful memorials of the strain. His pain of body must have been extreme; and yet with all that how little he says about it! As an eagle outsoars the clouds, so does he rise above the influence of his outward man. In his persecutions he stands before us as a true man, a complete man, one of the noblest types of manhood, a model of what gracious manhood may become. When falsely accused we find him declaring the gospel of Jesus Christ to his persecutors as boldly as though they were his friends. You cannot but love him. Even if he had preached false doctrine we must have sympathized with his sufferings, but teaching, as he did, some of the noblest of truths, what shall we say of him?

As for his labors, he shames us in the present day. The man was everywhere. He flew as swiftly as a seraph in obedience to his Lord. He preached the gospel in almost every town and every village, from Falmouth up to Aberdeen, and then crossed the Atlantic to preach to the settlers and the Indians in the land of the setting sun. When did he rest? Filthy prisons could not have yielded him ease, and yet a sojourn in jail was the only rest he had. He was a man all ablaze with the fire of zeal and the light of unselfishness. We all like a little recreation now and then, and need it, but he had it not. Who is there amongst us who has not had a fortnight at least at the sea-side this year, and felt we wanted it? But Fox had no fortnights, nor even minutes of rest. It was all work, work, work, from the day when he found himself saved till the day when he died in harness, and slept because his work was done, and his Master had said to him, "Friend, come up higher." Oh, that those who are engaged in the service of God would learn to emulate his industry! We frequently hear complaints about the hardness of the Christian service; but ought they ever to be raised? We get weary in preaching, perhaps, but if we preached oftener and more fervently we should not grow half so weary. I sometimes venture to tell those of my brethren who get exhausted by preaching twice a week, that that is enough to kill anybody; but that preaching ten or twelve times a week might be easier work. If the blacksmith should take his huge hammer and make horse shoes only once a week, his arm would tire, and he would never be able to get through with his work; but when he does it every day in the week, he is even able to make music upon the anvil. So when a man works constantly for God, he will be able to work joyfully. We none of us know what we can do. The labor which appears hard to us to-day will be easy to-morrow, if we attempt it; then let us go on to something more, and when, by God's help, we have accomplished it, we will seek after something higher still, and never be satisfied until we have achieved all that holy love can produce from us. Loved as we have been by our Lord Jesus, and professing to be the possessors of a spiritual and secret life of divine origin, let none of us be idle; nay, even if old age and infirmity have overtaken us, let the little strength we have be used for him who loved us, and gave himself for us.

(To be continued.)

A Memorial of Plainfield Monthly Meeting of Friends, concerning our beloved friend JANE YOCUM, *deceased.*

We feel a solicitude to procure and give forth the following testimony, concerning our beloved friend Jane Yocum, wife of Samuel Yocum. She was born in Centre county, Pa., the 15th of 9th month, 1810. Her parents, Thomas and Jane Dewees, being exemplary members of the Society of Friends, gave her an education corresponding with their profession, which she ever esteemed a blessing. Yet being of a cheerful disposition, she found while young many things to captivate her mind and lead it from the path pointed out for her to follow; still, being favored with judicious parents, (to whom she often referred with gratitude), she was prevented from participating in gross evils, for which she rejoiced in after life. When she had care of her own household, though delicate in health, she found it to be a duty devolving upon her to be diligent in the attendance of meeting, and evinced by her solemn deportment therein, that this practice was felt to be more than a lifeless formality. Though this duty was often attended with difficulties, they being in humble circumstances, and the distance to meeting making it ofttimes inconvenient to attend, yet she seldom failed to do so, not unfrequently having to walk. As she was faithful in this duty, yielding to the manifestations of truth, she found it obligatory upon her to publicly invite others to the same obedience and trust in that Power, which had brought her through many trials, and caused her to administer unto others when sick or afflicted. She seemed much concerned to impress all with the great truth, that we have a useful sphere to fill in this life, whatever be the capacity, and to urge the necessity of giving up the whole heart to serve God, for by so doing each would be enabled to see the work assigned him; even if it were comparable to the widow's mite, or giving a cup of cold water in charity.

She was frequently found, much to her own physical discomfort, reaching forth her hand to

others when in much need of help herself; but feeling it to be a Christian duty, she would reply, when admonished by her friends, that the way was made easy. Hence when the call went forth for help, by night or by day, she was ever ready to extend the hand prompted by sympathy to the suffering of any denomination, for she was not biased by sectarianism; and thus imitated the good Samaritan. Those deeds of love will long be remembered by her friends who survive her. We do not wish anything like eulogizing our departed friend, or garnishing the sepulchre of the righteous; we do not desire her actions, excellent though they be, held up to view by way of ostentation, or mere honor to her memory. We believe that true respect to departed virtue is rendered by following the example of those who have struggled through the toils and trials of life unto the end, and soared triumphantly above the trying scenes of time. We believe *they* lament the worthy dead, who live as she desired. The leading solicitude of her mind, as was made manifest when standing before the people, was for them to choose the Lord for their portion, as she appeared to have taken the God of Jacob for the lot of her inheritance; which was evident while time lasted. She had been afflicted with disease for many years previous to her final dissolution, and for several weeks was racked with excruciating pain while frail nature was yielding to the constant pressure. All was borne with Christian fortitude, until relieved by death, which occurred on the 22d of 2d month, 1866, being in the 56th year of her age. She was interred in Friends' burying ground at Plainfield, on the 25th, after a solemn meeting which was largely attended.

The following is one of a series of letters kindly sent us by a friend for publication. They have not before appeared in print.

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

SKANEATELES, 1st month 26th, 1823.

Dear young friend,—I do indeed accept thy letter as a mark of the greatest confidence, both in my friendship for thee and in my observance of the secresy thou enjoins, which I assure thee I shall keep inviolable, according to the golden precept of doing to others, even as we would that others should do unto us.

This law we ought to feel ourselves bound to observe religiously; and did we thus obey it, it would do away a great portion of suffering and unhappiness from the human family.

Be thou one of the number that from the acceptable season of youth shalt be found walking by it, bringing thy conduct daily to this simple, but divine test or rule. When honest with ourselves, how soon can we determine what we should do or leave undone as respects our fellow beings.

Simple and plain are all the injunctions of our Saviour, and easily discernible are the leadings of His Holy Spirit to the willing hearted. 'Tis only by inattention or disobedience that we become doubtful; hence that command, "Be not faithless, but believing;" and what greater encouragement could we ask or desire than that declaration from the lips of Truth, that "all things are possible to Him that believeth"—that is, all things that are required by our Heavenly Father. Seeing this is the case, and that every good thought, as well as every other good gift, cometh down from the Father of mercies, the strong desires thou sometimes art favored to feel are an evidence of Divine regard, and in their nature draw thy affections to the Author of all good; because what comes from Him leads to Him as the centre of all goodness. And when thou hast these precious feelings, it is then that thou offers up real prayer; for dost thou not remember what the Apostle saith? "The spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered, or formed into words." That thou shouldst feel an aversion to set times or formal prayers I do not wonder, for I believe they are of the class thou mentions.

Real prayer is the breathing desire of the soul, either in supplication or intercession, or thanksgiving and praise; and the soul must be brought into a state feeling one of these, or all of them, to be in a capacity for this solemn, awful exercise; and when this is the case, then they are the spontaneous effect, either in the silent language of thought, or when spoken audibly. As thou observes, it is impossible to be religious and not offer such prayer, as much as it is impossible to live without breathing. Still there are times of weakness to the mind, as well as to the body, when this breath of life, this inhaling and respiring of spirit, can scarcely be perceived. Nevertheless life exists, and ofttimes revives to greater strength and activity than before, through the kindness of the great Physician of value. And though seasons of desertion and incapacity for any evident acts of devotion may be in love and unerring wisdom dispensed, to wean thy affections and purify thy heart from its attachment to earthly things, and make thy desires more fervent after spiritual things, do not give way to doubting, but strive to hold fast the grain of faith and trust in a merciful God, that though He cause darkness, yet will He in His own time bring forth light as the noonday, and make thee "fruitful in the field of offering and joyful in His house of prayer."

Prayer, it is to be feared, is a subject little understood by many high professors; and I am almost induced to believe that the Holy Spirit is grieved by these performances as much as by things that appear openly irreligious; indeed I

tremble at the idea that they are frequently a solemn mockery of the Most High. The Lord's prophet formerly was sent to testify against those that draw nigh unto Him with their words, while their hearts were far from Him. These are the prayers that are an abomination, and such I do not believe thou hast attempted to offer. A state of deep silent abasement, my dear friend, is a safe state. Thou knowest who said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" wait on Him.

As to Hannah Moore's recommendation, I should only change the expression, and say, set apart certain hours for religious contemplation and reading of the Scriptures, and then thy hesitation will be removed; then at times true devotion will be kindled within thee and rise to its Author. We stand in need of forms of this kind, because we are apt to forget our truest interest, or rather to neglect it; and let time,—precious invaluable time—pass without improvement.

To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats. Moments, hours and days pass away if not summoned by some order, and leave no trace of Heaven. But to return to H. Moore. Her moral precepts are most excellent, and her estimate of female duties, female deportment, and, in short, of all parts of the female character, are just what I could wish thine to be; but we know as a zealous Episcopalian her creed was different from what our Society can approve in various particulars. Glean all the good from her writings, and charitably pass over the rest. She has shone with lustre in her sphere in this world; and I doubt not will shine as the stars forever and ever in the world to come. With the expression of my sincere interest in thy exercises I will close, and affectionately invite thee to continue a freedom which is by no means considered an intrusion by thy friend,

LYDIA P. MOTT.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

PHILADELPHIA, FIRT M ONTH 5, 1867.

THE NEW YEAR.—We are upon the threshold of a period favorable for thought and retrospection. The old year, with its joys and sorrows, its realizations and disappointments, is numbered with the things *that were*. The glowing incidents or fatal errors which have been recorded upon its pages, can be recalled but through the agency of memory. Opportunities unimproved can be redeemed only by "suffering the time past to suffice," in which the duty of the hour has been neglected, and, by pressing forward, with an earnestness of purpose, in the work of "to-day," so that "the morrow" may "take thought for the things of itself."

They who have been faithful in their vocation have, doubtless, garnered for themselves treasures of priceless value, and are among those who need fear no evil, for, as Mary of old, they have chosen "the good part that shall not be taken" from them. Among the failures of Hope, we number those created by the emancipation of millions of our fellow beings from physical bondage. As a nation, we have fallen far short of the fulfilment of the expectations indulged in, when, by a righteous decree, their chains were loosened and their "shackles fell." But for the generosity and perseverance of individuals and communities, the condition of this people would be, if possible, more pitiable than their former state of servitude. With gratitude we acknowledge the untiring efforts of many faithful workers in this cause; and would that we had more grounds for hoping with *expectation*, that ere the close of the present year the laws of the land will be so reformed in relation to the colored population, that they shall no longer be a disgrace to the statute-books of an enlightened age. Why should not philanthropy keep pace with the march of mind in other directions? We look with wonder and amazement upon the achievements of intellect as it girts the universe with its electric wire, and brings into daily intercourse countries widely separated both by land and by sea. Impressed with its magnitude, we adore the *great First Cause* by which man is thus endowed with wisdom and with power; and the mental ejaculation is, "wherewithal shall we come before the Lord," or, "what shall we render unto Him for all his benefits."

Turning our thoughts within the limits of our own religious organization the changes most apparent consist in the removal of Friends upon whom we have looked as judges and counsellors. A number of these have been gathered to a higher life, and the void is sensibly felt, creating the desire that those who linger round the altar, and yet hesitate to lay upon it the offering required, may no longer delay, but be willing to heed the call, and to enter into the harvest-field and labor. Viewed from individual standpoints, the state of Society retains its chameleon hues. Its shadows

and its lights are in accordance with the mental atmosphere of the beholder. Hence, we find *Elijahs*, under a feeling of discouragement, seeking shelter in *caves*, and bemoaning the condition of Israel; while the hopeful discern in the "signs of the times" a promise of a more vigorous growth of the good seed, producing an increase of love to God and love to man.

We notice with encouragement that amid the variety of sentiment there is a general tendency to a charitableness which can accept the apostolic counsel—"Let each be fully persuaded in his own mind."

We are not among those who feel the mission of the Society of Friends has been fulfilled, and that it is passing away. With the eye of faith, we behold it buckling on the armor of righteousness, and advocating, with renewed energy, its fundamental principle, and the testimonies based upon it. If the concern of its members be to cherish and breathe around them the spirit of Christianity, their faith will be shown by their works, and through this instrumentality others may be brought to acknowledge the power of the "*inner light*," as believed in by George Fox and his coadjutors.

Fishing Creek Half-Year's Meeting.—We learn from some friends who attended this meeting, the Youths' meeting on the following day, and the Monthly Meeting on the day previous, that, although owing to the extreme cold weather, the gatherings were not so large as usual, that they were interesting and instructive opportunities. A large number of those present were young people, and the fact that many came from a distance gave hope that the principles so highly valued by our predecessors are still prized by many of our members. The answering of the Queries which are to be forwarded to the next Philadelphia Yearly Meeting brought to notice several subjects which were impressively commented upon. The *power* of Love as a governing principle, both in families and schools, was forcibly presented.

In the advocacy of the testimony to a free gospel ministry, it was maintained that if our members could more fully appreciate the importance of individual responsibility, there would probably be a greater number who would be willing to become the public expounders of our principles, and that in this way this important testimony might be more effectually borne than by speaking against a salaried ministry. These remarks were accompanied by an exhortation to dwell in the spirit of prayer, and in that state of dependence upon the Divine Being that would lead us to watch daily over our actions, and to recognize the truth that strength to do what is right can be gained from Him alone.

Parents were advised to remember that in the training of their children, absence of hurtful influences, unaccompanied by incentives to active virtue, would not make sturdy and noble men and women, and that in their teachings they must endeavor to encourage in their offspring that moral courage which would enable them in after life to stand up for the right and the true, regardless of the counter influences that might surround them.

Movements of Travelling Friends.—John J. Cornell has obtained a Minute from Rochester Monthly Meeting, New York, to visit Friends and others, as way may open, within the limits of Scipio Quarterly Meeting.

Died, at his residence in Duanesburg, Schenectady Co., N. Y., on the 19th of Fifth month, 1866, Jos. H. Moore, in the 66th year of his age; a member of Duanesburg Monthly Meeting.

This much esteemed friend was a kind husband and father, and in his removal, not only his family, but the neighborhood, has lost a useful citizen, and the Society of Friends an exemplary member. He was not only a steady attender of meetings, but always in season. His disease being general debility, his suffering was not severe, yet he foresaw his time was short. This, however, did not alarm him, as he had made his calling and election sure; as was evidenced by such expressions as, "I see nothing in my way; all is joy and peace."

——, on the 2d of Ninth month, 1866, at his residence in Duanesburg, Enoch Hoag, in the 80th year of his age; a member of Duanesburg Mo. Meeting.

This aged Friend had experienced severe domestic afflictions, having survived all the members of his particular family. And from the decease of his second wife, not quite a year previous, he felt that he was left alone, and at times was inconsolable; but "as in life they were united, in death they were not far separated."

——, at his residence in Ballston, Saratoga Co., N. Y., on the 18th of Eleventh month, 1866, of typhoid pneumonia, Wm. P. Smith, in the 65th year of his age; a member of Saratoga Monthly Meeting.

He was strongly attached to the Society of Friends, and liberal in his religious views. Being eminently social in his nature, he mingled much in society, taking an active part in whatever would promote the general good. Although self-educated, he was a great advocate of a liberal education, and wherever

his lot was cast, endeavored to elevate the standard of moral and intellectual culture. Warm in his sympathies, the oppressed and afflicted of every class found in him a friend, often employing his pen in advocating the cause of philanthropy. He was an affectionate brother, a loving husband, an ever watchful yet indulgent parent, and a kind neighbor. And now we feel that we can do no less than bow in humble submission to the bereavement that has befallen us, trusting "our loss is his eternal gain."

E. H.

——, on the 19th of Twelfth month, 1866, MARTHA WHARTON, widow of Ezra Wharton, formerly of Bucks County, Pa., aged 88 years and 7 months; a member of Short Creek Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

——, on 21st of Twelfth month, in Chester County, Pa., REBECCA M., wife of Joseph Lindsay, aged 53 years; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, on 29th of Twelfth month, of pneumonia, MARY B., wife of George Craft; a member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting, N. J.

——, on 29th of Twelfth month, SARAH W., wife of Abraham Barker, and daughter of the late Wm. Wharton, aged 45 years; a member of Spruce Street Monthly Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons will be held at Liberty Hall, Lombard above Seventh, on Sixth-day evening next, First month 11th. Contributors and all others interested are invited.

THE MINUTES OF OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

It may seem out of time, but we make the following selections from the Extracts of Ohio Yearly Meeting. We would kindly suggest to Friends of the different Yearly Meetings to forward their "Extracts," in future, as early as practicable, that those who are interested in hearing from the different portions of the Society may have the opportunity of doing so in due season.

At Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Mt. Pleasant, by adjournments, from the 27th of the 8th mo. to 30th of the same inclusive, 1866.

Reports were received from Short Creek, Stillwater and Salem Quarterly Meeting, constituting this; and on calling the names of the representatives therein, all were present except two, for the absence of whom a satisfactory reason was given.

Minutes were received and read from the following Friends, who are now in attendance with us, viz:

For Nathan Thomas, a minister from Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting, Iowa, held 9th of 6th mo., 1866. Endorsed by Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting 11th of same month.

Samuel J. Levick, a minister from Richland Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, 3d day of 8th mo., 1866. Endorsed by Abington Quarterly Meeting 9th of same month.

Benjamin Tomlinson, a minister from Byberry Monthly Meeting, dated 7th mo. 31st., 1866. Endorsed by Abington Quarterly Meeting 9th of 8th mo.

Bennet G. Walters, a minister in unity, from Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting, endorsed by Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, State of Iowa.

Jesse Underwood, an Elder from Centre Monthly Meeting, Centre County, Pa., 8th mo. 9th, 1866.

Joseph B. Wilson, an Elder from Young Street Monthly Meeting, Canada West, dated 16th of 8th mo., 1865.

Charles Tease, an Elder from Horsham Monthly Meeting, 1st of 8th mo., 1866.

Aaron Packer, an Elder from Green Plain Monthly Meeting, 15th of 8th mo., 1866.

Women's Meeting produced Minutes for the following Friends, who are in attendance:

Ann Packer, a minister from Green Plain Monthly Meeting, Clark County, Ohio, 15th of 8th mo, 1866.

Rebecca John, a minister from Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting, 6th mo. 13th, 1866. Endorsed by Fishing Creek Half Yearly Meeting, Columbia Co., Pa., 21st of same month.

Lydia L Garett, a member from Goshen Monthly Meeting, Chester County, Pa., 7th mo. 25th, 1866.

Epistles were received from Baltimore, Indiana, New York, Philadelphia and Genesse Yearly Meetings, which were read, and the contents thereof were edifying and comforting to us. To essay an Epistle, if way opens, to send to each of those meetings, a committee was appointed.

The following reference was received from Salem Quarterly Meeting, which, after consideration, was left to a committee, to unite with a like committee of Women Friends, should they appoint one to take the subject under care, and report to a future sitting their sense and judgment thereon.

REFERENCE.

As the Yearly Meeting in 1852 and 1853 left the Monthly Meetings at liberty to disown some of their members who had left our Society (and set up other meetings,) without visiting or treating with them as is usual for our Society to do in disowning offenders, (by which some have been disowned.) and as the Society which they formed is believed to be extinct within the limits of our Yearly Meeting, and it is believed that some of those so disowned have a desire to be reinstated in our Society if we would hold out some encouragement to them: This meeting would suggest to the Quarterly Meeting the propriety of laying the subject before the Yearly Meeting for its deliberation, of leaving those so disowned at liberty to return to our Society and be acknowledged as members by attending our meetings and expressing a desire to be again united therewith without

being further treated with. With which the Women's Meeting concurs.

JONATHAN T. SHAW, *Clerk.*

George Cope, on behalf of the representatives, proposed the name of Joseph S. Hartley for Clerk, and Samuel S. Tomlinson for Assistant, who being severally considered, were united with and accordingly appointed for the ensuing year.

ANNUAL ANSWERS.

1st.—Freeport Monthly, preparative and meetings for worship (a branch of Short Creek Quarterly Meeting,) laid down, and the members thereof are attached to Short Creek Monthly Meeting; also, Sunsbury preparative and meeting for worship (a branch of Stillwater Quarterly Meeting,) laid down, and the members thereof attached to Somerset preparative and particular meeting.

2.—Schools are encouraged, but there are none under the care of Friends.

The following reference was received from Salem Quarterly Meeting, viz.:

Salem Monthly Meeting proposes the subject of discontinuing to hold preparative meetings where there is but one constituting a Monthly Meeting; which claiming our attention, it was proposed by this meeting, and women's meeting united therewith, to defer the subject until next year for further consideration.

The following reference from Stillwater Quarterly Meeting was read, and the proposed change approved of by this meeting, viz.:

"Stillwater Monthly Meeting proposed that the Quarterly Meeting of Stillwater be held in the Eleventh month in each year at Richland, instead of Somersett, as at present; which is united with, and the change to take place accordingly, if approved by the Yearly Meeting."

Taken from the Minutes of Stillwater Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held at Somersett, 5th month 25th, 1866.

The Committee on Reference from Salem Quarterly Meeting made the following report, viz.:

To the Yearly Meeting now sitting:

We the Committee on the reference from Salem Quarterly Meeting, having met and duly considered the subject, unite in proposing that the order authorizing Monthly Meetings to disown members for certain offences, on minute, without treating with them, be rescinded, and all disabilities arising therefrom be removed; which we submit to the meeting.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

JOHN D. YOCUM,
RUTH COPE.

Which claiming the attention of the meeting, was generally united with.

The Representative Committee produced a memorial for our deceased friend, Jane Yocum, adopted by Plainfield Monthly and endorsed by Stillwater Quarterly Meeting. It was read and approved, and directed to be recorded and printed with the minutes of this meeting.

For the encouragement of the brethren who have not been with us to receive the glad tidings of joy that have been dispensed to us in this our Annual Assembly, we feel constrained to trace the remembrance of some of these seasons, that the consolation may extend to the watering of the whole heritage. In considering the state of society our minds have been brought into near sympathy and fellow feeling with each other, and with all wherever scattered, that we may be more and more concerned for the maintenance of those testimonies that our forefathers were called upon to bear. And we were feelingly reminded that there is no other way by which an advancement can be made in this great work, either individually or collectively, but by yielding obedience to the gentle teachings of the Spirit of truth. Hence there would arise a concern to meet with our brethren and sisters at our little meetings, that we might feel after that life and power that will centre us in the love of the Father and qualify for the discharge of the varied duties of life. And oh, the feelings that seemed to pervade the general mind that the time past in carelessness and indifference may suffice; that we may press forward with new life and energy to the rebuilding of the broken down walls of our Zion, that she may again arise and shake herself from the dust of the earth, even from every weakness and pollution, and put on her beautiful garments of humility and love. And beloved brethren the spirit says come and the bride says come, and all that will come may come, and partake of the waters of life freely; let us therefore be encouraged to open our hearts for its reception, for if we are only willing and obedient it will be unto us a well of living water, springing up unto everlasting life. And when we come into this state, all those noble testimonies that we as a people feel ourselves called upon to bear will be carried forward to the glory of God and the enlargement of his kingdom in the hearts of his obedient children. Then our tender offspring, whose perceptions are clear, but who are often turned aside by the weakness of parents, and others that are aged, will be constrained to attend our meetings and feel the overflowings of divine love to tender their hearts, and the powerful language of our example will be to them as stepping-stones to lead them to the kingdom of Christ.

Having been gathered during the several sittings of the meeting to feel a good measure of divine love to prevail, we conclude, to meet at Salem, at the usual time next year, if so permitted.

JOSEPH S. HARTLEY, *Clerk.*

Yearly Meeting for Ministers and Elders gathers the preceding 7th day at 10 o'clock. Meeting for Suffering or representative committee, 7th day, 3 o'clock, P. M. Public Meetings for worship on First and Fourth days, gather at 10 o'clock.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

NO. III.

Our Association, through its Education Committee, continues to be in the receipt of gratifying intelligence from its teachers, and the statistical condition of the schools for the present month may be thus summed up,—viz.:

Ten schools in Virginia—No. of Males, 166; No. of Females, 189. Total, 355. No. Reading, 185; No. Writing, 250; No. in Alphabet, 31. Between six and sixteen years of age, 296.

Five schools at Mt. Pleasant and St. Helena, S. C.—No. of Males, 130; No. of Females, 137. Total, 267. No. Reading, 201; No. Writing, 238; No. in Alphabet, 29. Between six and sixteen years of age, 192.

Attention is again called to the few in the alphabet; only *sixty* out of the entire *six hundred and twenty two!* and this, too, with *four hundred and eighty-eight* under sixteen years of age.

From the letters and reports of our teachers it would appear that they are all laboring with a will, and with the very best interests of their pupils at heart; and not only their pupils, but the welfare of others of the freedmen by whom they are surrounded ofttimes claim their attention and sympathy.

It may not be amiss to add a few items of information gleaned from their letters.

The school-house at Herndon Station, Fairfax Co., Va., where Francis E. Gause is located, has been burned down, it is supposed by incendiaries; but, nothing daunted, she is now going from house to house giving instruction in the best way she can; and the freedmen are at work vigorously in rebuilding. Our Association made application to the *Bureau* for assistance, which was cheerfully granted.

The school and church building at Lewinsville, which was partially destroyed by a mob some time since, has been repaired. The school reopened, and the teacher remarks, "Both teacher and pupils are glad to resume their duties." She also speaks of the discouragement they felt at first, from which, however, they have rallied, and that several persons had bought land near the church, in order to guard it and *be handy to school.*

Our teacher at Vienna reports having a little boy who learned the alphabet in *five days*, and after being a pupil only *nine days*, could spell *well* in three letters.

Several of the teachers have forwarded specimens of penmanship of some of their pupils, not only creditable, but worthy of high admiration. *One* of the teachers informs that her contributions were all from children under eleven years of age; and *another*, who furnished two quite lengthy compositions on "*War*," written by pupils aged respectively *eleven* and *thirteen* years, informs that the youngest when she first came to school (after vacation, it is presumed) could not make an "*A*" on the slate.

The essays were entirely original, without even a suggestion from her. The elder of these two girls, having shown a decided talent for teaching, has been installed as an assistant, at a moderate compensation, while still remaining under instructions. In several of the schools this experiment is now being tried, with every prospect of entire success.

A number of the teachers have referred to the eagerness with which the pupils resumed their studies after the summer recess, and the remarkable fact that they have *retained* what they had previously learned.

One remarks, "I am often surprised how little the children forget while away from school; after vacation nearly every one was ready to commence *where he or she left off in the summer*," while *another* reports that all gave evidence of having been studious and attentive during the holidays.

Very interesting letters have also been received from our teachers in South Carolina. One of them narrates an instance of a pupil who did not know three letters about six weeks since, who can now read anywhere in the *Primer*, and she thinks in another week he will be fit for the class in the "*First Reader.*" Also, that she has several other scholars who have done almost as well.

Another, in describing their great anxiety and untiring efforts to learn, states that one of them said to her, "Why I think so much about my lessons I cannot sleep nights—'pears like I want to come to school every minute. Oh! I do want to learn; you must tell me all my mistakes." And another, when success crowned his efforts to master the second case in *Subtraction*, *looked* the satisfaction he could not express, and said, "Please, ma'am, give me that same kind for two weeks straight along, so I may have him good and never forget him," &c.

With one exception (which was of short duration,) the health of our teachers, so far as we have been able to ascertain, has been good since their return, and they appear to be cheerful, happy and contented with their labors. Several of them have stated the fact that a number of the children are prevented from coming to school for want of sufficient clothing to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. Their wants in this respect have been temporarily

supplied so far as the Association then had the means, but as these must necessarily need constant renewal, and as the educational branch of the work is a heavy drain on its funds, which *must* be met, it is hoped Friends generally will respond to this appeal by an increase in the amount of their contributions. An erroneous idea has gained ground that little or no assistance is now needed in aid of the *physical* wants of the Freedmen. We have abundant evidence that this is not the fact. Although it may be true that the period of general intense suffering is over and past, it must be remembered they are still in a transition state and peculiarly subject to trials and discouragements, needing judicious helping hands, competent to discriminate between turning a deaf ear to suffering, and encouraging anything like dependence or pauperism.

A box of sundries has been sent to each one of our teachers, containing not only a supply of much needed clothing, but an assortment of toys for the children, and the acknowledgments of their reception tell us of the hearts made glad, both of old and young, upon the distribution of these opportune gifts. Warm expressions of gratitude also greet us from every quarter where our "*circular letter*" to the Freedmen has been sent. They frequently desire it to be read to them over and over again, and think it is "so kind to be remembered by their white friends." J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Twelfth mo., 1866.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE PORCH.

"The voice
Is but an instrument, on which the priest
May play what tune he pleases."

While in fair Eden's garden Adam dwelt,
Enjoying all the goodly heritage
Which God designed for man, the serpent crept,
With stealthy movement, into Paradise,
And, with its cunning wisdom, caused the fall;
The garden still remains, and fairest fruits
May yet be gathered from its genial soil—
Fruits of the Father's planting; and the call
Which Adam heard still vibrates in the soul
Of all who seek God's presence and his love.
The serpent, too, is there, and winds its way
Through shaded avenues and sunny walks;
With plausible deceit it offers fruit
That surely causes death; we take the gift,
And eating, loose our consciousness of life,
Who shall restore to us our primal strength?
Who bruise the serpent's head? who closely bind
The vanities of earth within the bounds
Of all restraining love, by power divine?
Where is the minister with sorrow bowed
To "blow the trumpet," "sanctify a fast,"
And "weep" between the altar and the porch—
A minister of life, whose constant cry
Is to the Lord of Hosts, "Thy people spare,"
"Thy heritage give not unto reproach?"
Isaiah, in his inspiration, saw
The Lord upon a throne, and lifted up;
He heard the song of a seraphic host,
Rejoicing in the glory of their God.
He cried, "Woe, woe, is me." I am undone;
I dwell with lips unclean; mine "eyes have seen"
The Lord of Hosts. Straightway a living coal,
From off God's holy altar, touched his lips,
And purged away his sin. He heard a call
For one to spread glad tidings on the earth,
And, hearing, meekly bowed before the Throne,
A willing messenger:—Lo! "I am here"—
And he was sent—a prophet from the Lord.
Where stand we now? what banner do we bear?
To show a true allegiance to the cause
For which the good have suffered in all time,
Our hands hang down despondent, and the ark
Moves onward, but alas! without our aid,
Unworthy children of devoted sires;
We seek the Spirit of eternal light,
And mingle thought with thought to make us one,
But do not find the sympathy we crave.
Excitement rules the day; the wrestling hour,
Wherein our loving duties should be learned,
Is fraught with projects human wisdom framed.
Lo! Christ is here, Lo! there,—bewildered oft
And unconvinced, the mind gropes darkly on.
Clouds gather overhead, and shadows fly
Across the pathway of redeeming love;
Voices return like echoes from a rock,
Leaving no trace of an impression there.
Unchastened fires are burning, and the call,
Though zealous, leads not to the narrow path.
The outer court applauds; the inner life
Is drooping unsustained—"A stone for bread."
Our walls are broken down, our gates unhinged,
Our towers of strength are falling in decay;
Shepherds have left the flock, and bleating lambs
Are straying from the fold. The mountain top
Is dry and barren, and the voice we hear
Ofttimes is calling us to useless toil,—
Husks in abundance, but the promised seed
Lies deeply hidden from the searching eye.
Our welcomed charities, and tender care,
Bespeak us many friends; the world admires,
And, in its admiration, we forget
The source from which our blessings ever flow.
We have the world's reward: its smiling look
Repays us back with praises of its own.
Oh ye, who trust that God does still reveal
His presence IN his children, ye that wait
To overcome the evil with the good,
Ye "children of the light and of the day,"
With fear and trembling seek the holy mount;
Tread not on sacred ground with shodden feet;
Gird not your lions with wisdom of the earth;
Cast up a highway, that the soul may pass
From days of labor to a home of rest;
Plant deeply in the soil both Truth and Love,
The seeds of promise to the faithful soul.
Ye may not see the growth; in goodly time
The branches from the trunk will widely spread
With sheltering boughs for all the birds of air,
And shaded lairs for beasts from every field.
Your spirits, soaring high, will seek the light,
The centre of all good, and finding there
The Author of its life, will sing his praise—
Then, in your silent musings, ye may feel
Refreshing waters gushing forth from springs
Of everlasting life; then ye may know
Of bread that feeds the hungry; then may find
A balm to soothe the weary. In the faith
Of God's disposing power you may live,
And in that faith your hope forever rest.

Philadelphia, 12*th month*, 1866.

Professing to be a Christian does not make us to be one.

JACQUES BALMAT.

(Concluded from page 686.)

I must explain to those who may read these lines, and who have not made the ascension of Mont Blanc, what the Grand Plateau is. Let them imagine a slightly inclined plane of about five acres, situated 12,000 feet above the sea, swept by numerous avalanches of ice, over nearly its whole extent; exposed to the N. and N. E. winds; bounded on the other sides by immense mountains of ice and snow, where not a rock or even a stone could be found, as a seat or a shelter, but everywhere a deep snow, that the wind whirled in gusts around them, and where the thermometer marked 32 deg. on the hottest days of summer in the sun. This, then, is a picture of the Grand Plateau. It was there that, without coverings, and having nothing but his sacque and his stick, he resolved to pass the night.

When we reflect that this astonishing man was alone, in the midst of those vast unknown solitudes, having nothing but his courage wherewith to face such great dangers, with the certain conviction that in case of misfortune he could receive no human aid, we are struck dumb with surprise.

During the day, the over-excitement of the walk, the novelty of the localities, the hope of success, all made the time pass rapidly; but in the night, when overcome by fatigue, without sufficient provisions, his feet in the snow at a temperature of 14 degrees, and without sleeping, the hours appeared as ages; and, besides, the distant cracking of the glaciers, and the prolonged roaring of the avalanches, which interrupted the deathlike silence which reigned in those high and remote regions, were terrifying.

"At last," said Balmat, "the dawn appeared; it was time,—I was frozen. However, by dint of rubbing myself and practising ridiculous gymnastics, my limbs became limber, and I was able to resume my explorations. I thought I had seen, while I was descending to the Grand Plateau and about half way down, an extremely rapid declivity, but at the same time accessible, which would lead straight to the Rocher Rouge; I decided to climb it; arrived there, I found it so steep, and the snow so icy, that I could not maintain my position; however, by making holes with the iron point of my stick, I succeeded tolerably well in clinging to it; but I experienced an extreme degree of exhaustion and fatigue."

"It was neither an easy nor an enviable position to be suspended, as it were, on one leg, with the perspective of an abyss below me, and to be forced at the same time to cut those kind of steps. At last, after great perseverance, I gained the Rocher Rogue. Oh! I said to myself, I am nearly there, from here (to the summit I meant) there is nothing now to hinder me; all is as smooth as a mirror,—no more steps to cut, no more impediments; but I was almost dead with hunger and fatigue, and numb with cold. It was late, I must descend, but this time with the certainty of again ascending the first fine weather, and of succeeding. When I reached my home I was almost blind, and after resting a short time, I laid down in the barn, where I slept for 48 hours."

This narration, which was made to the author and many other persons, is faithfully given word for word. The excursion was made on the 8th, 9th and 10th of July, 1786.

After several days of indispensable rest, Balmat resolved to re-ascend and to reach the summit of Mont Blanc by himself;—he was henceforth sure to succeed; but he said to himself, "If I leave there no signal that can be seen from Chamouni, who will believe me? It will not be the guides who have hitherto failed in the same enterprise; still less will it be those who do not know the mountain; they laugh at all attempts, and are well persuaded that no person will ever succeed in putting his foot on the snowy crest.

These decisions were just; he must either prove the fact, or pass for a jester; and to do it, was as difficult as necessary.

Any one can see, that a man by himself, and already burdened by his provisions and the indispensable change of clothing for such an expedition, could not carry to the top of Mont Blanc any object whatever that could be seen from Chamouni.

After a long deliberation he decided to communicate his discovery to Dr. Paccard, and associate him in his project.

The proposition was the more warmly received by Dr. Paccard, as he was himself a decided amateur in those kind of hazardous excursions.

Being at that time a learned physician, and a not less distinguished naturalist, he occupied himself in various researches in natural history, principally in botany and geology.

The high terrace of Mont Blanc would be then a marvellous spot from which to embrace in a single glance all the details of the structure of the high ridges which surrounded the giant of the Alps.

From the 1st of August, 1786, the weather appearing favorable, Dr. P. and Balmat made their preparations for the journey, hastily and secretly; secretly, I say, so that no one should participate, and also to avoid ridicule in case of failure.

It was necessary, however, to take some persons into their confidence, so as to watch their progress, and signalize their success, or, in case of accident, to send them help. Two persons only were chosen accordingly.

Paccard and Balmat started from Chamouni,

separately, on the 7th of Aug., 1786. They agreed to meet at the foot of the mountain de la Côte, beyond the last châlet, so that no one could guess their object, each one taking his provisions, reduced to the smallest possible compass, as if he was merely taking a walk.

That first day's journey was nearly free from danger, and brought them to the edge of the glacier, which skirts the mountain. Arrived there, they chose their resting place for the night, under the shelter of a large mass of rocks. The next morning, as soon as day dawned, they commenced crossing the glacier du Bosson, which at that place was full of crevasses; it required a considerable time to go around the largest, and to get over the others, before arriving at the foot of the Grand Mulets. After a short time of rest, they directed their steps towards the Dôme, describing in their march numerous zigzags; crossed the little Plateau and the avalanches of ice, without accident, and reached the Grand Plateau towards noon. From thence turning towards the south, they arrived at the foot of the steep snow-hill where Balmat had been obliged to cut steps in his former attempt. Although the surface of the snow was then softened by the sun, it took them full two hours to climb it and reach the Rocher Rouge. Until now the rarification of the air and fatigue alone had incommoded them; but here a very violent and cold wind from the N. W. overtook them and added to their discomfort. But it was impossible to stop; they must continue walking, or be frozen on the spot. From this point to the summit, although the declivity was not very steep, respiration became hurried and painful, which joined to the fatigue, and to the mortal cold which they endured, and the violence of the wind which greatly retarded their progress, rendered their position infinitely perilous. In spite of all these discouragements, their indomitable courage prevailed, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon they attained the ridge of this colossus of the Alps.

Dr. Paccard and Balmat very often related the incidents of their expedition to their intimate friends: but they had no words to express the ecstacy with which they gazed upon the sublime and dizzying panorama which unrolled itself to their view, and not less, the satisfaction of being the first to enjoy it.

However, the lateness of the hour, and an intolerable temperature, soon forced them to tear themselves from that incomparable site, and beat a retreat. Their return the same day to their shelter of the day before was made in all haste, and very happily. It would be difficult, I believe, to express the satisfaction—the intoxication rather—of those two intrepid explorers during that first night. Henceforth their names will belong to history, and during their lives with what congratulations will they not be surrounded!

The next morning Dr. Paccard said to Balmat, "But I hear the singing of birds, and it is still night." "Then," said Balmat, "you cannot see, for the sun is up; a thick glare of bleareyedness has rendered you momentarily blind. It is the effect of the reflection of the sun upon the glittering snow; but once at Chamouni, you will be cured. You have but to apply cream or the foam of beer, and all will be well; meantime I will bathe you with water,—we will breakfast, and go on."

It was with infinite difficulty that Dr. P. succeeded in reaching the foot of the mountain of La Côte, on account of the deplorable state of his eyes; but after a few days of rest, and application of remedies, the inflammation subsided.

The two persons who were taken into the confidence of the explorers, acquitted themselves admirably. While the success of the travellers was uncertain, until they knew that they had overcome the obstacles hitherto considered to be insurmountable, they kept their secret profoundly; but as soon as they saw them on the Rocher Rouge, and knew that they would attain the summit, they called the attention of a number of persons to confirm, by the aid of a telescope, the victory gained over the mighty mountain by those two daring men.

The days that followed their happy return were very delightful; they were feted, congratulated, and admired by a crowd of people. After an interval of several days, Dr. Paccard drew up a narrative of their expedition. If he could not enrich it with a great number of remarks, it was not for the want of an extensive knowledge; the uncertainty of success, the suddeness of their departure, the short time that they could remain on the summit, and, more than all, the impossibility of carrying with them instruments of observation, were the cause of it.

It was reserved to the illustrious Mr. de Saussure, who made the ascension in August, 1787, to give to the learned world the interesting series of observations which the season permitted him to make there; and to him and to others who have described its mountains and its glaciers, the valley of Chamouni owes much of its celebrity. Their memory is dear to its inhabitants, and may these lines be a fresh tribute to them.

It would also be unjust to our compatriots not to offer our gratitude to them, who, by their fortunate discovery, attracted the attention of the learned to our village. From that time, Balmat was, as we may easily believe, the favorite guide. His time was exclusively occupied in long journeys, or in working on his farm; however, that was not his chosen employment.

He, as I have said, prosecuted with singular

determination any enterprise that he had once undertaken; he liked freedom in thought and action; he could not even accommodate himself to the forced restraint of the guide towards the traveller; he would often prefer to a certain gain the dangerous risks incurred in searching for minerals, and particularly mining.

Thus, for want of a sufficient knowledge of mineralogy and geology, he lost much precious time, ruined his fortunes, and finished by falling a victim to his delusions.

In September, 1834, believing, upon some vague information, that a vein of gold existed upon the side of one of the ridges which bounds the valley of Sixt, he immediately commenced searching for it; but when he arrived at the place indicated, he found it quite unapproachable. It would be necessary to pass over a frightful shaft of rock on a narrow cornice, sloping over a precipice of more than 400 feet deep.

The sight of the imminent danger he must encounter, checked him, and for the time he abandoned the idea. Some time after, having associated with him a chamois hunter as daring as himself, they two with the aid of some precautions, returned to the charge; and this time, in spite of the advice and entreaties of his companion, he would persist in going on alone. It was a fascination; he ventured upon the narrow ledge, made a few steps, and disappeared forever. His companion returned alone, distracted and in despair, in a condition bordering on insanity. No aid could reach the unfortunate Balmat; his death must have been instantaneous.

Imagine to yourself a fall of more than 400 feet to the bottom of a gulf piled with enormous rocks, and constantly swept by avalanches of ice, and you will have a faint idea of that horrible tomb.

At first the people of Chamouni were not told of all these facts; the hunter thought it better to conceal the truth, for fear of being obliged to answer before the court, although no suspicion could attach to him. Some shepherds of Sixt had seen the accident, although, for various reasons, they imposed on each other an absolute silence, the most powerful reason for which was the hope to discover themselves the precious mine.

It was therefore only by uncertain data that the son of Balmat could attempt any search; consequently it was fruitless.

Nineteen years had passed away without any one thinking of undertaking further search. The frightful description that had been given of the abyss at the bottom of which he lay, and the great danger that they must run, caused the bravest to shrink.

However, in 1853, the author and several experienced guides resolved, with the help of the hunter, to make another attempt; but they were soon assured of their folly, and of the impossibility of success, and withdrew sorrowfully from the fatal place, convinced that it only now remained to his friends to dedicate these few lines to his memory. M. C.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions		$447.00
"	S., Fairbury, Illinois	10.00
"	Anne Kirk, Buckingham, Pa	5.00
"	Elida Johns, Pleasant Dale, Pa	5.00
"	A Friend, Camden, Del	10.00
"	Friends of Abington, Pa	29.00
"	Friends of Hockessen, Del	22.00
"	Friends of Birmingham, Pa., additional	120.00
		$648.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
12th mo. 29, 1866. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

THE INDIANS.—That the Indians are greatly sinned against as well as sinning, the testimony of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, abundantly proves. After unrivalled opportunities for observation among the 18,000 Indians in his diocess, he ascribes their demoralization greatly to their contact with the whites, and particularly to the government agents. He says that they are vicious and bad in proportion as they are familiar with the whites. The atrocities practised on them for years by government agents have tended to exasperate them, and have led to acts of cruelty and bloodshed. Though these Indian agents have a salary of but fifteen hundred dollars a year, the Bishop says they frequently retire at the end of four years, having amassed a fortune of fifty thousand dollars.—*Del. Co. Republican.*

SLAVERY NOT YET DEAD.—Four negroes, convicted of larceny and ordered to be sold by Judge Magruder, at Annapolis, were sold on the 22d ult. The first became his own purchaser for $37.

Another man brought $35, and two girls brought respectively $22 and $30 each.

There was an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau present of the sale, and it was thought the bidding would have been more spirited but for the fact that an impression seemed to prevail that the officer in question was about to interfere with the right of the purchasers, and relieve the negroes from the custody of those who bought.

A FEMALE of experience desires a situation in a public or family school. Can give good references. Address
wm22? tf TEACHER, New Port, Delaware.

SPURGEON ON GEORGE FOX.—An address before Friends' Institute, in London, by C. H. Spurgeon. Price ten cents per copy, or $5.00 per 100. Just published and for sale by
12mz tf HENRY LONGSTRETH.

"JOSEPH FOULKE'S FRIENDS' ALMANACK" for 1867 now ready, by T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Nos. 17 and 19 S. 6th St., Philada. Sent by mail free—either the large or pocket one—upon receipt of 10 cents. 1?15 4t

APPLE PARERS, Preserving Kettles, Bread Slicers, Clothes Sprinklers, (for ironing,) Patent Flat-Iron Holders, Knife and Scissor Sharpeners, Expansion Brace Bitts, Clutch Braces, (require neither fitting or notching of bitts,) and a general variety of Hardware and Tools. For sale by TRUMAN & SHAW,
929. No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.
The Fifty-Third session of this Institution will commence on the 19th of 11th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 825t 3367 pmuzz pain. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N. J.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*
William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 691.)

To ———.

3*d of Second Month*, 1819.

DEAR ——, I have often believed that the blessing in store for those who hand "the cup of cold water," may not pass from thee and thine, as thou art yet concerned to struggle on in the narrow way. I desire to be thy companion therein, and an example in giving up faithfully to all that is set before me, whether in the line of doing, or of suffering; who am often sensible of *something* still blotting out and wiping away many a spot contracted through unwatchfulness. There is a very precious feeling that seems to prevail with me, whilst saying thus much; and I may add, that though nearly day by day bowed down and broken, under a view of the low state of things at *home* (in the heart) and abroad, and of many sacrifices and services for the cause which are called for at my hand; yet I may acknowledge the very windows of heaven have been opened, and showers of refreshing help and strength have descended, such as cannot be contained or expressed: so that the encouragement is great for me and thee and all, yet to struggle on; laying aside that which hinders. And I think I may safely say to thee, dear ——, there has already been received by me an equivalent to the hundred-fold,—houses, brethren, sisters with suffering; though I look for something still better in the end.

From thy affectionate friend,

J. B.

To ———.

1819, *Fifth Month 4th.*—I have sometimes remembered the language or sentiment of a tried servant, who by being resigned to the Divine will through the tribulations that were in wisdom handed, was enabled to comfort a brother in words like these:—"if we be but clean vessels, no matter how empty;" and I may add, "no matter how long on the shelf," and as one says, like "a pitcher placed upside down, on its mouth,"—to keep the dust out. The only danger I have found, when counted worthy, or clean enough to be set in this trying position, has been that of repining at the dispensation allotted, or not quietly seeking after acquiescence. If we were but willing to abide the operation of the Almighty hand, which would make all of us vessels fit for a place in his holy temple, and a service in the Lord's house; and were but enough sensible of the benefit of these turnings and overturnings, and of the blessing that they are to those that are patient enough to profit by them;—surely some of us that are now ready at seasons to give over struggling, and to think it is to no purpose endeavoring to hold out in faith and faithfulness any longer, (presuming the Lord hath forgotten us,) would rejoice that we are counted worthy to drink of the cup, and to be baptized with

the baptism, which alone can purify and prepare for a seat in the heavenly kingdom. "It shall be given to those for whom it is prepared,"—"I *go* to prepare a place for you;"—and did He not go through suffering;—was He not said to be made perfect through the same; and shall we find a safer path than in His footsteps, "who endured the cross and despised the shame." Some of us in this day of great profession and performance have to be renewedly baptized into a deep sense of the state of things, both without and within; and to labour earnestly after the pure and unshackled arisings of the seed,—which is often very low, and burdened with much that seems to be favorable, but yet greatly oppresses. I desire for thee, dear J., that thou mayst not be without thy full appointed share of such conflict of spirit, and even apparent desertion of heavenly help and strength, as is best for thee; and that thou mayst have the grain of faith renewed day by day, the hidden manna, the secret sustenance which enables quietly to wait and patiently to hope, even through all things: so that if these dispensations should be in judgment or in mercy, thou mayst be favored through submission to rise above all that has stood in the way, steadily persevering in a course of humble, dependent, watchful, innocent conduct. I believe that marriage is often made a means of furthering the religious growth, and strengthening the mind in that which is good, as we look to the Lord in our proceedings, having him in our eye, above and before all ido's. But few measures taken in life, perhaps, are so likely to entrap the unwary, as an injudicious engagement therein; it unsettles and uncentres the mind from the great first object, if much care be not exercised, and diligent watchfulness maintained.

To E. S.

1819, *Seventh Month 22d.*—The examination of religious tracts proposed to be printed is a weighty service. If it were only to judge of words, the consistency of the sense and meaning with the principles which we profess, as far as human wisdom can distinguish, this would be easy, and could be compassed by the spirit of a man: "but the things of God knoweth no *man*, but the Spirit of God;" so that man's spirit is unequal to it, but must be in subjection, with all the vain reasonings which he can muster up and contrive by the natural powers of his understanding, or by his acquired learning and erudition; and he must wait to feel that raised up in him, which is able rightly to discern and comprehend the precious, and to distinguish it from the vile. I believe a time may come, when the writings of many of our early members, who shone bright in their generation, may again rise into repute among us, and also among others; notwithstanding the unfashionable garb in which many of these writings are clothed, so unsuitable (apparently) for these times. So that one would like to see the avenues kept open, and the channels clear, and the conduits clean; that whatever is to flow in the ordering of best Wisdom, may flow freely. As to what thou sayest of the fear of some, about the style of our early Friends' writings, I think this fear is a weakness, and proceeds from a sort of doubting in the mind about the writings themselves, and not merely about the language. I would ask these fearful ones, whether in reading a peculiarly interesting history or travel, the subject of it does not carry them above the style, so that almost any style, however prosy and dull, is overlooked; and this is the case tenfold more strongly with the humble seeking soul in religious matters, by whom the words are overlooked in the earnest desires after the substance. Those who are admirers of words, whether they be words printed or words preached, are very unlikely to be benefited really and truly by either, having gone from that which is beyond words, and which alone can make words effectual.

1819, *Sixth Month 5th.*—Great have been my temptations: yet abundantly manifest through all, have been the out-stretchings of the ancient and eternal arm of power: so that to this hour, it is alone through the Lord's eminent mercy and long-suffering, and by his preserving strength and help daily extended toward me, that I am yet alive in Him, and able to celebrate his name, and seek his face, and wait for the fresh arisings of his holy heavenly virtue; by which alone I can do any thing acceptably for his great and glorious cause in the earth, or be his dutiful and faithful son and servant.

1819, *Date uncertain.*—O! holy blessed Father! thy love shed abroad in the heart, thy sweet refreshing influence, can make up for all;—thy softening, healing balm makes us forget our wounds and weeping. O! how good thou art to those who still struggle after resignation and sigh after submission to thy holy will! Though they may fall many times, yet how is thy strength manifested for their recovery and relief, for the renovation of their faith and courage; so that all their transgressions are blotted out, and their unfaithfulness is wiped away. This is precious indeed—to feel access to the fountain set open for sin and iniquity; and thus to be brought nigh by the blood of the Lamb, and to feel its cleansing virtue.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find that all humane virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

"GEORGE FOX."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Continued from page 694.)

Nothing becomes George Fox more in his whole character than his perfect self-posesssion. Sometimes it was outwardly winter with George Fox, and sometimes it was summer, but it was all the same to him inwardly. I cannot detect him unbelievingly depressed, I cannot find him unduly exalted. If he is bound in prison he does not despise a poor girl who is there detained for execution, but draws up a petition on her behalf, that her life may be spared, and when he visits Oliver Cromwell—let me say a right royal man, a true king—he is not at all abashed before the Protector, but speaks to him just as plainly as he speaks to the poor girl in the jail at Derby; he does not forget the little, or fear the great. When he writes to friend Charles the Second—who, by the bye, scarcely deserves so honorable a title—it is just in the self same bold but courteous style. There is not a grain of the fear of man about him. He is humble before God, but there is no affectation of humility in the presence of kings or princes. He never held men's persons in admiration because of advantage, but spoke to men as his fellow mortals, and as God's servant he was bold to tell them the Lord's mind concerning them.

The death of our friend was the noblest thing of all. Not far from this spot he finished his course. I have prayed many times—in fact it has grown to be almost a daily prayer with me—that I may be able to say when I finish my course what George Fox said, "I am clear, I am clear." Oh! it will be a special mercy for you, my brethren, in the eldership here, you who speak in God's name, if you shall be found clear at the last. Consider what God's truth is, and how we ought to handle it *as* God's truth, not as a matter to be trifled with or to be spoken without prayerful earnestness; and consider by whose power we profess to speak, namely, by the power of the Spirit of God. Do we always speak by that power? Are we always conscious that we are true to the motions of the Spirit within, and that we deliver ourselves as dying men to dying men? Are we not occasionally silent when we ought to speak, or do we not speak when we ought to be silent? May not sins of commission and sins of omission both accuse us? Oh! if we can say that we are clear we are happy indeed! But what a word —clear, clear of our children, clear of our friends, clear of our neighbors! Oh! above all, if we can say we are clear of the blood of this great city, this wonderful mass of human beings, placed here by God's providence close to our hand with the very intention that we should do our best to win them from destruction. If, looking at London, we could say, "I am clear," it would make us, throughout eternity, praise the grace of God which has enabled us to be faithful. I do not think that George Fox spoke too strongly when he said, "I am clear." So far as he knew the truth I cannot see that he could have given his testimony to it more boldly, or more distinctly. He adopted every mode which ingenuity could devise to arouse a slumbering nation, and better still, he also followed after the better wisdom which comes from the Spirit of God. As far as he knew it I believe he delivered every jot of God's counsel, and that in all respects he was faithful to his conscience, so that he could say, knowing that God was hearing him, "I am clear."

It would not be right, perhaps, to close this mere sketch of George Fox's life without saying that I do not think that his career is at present understood by the outside world. Generally when lecturing upon his life I go into the details because they are not known by the outside world, and the man's history is garbled. I would like to think every man honest, but I really cannot think that Macaulay was honest in what he wrote as he did about George Fox. I fear that he slandered him. I am afraid he had a prejudice against Quakers in general, and against George Fox in particular; like Sydney Smith, who wanted to roast just one Quaker, only one, just for the satisfaction of the thing. The story which Macaulay tells of Fox giving as an authority for wearing his hat the fact that the three holy children were cast into the furnace with their hats on is not according to the fact of the case, but is a manifest perversion of the true story, in which Fox, instead of being ridiculous, might even claim to be eminently witty. The outside world supposes that George Fox was a wild, mad, scurrilous fellow in a suit of leather, who went about making disturbances in churches and abusing ministers, and, to say the truth, the outside world cannot make out how it is that you sober, quiet people could have sprung from him. They suppose that you are descended from him by a pedigree of contradiction. They cannot understand how he who "turned the world upside down" should have been the founder of such a serious, orderly, peaceful body of people as you are, so sober that there are none so sober on the face of the earth. But if they would really read the man's life—and you must make them do that, for it would do them good—I think they would say, "Well, though there are many eccentricities, yet this is the biography of a great man."

Speaking of eccentricities, the worst of them are easily understood when you know your man, and see the one idea which burned within him. Take for instance his walking through Lichfield crying, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" Now supposing a man wants to produce a certain effect upon a certain city, if he

selects the surest method of so doing is he therefore unwise? It is quite certain that everybody at that time heard of what Fox had done, but if he had merely preached a sermon in Lichfield the discourse might have gone down with the general current of his sermons, and we should have heard no more about it. His walking through the street was talked of everywhere, and if he wished it should be he certainly accomplished what he desired. If ministers now-a-days used justifiable means of making men hear their testimony they might certainly do worse. Propriety is sometimes to be disregarded when truth is to be manifested, and it is even better to break through rules of decorum than to leave men at ease in their sins. For my part, though I do not intend walking barefooted either through Lichfield or London, if I felt that good might be done thereby, or that the Lord bade me do it, I hope I should have grace to set out to-night upon the errand. Everybody would laugh, but what would it matter if conscience did but approve? Now Fox's conscience did approve; need I say more? It was an age in which people were somewhat fanatical in religion. Fox was very much more sober than many of the religionists of the period, and he by no means endorsed all that was done even by his own professed followers. We dare not lay at the door of our Master, the Lord Jesus, all the things that his followers may happen to do, and we cannot, therefore, charge to George Fox all the eccentricities and wildnesses which were to be seen in some of his immediate followers. Though he was one of the best of men, he was but a man at the best. There must be some flaw somewhere in mortal characters, but Fox came very much nearer to perfection than the most of his critics; and it is safe to say that Fox knew better what he ought to do than we who live two hundred years after him.

I did not mean to have said so much upon this part of the subject, but now I beg your attention while I speak upon some of the legacies which Fox left to succeeding ages. He did not leave so much in gold and silver as I suppose most of my brethren around me are likely to leave to their descendants. I should suppose that his wealth in this world was exceedingly small. When Mr. John Wesley was asked how much plate he had, he answered that he had one silver spoon with him and one at Bristol, and that was all, and while there were so many poor people in the world he should not increase the stock. George Fox, I should think, did not even come up to that, but he bequeathed to us in his last will and testament more than as if he had given us the mines of Peru, for he has left to the Christian church in the clearest and most unmistakable utterances *a testimony for the spirituality of true religion.* It is wonderful how full the testimony is. If you were to read through the lives of all the eminent saints, I believe you would come to the conclusion that of all others George Fox is the most distinct upon the one point, that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." I delight to hear him talking about the "steeple-houses." Quite right, George Fox! That is what they are, and nothing better! "A church!" said he; "did Christ shed his blood for the steeple-house, and purchase and sanctify the steeple-house with his blood? And seeing the church is Christ's bride and wife, and that he is the head of the church, dost thou think that the steeple-house is Christ's bride, and that he is the head of that old house?" Some of our Dissenting friends are coming to call their buildings for public worship "Churches," because a church meets in them. Why do not they call them "Suns," or "Moons," because the light shines in them? The title would be quite as appropriate. I fear that we shall go back to superstition by slow degrees through the misuse of terms; for though such misuse may appear to have but very little harm in it at first, yet there very soon comes to be mischief in it, and therefore it is as wise as it is right to be cautious from the very first. Buildings used for ecclesiastical worship were merely buildings and nothing more to this great Elijah. He often testified that the so-called churches were not one whit more consecrated than the moors and commons, and were more like Jeroboam's calves' houses than the true temples of God which are the bodies of his own people. He believed in no consecration flowing from prelates' hands. He had discovered long before the hymn was written, that

> "Where'er we seek him he is found,
> And every place is hallow'd ground."

This is a truth which the church needed to be taught then, and which the church needs to be taught still.

Fox had no sort of respect either for consecrated persons. Priests had no quarter at his hands. By a little imagination I think I hear George Fox addressing one of those "green and gilded" gentlemen of the Church of England who now-a-days dress themselves up to such a splendor of absurdity. The highly decorated creature would win small favor from the honest Friend; and if he proceeded to perform in his masshouse, George would be as plain with him as Elijah with the priests of Baal, and mock him with as grim a scorn as did the prophet when he said, "Cry aloud, for he is a god!" It would be worth any price to hear George Fox pour contempt upon the rubbishing paraphernalia of the modern Popery which is spreading around us. He had a very copious and forcible vocabulary when he came to talk of priests, and little

cared he to what sect they belonged; if they set up for priests he was very much at home in pulling them down. Fox believed that any man who preached the truth in the power of the Holy Spirit was God's minister, but he would not have it that a man was a minister merely because he was educated at Oxford or Cambridge, or any other University, and had obtained the family living, and had the hands of a bishop put upon his head. Although the ordained pretender may be recognized by the State, and give himself all the airs in the world, he is not God's minister for all that. Fox believed that the poorest person whom God moved to speak was God's voice to the people, but that the most learned and the best educated man who was a stranger to the new birth, and had never received the incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever, was a mere impostor when he rose up to speak in the name of the Lord. Fox left us his testimony in this matter very clearly and unmistakably. Nay, so valiant is his testimony for spiritual religion that he tramples the outward form under the feet of the inward life in matters where others have not been clear; I allude to the use of verbal utterances in worship. He sat still for two hours while the people were expecting to hear him preach, and he did not give them a word, because he would banish them from words, and teach them to worship God in the spirit. Is it not the fault of many of us who do try as much as possible to preserve and cultivate the simplicity of worship, that we are so everlastingly talking? I find it a very blessed thing at the Tabernacle to say, "Now let us sit still for a few minutes." It is often the very best part of the meeting, when the soul can masticate and digest the truth; and if this were done oftener when we meet together for worship, if more frequently solemn silence were proclaimed, I believe the very best results would follow from it. It is as much formality for people to think that they cannot worship God without the voice of the preacher as it is for others to fancy that they cannot worship God without an altar and a priest. It is ceremonialism to imagine that we *must* sing, or pray or read in a certain order; or must sit still just so many minutes; how much better, while all things are done decently and in order, to conduct worship as the Divine Spirit may direct! The Spirit of God is free, and sometimes the best worship will be with words, but at other times the best worship will be without words. Fox tells us this very unmistakably.

Would that the spirituality of worship were known throughout England! Would that it were recognized in every place of worship, that we must worship God who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth! Let it never be forgotten, my brethren, in your meetings; for it is to be feared that even your peaceful silence may be regarded as if it were necessarily worship, whereas the silence of your meetings, without the Spirit, is no better than silence in your beds, nay, it is no better than talk and babble, unless the Spirit of God hold high communion with your souls. We must keep this in mind constantly. Preachers cannot preach about it too often, for the rising race need to be told of it incessantly. You who become members of Society by birthright must take especial care lest you imagine yourselves to be members of Christ's church because you happen to be members of Society. Do not conclude that you are necessarily children of God because you wear the garb and use the peculiarities of the Society. Alas! we know that it is one thing to talk about spiritual things, but quite another thing to feel them; one thing to make a profession of them, and even to live in outward correspondence with that profession to a degree, but quite another thing to have the inward and spiritual grace. The world, of course, turns away with a sneer, and says, "What do we care for this spiritual fanatacism?" and we can reply to the world, "Thou knowest nothing about it! How canst thou know it, for it is spiritually discerned." But you and I must see to it that every act of worship which we perform is done in the Spirit. We must pray in the Spirit, sing in the Spirit, and preach in the Spirit. When I have sometimes heard the clerk say, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God," I have wondered whether it was not far more to the praise and glory of the organ or of the singing-pew; and when this is the case, what a mockery it is! Only that music is sweet in God's ear which comes from the heart, and only that praise is accepted which is the work of his Spirit in the soul. George Fox, dear friends, has bequeathed these principles to you. I pray you, guard them with your lives, and hand them down with undimmed lustre to your sons. Let nothing beguile you from your steadfastness in the spirituality of your worship, and press it upon others everywhere, wherever you have opportunity, that the Father seeketh such to worship him as worship him in spirit and in truth.

(To be continued.)

"He that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully."

What an incentive to holy living and increased spiritual attainments!

My soul, wouldst thou be a star shining high and bright in the firmament of glory?—wouldst thou receive the ten-talent recompense? Then be not weary. Gird on thine armor for fresh conquests. Be gaining daily some new victory over sin. Deny thyself. Be a willing cross-

bearer for thy Lord's sake. Do good to all men as thou hast opportunity; be patient under provocation, slow to wrath, resigned in trial. Let the world take knowledge of thee, that thou art wearing Christ's livery, and bearing Christ's spirit, and sharing Christ's cross. And when the reaping time comes, He who has promised that the cup of cold water shall not go unrecompensed, will not suffer thee to lose thy reward.

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

No. II.

First-day Evening.—Contrary to my usual practice, I went up to W. Willet's this afternoon, on account of their intending to set off to-morrow, and while there thy parents arrived, and I was a few minutes with them, which makes it late to commence a letter; yet I am unwilling thy father should return without a line, acknowledging the receipt of thy truly acceptable letter, which convinced me that nothing existed in thy bosom but love and good will, not only towards me, but others. May this ever be the temper of thy mind, and it assuredly will be if thou continues to desire a conformity to the Divine will; for, under the government of that, no evil surmisings can be indulged. "For what agreement hath light with darkness, or what concord is there between Christ and Belial." O my dear M. A., it is my heart's desire that thou mayst live so near the precious principle that thou may be preserved from joining with the opinions of others any further than there is a secret evidence of their rectitude given thee. "Try all things, prove all things, and then hold fast that which is good," though all men should revile. It is a blessed thing to pass through evil report, if we faint not, (and the everlasting arm is near to sustain,) for then do we know in whom our confidence is. And though sometimes things may be misrepresented, and we be censured, yet if we pursue the path of rectitude, we have nothing to fear. Oh, the blessed defence of the truth. What said the great master of those that were His, "Nothing shall be able to pluck them out of my Father's hand," and such were to be as little children. How sweet and how safe the path; pursue it with alacrity of heart, leave every thing that clogs and hinders, shake off every obstruction, that so thou may progress on thy heavenly journey, whither I am comforted in believing thou hast set thy face in sincerity.

I do not mistake thy expressions, or think that thou wishes me to esteem thee better than thou art; but I believe the hidden exercise of thy soul is after purity and acceptance with thy Master; and in this I desire to encourage thee. Look not out at others; be no one's copy. Irregularity has often been the means of preservation. By this I do not mean a singularity of thy own creating. I mean that kind which sometimes is the effect of simple obedience; for it is no matter in what it is when once we choose for ourselves in opposition to manifested duty; we then say in reality, "We will not have this man to rule over us," and are in imminent danger of calling darkness light, and of becoming bewildered, not knowing the right hand from the left.

In patience possess thy soul, and the unfoldings of Divine Wisdom will be sure as fast as thou canst bear. Do not crave too much, and then the little that is given thee will be sweet—at times, peaceful poverty of spirit. What a consolation will attend the reading of some promise in the Scriptures, or some precept of Christ's. At times a few words will remain sealed on the mind. When this is the case, rest upon it, feed upon it, as the Israelites did upon the manna; gathering more would be like their attempts at collecting for two days at once—it was unfit for nourishment. So, too, in meeting; if an impression is made on thy mind, either through ministry or immediately, calmly settle thy thoughts without reaching after more, and its sweetness will nourish and strengthen thy faith. A word or two in this way will be as a heavenly manna, indeed; and, my dear young friend, let not the fear of being seen affected in meetings cause thee to lose the melting tenderness of Divine love. Remember that solemn injunction, "He that is ashamed of me before men," &c. Sometimes the fear of being discovered tends to unsettle and keep the mind agitated, when it would, otherwise, be filled with the incomes of that which is the diadem of our solemn assemblies; but no more. I desire, under the feeling which flows towards thee as I write, to commend thee wholly to that inspeaking word of Divine grace, which will teach thee all things, and rest thy affectionate friend, LYDIA P. MOTT.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

I have heard it said, time after time, to my regret, that "devotional poetry cannot please"—that no one who confines himself to this kind of writing ever soars to the highest realms of poetry. This may be so as a general rule, though I am inclined to doubt it; but surely it must be received, if received as a law at all, with limitations and exceptions. I cannot but think, that they who lay down this law, critics though they be, wise and learned, have either forgotten, or else have not duly appreciated the poetry of the Bible. Compared with the Psalms of David, and the Prophecies of Isaiah, the noblest flights of Milton and Shakspeare, beautiful and sublime as they are, sink into insignificance.

Read the Song of Moses, ere he bade his last sorrowful adieu to his people; observe the earnestness, the deep feeling with which he speaks, "Give ear, O ye Heavens, and I will speak, and hear, O Earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrines shall drop as the rain; my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." And again: "For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about; he instructed him; he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them and beareth them upon her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

Where is any song of triumph that surpasses in harmony and exultant joy the song of the prophetess, when she praised the Lord for the avenging of Israel, for the discomfiture of the mighty host of Canaanites on the plain of Megiddo, when thousands were slain and their dead bodies were swept away by that "ancient river, the river Kishon."

Can any elegy compare with that deeply touching lament of David over his beloved Jonathan—"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offering; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away—the shield of Saul, as though it had not been anointed with oil. How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished." Or, his heart-broken moan over the erring, but beloved Absalom—"Oh! my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Where shall we find a more fitting illustration of the sublime than in the inspired words of the "sweet singer of Israel," especially in his description of the Almighty, "He bowed the Heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet,—he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind; he made darkness his secret place; his pavilion about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the sky." Where any higher flight of real poesy than is found in the 104th Psalm, beginning with a description of the might and majesty of Him "who coverest himself with light as with a garment, who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who rebukest the waters and they flee." He proceeds to show forth not only his mighty power, but also his beneficence, to all that his holy hands have created, in that he causeth the "grass to grow for the cattle," and the cedars of lofty Lebanon, where the "birds make their nests," the high hills which are a "refuge for wild goats, and the rocks for the corries; he appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down." All these, together with man and the dwellers in the great deep—"all these wait upon Thee; thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good; thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their health, they die and return to the dust; thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created,"—gracious words which can never grow old, words which have issued from many a lip as a song of praise and thanksgiving to God, for his mercy and goodness—words which many a tried and way-worn pilgrim has repeated, finding them a powerful cordial to sustain and strengthen, a balm to heal the heart's bleeding wounds.

Time and space will not suffice even to glance at the high finish, the beauty of the metaphors that pervade almost every line of the prophecies of Isaiah, or to delineate the pathos, the tender melancholy, that flows through the sorrowful lamentations of Jeremiah, who, bowed down with sorrow, wept "day and night for the slain of the daughters of his people."

Who that delights in the wonderful, can forget the visions that Ezekiel saw, when he sat among the captives by the river of Chebar, or those of Daniel, the "man greatly beloved," who in the visions of the night caught glimpses of the eternal world—things not lawful for him to reveal. If history rather than merely sacred song, the highest flights of poesy, pleases, where can we find an epic poem more fraught with instruction, more full of deep, unwearying interest, than the brief narratives of the lives of the patriarchs—their errors and their chastisements, their triumphs and their sorrows. Follow the wanderings of the chosen people of old, as they journey from the land of bondage, through the way of the Wilderness by the Red Sea, till their final establishment in the Land of Canaan; observe them under their judges and kings; go with them when, carried away captive, they sit weeping under the shadow of the willows, by the rivers of Babylon, and learn from their misfortunes that righteousness exalteth a nation, but iniquity is surely punished.

Would we receive instruction disguised under the veil of fancy? Read the parable of the rich man who took from his poor neighbor his "one ewe lamb;" or the inimitable one of the man who, journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves. Could whole pages of forcible reasoning and learned observations show us so conclusively where we shall find our neighbor, and how we shall act towards him, as is here set forth so convincingly in a few simple words.

It has been recommended by the wise and learned, that he who would acquire an excellent style of writing should give his days and nights to Addison—that he should make himself familiar not only with our English classics,

but also with the Greek and Latin authors of antiquity. I would not undervalue these in the least, believing, as I do, that an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and excellencies of these old writers is necessary, if we would have the store-house of the mind thoroughly filled with rich treasures, so that we may bring forth therefrom "things both new and old;" but I would say, give a portion of your time to the study of the Holy Scriptures, for they contain not only the words of eternal life, but they stand, in my judgment, the most eminent examples to be found of the truly sublime and beautiful. Assuredly the most highly gifted sons of song—the bards who have most influenced for good their fellows—whose words have seemed full of prophetic inspiration, have lighted their lamps at the holy fires kindled so long ago on the altars of the prophets; have drank from the same fountain as they.

12*th mo.*, 1866. A. R. P.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 12, 1867.

The Industrious Poor.—In view of the many benevolent efforts to relieve suffering, it may be deemed unnecessary to make an appeal for those upon whom the cold hand of penury is laid. But there is one class to which we would particularly cite attention. It is composed of those who have been thrown out of employment, and find it difficult to obtain work. Some of these are unwilling to be numbered with the habitual beggars who are found daily asking alms from door to door, and yet are suffering for the necessaries of life. Owing to the high prices of fuel, food, and clothing, the little they earn is insufficient to save them from actual want. This call may seem more particularly to apply to cities than to country neighborhoods; but even in the latter, we have known instances where it would be equally appropriate. Wherever there is any considerable population, there is to be found the comfortable mansion and the squalid hut, each containing its portion of joy and sorrow, of happiness or misery. The affluent who are known by their generosity, no doubt, are importuned on every hand. May these not "grow weary of well-doing." If their alms be given in the spirit which would fain conceal from the left hand what the right doeth, the blessing of the poor will not only rest upon them, but shall not theirs be the sentence—"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Married, on the 13th of Eleventh month, 1866, with the approbation of Baltimore Monthly Meeting, Dr. George F. Corse to Sarah, daughter of James L. Sutton, all of Baltimore County.

Died, in Fairfax Co., Virginia, on the 25th of Twelfth month, 1866, aged 29 years, Maria L., wife of Charles Ballinger; a member of Alexandria Monthly and Woodlawn Particular Meetings.

——, on Second-day, 31st of Twelfth month, 1866, Rebecca Justice, widow of Dr. Gove Mitchell, of Hatborough, Pa., in her 85th year.

——, on the 2d of First month, 1867, in Philadelphia, Alan Wood, son of John H. and Elizabeth Y. Cooper, aged 2 years, 1 month and 10 days.

——, on the 2d of First month, 1867, at the residence of her son-in-law, Oliver Wilson, of Philadelphia, Abbie Gardiner, aged 61 years.

——, on Sixth-day, 4th of First month, at Berkley, N. J., Lettice, relict of Jedediah Allen, in her 86th year; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

The Association of Friends for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen meets at Green Street Meeting House, on Fourth-day evening, First month 16th, at 7½ o'clock. Friends interested are invited.

Jacob M. Ellis, }
Anne Cooper, } Clerks.

WANTED,

By the Association of Friends of New York for Relief of Freedmen, a teacher for a school in Maryland. Address, Jacob Capron,
1172 Broadway, New York.

1st mo. 12, 1867—tf.

The following response to a box sent by two little children of this city, aged respectively five and seven, to the children of the freed people at St. Helena Island, S. C., will, we think, interest our young readers.

St. Helena 12*th month* 24, 1866.

My dear young Friends,—A happy Christmas for you all, and blessings on you for the kind, benevolent feeling that put it into your hearts to send greeting to our flock of sable ones here at St. Helena, and to gladden the spirits of these by your very pretty and useful gifts. Would that you could have seen the bright faces of our band of pupils to-day, as we gave them your Christmas presents; their eyes sparkled and their little hearts beat quick with a new joy. Ah, there are indeed true emotions underneath the dark skin; there is a world of real feeling within these shattered caskets, many of them all scarred and seared, and variously disfigured; and deep down in their souls there is an innate love for truth and right, for beauty and harmony, and an ever-controlling love and reverence for Jesus, even though their young lives were blighted under the cruel and unhallowed dispensation of slavery; yet, up through all the darkness and

mists, the inhumanity and degradation, spring the flowers of sympathy and love and tenderness, of justice and mercy. Their hearts are easily touched; soon the dew of feeling may be discovered in the eye, and the lip be seen to quiver, when an appeal is made to their higher natures, showing that they are not void of conscience, or lacking in the elements that combine to make true men and women—as their enemies would fain have us believe. Please accept their hearty thanks for your contribution. They are each and all most acceptable, and we want each one who added to the store, however small the gift, to feel in his or her heart that these little ones, who have so long been sufferers, send you their warm and earnest thanks, and with them a "God bless you," for each one of you. May He keep you ever near Him, and always incline your hearts, as now, to remember the poor and the friendless. Oh, I wish you could have seen an old woman, (Aunt Charlotte,) one of the poorest of the poor, receive one of the nice warm dresses that came in that noble box to us from Philadelphia, packed and forwarded by a good, kind friend to the destitute, whose name may be familiar to you; she was too happy to tell half her joy. "Oh!" she said, "May the good Jesus *bress* you; hopes he may *allus* be good to you, and never forget you; me can't tell how tankful I is for dis." Her face told the story better than her lips possibly could. You cannot begin to know what a treat your nice candy was to them; some of them most likely had never known the taste before. Indeed all you sent was a rich offering to them. We know you have had peaceful slumbers and happy hearts, as rewards for the good deed, and our heavenly Father will bless you. Farewell. Lovingly, your friend, P. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE POET AND HIS HOME.

Most persons feel an interest in viewing the residences of those they esteem, and are interested in a sketch of the home life and its surroundings of those the world calls great. Imagination generally pictures that something of their character and leading traits are delineated in the house with its furniture, the grounds, the arrangement of trees and flowers, buildings and scenery.

William C. Bryant must always be esteemed by the Society of Friends for his faithful advocacy of universal freedom and his maintenance of the rights of man. We know that through most of his life he has been honorably connected with the literature and politics of our country, and the grace and beauty of his poetry, so full of the sweet and living influences of nature and truth, will always be admired. But the poet of nature shines out with as much lustre in the duties of private life, and amid the scenes of his country home which his hands and taste have created.

The residence of Bryant is located on a handsome rising ground on the eastern shore of Hempstead Harbor, L. I. It enjoys a fine prospect of this romantic and picturesque bay, with Long Island Sound and parts of Westchester County and Connecticut in the distance. Vessels of all descriptions, either in the harbor or the sound, the great commercial thoroughfare with New York and the Eastern States, are nearly always in sight. The garden, sloping down to the water's edge, forms the western view; and the lawn on the southern front descends to a pretty sheet of water, to which Bryant has given the fanciful and tasteful name of Lake Cedarmere, and the village of Roslyn, about one mile distant, affords a series of landscapes which every person of taste will enjoy. This lake is quite an important feature of the place, not only as a highly ornamental portion of the grounds, but as a most useful appendage to the wants and comfort of the household. Twenty years ago it was an unsophisticated mill-pond, devoid of beauty, with a small dilapidated factory on its dam. Around its shores were a few straggling cedar trees and a few common-looking chestnuts. A large low white oak, with its brawny arms stretched out but a few feet from its roots, stood by the side of the pond. It was so unsightly that we expected the first thing in the way of improvement would be to cut it down. But Bryant knew better. The old mill is gone, and in its place a structure of artistic design has been built for another purpose. In it a powerful pump forces the water of the lake to a reservoir high up on a hill above the buildings, and, conveyed by pipes and hydrants, can be used in case of fire, furnishing water to the stock, irrigating the garden, and can even furnish an impromptu shower on the lawn, in a *dry spell*. The old fences that surrounded it and the old road have been removed, and the rough places made smooth; but the crooked paths have not been made straight; that would spoil their beauty, for in Flora's kingdom straight lines and geometric forms are ignored. Flowering bushes have been planted along the path by the dam, which is a favorite walk to a house recently built at the south end as a quiet summer home for some of his city friends. But pretty as is the lake, with its accompaniments of rustic bridge, trees and flowers, the picture would not be complete without some objects of animated nature. These are found in a flock of gentle, musk ducks that make it their home. They are family pets, and the poet loves to feed and caress them,—they are so innocent and docile when young. But ducks, though ever so gentle, will get into mischief, and they take an occasional stroll into his garden when strawberries

are ripe. But Bryant could not spare his berries, so he fenced them around with a wire fence, and the ducks had to be content with the sight only. Speaking of pets, we may mention that he has other pets than ducks. Near by is a small but fine piece of woods, and here, protected by Bryant's care, a respectable family of squirrels live and frisk about. He frequently walks in this wood to observe his friends the squirrels, and in the fall procures for them a large quantity of nuts, watching their gambols for hours as they come to his heap and carry the nuts to their storehouses.

The taste of the proprietor is to have but few specimens of each tree, flower and shrub, and they of the finest form and growth. Two or three fine large rhododendrons, a large flowering evergreen thorn, a Judas tree, yellow wood, double crimson hawthorn, and most of the hardy shrubs, trees and flowers that are desirable, are planted on the lawn or in the garden. In the garden we may see a plot of the finest tea, Bourbon and China roses, another of Salvia splendens, which, blooming through the season, makes the most brilliant display of all his flowers.

Bryant loves not box-edgings for his grounds, as the odor arising from the flowers is too agreeable to be polluted with the strong unpleasant smell of the box. The small iris, candy tuft, pinks and many other flowering perennials of low growth, make a much prettier border than the stiff, formal rows of box. A very fine azure-flowered clematis runs over a trellis which is covered in early summer with hundreds of flowers from two to three inches in diameter. Here is a bed of the dodecatheon, or American cowslip, with its reversed petals, and also a pulmonaria or lungwort, which some of his friends have sent him from the prairies of Illinois, where they grow wild. There is a freemasonry about the cultivators of fruit and flowers, and an interchange of experience and of new and choice specimens with each other, which is one of the pleasant things connected with their pursuit. Bryant is no exception; and while pointing to such a plant, or flowering bush, or fruit, received from some of his numerous friends, his spare specimens are bestowed freely upon those who wish them. A row of Cornelian cherry trees stands on the edge of a terrace, and a Downing mulberry, Chinese yam, filbert, pecan, and many other rare trees and plants, will be noticed there. A plain, cold grapery affords a good supply of black Hamburg, Chasselas and other varieties of grapes; but from his fondness for treating his friends, he must often have much the smallest share himself. We notice some very fine pear and plum trees by the garden walks, and they succeed very well under such good treatment. So much of Bryant's time has been employed in his business avocations as editor, and in literary pursuits, that all this beauty is not his own work. He has been fortunate in enjoying the assistance of a person of taste and culture, who can appreciate his views, and stands more in the relation of a companion and friend than a gardener.

The mansion house was built about one hundred years ago by Richard Kirk. It is a two-story double house, with a wing for the kitchen, &c., and was considered at that time to be quite handsome and fashionable. The roof projected over the sides eight or ten feet, like the brim of a hat; and, by placing a row of pillars under the roof, a fine piazza is made, which being covered with trailing vines and creepers that hang in festoons from the pillars and roof, a delightful promenade and resting place is afforded to the inmates. Although the owner has beautified and improved nearly every portion of his premises, it is his pleasure to have the interior of his domicile retain its primitive appearance. The old-fashioned staircase in the hall, with its heavy rail and antique balustrades, the great panels over the mantles and around the room, which our forefathers thought a necessary decoration, remain the same. The Dutch tiles, of which the present generation are mostly ignorant, imported from Holland for the purpose, adorn the jambs of the fire place, and the Franklin stove throws out the cheerful blaze in the library as in days of yore. Those capacious chimney-closets, with folding doors, display on their shelves the mementos of his travels in foreign lands and souvenirs from his friends, while the paintings and engravings look as fresh and interesting, hanging in the plain old rooms, as if placed in marble hall on frescoed walls.

There is an air of utility, mingled with forms of beauty, in the poet's home. Simple in his habits and unassuming, he never seeks for display. He enjoys excellent health, which may be attributed to his industrious and temperate life. He rises early, and, after taking his usual exercise in the gymnasium, is prepared to sally forth, with basket on arm, to cull his fruits or flowers. Often he may be seen early in the day with knife or saw, attentively scanning the proportions of a tree, and soon, with an agility few of our young men could equal, climbs it, and removes the unnecessary branch, or thins the over-abundant fruit. Bryant cultivates a large number of the new and choice varieties of fruits, and enjoys, with the zest of an old pomologist, the tasting of their qualities and their proper treatment.

A public road passes near the eastern side of the house, thus separating it from the farm and farm buildings. To most persons this would be a great inconvenience; but the public enjoy it—it brings them nearer to him; and the beauties of his flowers, his inviting lawn, and pretty trees, shrubs and lake are theirs to enjoy also.

Unlike the country homes of many citizens, hidden in aristocratic seclusion far from public view, and surrounded by a thicket of trees and hedges, the improvements he has made, and the attractions of his well-kept grounds, must give the passer-by a newer impulse to go and make his home more comfortable and attractive. Although William C. Bryant has so long been an actor in the busy scenes of life, and has been often brought prominently before the public as poet and orator, yet he loves not notoriety. His ambition is not in the reception of public honors, neither does he enjoy public manifestations of applause. A few years since, travelling on some railroad of Western New York, he intended to stop at a certain town, and stay until the next day. A noted inhabitant of the place, hearing of his arrival, resolved to give so distinguished a person a public reception. He made the usual preparation of an escort, a large meeting, speech-making, &c. On Bryant finding what was contemplated, he immediately returned to the cars, and continued his journey, remarking, "They wanted to make a monkey show of me." His attachment to his domestic circle is strong, and well it might be, blessed as he has been with a congenial companion through most of his life. Bryant has been blessed with a quiet, happy home, but she, the sharer of his joys and his trials, is no longer there to enjoy life with him. Last summer the unassuming, humane and universally beloved Frances Bryant was laid in Roslyn cemetery. The funeral was characteristic of her husband. He felt that a quiet, unceremonious way of returning the mortal part to the earth best accorded with his feelings. Only a few near relatives and neighbors were requested to attend. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, would have been glad to testify their friendship for him, and many, as is too often the case, would have been attracted by the notoriety of the person; but he knew that no swelling throng or array of funeral pomp and parade could assuage the parting grief, or stay the flowing tear. Since her decease, he has spent most of the time at the old homestead in Massachusetts. He had recently purchased it, so that it might remain in the possession of the family, and has been engaged in repairing and improving it. We can imagine how pleasant it must be now, in his loneliness, to retire from busy life and wander among the scenes of his boyhood, and to visit the spots sacred to him from many pleasant memories. There, no doubt, many of the scenes of his early poems were laid; but Roslyn must have been the place where the "apple tree" was planted, and the woods and lake there are woven into many a stanza. A few weeks ago he sailed for Europe, in company with his daughter, intending to join his family and a daughter there.

Westbury, L. I., 12th mo., 1866. I. H.

TRUST IN GOD.

"Why standest Thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest Thou Thyself in time of trouble?—PSALM X. 1.

Lord, we know that Thou art near us,
Though Thou seem'st to hide Thy face,
And are sure that Thou dost hear us,
Though no answer we embrace.

Not one promise shall miscarry,
Not one blessing come too late,
Though the vision long may tarry,
Give us patience, Lord, to wait.

While withholding, Thou art giving
In Thine own appointed way,
And while waiting we're receiving
Blessings suited to our day.

Oh! the wondrous loving kindness!
Planning working out of sight!
Bearing with us in our blindness!
Out of darkness bringing light.

Weaving blessings out of trials;
Out of grief evolving bliss;
Answering prayer by wise denials,
When Thy children ask amiss.

And when faith shall end in vision,
And when prayer is lost in praise,
Then shall love in full fruition
Justify Thy secret ways.

CREWDSON.

WHAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW PANES.

Mountains, hills, and little vales,
Little ships with snow-white sails.

Pearly birds with wide-spread wings,
Pretty, airy, fairy things;

Queer landscape, curious sky,
High as the window was high.

Palaces that nothing cost,
Builded by the king, Jack Frost.

STANLEY H. PARKER.

—*Boston Transcript.*

For the Children.

BEAUTY OF THE COVERINGS OF ANIMALS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

There is great variety in the coverings of insects. In some the covering is like burnished armor. The variety of colors is exceedingly great, and in many they have a splendid brilliancy. Some of the smaller insects, which most persons never notice, are surpassingly beautiful when examined with the microscope. It is with them, in this respect, as it is with some of the smallest flowers. We know not how much beauty there is all around us, in the small things that God has created, till we take the microscope and look at them.

The butterflies are among the most beautiful of insects. Almost every variety of color is to be seen in them, and often many colors are seen together, arranged in the most beautiful manner. You cannot have any idea of the great variety of their beauty, unless you see some collection of them in cases in some museum.

You have often admired the beauty of different shells. These are the coverings of animals,

who lead a very quiet life in them, as I told you about the oyster. Very splendid are the colors often on the inside of these coverings, and sometimes on the outside also; and even when the outside is not at all handsome, when we get the shell from the water we often find that clearing off the outer coating with acid, or by rubbing, will show us beautiful colors. Then, too, by grinding the shell, in different parts of it different layers are seen of different hues.

The beauty of these coverings is of no use to the animals that live in them. They have no eyes to see it. For what, then, is it intended? It is for our gratification. The Creator strews beautiful things even on the bottom of the ocean for us. If the coverings or houses, as we may call them, of all the animals that live there, were as homely as that of the oyster, they would be as useful and comfortable for them as they are now, decked with their elegant colors. So far as they are concerned, the beauty is thrown away. But men gather the shells, and while they admire them, they see in the beauty, which the Creator lavishes even in the depths of the sea, the evidence of his abounding goodness.

The variety of beauty in the coverings of birds is very great. The various colors are arranged in their plumage in every variety of manner, and there are all shades of the colors, from the most brilliant to the most delicate.

Commonly the greatest display in the plumage of birds is in the delicate and downy feathers of the breast. In the peacock there is a great display of colors. The animal struts about, and, lifting its tail in the air, spreads it like a fan, and seems to be very foolishly proud of its beauty. Proud people generally have something disagreeable about them, and so it is with the peacock. Its voice is so harsh and screeching that no one wants it in his neighborhood.

Birds of Paradise, as they are called, are exceedingly beautiful. There are several kinds of them. I will give you an idea of its colors. Most of its body is a rich brown; the throat is a golden green; the head is yellow; the long downy feathers, that are abundant about the tail, are of a soft yellow color. This elegant bird is very careful to prevent the least speck of dirt from getting on its plumage; and when it sits on a branch of a tree, it always faces the wind, so that its feathers may not be ruffled.

There is, I think, in the humming birds more variety of color than in any other kind of birds. The colors are very brilliant, especially upon the delicate feathers of their breasts; and they are shaded in the most beautiful manner. I never saw a finer display of colors than I once saw in a collection of humming birds in a museum in Philadelphia. They are of different shapes. They are alike only in their long slender bills; and when one sees a large collection of them, with all their varied forms and colors, he is struck with admiration and wonder.

Many of the furs of animals have much beauty; but there is no such great variety of color as there is in the plumage of birds. As you blow on a fine fur, and see how thickly its delicate fibres stand together, you admire its richness. Each fibre of it is in itself a beautiful thing.

We hardly know why it is that some animals that we dislike so much should have so much beauty. Worms and caterpillars are disgusting to us, and yet in many of them there is a great display of elegant colors. While writing this, I see one crawling along on my coat sleeve, with its numerous feet of curious shapes. Its color is a brilliant green. On its back stand up in a row three beautiful light yellow tufts. Behind these, on a dark stripe, are two flashy-looking round bunches, that are a most brilliant red. On its side bristle out white hairs in bundles. Its head is red, and from it extend forward dark colored, but very delicate feelers, in two bundles. I suppose they are feelers, because they are shaped like the feelers of the butterfly.

Now, why is it that so much beauty is given to such animals? It does not seem to be of any use. But this cannot be so, for God has a use for every thing that he makes. We are to remember that He can make a thing beautiful as easily as He can make it homely. And it is just this lesson, perhaps, that he means to teach us, when he clothes such creatures as worms and caterpillars in coverings of beautiful colors. It is different with us. We try to make beautiful only those things we prize much. There are some things that it would be a foolish waste of time for us to ornament. This is because we can do but little in making things beautiful. But there is no end to God's power in the creation of beauty. He can, by the word of His power, make just as many beautiful things as he pleases.

From "Self Help."

"As steady application to work is the healthiest training for every individual, so is it the best discipline of a State. Honorable industry travels the same road with duty; and Providence has closely linked both with happiness. 'The gods,' says the poet, 'have placed labor and toil on the way leading to the Elysian fields.' Certain it is, that no bread eaten by man is so sweet as that earned by his own labor, whether bodily or mentally. By labor the earth has been subdued, and man redeemed from barbarism; nor has a single step in civilization been made without it. Labor is not only a necessity and a

duty, but a blessing, only the idler feels it to be a curse. The duty of work is written on the thews and muscles of the limbs, the mechanism of the hand, the nerves and lobes of the brain, —the sum of whose healthy action is satisfaction and enjoyment. In the school of labor also is taught the best practical wisdom; nor is life of manual employment incompatible with high mental culture." Thus writes Mr. Smiles, in his new edition of "Self Help," a work which ought to be found in every working-class library; forming, as it does, a stirring record of the feats which have been accomplished by the exercise of indomitable perseverance and unfaltering earnestness. The lesson to be learned from the book is, that there is no position so obscure or station so lowly, but that a man can rise from them, if he so will it, to better things. Mr. Smiles gives several instances of this. "Among those who have given the greatest impulse to the sublime science of astronomy we find Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker; Kepler, the son of a German public house keeper, and himself *garcon de cabaret;* D'Alembert, a foundling picked up one winter's night on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond, at Paris, and brought up by the wife of a glazier; and Newton and Laplace, the one the son of a small freeholder near Grantham, the other the son of a poor peasant of Beaumont en Auge, near Honfleur. Notwithstanding their comparatively humble circumstances in early life, these distinguished men achieved a solid enduring reputation by the exercise of their genius, which all the wealth in the world could not have purchased. The very possession of wealth might, indeed, have proved an obstacle greater even than the slender means to which they were born; The father of Lagrange, the astronomer and mathematician, held the office of Treasurer of War at Turin; but having ruined himself by speculations, his family were reduced to poverty. To this circumstance Lagrange was in after life accustomed partly to attribute his own fame and happiness. 'Had I been rich,' said he, 'I should probably not have become a mathematician.'" Again, take the case of Mr. Heathcote, formely M. P. for Tiverton, the late inventor of the bobbin net machine: "When a little over twenty-one years of age, Heathcote married, and went to Nottingham in search of work. He there found employment as a smith and 'setter-up' of hosiery and warp frames. He also continued to pursue the subject on which his mind had before been occupied, and labored to compass the contrivance of a twist traverse-net machine. He first studied the art of making the Buckingham or pillow-lace by hand, with the object of effecting the same motions by mechanical means. It was a long and laborious task, requiring the exercise of great perseverance and no little ingenuity. During this time his wife was kept in almost as great anxiety as himself. She well knew of his struggles and difficulties; and she began to feel the pressure of poverty on her household; for while he was laboring at his invention he was under the necessity, occasionally, of laying aside the work that brought in the weekly wages. In years long after, when all difficulties had been successfully overcome, the conversation which took place between husband and wife, one Saturday evening, was vividly remembered: 'Well, John,' said the anxious wife, looking in her husband's face, 'will it work?' 'No, Anne,' was the sad answer; 'I have had to take it all in pieces again.' Though he could still speak hopefully and cheerfully, his poor wife could restrain her feelings no longer, but sat down and cried bitterly. She had, however, only a few more weeks to wait, for success, long labored for and richly deserved, came at last; and a proud and happy man was John Heathcote when he brought home the first narrow strip of bobbin net made by his machine, and placed it in the hand of his wife."

The true self-helper is not deterred by failure. —As Mr. Smiles justly observes: "We learn wisdom from failure much more than success. We often discover what *will* do, by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake, never made a discovery. It was the failure in the attempt to make a sucking pump act when the working bucket was more than thirty-three feet above the surface of the water to be raised, that led observant men to study the law of atmospheric pressure, and opened a new field of research to the genius of Galileo, Torricelli, and Boyle. John Hunter used to remark that the art of surgery would not advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes. Watt, the engineer, said of all things most wanted in mechanical engineering was a history of failures. 'We want,' he said, 'a book of blots.' When Sir Humphrey Davy was once shown a dexterously manipulated experiment, he said, 'I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator; for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures.' Another distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that, whenever in the course of his researches he encountered an apparently insurmountable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some discovery." Concerning a well-known common error, Mr. Smiles tells us that "It has been a favorite fallacy with dunces in all times, that men of genius are unfitted for business, as well as that business occupations unfit men for the pursuits of genius. The unhappy youth who committed suicide a few years since because he had been 'born to be a man and condemned to be a grocer,' proved by the act that his soul was not equal even to the

dignity of grocery. For it is not the calling that degrades the man, but the man that degrades the calling. All work that brings honest gain is honorable, whether it be of hand or mind. The fingers may be soiled, yet the heart remain pure; for it is not material so much as moral dirt that defiles: greed far more than grime, and vice, than verdigris. The greatest have not disdained to labor honestly and usefully for a living, though at the same time aiming after higher things. Thales, the first of the seven sages, Solon, the second founder of Athens, and Hyperates, the mathematician, were all traders. Plato, called the Divine, by reason of the excellence of his wisdom, defrayed his travelling expenses in Egypt by the profits derived from the oil which he sold during his journey. Spinoza maintained himself by polishing glasses while he pursued his philosophical investigations. Linnæus, the great botanist, prosecuted his studies while hammering leather and making shoes."

CANDY ADULTERATIONS.

Our new health espionage is bringing to light some queer things. The common candies and confectioneries of commerce are not altogether toothsome nor wholesome, if recent investigations are to be believed.

The adulteration of sugar candies and spices is a trade largely and regularly carried on in this city. Instead of plaster, which till lately entered so largely into the manufacture of confectionery, in place of sugar, a new article has been discovered called *terra alba*, or white earth. It comes from Ireland, and costs by the barrel about 1½ cents per pound, while loaf sugar costs about 17 cents.

The bodies of candies, the coating of almonds and lozenges, are made from this earthy material. It is whiter than plaster, and is very much used in the adulteration of flour used in this market. A glue, paint and oil manufacturer of New York has sent round his annual circular, which I have seen, to the principal confectioners, calling attention to a fresh arrival of this white earth. I have seen an ounce of lozenges dissolved in water, in which two-thirds of an ounce was terra alba, and not a particle of sugar in the lot.

The common method of flavoring candies, almonds, sugar-plums, etc., is with deleterious substances. The pineapple flavor, the banana and the peach are made from fusel oils, which are very poisonous. Bitter almond flavor is made from prussic acid unadulterated. Pineapple flavor is obtained from rotten cheese, very rotten, and nitric acid.

Gum arabic for pure gum drops is costly. An article has been invented of the most beautiful appearance, that is used instead of the gum. It is very cheap and very poisonous. In pure candy, cochineal is used to color red, and saffron for the yellow. But in the common candies poisonous coloring is put, the same that is used to color wines and liquors. One of the most common is "carlot," into which arsenic largely enters. A few grains of the substance will color a cask of wine. Liquorice drops for the "trade" are made of poor brown sugar, glue and lampblack, flavored with liquorice. And for the Western trade much of this vile stuff is packed, and sent West to be put up in boxes to suit the market, of which from 75 to 90 per cent. is terra alba. This material enters largely into the common chocolates and spices. Much of the cream of tartar used for bread is made of terra alba and tartaric acid.—*Boston Journal.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The Forwarding Committee of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen, report the following supplies forwarded since last report:

No. 43, 1 box, Cornelia Hancock, Mt. Pleasant, S. C., containing trimmings,&c., for sewing school.
44, 1 box, Mary A. Taylor, Mt. Pleasant, S. C., containing 162 unmade garments.
45 and 46, 2 boxes, Sarah A. Steer, Waterford, Va., containing books, slates, &c.
47, 1 bbl., J. S. Griffing, Washington, D. C., containing 50 part-worn clothing.
48, 1 box, Sallie E. Lloyd, Woodlawn, Va., containing books, &c.
49, 1 box, Wm. Tate, Loudon Co., Va., containing books, &c.
50, 1 bale, Mary Still, Florida, containing part-worn clothing.
51, 1 box, four new schools, Fairfax Co., Va., containing books, slates, &c.
52, 1 package, Hettie K. Painter, Painter's P. O., Va., containing books, &c.
53, 1 trunk, Cornelia Hancock, Mt. Pleasant, S.C., containing 152 new garments, trimmings,&c.
54, 1 box, Philena Heald, St. Helena, S. C., containing 51 new garments.
55, 1 box, Philena Heald, cont'g part-worn cloth'g.
56, 1 " " " " blankets & trim'gs.
57, 1 " " " " books, seeds, &c.
58 and 59, 2 boxes, Philena Heald, cont'g sundries.
60, 1 box, Cornelia Hancock, Mt. Pleasant, S. C., containing 319 new garments, books, &c.
61, 1 bale, Katy E. Hall, Andrews Chapel, Va., containing 67 new garments, books, &c.
62, 1 bale, Hannah L. Shortledge, Big Falls, Va., containing 67 new garments.
63, 1 bale, Fanny E. Gause, Herndon Station, Va., containing 61 new garments.
64, 1 bale, Ella E. Way, Falls Church, Va., containing 66 new garments, books, &c.
65, 1 bbl., Mary K. Brosius, Vienna, containing 94 new garments and books.
66, 1 bbl., Mary McBride, Fairfax C. H., Va., containing 96 new garments.
67, 1 bbl., Martha Wright, Lewinsville, Va., containing 83 new garments.
68, 1 box, Caroline Thomas, Leesburg, Va., containing 134 new garments, books, &c.
69, 1 box, Sarah A. Steer, Waterford, Va., containing 88 new garments.
70, 1 box, Sallie E. Lloyd, Woodlawn, Va., containing 84 new garments.

71, 1 box, Cornelia Hancock, Mt. Pleasant, S. C., containing 200 old and new garments.
72 and 73, 2 bbls., Capt. G. R. Chandler, Winchester, Va., containing 135 new and old garments.
74, 1 bbl., Caroline Thomas, Leesburg, Va., containing old garments, books, &c.
75, 1 bale, Jos. A. Dugdale, Iowa, containing 3 p. flannels.
76, 1 box, Sarah M. E'y, St. Helena, S. C., containing 150 new and old garments.
77, 1 box, Gen. John Ely, Louisville, Ky., containing 194 new garments.
78, 79 and 80, 3 bbls., Mary A. Taylor, Mount Pleasant, S. C., cont'g clothing, books, &c.
81, 1 bbl., Caroline Thomas, Leesburg, Va., containing 88 garments.
82, 1 bbl., Sarah A. Steer, Waterford, Va., containing 87 garments.
83, 1 bbl., Sallie E. Lloyd, Woodlawn, Va., containing 62 new garments.
84, 1 bbl., Marie R. Mann, Washington, D. C., containing 60 part worn garments.
85, 1 box, Mary McBride, Fairfax C. H., Va., containing 66 garments, and 15 pairs of shoes.
86, 1 bbl., Fannie E. Gause, Herndon Station, Va., containing 51 new garments and 15 pair shoes.
87, 1 bbl., E. Ella Way, Falls' Church, Va., containing 46 new garments, and 15 pair of shoes.
88, 1 bbl., Gayner Heacock, Beaufort, S. C., containing 90 unmade garments and 1 pair of pantaloon stuff.
89, 1 package, Hettie K. Painter, Painter P. O., Va., containing books, &c.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Phila. Twelfth month 31, 1866.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Eevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$25.00
" Friends at Bristol, Pa	44.25
" Friends at Norristown, Pa	13.00
" Happy Retreat School, Norristown	6.00
	$88.25

There has also been donations of clothing from Mullica Hill Relief Association, Happy Retreat School, Friends of Norristown, T. E. Chapman, Letitia Haines, J. M. Ellis, Rachel W. Moore, Friends of Hockessin, Mary A. Eisenbrey, Harriet E. Reading, Lukens Thomas, Lumberville, Pa., Granville Worrell, Wilmington, Del., and Margaret Bancroft.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
1st mo. 5, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

THE CHICAGO LAKE TUNNEL.—An account of the recent successful completion of the great lake tunnel, which is to supply Chicago with pure water from the lake, two miles from the shore, gives these interesting facts and figures about the great work and the ceremonies attending the completing of it.

Dividing into two parties those who were privileged to be present at the finish entered the shafts simultaneously at each end, and rode to the thin partition of clay, 8200 feet from the shore, and 2,200 feet from the crib, under 32 feet of water and 31 feet of land, which divided Chicago from the pure water to which longing eyes had long been turning. The partition wall was then removed, the party shook hands, and congratulations followed on all sides over the success of the work.

The first ground was broken in the construction of the tunnel on March 27, 1864. The shore shaft is of cast iron, nine feet diameter, and two and a quarter inches thick, in three sections, weighing 14 tons each, running to the bottom of the sand bed. The continuation of the shaft is of brick. The whole shaft is 87 feet deep, 11 feet from the bottom of the shaft, and 77 feet from the top, running straight for the crib, a distance of two miles and seven feet, at a rise of four feet at the crib end. The tunnel is a circle of brick of two layers lengthwise, making, with the cement, a wall of nine inches. It contains 2,600,000 brick, and 10,570 barrels of cement. The excavations meet, varying only 9½ inches—one of the greatest achievements of tunnel engineering on record—most tunnels of like character varying from two to four feet. A small tunnel will conduct the water to a distributing well, about 8 feet in diameter, from which it will be distributed to large wells, 32½ feet deep and 31 feet in diameter, from which it is distributed to the city. The necessity of two wells is that in case of accident to one the water can be shut off at the distributing well, and leave the other in operation while the work is being repaired. The large wells are 31 feet in diameter, to contain the foundation for the ponderous engines which distribute the water to the city. The full cost will be about $425,000.—*The Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

CONGRESS reassembled on the 3d inst. In the Senate a resolution was adopted, after debate, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire if legislation on the constitutional amendment is necessary to prevent the sale of persons into slavery for a term of years as a punishment for crime. A resolution instructing the Military Committee to inquire if any legislation is necessary to prevent the enslavement of Indians or any system of peonage in the Territory of New Mexico, was adopted. The bill to repeal the President's amnesty power was taken up and discussed at length, in which the subject of the trial of Jefferson Davis was alluded to. The bill was then passed. The bill providing for restoring to States lately in insurrection their full political rights was taken up. The question was upon the adoption of the substitute, which was read, but no action was taken.

HOUSE.—The report of the special commissioner of the revenue, and a bill proposing a tariff as a substitute for the present customs laws, were received and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. The Secretary of the Treasury was directed, by a resolution, to communicate the facts in his possession in regard to the loss of the steamer Evening Star, and also to institute an investigation into the cause of the loss of the steamer Commodore. A joint resolution was introduced and referred, providing for the establishment of four territorial governments in the so-called State of Texas. A resolution was referred, declaring that the House will not consent to the appropriation of any money to pay for property destroyed by the United States troops, while putting down the rebellion. The Commit ee of Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of so arranging the tariff on imported coffee, sugar, &c., as to discrimitate in favor of free labor and against that of slaves. The Secretary of the Treasury was directed to furnish information in regard to the cotton claims presented to the Department. The bill to restore political rights to States lately in rebellion was taken up and then laid over.

THE FREEDMEN.—The following are extracts from a report of O. O. Howard, of the Freedmen's Bureau,

to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. The report was sent to the Senate on the 4th inst.:

In Virginia the freedmen have decreased in number. The estimated population at this date is 500,000. In North Carolina it is estimated the population at this date is 360,000.

In South Carolina the number of freedmen has decreased, being estimated at 375,000. Georgia is estimated at 400,000. Florida has remained about the same as when the census of 1860 was taken, being 62,677. In Mississippi a census has been taken since the close of the war, showing a slight decrease; 320,000 is the present colored population of the State. In Louisiana no change is reported; the number is 350,000. In Texas, the assistant commissioner reports an increase; the colored population is estimated at 200,000.

In Missouri it is reported that the freedmen have left the State in large numbers for Kansas, Iowa, etc. It is estimated that the colored population has decreased to about 100,000. In Tennessee the assistant commissioner estimates an increase from 283,000, in 1860, to 300,000. The reports of all the assistant commissioners transmitted to this time had not been received when I made my report to Congress. The assistant commissioners of the States of Louisiana, Florida and Arkansas report an increased disposition on the part of the freedmen to take advantage of the homestead act, and the actual work accomplished up to October 1st is as follows:

In Louisiana forty-nine entries have been made, and one hundred and eighty-three persons settled on the public lands, representing over $26,000 worth of personal property. Many more applications are made by persons who will move to these lands as soon as this year's work closes. In Arkansas many practical difficulties prevent the assistant commissioners from obtaining correct information of the location of public lands. Thirty families, comprising about one hundred and twenty-five persons, have entered lands and moved to them.

In Florida, more has been done than in either of the above mentioned States. It is probable that, after their release from this year's contracts, many will enter lands, notwithstanding the fact that they will be compelled to compete with their more wealthy neighbors.

The Assistant Commissioners generally favor the present contract system. The freedmen are reported as having in most cases faithfully performed their obligations. I am glad to be able to report that employers have as a general thing settled with the freedmen in accordance with the terms of their contracts, yet when any of them have failed to do so, the State laws have not in all cases afforded to the freedmen the proper remedies and protection.

I call special attention to the vagrant laws of the State of Maryland, Georgia, Mississipi, Louisiana, and Texas. The small time allowed after the expiration of one contract before a person must enter on another, to escape vagrancy, will occasion practical slavery.

The arrest of assembled persons as vagrants, upon information given by any party, his trial by a justice of the peace, and the sale of his invoices, at public outcry, for payment of the fine and costs, without limit as to time, whipping and working in chain-gangs, present some of the obnoxious features of these irregular laws.

Judge Magruder, of Md., has been cited before the Circuit Court of Baltimore, in obedience to a warrant charging him with a violation of the civil rights bill, in sentencing four colored persons to be sold to service upon conviction for larceny, thereby prescribing a different punishment from that imposed upon white men. The case was postponed to the next term of the United States Circuit Court, which meets in that city in the 4th month next. Magruder gave bail in $2,000 for his appearance at that time.

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 706.)

To SAMUEL ALEXANDER.

21*st Tenth month*, 1819.—I omitted to mention our Quarterly Meeting: it was held to satisfaction. It is lamentable to think how much harm is done, by the talkativeness that sometimes manifests itself after such very solemn occasions: and in Meetings for Discipline, there are those, who knowing much of the outward rules which Truth has led our Society to adopt, are not sufficiently careful to act in the life, in the liberty, in the sweetness, in the dignity of it; but suffer their mere adherence to rules, without subjection to the power in which they were set up, to mar at times the beauty, the benefit, and the glory of these meetings; which should be religious meetings, and would often be made meetings of worship, to those whose minds are rightly engaged. Surely the authority of these meetings is not the mere Book of Extracts; nor does their excellency consist in a mere mechanical compliance with what is there laid down; nor does much talking in favor of any point, prove that the sense of Truth is that way, though it may prove that the sense of the majority leans so.

To a FRIEND.

LONDON, Eleventh month 6th, 1819.

My dear love has often been as fresh and warm towards thee, amidst much sympathy and solicitude on thy account as on my own; that we might both be preserved by the invisible, invincible power and principle of Truth, through our patient seeking after, waiting for, and following its pure and sure guidance:—amidst earnest desires that this may be thy, (and also my) experience, it has not seemed unpleasant nor unexpected that little should hitherto have passed between us in this way, which true friends have found and do yet find to be but a feeble channel, though profitable and comforting, when the reader can discern and read the language of the heart of his friend.

It is a certain axiom, though a strange paradox to such as have not yet come to witness the truth of it in their own experience, that the true silence speaks louder than the best words. I sometimes think that I, for one, have enough to do to steer my own frail vessel in the stormy sea of life, with the aid afforded; being willing often to leave others to the like engagement for themselves. For one finds it a good thing to mind one's own business,—to endeavor to rule one's own little house well in the first place; then will there be the better qualification to have charge over the house of the Lord: and this latter is a duty, which all will find, in some way or other, in due season to devolve upon them, if they are faithful, and as they, through obedience, come into a capacity for usefulness. The useless members are to be cut off,—nay, they drop off, as a withered bough

that receives not the sap of life. As soon as any have grown to the stature and strength for labor, they are undoubtedly put out to service, and earn their livelihood, even that which nourishes to life, and liveliness, and healthfulness, even the heavenly bread. And every son and daughter are to mind that portion of work, which is set them by their parent to do in his family; and they are to do nothing else, but to attend thereto cheerfully, handling the tools and implements that he supplies them with, and at the seasons of his appointment. To these diligent day-laborers, the times of refreshment indeed come, when it is seen to be needful,—in order that they faint not. But in the Lord's family, those that will not work, must not eat, nor sit at his table, nor have their penny of peace, nor the reward of "well done." The domestic economy here exercised, and the excellent discipline kept up, and the comely order, and beautiful harmony of all the true members of this spiritual house, I have seen and known to be wonderful in all its bearings and branches: but those that are not of it, cry out, "He is a hard master,"—and would exact the uttermost farthing. Yes, He is a hard master to the rebellious, and terrible will they find Him in the reckoning day; but very tender and pitiful is He found unto them, who are tender of his honor, even before that day; for they feel his unfailing mercy still blotting out and wiping away; and extending afresh his hand of help, to such as are willing to work out their own salvation with the true fear and trembling. That thou, my dear friend, by diligent and close attention to none other than the Shepherd's voice, and by a co-operation therewith, even a simple subjection to that which it makes manifest to be the duty of each day, mayst come to have this and much more verified with yet greater satisfaction to thee in thy measure, is often my desire. The way of the Lord's coming, is even as a refiner with fire, and a fuller with soap,—to melt, and to purify; and blessed are they that so receive him. Thus the house of Saul will become weaker and weaker, and that of David stronger and stronger; though the latter may be hunted, as the partridge on the mountains, for a long season, pursued yet escaping: and the seed of David to this day, have often to "abide in the wilderness in the strong-holds" and in the mountains, and are ready sometimes to say, "surely I shall one day fall by the hand of Saul." Oh, this is a sore conflict, yet a glorious and honorable warfare: and the victory is certain to all those that hold out unto the end in faith and faithfulness.

I fondly trust, my dear friend, that by this time many of thy soul's enemies, that have stalked their forty days like a Goliah, are laid low; and that many of thy doubts and fears, are in measure done away; that with renewed vigor, courage, patience, and perseverance, thou art journeying onward, even with steady pace, and single eye; not moved by the "trial of cruel mockings," if that should be thy lot; nor yet dismayed by the many tribulations that are permitted to attend the path of the righteous. Yet I trust, that an equal if not a greater degree of care and caution will yet mark thy every movement and stepping, as thou goest along: I speak not of a silly slavish fear, which keeps some far behind the footsteps of Christ and of his companions; or of that weakness which would let the enfeebling reasoner prevail, to the hindering or even stopping of a vigorous healthy growth. Some have I known, who have suffered such an argument as this to nip their bud, and so to check its putting forth, in the due and appointed season, its natural blossoms and fruit,—saying, "others have professed great things, and have come to nothing; who am I, that I should pretend or presume so high? surely I shall disgrace the cause," &c. Such reasonings are, as we abide in the light, clearly manifested to be of the enemy, though greatly disguised; and he sometimes lays hold of good kind of people, who, with upright intentions for the best, and desiring our preservation from hurtful extremes, are induced by a mistaken and blinded judgment, to advise us against running risks (as they think,) by such a bold, firm, and decided conduct, as we apprehend is required at our hands. I have had to tread much alone; and I have found it safe, and conducive to my true growth, to look mainly, and in the first place, to that which is truly an infallible Teacher, and which leads out of all error and evil, into all truth and goodness; and after sometimes great delay, (not through wilfulness nor weariness, but an upright desire to be led by nothing but the true guide,) I have been made willing to resign myself to what has been cast up, I trust with something of that singleness of heart and simplicity, which the right thing does undoubtedly induce. Oh, the comfort and divine consolation, which such a procedure has drawn upon my poor soul, even in the midst of much trouble and suffering.

The truth does undoubtedly lead into a oneness in principle, and even in practice as to generals: yet in regard to particular sacrifices and services, very various are the allotments for each member of the church,—very different are the gifts and dispensations which are meted out to each, and the administrations of them also. Blessed are those who know and keep their several places in the body, always eyeing the Master, even the holy Head thereof. These shall not be unduly moved by the revolutions and convulsions, which may be permitted to arise, and to surprise the hypocrites, whether from within, or from without; these

abide in their habitation and safe shelter during the storms, nor are they supine and confident in the day of ease and of calm weather, but are prepared, nay are (if it be best) forewarned often of the judgments that may be impending or ready to be poured out upon the head of the disobedient.

Well, my dear friend, be valiant for the Lord and his precious Truth, while thou hast a day in mercy granted thee; joyfully and unreservedly yield thyself and *all that thou hast* unto his disposal. Keep to the *root* of righteousness; and as the divine sap of life is suffered to ascend, and to circulate in and through thy soul, thou shalt in due season be clothed, or be strengthened to put on the excellent fruits of righteousness, to the praise of Him who hath chosen and ordained us, that we should go and bring forth much fruit, and that our fruit should remain; and who is ready thoroughly to furnish us unto every good word and work required of us.

Farewell, and believe me to be thy affectionate friend, J. B.

FALMOUTH, 17th of Twelfth month, 1819.

Dear ——, My dear love is to thee, though from a low spot, which has more or less been my experience of late: but I can truly say, in the lowest seasons I have longed for nothing more than for preservation through all things; even though there should be but little going forward, or any vigorous growth in that which is good. Yet should I be content in this the Lord's will, who doeth all things well, could I find an assurance, that *finally* the eternal rest of the righteous might be mine; and that whilst buffeted and tempted here, no reproach might be reasonably thrown on the blessed Truth, through any unfaithfulness of mine. A degree of sweet calmness seems to arise, whilst writing to thee; in which I feel thee near to me, and myself still bound in a degree of tender love, and refreshing fellowship unto the faithful everywhere. At such seasons how strongly does the sentiment recur,—testimonies are nothing (comparatively,)—words are nothing—outward, perishable, changeable things are nothing;—but to know our sustenance, standing, strength and life, to be in the only unfailing source, and to feel that which is immortal, invincible and unchangeable to bear up our minds above the billows,—this is worth living for, and suffering for and dying for.

(To be continued.)

"Wherever classes are held apart by rivalry and selfishness, instead of being drawn together by the law of Love,—wherever there has not been established a kingdom of heaven, but only a kingdom of the world,—there exists the forces of inevitable collision."

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

No. III.

Eleventh month 2d, 1825.

My Dear M. H.—My silence has not proceeded from indifference to thy state. I have borne thee upon my mind, and thy affecting letter I received as a proof of that confidence which I trust has ever and always will continue to exist between us.

But what shall I say to thee. Though I was affected when I read thy description of thy feelings, it was not sorrow I felt; far from it; for why should I sorrow to see thee under the Lord's hand. It was sympathy and fellow feeling, not grief, and the language then arose, and still arises, "Let patience have its perfect work." As thou becomes entirely as passive clay in the hands of the potter, nothing can go wrong; all will finally be well. But, as I once heard an experienced potter say, the preparation of the clay, when designed for any thing valuable, was no small labor. Every little pebble or even coarse sand or grit had to be removed, and then the process of mingling and tempering had to be gone through before the turning commenced, after which there is to be a season of drying, which is a proving time, which discovers every little defect or flaw; after all these, if the vessel prove to be good, there is to be the glazing and burning before it is fit for use.

Marvel not, then, shrink not from suffering, but be inwardly engaged as thou hast been to abide the turning of the Divine hand. Do not give way to the temptation of absenting thyself from meetings, neither judge any one, but be content to suffer. Thou art not alone in thy feelings, but hast those in every meeting who are united with thee in spirit, who suffer with the suffering seed.

Again, I say, let patience have its perfect work.

Thine, L. P. M.

Why are God's promises of peace and joy *so great*, and the believer's *realization* of them so comparatively *little*, but because we do not act rationally in the furtherance of our best desires? Perhaps while we are earnestly praying for the subjugation of some particular sin, we go needlessly to the scenes most likely to excite it; while we implore strength against the assaults of Satan, we go to meet him where we know his seat is. We ask more faith, and forthwith indulge in reading or conversation calculated to obscure the little that we have. We desire earnestly to grow in grace, and thence proceed to put ourselves under the most unfavorable influences, or deprive ourselves of the most ordinary means. We plant our vines on the cold side of the hill, and wonder that they yield us no rich juices; we scatter our corn upon the common field, and then wonder to find it trodden under foot; we

leave our fires unstirred and our lamps untrimmed, and complain that we sit in darkness, and derive no warmth.—*C. Fry.*

"GEORGE FOX."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Continued from page 709.)

Furthermore, Fox has left us a very noble legacy in his teaching concerning *the sin of intolerance.* Intolerance was looked upon as a virtue in his day, and men persecuted each other for the glory of God. With a few noble exceptions, Fox alone, the sufferer, the patient one, who never had a hand to lift to strike his fellow man, but was always ready to pray for and to bless his persecutors, Fox almost alone taught the sin of intolerance. I have a notion that all denominations of Christians have, in their time, persecuted, except the Society of Friends and the Baptists, and it has been shrewdly hinted that we Baptists have never done so because we have never had the chance; but this is scarcely correct, for Roger Williams certainly had an opportunity in Rhode Island to have set up a Baptist state religion, but he spurned the thought. We have both of us a very clear history to look back upon with regard to that. Yet we may fall into intolerance insensibly, for the habit of only buying goods of those persons of our own faith (if such a habit still survives) is very like using the carnal arm. I do not know whether the cutting of a man's acquaintance sometimes, because he thinks rather differently from ourselves, has not in it the spirit of intolerance; and, mark you, it is the spirit of sin which we have to guard against even more carefully than the outward act of it, because when we countenance the spirit, the outward act is sure to follow. If there be a man who thinks wrongly, and is a heretic, and we cannot receive him into our families because of the mischief which might be wrought by his conversation, yet if it be in our power to do him good, we ought to do so none the less because we abhor the doctrines he preaches; we are to treat him all the more kindly because we abominate the things which he spreads abroad. We shall never win him by hard words. We shall never overcome him but by using spiritual weapons, and by these only shall we win the victory if the victory is to be won. I hope that throughout all England now we shall all desire to keep ourselves clear from persecuting our fellow Christians, and if there should remain some who would still seize goods for tithes and church-rates, well, ever so must they remain, I suppose, incorrigible sinners; but let us hope that the light may even reach those dark ivy-mantled belfries yet, and scare the souls of bigotry and religious tyranny out of their roosting-places. When will men understand that God loveth a cheerful giver, that he hates robbery for burnt-offering, and will never receive upon his altar that which has been rent by force of arms from those who conscientiously refused to give it?

George Fox has left us a third great legacy, namely, his *testimony against the abomination of war.* When I first read George Fox's Life, I could think of nothing but Christ's Sermon on the Mount. It seemed to me that George Fox had been reading that so often that he himself was the incarnation of it, for his teaching is just a repetition of the Master's teaching there, just an expansion and explanation of the primary principles of Christianity. I am always glad to hear of a soldier being a Christian, I am always sorry to hear of a Christian being a soldier. Whenever I hear of a man who is in the profession of arms, being converted, I rejoice; but whenever I hear of a converted man taking up the profession of arms, I mourn. If there be anything clear in Scripture, it does seem to me that it is for a Christian to have nothing to do with carnal weapons, and how it is that the great mass of Christendom do not see this I cannot understand; surely it must be through the blinding influences of the society in which the Christian church is cast. But Fox's singularly clear mental vision could see that to buckle on the carnal sword was virtually to be disobedient to Christ. The Christian who enlists in the army of our earthly king forgets that they that take the sword shall perish with the sword, and that Jesus has said, "Resist not evil; but if any man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also." "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." May the day come when war shall be regarded as the most atrocious of all crimes, and when for a Christian man, either directly or indirectly, to take part in it, shall be considered as an abjuration of his principles. The day may be far distant, but it shall come, when men shall learn war no more; a right view of the true character of war may hasten that happy era.

Another of Fox's great gifts to us was his testimony to the *sinfulness of oaths.* I think you, respected friends, are bound to continue to enlighten the Christian public upon this point, though I do not say that I think the Christian public deserve enlightenment upon it; for the Scripture is very plain and unmistakable. If the Lord Jesus intended to teach us the sinfulness of oaths, he could not have used stronger language than that which he has used, "I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by earth, for it is his footstool." The connection shows that this cannot refer to false swearing, but that it must refer to the ordinary swearing of men in courts of law. The Christian is positively forbidden to do so, and he who thus takes an oath, to that extent,

at least, forswears obedience to Christ; he does, in fact, say, "I prefer to do as the world bids me, rather than do as Christ bids me; because it happens to be an inconvenient thing for the world's courts for me to do as Christ would have me do, therefore will I let my Lord and Saviour be forgotten, lest my case should suffer damage."

You Friends have perfect liberty in this matter; and your fathers well earned it, for the persecution which this simple matter brought upon them was like the furnace heated seven times hotter. In the first days almost every Quaker had been in prison, and most frequently on this account. If somebody would put all my church members into prison I should be very sorry; but I am sure the result to them would be a most blessed one, if they suffered for conscience' sake; for nothing makes a man stronger than locking him up for a little while for Christ. You have earned liberty in this matter of oaths, as I have said; will you try to get it for us also? for there are some of us—and I hope there will be many more—who feel the same conscientious difficulties which you feel about it, and who could not and would not swear. Why should we be put to inconvenience on this account? Fox, in this respect, simply told us what Christ had told us before. Let us try to remind our fellow Christians of this very important matter.

If I do not tire you, I desire to add a little upon Fox's personal virtues, which God's Spirit wrought in him, as being the great necessity of the present age. Such a man as George Fox now-a-days would be, in some respects, a singular phenomenon. Being dead, men honor him; if he were alive, it would be another matter. Keep a bear in a cage and people will go and look at him; but if the same bear were roaming down Gracechurch Street, unmuzzled, I question whether we should all crowd upon the wood pavement to enjoy his company. So George Fox in heaven is all very well; but if he were to descend—well, there are some who would wish him back again. Have you never heard that once upon a time that Golden Rule—"Do to others as ye would that others should do to you"—broke loose, and chanced to wander into the Exchange; whereupon there was a great clamor raised against the intruder, and many cried out, "Here, beadle, here is the Golden Rule got out of church! Take him away; he has no business here!" If George Fox were here now to act out his principles in his own style in business, his simple honest habits would be quite out of joint with the modes of modern finance.

First, he had learned the noble habit of very plain speaking. I do not suppose that many beyond your Society will acquire the habit of using the "thee" and "thou" in conversation, but that practice was a significant part of a very precious whole. It was a portion of a great moral principle, namely, the use of words in their proper signification, and not wresting them from their right etymological position. One admires that incident in Fox's journal where one of his persecutors says to him, "Mr. Fox, your obedient servant." "Beware of hypocrisy and of a rotten heart," replies Fox: "when was I ever thy master? and when wast thou ever my servant? Do servants put their masters in prison?" What a blow for poor compliments! Possibly you never had a writ, or a notice in a county court action, addressed to you and signed "your obedient, humble servant," but that is the style of things with the world. "Oh, you know," says somebody, "everybody knows what it means." If a man writes a letter full of abuse, he begins, "My dear sir." No matter how much animosity may be in a man's heart, he will be sure to address you as "my dear sir," and use the usual false compliments of the fashion. This might not be so bad, if it were not a part of the most terrible and crying mischief, which is apparent everywhere, of persons using words in a non-natural sense, or in a sense not generally allowed.

Many of the terms of business are so corrupted from their meaning that they convey a false idea to the common observer, even in such plain matters as numbers and quality; but the reply is, "Well, everybody knows what it means; it is the custom, you know, and therefore we may do it." I ask why is it the custom to speak in words which are not true? Every religion is thus tainted now. I do not know whether you will approve of what I am about to say, but I cannot refuse to say it. I feel that when a clergyman takes a child in his hands, sprinkles it, thanks God that it is regenerate, and teaches that child afterwards to say, "In my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdon of heaven"—if that clergyman does not believe that that baptism made the child "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," he is guilty of a dishonest utterance. It is a hard thing to say, but I cannot help saying it; the words are very distinct and plain. If he really is such a fool as to believe that those few drops of water have made the infant "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," why then we cannot find fault with his so saying; but we must leave him there, and pray that he may be enlightened; but if, saying that, he really does not believe it, and in his preaching tells his people that they must be born again in quite another way than in that of baptism, then, brethren, I cannot say otherwise than that such a course of action is dishonest. "But nobody understands those words

as they stand," says some one. This, however, is not true, for we find a numerous body who boldly advocate Baptismal Regeneration, and quote these words as the foundation of their faith. The highest Tractarianism, defends itself by the plain and evident meaning of declarations which good evangelical Christian men have solemnly assented to. Now is this justifiable? Ought we not above all other things to be plain, simple and straight-forward in matters which concern the eternal interests of men's souls. What wonder is it if tricks played with language by the professed ministers of Christ leads on to trickery in the commercial world? The practice of cooking accounts, issuing fictitious reports, and creating imaginary capital, is but another phase of shiftiness in the use of terms, and there are some found to defend it upon the principle that everybody knows it's always done, and one is not to judge high financing by the same rule as small transactions.

The commercial morality of this nation to a fearful extent is corrupted. If I make any allusion to this melancholy fact, people say, "Ah! you do not understand business." Now, if business were a correct thing I think I could understand it, if it were conducted upon perfectly honest and straight-forward principles. I am not such a simpleton as not to be able to see when a thing is honest or dishonest; and if there be a mode of conducting business which is so intricate, shuffling, and complex that I cannot understand it, and that no other minister can understand, whether it is honest or not, then I say it is something which needs looking into, and requires alteration. When a common-sense Christian man cannot understand business, it is time that business should know that it has no business to be such business as it is. Should not a Christian man—I am sure the disciples of George Fox should—be transparent in his business transactions? He should be such a man that if any one should pop in and look at his accounts, he should have no need to lock up his books because of improper entries. He ought never to manipulate accounts so as to confess, "Well, that is a very awkward piece of business; but if so and so turns up it will never be heard of, and we shall net a handsome sum, although, if another event occurs, we shall be shown up, and most men will call it a piece of roguery." Is it so, after all, that success makes a doubtful transaction right, and that failure makes it wrong? Really, friends, this will not do. This common fabrication of wealth out of mere paper, the making of affairs to appear as they are not, the conjuring and leger-demain by which capital is created, and shares thrust upon the public; this lying and stealing on a large scale—for that is the English of it—will undermine the position of England amongst the nations, unless something be done to stay it. We had better go back to "thee" and "thou" with George Fox, and tell men that they are hypocrites and have rotten hearts, if we believe they have, rather than keep on complimenting each other, and uniting to maintain a fictitious state of society. The old Scotch proverb is, "Ca me and I'll ca thee." "Thou treat me as a man of wealth, and I will treat thee the same; and as we both are men of straw, we shall keep each other up." Thus holding hands together in a confederacy of untruthfulness they hope to be believed, and come to believe in themselves; but when the great Heart-searcher comes to deal with us, he will do so upon very plain and simple moral principles, and not at all in the fashion in which some men have dealt with their fellows. I thought it necessary to say this, and if it should be a cap to fit the head of anybody here, I hope he will wear it.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN WEAKNESS MIGHTY THROUGH GOD.

Nothing is more remarkable in the Bible than to see how God, as if to teach us to trust in nothing and none but himself, selects means that seem the worst fitted to accomplish his end. Does he choose an ambassador to Pharaoh? it is a man of a stammering tongue. Are the streams of Jericho to be sweetened? salt is cast into the spring. Are the eyes of the blind to be opened? they are rubbed with clay. Are the battlements of a city to be thrown down? the means employed is not the blast of a mine, but the breath of an empty trumpet. Is a rock to be riven? the lightning is left to sleep above and the earthquake with its throes to sleep below, and the instrument is one—a rod—much more likely to be shivered on a rock than to shiver it. Is the world to be converted by preaching, and won from sensual delights to a faith whose symbol is a cross, and whose crown is to be won among the fires of martyrdom? leaving schools and halls and colleges, God summons his preachers from the shores of Galilee. The helm of the Church is intrusted to hands that have never steered aught but a fishing boat; and by the mouth of one who had been its bloodiest persecutor, Christ pleads his cause before the philosophers at Athens and in the palaces of Rome. And when he choose the weak things of the world to confound the strong, and the foolish to confound the wise, what God meant to teach us was, that we are to look above the instruments to the great hand that moves them: and that, whether it was a giant or a devil that was to be conquered, the eyes of the body or of the soul that were to be opened, walls of stone, or what are stronger, walls of ignorance and sin, that were to be overthrown, men are but instruments in his hand—the meanest mighty with him, the mightiest mean without him.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MISQUOTATIONS AND MISAPPLICATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

As a treasury of the religious thought of man in the remotest periods of his history, the Scriptures must always be valuable. The light shed upon our relation to God, as a father, and upon human duty since the introduction of Christianity, has thrown into deep shadow many things recorded in the Old Testament; but we could no more dispense with this record than could a man who had attained a high degree of spiritual experience profitably dispense with the remembrance of his early and imperfect, perhaps erroneous, ideas of God and duty.

It is not necessary to suppose that the Scriptures have been *miraculously* perserved to us. Their preservation is simply a testimony to their great worth; just as gold and diamonds are preserved in preference to articles of less value. In what are called the Dark Ages, there were, no doubt, individuals scattered here and there in whose hearts the lamp of divine love and truth burned brightly, though its rays could pene trate but a little way into the darkness. Monasteries and convents were then the depositories of the precious volume, and we are, perhaps, mainly indebted for its preservation to that superstitious veneration for its letter, which, in more enlightened minds, would be sinful.

Truth is an ever present inspirer, furnishing, in every age, the form of expression best adapted to convey its teachings to that age; so that there is no absolute necessity in preaching or prayer to use forms of expression adopted in the past; indeed the sliding too easily into these sometimes obscures the exercise, and is a temptation to utter words without life. Much of the language of Scripture, however, is so flowing, poetic and beautiful, and has become so much a part of our religious thought, that the thought and the language are apt to arise in the mind together. When this is spontaneous, and the passage correctly given, we recognize the gem in its old setting; but when texts are strung together inappropriately, or mangled in the quotation, some of the brilliant beauty of the truth is impaired.

Though an humble, earnest spirit in a minister is far before mere verbal accuracy, yet to refer to a recognized authority, (which is understood to be done when Scripture is quoted,) and then to misquote or misapply it, is not strictly just.

Most of the following examples of misquotation and misapplication have already appeared in print, but others are new. Some of these passages are so habitually misquoted as to induce the belief that we copy from each other, and do not sufficiently read for ourselves.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend," should be, "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Prov. xxvii. 17.

"So plain that he who runs may read." The text is, "Make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." Hab. ii. 2. A man cannot read while he is running, but he may read and then run, as the passage implies.

"Mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." 2 Cor. x. 4, has sometimes added to it, "of sin and Satan," which is not in the text.

"No man can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for his soul," is not Scripture. It seems to be taken from Psalms xlix. 6, 7, 8, 9. "They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of *them* can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him; (for the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever,) that he should still live forever, and not see corruption."

"The shepherd of Israel, who sleepeth not by day, nor slumbereth by night," is incorrect; it stands, "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Psalms cxxi. 4.

The word "Zion" is applied to the Church of Christ on earth; "Israel," also. There is but one Zion, or one Israel; therefore, "our Zion," as if there were many, is incorrect.

"Owe no man any thing but love," is an incorrect quotation of Rom. 13: 8; "Owe no man anything but to love one another."

"In the midst of life we are in death," is from the book of Common Prayer.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The nearest approach to this is, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. 12: 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." There is no such prediction in the Bible. The only passage like it is, "Shall a nation be born at once?" Isaiah 66: 8.

"Choose the Lord for your portion, and the God of Jacob for the lot of your inheritance," is not Scripture. The 9th verse of the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy says, "For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance."

"Strength in weakness, riches in poverty, and a present help in every needful time," is not found in the Bible. Neither is the expression, "Who was never foiled in battle."

"The zeal of thy house hath eaten thee up," has sometimes been used against those who were presumed to have manifested too much religious zeal. The pronoun "thee" should be "me." It is an appeal of David's to the most High; "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up; and the reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen on me." Psalms 69: 9.

"The will of man never wrought the righteousness of God," is not Scripture. The Apostle James says, "For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." James 1: 20.

The Apostle Paul is often quoted as saying, "I live by faith in the son of God." The expression is, "I live by the faith of the Son of God." Gal. 11: 20.

That precious text, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," (Matt. xi. 28,) is almost always misquoted thus: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," &c.

"Little children, love one another," is not in the Bible, but is taken from a tradition respecting John, called the divine.

It is often said that it required a *miracle* to convince the Apostle Peter that God is no respector of persons; whereas, by reference to the 10th chapter of Acts, we shall find that it was a *vision*, that was made use of to convey to Peter's mind this important truth.

"Not to be wise above what is written," used to repress curiosity about hidden things, is not in the Scriptures.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is a line of Sterne's. The nearest approach to it in Scripture is, "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." Isaiah 27: 8.

There is no such passage in the Bible as "Morning light and evening song."

"A Saviour, or I die, a Redeemer, or I perish forever," is from Augustine, one of the early Christians.

"That bourne from whence no traveller returns," is from Shakespeare.

Some preachers are in the habit of supplying words in Scripture texts, with the intention of making them more clear. This, besides being an implied depreciation of the understanding of their hearers, is calculated to nullify the effect which the bold, unqualified, unamplified style of the Sacred writings has in awakening and stimulating the intellect. David exclaims, in Psalms 84: 10, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." "Elsewhere" is often added, and spoils the contrast which is between *blessedness* and *duration*.

In quoting from Matt. 25: 21, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," the addition is generally made, "and into thy master's rest."

Prov. 10: 22. "The blessing of the Lord it maketh (truly) rich."

1 Cor. 11: 9. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man (to conceive) the (good) things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Eccl. 9: 10. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with (all) thy might."

Matt. 25: 10. "And they that were ready, went in with him to the marriage" (chamber.)

Isa. 1: 25. "Thy dross and thy tin" (and thy reprobate silver.)

Psalms 46: 4. "Shall make glad the (whole) city of God."

"As the tree falls; so it lies; and as death leaves, so judgment finds," is not the text, which is thus: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." Eccl. xi. 3. This passage, so often used to enforce the doctrine of everlasting punishment, has no such application in the text. It is found in connection with an exhortation to liberality. The "clouds," which, when "full of rain," "empty themselves upon the earth," and the "tree," which, when it falls, removes not from the place where it fell, appear to be used as poetic figures.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Rom. 12: 1. This passage is applied by Friends almost exclusively to the attendance of meetings, thereby missing the larger application meant by the Apostle, which is, that the whole man should be consecrated to the service of God by keeping the body pure and holy. S.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 19, 1867.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.—It has not been the policy of the Society of Friends, at any period of its existence, to resort to efforts to proselyte to sect.

The concern of its consistent and influential members has been, that the human family should be brought to comprehend the *great truths*, that the Lord is the teacher of His people, that a knowledge of Him is obtained through the medium of Christ,—the Word, which is also called Light—and that this "Light has appeared unto all men," and obedience to its teachings or manifestations is "*the way of life.*"

The history of the severe persecutions which attended the promulgation of this doctrine two hundred years ago, is so familiar, that a reference to it may seem, to some, a prosy repetition of what they often hear. But, we feel, that in the liberty of conscience with which we are privileged, we are sometimes in danger of losing sight of the instrumentalities by which it was obtained.

We shrink, even in thought, from the loath-

some dungeons and noisome cells in which not only strong men, but feeble women, were incarcerated for years, enduring at the hands of their jailors innumerable insults and cruelties.

To one looking upon the present organization of Friends, and taking a casual view of its surroundings, it might seem that but little had been effected by the labors of these martyrs for truth.

The smallness of our numbers in comparison with many other religious sects, and the occasional relinquishment of their birthright by some of our young friends, are calculated to give the idea that there is a defect in the *principle* of our profession; and that we fail to prove the sufficiency of the *internal light*, for safe guidance and preservation, by the deficiencies apparent among us. By a closer scrutiny, there will be found other causes for the nonfulfilment of duties connected with the higher life. As was at first stated, Friends have not exerted their influence to gain members, but have felt restricted therefrom, and are also cautious in receiving voluntary applicants. In the absence of outward attractions, our religious assemblies are not generally so largely attended as some others, where the ceremonies of worship are in a more tangible form. There is nothing in a rightly-gathered Friends' meeting with which a wordly spirit can assimilate. The few broken sentences, uttered with fear and trembling, as in the presence of the great I AM, fail to meet the wants of those who are looking for "great things." And when gospel truths are more fully illustrated, and the multitude have been fed and impressed for the time, how many are like those of old, who felt that the teachings of the blessed Jesus were fraught with "hard sayings," that they could not bear them, "and went no more after him." Christianity is the same now as then—and the mind of man differs not, save as it expands under the influence of *the Light*, the sun of righteousness. It must, however, be gratifying to every sincere lover of truth, to notice the growing disposition in the various religious denominations, to award to *the Spirit* the pre-eminence it merits; and to so far recognize the fundamental principle of Quakerism, as no longer to believe that "it leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind." Some of the most prominent men in what is called the Evangelical Church, are propounding to their hearers questions like the following: "Are we turning knowledge into wisdom, and whether understanding more of the mysteries of life are we feeling more of its sacred law; and whether having left behind the priests, and the scribes, and the doctors, and the fathers, are we about our Father's business, and becoming wise to God?" Spurgeon, in his lecture on G. F., says: "George Fox, dear friends, has bequeathed these principles to you. I pray you guard them with your lives, and hand them down with undimmed lustre to your sons. Let nothing beguile you from your steadfastness in the spirituality of your worship, and press it upon others everywhere, whenever you have opportunity, that the Father seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in spirit and in truth."

How far the faithful adherence of Friends to the doctrine of "salvation by Christ," inwardly revealed, has been instrumental in preparing the hearts of others to receive the manifestations of the Spirit, we may not know; but the testimony of Scripture is, "my word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Died, in Easton, Washington Co., N. Y., on Seventh-day, the 29th of Twelfth month, 1866, of jaundice, Reuben Baker, aged nearly 72 years; a member of Easton Monthly Meeting. A little before the closing period he said, "Though I have made some misses, it has been my endeavor through life to do right; and it has always been uppermost with me; and for two or three weeks I have been as happy as I could wish to be;" and in a short time peacefully and gently breathed his last. He had for many years manifested a warm zeal for the oppressed, and exhorted others to observe temperance and moderation on all occasions. E.

——, on Sixth day, 21st of Twelfth month, 1866, near Centre, Clinton Co., Ohio, of consumption, Cata W., wife of Abram Allen, in the 67th year of her age. She had often expressed that there was nothing in her way, and we doubt not she has entered that rest which is prepared for the righteous. She had for many years taken a warm interest in the cause of the poor and oppressed African race, laboring with her might to liberate them from cruel bondage; and there is not a shadow of doubt but she is reaping a rich reward for this and every other good deed. E.

——, at his residence in Baltimore, on the morning of the 6th inst., Nathan Tyson, in the 80th year of his age.

——, on the 12th of First month, 1867, Anna Canby, relict of David Smyth, in her 83d year; a member of Wilmington Monthly Meeting.

——, very suddenly, on the 7th of Third month, 1866, William Hughes; a member of Pipe Creek Monthly and Particular Meeting.

DIED, on the 8th of Twelfth month, 1866, near Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J., LYDIA BRADWAY, widow of the late Adna Bradway, in the 85th year of her age; an Elder of Greenwich Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 21st of Twelfth month, 1866, AMY HART, widow of the late Samuel Hart, in the 81st year of her age; a member of Buckingham Monthly Meeting, Pa.

Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor meets this (Seventh day) evening, 1st mo. 19th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-house.

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, Clerk.

WANTED,

By the Association of Friends of New York for Relief of Freedmen, a teacher for a school in Maryland. Address, JACOB CAPRON,

1172 Broadway, New York.

1st mo. 12, 1867—tf.

From an Editorial of the North American for the New Year, we extract the following brief sketch of the present position of Europe. It gives a glimpse of the *unrest* which seems to pervade all nations, of which we Americans have a full share. In the hopeful tone indulged by the Editor in relation to our Republic, we do not fully participate. The future is enveloped in a cloud, and in what way this shall be dispelled, or what it conceals, we are unable to determine. But true it is, that the more confidence there is reposed in that Power, which can still "divide the waters," or cause "the elements to melt with fervent heat," the more sure may we be of deliverance from our present perilous condition. EDS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN.

A new year dates from to-day. It does not find the world at peace, and there is quite as much reason to suppose that it will be stormy as that it will be tranquil. England is disturbed by earnest demands for reform at home, while Ireland is in its usual state of unrest, and Canada is far from tranquil. France, baulked by Prussia, forced from Italy, and disappointed in Mexico, threatens to renew those civil dissensions which there almost invariably follow defeat abroad. Neither Spain nor Portugal are in assured peace. Austria is suffering from as grave defeats as are recorded in all of her history, and Denmark from the loss of her richest territory. Prussia has suddenly risen to first-rate importance, and seems determined to consolidate and enlarge her acquisitions. The Greek and Catholic faiths are again at variance, Russia promising to support the former in a way which renders war quite possible. South America is experiencing the effects of a war which has involved the larger part of those nations by which it is divided, and Mexico is not cured of its chronic disquiet.

It is comfortable when we see the New Year dawn with such lights over the rest of the world, to reflect that the brunt of our own danger has passed, and that the disputes which now inflame the passions with us are secondary, and in their very nature overtures towards a more satisfactory state of things than we have ever enjoyed. The great sea which was provoked by so many years of preliminary agitation, and which roared so long, has not wholly subsided, but it is subsiding. Its existing tumult is wholly attributable to the fact that its margin is being walled in by lines which it can never again overpass. But one by one the impediments which lumbered our path are disappearing; courage is increasing behind facts which demonstrate that it can be rationally indulged, and with courage comes accomplishment. Efforts are already making in influential quarters to remove the crushing taxation which has restrained our manufactures, our commerce, our mines, our railways, our agriculture and every other form of industry, from the advance which they should have made; and though no result has yet been attained, there is something more than a hope that the current year will abolish the worst drags.

It must be conceded that 1867 does not find us with all of the prosperity which had been expected. It does not find the temper of the South so amiable as was to be desired. It does not find the material interests of the North as vigorous as they should have been. And yet we have not only paid the interest of our debt, but extinguished some part of the principal; have rebuilt old roads and plotted new; have inaugurated a line of Pacific steamships, from which the greatest advantages may be expected; have pushed forward the rails across a greater part of the continent; have enlarged our internal and foreign methods of communication, and exhibited a recuperative and progressive power which, considering the conditions under which it is developed, is not less singular and gratifying than any former achievement.

We have great hopes planted in the glad New Year whose advent we welcome to day—hopes for the improvement of the world, and especially for that considerable portion of it which our own country constitutes.

Look upon the *success and sweetness of thy duties* as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart close to God in them. Well, then, when thou findest thy heart under the power of deadness and distraction, say to thy soul, "my praying times are the choicest parts, the golden spots of all my time. Could I but raise my heart to God I might now obtain such mercies as would be matter for a song to all eternity."—*Flavel.*

From Harper's Weekly.

THE LESSON OF JAMAICA.

The Jamaica question can not be too carefully studied by us at this time in this country. And we can imagine few more valuable books than a clear, brief and faithful history of that island since the emancipation. The great moral which is taught by that history, in the fragmentary form in which it is accessible, is the practical helplessness of an emancipated, servile class among those who have held them enslaved. Making all fair allowance for the climate, and for laziness, ignorance, dishonesty, and ease of subsistence upon the part of the emancipated class in Jamaica, it will hardly be denied by a student of its condition since 1838, that the chief difficulty of the situation is in the spirit of the old planter or slaveholding class.

The initiative belonged to them. Good sense should have taught them that their true interest lay in acquiescing heartily in emancipation, and making the best of it. They were to depend upon a class of laborers perfectly well known to them, but placed in a totally different position in respect of the tenure of labor. Those laborers were now freemen. They were to be treated as freemen. But also they were to be treated as new freemen, as men bewildered in a position to which they were unused. Too much was not to be expected of them. They were, first of all, to be taught confidence in the late master class. They were to be educated, protected, forborne. The duties and responsibilities thrown by emancipation upon the master class were indisputably very great; but they were to be faithfully fulfilled, or the whole island would sink into ruin. Nobody pretends that these duties ever were fulfilled, or that, as a class, the planters made any serious attempt to accept or even to understand the situation. The apprentice system failed. The negroes were utterly alienated. They took to the bush, and the great estates went to waste. Jamaica has languished, not on account of emancipation, for under Slavery it was steadily and rapidly declining, but from the haughty injustice of the master class.

The Eyre massacres of last year happily aroused the English conscience. The protest was tremendous. The Government were compelled to recall Eyre, and to send out a Commission of Inquiry. Eyre is now in England, where a strong effort will be made to bring him to trial for murder; and Sir Peter B. Grant is the new Governor—a man known for his protection of the natives of Bengal from the hard hand of European masters. In his speech upon assuming the Government, Sir Peter points out that there is no practical justice in the Island for negroes in cases of more than ten pounds; and it has been found necessary, for the protection of the blacks, to reorganize a paid magistracy in Jamaica. As a further illustration of the administration of justice there is the case of Gordon Ramsay. He was one of the leaders of the massacres of last year; and the evidence before the Grand Jury showed that when a man named Marshall, who was being flogged by Ramsay's order, either exclaimed, "O Lord!" in the agony of the punishment, or merely groaned, or ground his teeth, Ramsay said that it was sedition, ordered him to be taken down and hung; and he was hung. Three witnesses proved these facts. There was no question of them. But the Grand Jury of Planters refused to find a bill. And these are the things which Carlyle, and Tennyson, and Ruskin defend as manly, British, heroic and necessary.

It is the business of statesmanship to deal with human nature, not with abstract theories; and if any argument were wanting to demonstrate the imperative duty of the United States at present, to hold the freedmen firmly by the hand, and not to intrust them to those who hate them more than they love their own interest, it may be found in the story of Jamaica.

OUR MASTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!—
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach or backward look
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape,
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign;
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above,
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years:

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong.
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates hates thee, who loves becomes
Therein to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim nor rivalry
Divide the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship!—
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

—*Independent.*

FOSSIL VINES AND GRAPES.

At the last meeting of the Société Impériale et Central d' Horticulture in Paris, Dr. Thudichum, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, made a report on the fossil vines and the wild vines of the Rhine valley. He exhibited to the society several specimens of vine leaves impressed upon coal, which had been taken from a mine in Hesse-Darmstadt. Other specimens contained great numbers of fossil grape husks and kernels. The learned Doctor stated that these deposits, lying underneath the basalt, were estimated to be above one hundred millions of years of age, and that these facts and the peculiar character of the wild vines of the Rhine completely contradicted the almost universal belief that the vine had come to us from Asia. He believed that the vine was indigenous to all countries where it prospered now, and invited horticulturists to make experiments with the seeds of wild vines, particularly those of France,

as they might thus obtain results of importance to horticulture.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TRY AGAIN.

Robert Gray had been writing at the parlor table, and his father sat in an easy-chair, reading a new book.

"I may just as well give up at once," said Robert, pushing aside his pen and paper, and seating himself on a low stool: "I never can write this exercise."

"Never can write this exercise," echoed his father, in such a sad tone that Robert could not help laughing. "How many times have you tried?"

"Just once, father."

"Robert," said his father, "I have been reading the life of a man who wrote more than a dozen volumes, though he was nearly blind, and sometimes took the trouble of re-writing a passage sixteen times before he thought it good print."

"What was his name, father?"

"William Hickling Prescott. Would you like to hear something about him?"

"Very much indeed," replied Robert, hoping to exchange the disagreeable exercise for a story. But his father was not going to reward idleness.

"Then, if you want the story, my boy, you must first finish your exercise, and when I see that it is well done, you shall hear about what I have been reading."

Half an hour of hard work accomplished what Robert had just said could never be done. Just then his two brothers came in from play, and Mr. Gray laid aside his book and began his true story:—

"William H. Prescott was born at Salem, New England, in 1796. His father was a lawyer. A bright, merry little boy William was, with an inquisitive mind and a good memory. Like most other children, he loved play far more than lessons. Not rough, noisy play, for he was not very strong; but quiet games, and, above all, story-books, or making long stories himself for the amusement of his companions. His father removed to Boston when William was twelve years old, and in three years more he entered Harvard College. One day, when he was leaving the dinner-room in the college, a lad accidentally struck him in the left eye with a piece of hard bread. There was no external injury, but the sight was gone for ever. We are not told that the young man who inflicted this sad blow ever came to say how sorry he was; but notwithstanding, Prescott forgave him heartily, and never even mentioned his name unkindly.

"For a short time Prescott continued his studies, but the strain on one eye was too severe, and bad inflammation set in. For many months he sat patiently in a dark room, cheerfully bearing his sufferings, and very thankful to any one who would kindly read aloud to him. By degrees his eye so far recovered that he could venture into the open air, but he never again was able to use it much in reading or writing. The doctors thought travelling might benefit his health; and as he had relations living in the Azores, he went there for some months, and afterwards visited London, Paris, and Italy. On his return to America he decided not to become a lawyer, the profession he had been intended for before the injury to his eye. But as he found that real honest industry of some kind is necessary to happiness, he determined to begin study in earnest and try to write useful books. Much time had been lost on account of his temporary blindness. He was not ashamed, however, to learn simple things over again. So a great many hours every day were spent in reading and writing. Like most hard workers, he was an early riser, not however, from taste, but from duty."

"Father, may I ask you one question?" interrupted Robert.

"Surely, my son."

"How could Prescott read and write so much when he was nearly blind?"

"He always employed a man to read to him a certain number of hours, and by-and-by his own wife and children were delighted to be able to minister to his pleasure in the same way. Sometimes he read to himself for a few minutes at a time. I was going to tell you how he managed to write. A writing case has been invented for the blind. It is called a noctograph; which means to write at night. When closed, it looks like a great book, and, on being opened, several brass wires are seen stretched from side to side. Under these wires a black sheet of paper is placed, and beneath that a white one. The blind writer does not require to use ink, but guided by the horizontal lines, he makes the necessary letters on a black paper with a sharp pointed little instrument called a style, and the impressions go through to the white sheet, leaving marks like those of a lead pencil. This writing case was a great comfort to Prescott, and when he had written some sheets his secretary copied them out in a fair round hand.

"Just think what difficulties this blind historian had to overcome. After listening to hundreds of books, he had to think a great deal about what he had heard, and then compose in his mind the history he was going to write. All this took him a long time. He tried to do everything as well as possible, and spared no pains in making his books truthful and interesting. In many cases he went over his subject five or six times; in one, at least, sixteen. He spent ten years in writing his first great work,

'The History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' and even after it was finished he hesitated about publishing it. But from this time it appeared honors of all sorts poured on him. Great men in Europe and America wrote to congratulate the blind author, and encouraged him to begin another book.

"After six years more he published a history of the conquest of Mexico, and a year later commenced to write 'The History of Peru.' Failing health, however, warned him that rest was needed, and he was induced to take a second voyage to England.

"Very little rest was given to the author of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' for, from the moment of his arrival on English ground, the great people of the land vied with each other in showing him hospitality. He was presented at the court of Queen Victoria, and had the honor of dining in her company. The late Earl of Carlisle was one of Prescott's warmest and strongest friends. But all this kindness did not make him proud. He was the same simple man he had ever been, the same true friend, the same loving son to his aged mother. Indeed, as men praised him he seemed to grow more humble and conscious of his own failings. He kept a private record of his faults, with the hope of being able, by the help of God, to overcome them. Every Sabbath he read over his private note-book, and after his death it was found with these words on the outside: 'to be burned.' This order was obeyed. When he returned from England he continued writing a new work he had begun, and, although increasing weakness prevented him from doing as much as in former years, he labored on at his usual employments until January 27th, 1859, when he died almost suddenly, leaving behind him a grand lesson on the power of patient perseverance.

"Now recollect, Robert, that whenever you are trying to do anything really worth doing, you must not give up until you have tried at least sixteen times, remembering the words of the wise man, 'The hand of the diligent shall bear rule: but the slothful shall be under tribute."—*Ex. Paper.*

LOST ARTS.

In regard to colors we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian paintings of thousands of years ago are in the least faded, except green. The Tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh today as it was three thousand years ago. Some of the stucco, painted ages before the Christian era, broken up and mixed, revealed its original lustre. And yet we pity the ignorance of the Egyptian prince who was contemporaneous with Solomon and Cleopatra, at whose feet Cæsar laid the riches of his empire.

And in regard to metals. The edges of the statues of the obelisks of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, are as sharp as if hewn yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted, that their seams, laid with mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a penknife. And their surface is exceedingly hard—so hard that when the French artists engraved two lines upon an obelisk brought from Egypt, they destroyed, in the tedious task, many of the best tools which could be manufactured. And yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in older time.

This, with other facts of striking character, proves that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. Quite recently it is recorded that when an American vessel was on the shores of Africa, a son of that benighted region made, from an iron hoop, a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another made a sword of Damascus excellence from a piece of iron.

Fiction is very old. Scott had his counterparts two thousand years ago. A story is told of a warrior who had no time to wait for the proper forging of his weapon, but seized it red-hot, rode forward, and found, to his surprise, that the cold air had tempered his iron into an excellent steel weapon. The tempering of steel, therefore, which was new to us a century since, was old two thousand years ago.

Ventilation is deemed a very modern art, but this is not the fact, for apertures, unquestionably made for the purpose of ventilation, are found in the pyramid tombs of Egypt. Yes, thousands of years ago, the barbarous Pagans went so far as to ventilate their tombs, while we yet scarcely know how to ventilate our houses.—*The Moravian.*

THE ORIGIN OF BILLS OF EXCHANGE.

When the Jews were driven from Arabia, in their flight great numbers of them passed over to Spain, then in the possession of the Moors, by whom they were treated with great kindness. As no obstacle to improvement in learning or to promotion in rank was placed before them, the Jews, by their genius and attachment to the interests of the state, soon raised themselves to high civil offices about the persons of the caliphs, who respected them, their learning, wisdom, and virtue. They established the most celebrated schools then in the world, both for sacred and profane literature. The Talmud, which in Arabia had been the only book studied by the Hebrews, gave place to the Scriptures, together with the most elaborate treatises on the arts and sciences; in the knowledge of which they took precedence of every learned fraternity in Europe. In the fine arts they likewise made great proficiency. Several among them are celebrated to this day as astronomers, architects, jurists, historians, poets, painters, and physicians. But neither the learning nor loyalty of the Jews

availed them aught, when the crescent was supplanted by the red banners of the cross. On the defeat of the Saracens, Ferdinand and Isabella left them no choice between baptism and banishment; and, with the exception of five hundred, whom the extremes of age and poverty prevented from removing, all preferred the latter. As the period for their departure was limited to a fixed hour, after which those remaining were liable to suffer death in case they refused baptism, the condition of the Jews was the most lamentable that can well be imagined. But they were not suffered to remain in the peaceable enjoyment of the time allotted to them by the royal edict. The Christians fell on them in many places, and put them to death without regard to age, sex, or condition. Those of them who had escaped towards the sea previous to the breaking out of the disturbances in the interior of the country, were either pursued and butchered on the coast, or were drowned in great numbers through the treachery of those who supplied them with vessels. Few arrived safely in Italy; and even there were only sheltered from a fate such as they had fled from by a papal bull. It was on this memorable occasion that some Spanish Jew merchants contrived, by the invention of bills of exchange, to possess themselves in Italy of that wealth which they had no means of removing out of the dominions of Ferdinand. Of what immense utility that invention has since been to the mercantile world it is needless to inquire.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

TWELFTH MONTH.

	1865.	1866.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	5 days.	4 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	4 "	1 "
Snow, including very slight falls	6 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms,	7 "	4 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	9 "	17 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1865	1866.
Mean temperature of 12th month per Penna. Hospital,	37.39 deg	33.61 deg.
Highest do. during month	62.50 "	61.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	15.00 "	5.00 "
Rain during the month,	5.61 in.	3.46 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year	1257	1228

Average of the mean temperature of 12th month for the past *seventy-seven* years	32.53 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1848	45.00 "
Lowest do. do. do 1832	25.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1865.	1866.
Totals for the *first* six mos. of each year	28.94 inch	22.27 inch
Totals for the *last* six mos.	27.30 "	22.77 "
Totals for entire year	56.24 inch	45.24 inch

Taking the weather for the entire month, it was unusually pleasant, though the 21st was a very, very cold day, the mercury descending to *zero* at Germantown in some very exposed situations. The first regular snow storm of the season occurred on the 11th, making very poor sleighing. It will be seen that just *eleven* inches *less* rain fell during the year 1866 than the preceding one.

The *deaths* during the year were in round numbers *five hundred less* than in 1865. Truly we have much to be thankful for. J. M. E.

Philadelphia, First mo. 7, 1867.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$50.00
" Jos. M. Willson, Sterling, Ill	5.00
" Friends of Wrightstown, Pa	60.00
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md	15.00
" Friends of Darby, Pa	40.00
	$170.00

Also donations of clothing, from Dr. E. Fussell, Ruth Anna Lippincott, and "A Friend."

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
1st mo. 12, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

A large portion of that part of the Crystal Palace which has been used for the exhibition of tropical products, was burned on the morning of Twelfth month 31st, causing a loss of £300,000.

THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.—Work is active on the temporary railway over Mont Cenis, intended to perform the service during the eight or nine years which must elapse before the tunnel can be made available. According to experiments made, the mountain between Saint Michael and Suza can be crossed in four hours, and the length of the line between these two stations being nearly eighty kilometres (fifty miles), it follows that the speed attained is twenty kilometres an hour. Each train will be able to take fifty passengers, but no more. The great quantity of snow which falls for six months of the year, and covers the sides of the mountain, makes it necessary that the railway, for a considerable portion of its length, should be protected by wood and iron sheds sufficiently strong to resist the force of avalanches.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate a resolution was adopted directing the Commissioner of Agriculture to prepare specimens of the cereal productions of each State and the Territories, and forward them to the Paris Exposition. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee of Commerce to inquire into the expediency of prohibiting the sending of passenger vessels to sea after they have been in use a certain number of years. A bill was introduced to protect the rights of married women in the District of Columbia, which was referred. A message was received from the President, vetoing the bill conferring universal suffrage in the District of Columbia, which was read. A motion to postpone its consideration was lost, and the bill was finally passed, notwithstanding the veto, by a vote of 29 yeas to 10 nays. The Secretary of the Senate was

directed to transmit the District suffrage bill, as passed over the veto, to the Secretary of State. The bill for the admission of Nebraska, after being several times discussed, was passed with amendments. The bill for the admission of Colorado was also passed. The bill to amend the organic acts of the several Territories, by prohibiting the denial of civil or political rights on account of color, was passed.

HOUSE.—A resolution was offered declaring, as the imperative duty of Congress, the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and to secure civil governments for the recent insurgent States by giving the right of franchise to loyal citizens without respect to color. The previous question was called upon its adoption, but it was referred to the Reconstruction Committee. A similar resolution, declaring the impeachment of the President the duty of Congress, was again offered. A resolution to lay it on the table was negatived, and it went over. The action of the Senate on the District suffrage bill was announced. The veto message was taken up, and on the motion to pass the bill the vote was—yeas 113, nays 38. So the veto was vetoed, and the Speaker announced that the bill had become a law. The resolution declaratory of the meaning of the amendment abolishing slavery was taken up and discussed. A substitute in the form of a bill was proposed, making it a penal offence for any one to offer any person for sale within the United States, or who shall make an order for such sale; which was accepted, and the bill was passed. The Senate amendments to the bills fixing the time for the meeting of Congress, and regulating the franchise in the Territories, were passed and go to the President. The bill for the admission of Nebraska was taken up, and an attempt made to pass it under the operation of the previous question, which did not succeed. The Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the revenue law as to exempt from income tax incomes of $1,000, and to tax all incomes above that 5 per cent. A resolution was adopted appointing a commission to purchase a site for a building for a post office and United States courts in the city of New York.

THE FREEDMEN.—The grand jury of Calvert Co., Md., have indicted a colored man, named John Lox, for harboring his own children. It appears that in 1865 it was sought, through the Orphan's Court, to get these children apprenticed from their father, who, however, satisfied the court of his ability to support them. On the strength of a former property in John's wife, Dr. James Duke shortly made a second attempt, which succeeded, in spite of the renewed protestation of the father. Lox then appealed to the Criminal Court of Baltimore, and Judge Bond ordered the children delivered to him. Upon this the suit first mentioned was based. Numerous cases like this have occurred in the same vicinity, and the conflict of authorities is very distressing. Indeed, Gen. C. H. Howard reports that it is estimated "there are *six hundred* cases of unjust apprenticing in Calvert, and almost as many in Anne Arundel."

General Wood reports a general improvement in the relations between employers and employed in Mississippi. The negroes are exposed to much hardship on account of the unfavorable crops, but are preparing to work vigorously during the coming year. The interest in education is growing among both whites and blacks.

Five thousand freedmen have been removed from the District of Columbia during the year, and still some 26,000 remain. The demand for help from the North is greater than the willing supply.—*Nation.*

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

The two volumes now proposed to be published contain the history of the Society from the year 1691 to 1828, embracing much original matter that has not appeared in any other history. *Biographical sketches are given of the most prominent members of the Society in Great Britain and America*, with many instructive passages from their writings and interesting anecdotes.

Among the *subjects of deep interest* treated of in these volumes are: *the perils and preservation of Friends during the Irish Rebellion of* 1798; *the course they pursued during the war of American Independence; their efforts to civilize the Indians and preserve peace with them; the rise and progress of their testimony against Slavery; their early labors in the cause of Temperance; the Separation in Ireland at the beginning of this century; and the Separation in America in* 1827-8, *with the causes that led to it, and the results that have followed.*

The cost of paper, printing and binding having greatly increased since the first prospectus was issued, it is found that the work cannot be published, *without considerable loss*, at the price originally intended. The price will be, therefore, $2.00 *per volume*, bound in cloth; and $2.25 per volume, bound in sheep, library style; but those subscribers under the first prospectus who have taken the first two volumes, will be furnished with the third and fourth volumes at $2.00 each, bound in sheep.

The first two volumes can be obtained from the publisher or his agents, at $2.00 each, sheep binding.

Agents are requested to return this prospectus as speedily as possible—as the work is now in press—with full list of names and residences of subscribers, to the author's publisher,

T. ELLWOOD ZELL,
112 tf. Nos. 17 and 19 S. Sixth St., Phila.

WANTED.—A Physician and Surgeon of experience, a Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, wishes to purchase the practice of a Physician, in a Friends' neighborhood. Address
1194 tp. "DOCTOR," No. 144 N. Seventh St., Philada.

FRUIT AND FARM PRODUCE SOLD ON COMMISSION. Consignments of all kinds of Berries, Peaches, Apples, Sweet Potatoes, Round Potatoes, Dried Fruit, Poultry, Eggs, Pork, Lard, Butter, Grain, Flour, &c., solicited and promptly attended to, by
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SAMUEL TOWNSEND & SON, Produce Commission Merchants, No. 52 Light Street, Baltimore, respectfully solicit consignments of Grain, Flour, Seeds, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Poultry, &c. Constantly in store and for sale, Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass, and other Field Seeds. Also Bone Dust and other Fertilizers. Dried Fruits bought and sold. 721 tfa.fn.

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WM. HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North Ninth Street.—A general assortment of ready-made Coffins, and every requisite for Funerals furnished.
Being entrusted with the oversight of "Fair Hill" Burial Ground,—Funerals, and all other business connected with the ground, will be promptly attended to. 8466 I&O tf.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 720.)

[In a letter to a Friend, dated from Pool, 3d of Sixth Month, 1820, he writes:—]

I may say that I have never considered it my place to maintain that station in the world, or live in that mode of life in which I have been brought up, however mortifying to poor self, and contrary to the habits and views of others. It was one of the earliest convictions that settled on my mind, when brought under serious impressions, that I must *come down* and set an example of moderation and self-denial, being content with such things as I have; so that I have been most easy to decline even such opportunities of advancing my condition, as others, no doubt may, in many instances, wisely and rightly seek for and improve. Some again may throw themselves into extensive channels of usefulness, by increasing their outward means: I can only say, I am to do good in another way, if my life be spared. I have looked, with much solicitude, for best guidance, in this matter: and the comfort and peace with which, during my stay here, I have been wonderfelly favored, has been such, as to enable me at times even to sing for joy. I have also been greatly broken down, under a sense of that hand, which is so eminently over me for good, enabling me to look the greatest of my difficulties, perplexities, and discouragements in the face, as it were, with a degree of calm confidence. My heart and life, and all that I am and have, are to be surrendered up in such a way, as may answer the Lord's holy will and purpose concerning me. On this ground-work, and on this principle, I have not hesitated cheerfully to relinquish those views of outward gain, and habits and station in life, to which my education tended; but which I have clearly seen are not exactly such as harmonize with the Divine intention respecting me, and with that sphere I should occupy. What I have expressed herein, is not the feeling of yesterday or to-day, but gradually confirmed and rooted in my mind, through much secret conflict, and a long course of humbling exercises, and such as some of my sympathizing friends have been remarkably made sensible of from time to time.

With much affection, I am thy Friend,
J. B.

To ———.

Poole, 24th of Sixth month, 1820.

Oh, it is a sweet thing to get into calmness,—to that spot where all our cares, fears, and doubts are swallowed up. It is that which our sickened souls often need as a cordial, to revive and to recover us from the nausea of this world's joys and cares. I often feel full occasion to press after a further purification, from that which yet hangs about me, and which my spirit loathes: to be released from the bondage is a great matter, even to come into a degree of freedom from the workings of evil. I wish

many of our reformers, and some youthful ones especially, knew more of this great work; they would have shone brighter as vessels in the house of the Lord, had they gone through the seventh furnace; they would have taken a better polish, and the dust would not hang upon them, as it now lamentably does. To feel something good visiting us, is one thing;—but patiently to endure all the turnings of the holy Hand upon us, both in breaking down the old nature, and building up the new edifice on the sure foundation, is another matter. I fear too many amongst us content ourselves with knowing but very little of the latter operation; and even when that is partially begun, they are for taking down the scaffolding and boarding in front, in order to show others what is going on.

Since coming here, my mind is more thoroughly set at rest on some points than ever, especially as to the propriety of my not entering into business, a subject which used to harass me much; fearing sometimes, that by this conclusion, I had given occasion for the cause to be evil spoken of, and the testimony of Truth to be let down. Oh, the path is very narrow in many respects, which I have to tread in. I have had glimpses of it for several years; "the pride of life" must be laid low, however mortifying to the poor creature, as well as to those whose eyes are outward. Thou seest how much occasion there is for the help, the secret help, of those who can intercede for me, and sympathize with me; there is that which can preserve on every hand as hitherto it hath marvellously done; and as faithfulness is abode in and watchfulness with patience, who can doubt that the issue of all our movements will, through holy help, be for the honor, and tend to the promotion of the great cause?

[In the Tenth Month of this year, he was married to Georgiana Hill, daughter of Major Hill, of Kingsbridge, Devonshire:—she had joined the Society by convincement.]

1820, *Tenth month 28th.*—Seemed in this short illness to be brought near to the gates of death: many awful reflections arose. I longed exceedingly to become more meet to enter the celestial country: but seemed to myself to have come short of such a state. I have of late seen myself to have been very unwatchful; my zeal for God and devotedness to His cause, very greatly decayed. Oh, how often have my prayers been put up in sincerity to the Father of mercies, for His continued goodness to such an unworthy creature, and for His help against my potent enemy. But it seems as though all was to little or no purpose, and that my soul is sinking fast into the pit of supineness and forgetfulness. This is surely for want of more steady adherence to what is from time to time seen to be right, and required of me. Thus hath weakness crept over me, and great declensions in several respects. Oh, how have my idol and my earthly outward delights run away with my heart and affection, so that I forget or omit to lift up my soul as I ought to do, with fervency and frequency of application to the Lord, my Redeemer, who daily loadeth me with benefits. When shall I arise from this dust, in which I am involved? When shall I be aroused from this bed of ease and sluggishness in which I have been reclining: after all that I have seen and known of the Lord's dealings, is this declension to be the consequence? Surely, I had rather die than live, to forget my good God! I believe it would conduce to my comfort to be less fervent in outward though lawful affections, and to be more fervent in spirit; serving and loving my great Master more than any other object, seeking Him more earnestly morning by morning, and oftener than the day lifting up the heart to Him. Earthly blessings should not so occupy the mind, as to draw from the due attention to higher duties and more lasting pleasures.

[To a much valued friend he wrote:—]

PENZANCE, 13th of Third month, 1821.

Often have I thought on thee and thy endearing friendship, as commenced in days that are past, and strengthened in hours that are over and gone, though not soon to be erased; for to those winter-evening opportunities of comfort and favor I enjoyed with thee and others, may I not refer much of the benefit and instructive growth my soul received instrumentally; at that period of my pilgrimage, when it seemed to be a time of espousals, and when it might be said truly, "Thy time was the time of love." In reverting to such seasons, I have often been sensible of many shortcomings, many wanderings, and much unwatchfulness: and I am sometimes ready to apply to myself the language respecting Israel, "Of old time, I have broken thy yoke, and burst thy bands; and thou saidst, I will not transgress;"—though some consoling hope attends, that the succeeding complaint of degeneracy does not altogether belong to me. To be bowed down under a sense of our infirmities, is profitable to the best, and safe at seasons for all; and whilst we may look upon these dispensations, as some small proof that we are not left without chastisement and fatherly correction, they turn out not unfrequently, to be the forerunners of further displays of mercy, and wholesome preparatives for usefulness and enlargement. We often mar the benefits that are in store for us, and the intended effects of our trials, by too great eagerness for deliverance.

We have great occasion to stay ourselves upon the holy Rock in the day of trial and affliction, having known favors beyond many,—the high hand made bare, and extended renewedly to deliver and protect. That we may attend with

vigilance to the fresh openings of duty in every respect, is my earnest desire, amidst a deep consciousness of much to deplore, as regards want of more steady adherence thereto.

I hear you are richly visited in the ministerial capacity. Oh, it is easy work to love them and their testimony from the very heart, and to be attracted by the sweet influence of that which they live in; but it is hard to labor in the desert for food and raiment, and to have no intermediate helping-hand, to cheer and to animate to constancy and endurance. Oh, the extent of that labor and daily exercise, which I feel needful for myself to be found in, lest my soul loose its hold!

Farewell, J. B.

To SAMUEL ALEXANDER, *of Needham.*

CHELTENHAM, 18th Seventh month, 1822.

We have had an account of the decease of our beloved and valued friend, Charles Parker, —my fellow-traveller, as I may call him, truly in more senses than one; having had, as thou mayst remember, the privilege of his company through Hampshire last autumn: it affected us considerably. Past events connected with him, dear and faithful man, were much revived in my own mind; and I thought much of him on the day of the burial. I bless the Giver of all good that I have sat under his ministry; and I remember that the tenor of it often was,—the shortness and vanity of earthly enjoyments and trials, the certainty and speed of death, and the goodness and grace that visits and would gather all unto God, the eternal excellency. My soul is profitably instructed whilst I write; and that may be the best use of my writing to thee, my dear, valued, and now ancient friend and brother, who hast so often helped me to think of these things; and who, I fully trust and believe, art looking for, and desiring at times the winding up of all things that are transitory and perishable. Oh, that we who are young, may so tread in the footsteps of the path of the just, that we may be prepared to fill up the vacated seats in the militant church of those who are gone before, and who have filled up their measure of enduring. As to my poor self, if anything may be said, it should be but a middling account,—as hitherto, for a long season past; often surrounded with fears and failings, sensible of short comings, and a pensioner on that forbearance and pity, which is not enough (I fear) regarded and remembered. Watchfulness unto that which is good, seems to me the great thing in the work: I am sensible we can thus only walk worthy of our vocation and privileges.

(To be continued.)

It has been the fault of all sects that they have been too anxious to define their religion. They have labored to circumscribe the infinite. Christianity, as it exists in the mind of the true disciple, is not made up of fragments, of separate ideas, which he can express in detached propositions. It is a vast and ever unfolding whole, pervaded by one spirit, each precept and doctrine deriving its vitality from its union with all. When I see this generous, heavenly doctrine compressed and cramped in human creeds, I feel as I should were I to see screws and chains applied to the countenance and limbs of a noble fellow creature, deforming and destroying one of the most beautiful works of God.—*Channing.*

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

No. IV.

SKANEATELES, 5th month 11th, 1826.

Again and again have I read thy letter with feelings of interest, and at each time have come to the conclusion that the mighty arm is underneath, and that if thy mind continues to place thy trust there, all would be well, whether for life or death; and yet I earnestly desire thou may use every precaution and every remedy thy parents wish thee too; that if the great Head of the Church please they may be blest to thy restoration; that thou might bow thy neck to the yoke and become a burden bearer. He that raised Lazarus is undiminished in power. He that quickened the mind of Lady Guion, and enabled her to be a preacher of righteousness, both in word and act, is unchanged, and can strengthen thy weak frame and nerve both body and mind, if it is His will, and thou becomes as the passive clay. Do not look at the weakness or strength of others, for, as thou observes, the principle is unchanged, let professors do as they may. Lady Guion was a burning and a shining light in her day and among that people; indeed such an one now-a-days would put to the blush some of us who think we have seen far beyond Roman Catholics.

Like her, let us, I with thee, and thou with me, my beloved young friend, not cease striving till we obtain the victory, and know of a truth "that he that overcometh hath a right to the tree of life." It is no marvel that thou looks on the dark side of things sometimes; there is enough to cause thee to; but to dwell too much there disqualifies the mind for the performance of duty, and, of course, weakens instead of strengthening it. And even when we have missed it, and see it, and deplore it, it is unprofitable to keep accusing ourselves; rather let us, as soon as we are favored to see and feel our error, turn to Him who can wash away the stain, with full purpose of heart to do so no more, and then be careful to bring forth works meet for repentance.

How clear is the prophet Ezekiel on this head: "If the unrighteous man turn from his iniquity that he hath done, and do that which

is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive; all his unrighteousness that he hath done shall not be remembered; but, in the righteousness he doeth he shall live," or words to this effect. How encouraging it is—how consonant with the language of Him who bore our weakness, and said to the erring one that was accused before Him, "Go and sin no more, thy sins be forgiven thee." The manifestation of evil is to lead us to shun it, and to choose the good. The language is, "Choose ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Strong figurative language; but what so rich to the palate as the consolations of heavenly good to the devoted soul! Thou hast tasted and acknowledged it; pursue it, then, faithfully.

So fare thee well.

Thy friend, L. P. M.

We have all felt, when looking above us into the atmosphere, that there was an infinity of space which we could not explore.

When I look into Mark's spirit, and see there the gems of an immortal life, I feel more deeply that an infinity lies hid beyond what I see. In the idea of duty, which springs up in every human heart, I discern a law more sacred and boundless than gravitation, which binds the soul to a more glorious universe than that to which attraction binds the body, and which is to endure though the laws of physical nature pass away. Every moral sentiment, every intellectual action, is to me a hint, a prophetic sign, of a spiritual power to be expanded forever; just as a faint ray from a distant star is significant of unimaginable splendor.

"GEORGE FOX."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Continued from page 726.)

There is another respect in which we greatly need to return to the example of George Fox, to whom, with all due deference to your manners and customs, I would most surely take off my hat if I met him, and excuse myself by declaring, "George Fox, I must and will pay you more respect than I do most men, and I will for once even venture on a compliment that is distasteful to you, for I so honor your character." George Fox is to be admired for the sway which conscience had over him in little things. Take that hat matter as an instance. It is not a matter of wonderful consequence after all whether a man takes his hat off or keeps it on, excepting as it may be with him, as it was with Fox, a matter of conscience. If I believe it to be a matter of conscience and principle with me, I am not to ask questions as to how far I shall be obedient to the inward monitor, but must follow it at once in the smallest things, for if I get in the habit of violating conscience in small things I shall go on to something greater, and so on again till I have no conscience left, or only a conscience that is seared. A child may have an unfortunate propensity to steal some little thing, it may be only an apple; but still, if the parent shall wink at that fault, the child will grow up to be a thief. Your child may tell a story a little differently from the way in which it occurred, and if you do not correct it at once he may turn aside from the truth, till the habit of truth-speaking may be lost. So then, it is not the wearing of the hat or the cutting of the coat in itself that matters; it is not the importance of the thing itself intrinsically, but it involves the whole of obedience to the higher law, or wilful rebellion. If an action is right let it be done, if it be not right let it be avoided, however little or contemptible others may think the case to be. The sway of Fox's conscience is to be seen in the fact of his never inquiring what other people would think of him, but resting in the liberty of the divine presence. Many of us are always inquiring, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" What will the world think? Hundreds of persons are more influenced by what others do than by any consideration of principle. The tyranny of so-called respectability is terrible. "You know we must keep up an appearance, we must be respectable; where are you if you get out of society?" Did it never strike such people that some of the most respectable people are not respected, and that many of those who are most truly respected, never were what society calls respectable. Better far to be worthy of respect than to be respectable. Thousands of fine ladies and gentlemen are respectable upon somebody else's money. We are told occasionally by poor people as a reason why they are not at our meetings, "Sir, I had not clothes that were fit to come in," and I frequently reply, "If your clothes are paid for they are fit to come in. Never be afraid of coming to worship with God's people whatever your dress may be." The popular fashion of keeping up one's respectability is doing great mischief in this age. It makes people spend more than they ought, and go to a great extent of extravagance when they might be quite as happy and far more useful with a far less expenditure. In fact, we are all spending at a great rate now-a-days compared with the ways of our fathers, and though you, respected friends, do not exceed, and I trust never will, in the fashionableness of your dress, yet you may be too lavish in households, and even the dress may cost as much, I suppose, in one color as in another, and what is given up in color may be taken back in richness of material. Even you may forget the simplicity which cares only for the approbation of God and courts no smile from man! "*What will the world say?*" Now, it is my firm belief that the question

never once entered George Fox's mind, as to what any body would say about him. "What does God think of me?" was his ruling thought. Am I acting according to the voice of God within my heart? If I am, the unclean may hiss at me, or thrust me into prison, or call me what they will, but it matters not, I shall rest in peace, because my conscience is void of offence; but if all men speak well of me, then shall it be woe unto me if the still small voice within shall tell me that I have not acted rightly in the sight of God. This sway of conscience will enable a man to be singular, when to be singular is to be right. It will give him the noble egotism of Athanasius when he said, "I, Athanasius, against the world." It will make him feel, "If the skies must be upheld by my doing wrong, let them fall; for even to avert the universal wreck, I would not degrade my spirit to unhallowed acts of which my Lord and Master would disapprove." Worthy Fox, thou wast as a brazen pillar, and an iron wall when conscience was concerned.

One of the grandest points in Fox, is his constant recognition of the existence, operation, and indwelling of God. Are we professing Christians sure that we are not infidels: are we certain about it? I am not so sure about many professors. What is God to most men but an abstraction? He is in heaven, and they look up after him, as though he were not here, as though he were not as much down as up. They speak of him as though he filled the heavens and were yonder, and then act as if there was a thick cloud between themselves and him. If there were no God they would not change their lives; they would live as they now do, actuated by the same motives and appetites. But to George Fox, "Our Father who is in heaven" was one near at hand, and the Holy Spirit was one who dwelt in him, and remained with him forever. He did not imagine that God was oblivious of his servants, but he expected that God would speak to him, commune with him, cheer him, guide him, comfort him, chide him, uphold him. He had inward communications from God, in the strength of which he went his way to suffer and to serve with all his heart, and soul, and strength. Do we live precisely in this way? You, venerable friends, who have for years lived in the light of God's countenance, have not even you sometimes to mourn that you do not always feel the presence of the Master, nor walk by the rule of his spirit within you? Shillitoe speaks of being like a cork upon the water, moved by the faintest motion of the Spirit; we are not always just so sensitive, I fear. We grow so great that we are rather like the Great Eastern, and need a huge wave of grace to move us, or otherwise we are insensible of the influence. We do not recognise the present power of God, but Fox did, and his heart was like the leaf of a sensitive plant, conscious of every heavenly touch. Fearless of man, he yet quaked and trembled before the God of Israel. It would set all right in England, if, through divine grace, "Thou God seest me" were constantly before the eye of every man's mind.

Furthermore, and very briefly, we want in England just now much of Fox's *holy zeal against idolatry and formalism*. There is far more idolatry in England than we dream of. People speak very respectfully about superstitious objects. We have holy buildings and therefore, I suppose, holy mortar, holy stones, holy slates and panes of glass, then there are holy fonts, holy altars, and holy vestments, and all sorts of holy rubbish. Much horror is expressed if you say a word that is not deferential to these objects of superstition. You might almost as soon be excused for thieving as for speaking jocosely of a christening font. When a very sensible gentleman the other day said that when wine was mixed with water it was no longer wine, but negus, he stated but a simple matter of well known fact, but now he appears to be as frightened as though he had set the Thames on fire. He might have said it over and over again and have felt no fear, for it is the truth; wine and water is negus, everybody knows that, and it is as much negus when the priest holds it up in the chalice, as it would be should you drink it out of a tumbler. Wine is wine in one place as much as in another, and negus is negus in each case. If my friend takes that wine and uses it as a token to help him to remember the blood of the Lord Jesus, I am happy that he should derive any good from the symbol; but if he thinks that the wine itself can become the blood of the Lord Jesus, or that it conveys grace to him, then I will sorrowfully use any term of contempt which I can think of to express my horror of his idolatry. We are getting very tender of people's sensibilities now-a-days, so tender, that we let them live in sin and even go to hell without a warning; we are getting so wondrously mild and quiet that one would fancy that truth gave us no pleasure, and error caused us no pain. George Fox was weakened by no such wicked squeamishness. To him a steeple-house was a steeple-house, and nothing more. We must take care that we do not, by our amiable silence, countenance men in their superstitions. We must let them see that we worship God only, and that we have no reverence for their priests and their idols. Of course, if a man chooses to worship Mumbo Jumbo he has a perfect right to do so as far as religious liberty is concerned; but if we should speak deferentially of his idol, and show reverence to his observances, we shall be partakers in his sin, and have fellowship in his idolatry. The same is true of the per-

formances of Popery and Puseyism, they are to excite in us holy zeal and indignation.

One thing more which one admires in this great man's character is *his fearless reliance on the force of truth.* He states a truth boldly, and does not bolster it up with human authorities as though he felt it to be too weak to stand alone. He knew that truth springs fully armed from the mind of God, and is able to fight its own battles. He declared the truth not in gaudy periods draped with rhetorical embellishments, but he let it fall upon the conscience in its simplicity, believing that it would wake an echo there which if it did not bring the man to salvation, would at any rate leave him without excuse. When he had truth committed to his trust he did not cry, "I wish that this little stranger had been left at somebody else's door; I hardly know how I shall bring it up, it is such a poor weak little thing." He did not hide it for three months as the Hebrew mother did with her goodly child, or make for it a little anonymous pamphlet like an ark of bulrushes, into which he put it, and leave it to crocodiles or reviewers, but he owned the truth and was not ashamed to defend its cause. Truth was to him a fire-brand, which he hurled upon the standing corn of the Philistines. He knew that what God gave him to proclaim would win its own way. Certain ministers have got into the habit of always apologizing when they are about to speak. Should God's servants do this? When the ambassadors of the Western powers first resorted to the Court of his Celestial Majesty, the brother of the Sun and the cousin of the Moon, the Emperor of China, they were compelled to go down upon their hands and knees before his Celestial Splendor, till, as the story goes, a bluff English sailor refused the indignity in terms not at all fit for the present company, but quite sufficiently strong at any rate. He would not stoop, not he. The imperial brother of the Sun and cousin of the Moon might dispense with the ambassador's presence if he liked, but he would never go down on his hands and knees to him, and the Chinamen began to think that the English people must be a superior order of barbarians. When a Christian minister, feeling he has something to say, says it, and says it fearlessly, men begin to think there is something in it, but if he commences with apologies, as though he excused himself for uttering his message, his hearers say, "Well, the man has evidently something to say that he is ashamed of, and as he ought to know better than we do, we have no doubt it is a worthless message, and we will give no attention to it." It was never so with Fox. His cry is like that of Peter and John, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee: in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I speak." He had something better than gold and silver to give, he had the truth of a spiritual religion to declare, and he tells them that it is at their peril that they reject it, and with tearful anxiety he beseeches them to lay hold upon it.

(To be concluded.)

In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thy own self. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayest avoid, but thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY R. EDDY.

TEXT—"The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all."—PROVERBS. xxii. 2.

Every form of human society with which we are acquainted has in it two distinctly marked characters and conditions of life—the rich and the poor. In many things they present sharp contrasts: leisure, ease, luxury, the portion of the one; driving necessity, toil, pinching want, the master of the other. How wide apart they stand; extremes in society; yet, paradoxical though it may seem, how closely in many things they meet together on a common level! It is of their equality, rather than of their inequality that this discourse will treat, in the hope that the mutual relations of the two classes may be more readily discovered, and their wants and privileges may be more sincerely respected and guarded. They are equal in their birth. Helpless and dependent, they come into the world, the one having no advantage over the other in the necessities of care and protection. Nothing is weaker than a human babe. And whatever independence may be boasted in after years, the rich and the poor are alike at the mercy of others in these days of entire exemption from self-helpfulness.

And when, as intelligence dawns and the power to know, to retain, to classify and to use knowledge is awakened, then, too, the rich and the poor meet together in the conditions of acquiring that which is of mental use. The old adage is a word of wisdom to all learners: "There is no royal road to knowledge." All must run in one direction, subject to one law, who would obtain it. It is not contended that the rich and poor have the same choice of helps and instructors, although our constantly-improving systems of common-school instruction tend to an equality here, at least so far as *offers* of help are concerned, but that they are equal in this, that no outside help can take the place or do the work of personal attention, exertion and study. No money can buy wisdom, no system of instruction can impart knowledge until, by personal efforts, we master the system.

Again, the rich and poor are equal, by virtue of their birth, in the rights of human beings, the right to life, to liberty and to the pursuit

of happiness. They come into being by virtue of one common law; that law, the will of God, and not the creation of man. Distinctions of royal blood and of plebeian blood are wholly of human creation, against the assumptions of which, as history abundantly attests, God has frequently uttered most fearful protests.

Equality in the right to liberty is as real as it is in the right to life. It has the same foundation, man's common origin. On what ground shall I assert my right to liberty that is not also a valid ground for its claim by you, and by every human being? For what, except for crime, shall I deprive you of your liberty, that is not also a sufficient reason for your depriving me of my liberty?

They meet together, also, in the right to the pursuit of happiness. The possibilities of home; of protection in its blessings; of piety; the liberty to worship and serve God; of a voice in the construction and enforcement of the common law of defence and protection; of the use of all the faculties of body and mind—all these are included in the right to the pursuit of happiness. And all men—the rich and the poor—stand on an equality as to this right. Men are often deprived of, restricted, in the use of these rights. But that cannot destroy the right. If it does, then be consistent, and argue against the reality of God's law because men violate that law. Written on the sacred page, it is written also in the human conscience—a Divine reality, full of authority and truth, though the whole world lies in sin. And there, too, equally a reality, is the right of all men to life, liberty and happiness, though man-made caste, brutal selfishness and wicked tyranny may meanly seek to destroy it.

The rich and poor meet together in their temptations. There may seem to be a wide difference, and there is, in the complexion of the incitements to swerve from duty. But the equality consists in this, that each is tempted, and though assailed from widely different points, yet are they one in the fact that they are assailed, and that their honor is tried, and is in danger. "Give me," said Agur, "neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me, lst I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is th Lord! Or lest I be poor and steal, and tak the name of my God in vain." Pride, haughtiness, the denial of God, are sins, to the commission of which the rich are tempted. Beyond all question, there is deference paid to wealth by the multitude. In the weakness of human nature it becomes a gratification to the rich to be noticed and honored, and from a complacent reception of this at the first, it is not difficult for him to reach the point where he demands it, and is angry and soured if it is not generally granted. He grows to fancy himself somewhat raised above his fellow men, and to judge of those around him, not by their merits, but by the length and weight of their purse. From this pride come haughtiness and the meaner displays of selfishness; and at last, feeling that riches have made him independent of men, he fancies that he is also less dependent on God. To be worshipped by men is thought better than to worship God. To go with the multitude of fashion and be an indifferent listener to, or a hypocritical applauder of, sentiments and dogmas which are not believed, is esteemed better than to sit with the common people and be fed with that which satisfies the soul in the lowly temple. Such are the constant, powerful, alluring temptations of the rich. How many, alas! have fallen into the snare which these seductions set, making shipwreck of faith, and piercing themselves with many sorrows.

The poor have their trials. Perhaps we have too little appreciation of the moral influence of poverty. We know how a daily and constant destitution of physical comfort creates desperation that will prompt to the risk of any danger. And when a poor man has once fallen into crime, how difficult it is for him to stem the scorn and hate of men, and come up again to the position of honor and integrity! What wonder, then, that he comes to doubt his fellow-men; also to doubt the providence of God, and goes onward and downward, from bad to worse, till he stumbles into his grave?

There is, thank God, honest poverty. There is, also, noble, manly, generous wealth. Do not understand, me therefore, as laying anything to the charge of either the rich or the poor except this: The duty of coming at once to a consciousness that, though assailed from very different points, an assault of equal violence and persistence is made upon both; that the poor are not more tempted to the sin of stealing, of violence, of impurity of life, and of profanity than are the rich tempted to the sin of pride, haughtiness, and forgetfulness of God.

The rich and poor meet together in their necessities. These may be grouped thus: the growth and health of the body, the use of reason, the demands of justice and right, the repose of the soul in God. If the poor, on account of his deprivations and exposures, is liable to disease, no less is the rich made liable by his excesses and luxuries. If reason must be trained to grapple with and wield the vast resources of wealth, no less must it direct the economies of poverty. If the property of the one demands just laws and an enlightened public conscience, no less will the personal security and defence of the other appeal for the supremacy of that which is right and true. If the soul of the one demands such a faith in God as shall sustain and keep it when the woes come which wealth cannot avert, and the

shadow of death which no gold can shut out of our homes falls upon his hearthstone, no less does the stricken and oppressed spirit of the other cry out for the living God, and long to rest in unshaken confidence in a loving Father.

They meet together in their death. Alike unavailing the enticements of luxury and the anxieties of poverty to turn aside the dart of the destroyer. A narrow coffin, or a coarse winding sheet—and it matters not how costly the one, nor how frail the other—a small spot of earth in which we may go to decay, these are alike for all. The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, as they sleep together in the grave. Oh! pride and haughtiness, see here your end. Oh! struggling, doubting, fearful poverty, here is your goal!

They meet together in the world immortal. Nothing external to either, neither the estate, pomp, luxury of the one, nor the destitution and pinching want of the other, can attach to the spirit as it stands disembodied in the world above. Only that which inheres in character will go with us there. In the presence of God and before the tribunal of our own conscience, we shall stand stripped of all disguise. The rich man's pride will then be seen to have been his hindrance; the poor man's doubt and contempt will be acknowledged as his sin. Faith, hope, love, will be recognized as the only enduring riches, and rich and poor will be known only by their possession or lack of these.

This theme is dwelt upon in this opening service of the New Year to suggest to us this lesson, that we all have so much in common, we should all have respect for and interestedness in each other. We desire happiness. How shall we find it, but in seeking the good of others, respecting their rights, helping them in their difficulties, ministering to their real wants? Let not the rich despise the poor. Let not the poor envy the rich. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of love."
—*The Press.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 26, 1867.

The subject of funerals, as treated in the editorial of *Friends' Review* of the 12th inst., must, we think, be one of interest to all who are concerned for the maintenance of order and the promotion of Truth. The following remarks upon the teachings attendant upon the removal of loved ones from earth, and the causes by which the solemnity of the occasion is frequently interrupted, are just and appropriate.

"Solemn, indeed, are such assemblages, and it is proper that they should be conducted in quiet order with reverent humility, with the remembrance that there is, and can be, nothing for flesh to glory in, and that we are standing upon the verge of an unseen eternal world, to which we are daily hastening, and the concerns of which are of unspeakable importance to us."

"We have for years felt a painful consciousness that, in many cases, the profitableness and the religious character of funerals are, to say the least, greatly diminished, in consequence of the inadequate accommodation for the guests who are thus brought together. A person widely known and greatly beloved is, let us suppose, to be buried from a house of limited dimensions; the apartments are small and distant from each other. This prevents the whole company from sitting together in serious sympathy; indeed it often occurs that large numbers are compelled to remain outside of the house, even in inclement weather. Consequent upon this is the habit of many, of coming irregularly, some not arriving till the time of departure, and the whole hour alloted to the solemnity is interrupted and unsettled. It not unfrequently occurs that, while the relatives sit by themselves in an upper room, indifferent conversation is kept up in other apartments, which is jarring to the feelings of those who desire that introversion of mind in which they might receive the lesson of the teaching event."

To obviate the difficulties enumerated, the editorial suggests that, in cases where the company is likely to be larger than the dwelling can accommodate, that funerals should meet at the meeting-house; and proposes that where burying grounds are located in the outskirts of cities that buildings should be erected for the accommodation of funerals. A concern similar to this has for years been felt among us.

In a number of instances in which funerals have met at the meeting-house at the corner of Fourth and Green Streets, in this city, the advantages have been apparent. The solemnity and quiet which have prevailed have been very satisfactory. In some country neighborhoods it is a *common* practice to assemble, on such occasions, at the meeting-house, instead of meeting at the residence of the deceased.

A few weeks since, at Plymouth, there were three coffins with their lifeless occupants in the meeting-house at one time. It was a very touching scene, and the large gathering of people present seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. We believe earnest desires were awakened to be found in the right occupancy of the precious gift of life, so that no vain regrets may cloud its closing hour; but that in the rendition of stewardship, there may be heard the welcome sentence, "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Allusion is also made to the expense of car

riages, which is often "exceedingly onerous to persons in restricted circumstances; and in many instances a serious inconvenience to families whom death has left nearly destitute."

Another reason for the discontinuance of the practice of the company generally going to the ground is, that by doing so the feelings of solemnity which may have covered the mind are liable to be dissipated in many cases, by a disposition to enter into social conversation during a ride of several miles.

In connection with this part of the subject we feel we may with propriety bring into notice the example of our valued friend Joseph Warner, whose life was rendered eminent by sound judgment and strict integrity. He felt the matter to be of sufficient importance to leave a written request, that not more than one carriage should follow the hearse that bore his remains to the grave.

In an address of Green Street Monthly Meeting to its members, Friends are advised to consider the services at a funeral closed at the house, so that a needless expense of carriages may be avoided.

We hope that this view may obtain more generally than has yet been the case, as we believe it to be entirely consistent with the testimony to moderation which Friends should bear on all occasions.

We direct the kindly notice of Friends to the appeal of "Friends Association for the aid and elevation of the Freedmen," for "garden seeds" in order to supply a want which is seriously felt in the different places where teachers employed by the Association are located; and particular attention should be paid to the request to forward the seeds as soon as practicable, on account of the season being several weeks earlier than ours.

DIED, at Woodbury, N. J., on First-day, 13th of First month, 1867, AARON PANCOAST, aged 88 years; a member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting.

——, on First month 16th, 1867, in Philadelphia, HARRIET J., infant daughter of Uriah B. and Harriet H. J. Kirk, aged 5 months.

——, on First month 17th, 1867, in Philadelphia, at the residence of her son, Julien Shoemaker, RACHEL SHOEMAKER, in her 71st year.

——, at her residence in Baltimore, on the 19th of Twelfth month, 1866, DIANA BROWN, youngest daughter of the late Uriah and Mary Brown, a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. If gentleness, unobtrusive benevolence and humility give evidence of an humble follower of Jesus Christ, then we may safely hope she was one; and the patience, meekness and love, which accompanied her closing days, may, we trust, be accepted as a confirmation of the truth, that the crown of the faithful believer is quietness and assurance forever.

WANTED,

By the Association of Friends of New York for Relief of Freedmen, a teacher for a school in Maryland. Address, JACOB CAPRON,

1172 Broadway, New York.

1st mo. 12, 1867—tf.

SEEDS FOR FREEDMEN.

We make an appeal to our country Friends for *all kinds of garden seeds* suitable for small patches of ground. As the season South is several weeks in advance of ours, it is desirable that they should be forwarded as early as practicable to HENRY M. LAING, No. 30 N. Third St., Philadelphia.

By direction and on behalf of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

A friend has kindly furnished us with the accompanying account of the *Meetings for Conversation and Reading the Discipline* recently held at Race St Meeting House, Philadelphia.

The Third meeting of the season was held on the 26th of Twelfth month last. The meeting was opened by reading a portion of the 10th chapter of Matthew, after which the Minutes of the previous meeting were read, and the consideration of our testimony concerning the ministry was resumed.

It was remarked that the Society of Friends was founded upon the most democratic principles; and that with the acknowledgement of the equal right of all to participate in the affairs of the church, came a corresponding responsibility to seek for a qualification to be useful to each other in all its services. If this were more the case, it is believed that a greater number of our members would feel called upon to express themselves in our religious meetings.

The query was put, whether "recommending" ministers, as it is called, by setting up a class, who come to be regarded as, in some sense, distinct from the body, has not a tendency to magnify the office, and to discourage thoughtful and serious minds from exercising their spiritual gifts to the edification of their Friends. On the other hand, the practice of accrediting those among us who by life and conversation are deemed worthy to stand for the cause and testimony, by suitable testimonials, was acknowledged to be a great strength to many of these, and to open the way for their labors to be profitably extended.

A friend who was with us from a distance gave an interesting sketch of the history of the human mind, in its efforts to rise above spiritual thraldom, till the time when George Fox called men to the spirituality of the Christian

Dispensation, and tracing his influence upon religious thought, showed that its effect has been to lead Protestant sects to regard their ordinances and forms of worship more and more as shadows and types of a higher spiritual communion.

After much interesting expression, showing various phases of thought and sentiment, the meeting closed with an impressive appeal to all to be faithful to every intimation of duty, thus seeking a qualification to raise the standard of truth in the several neighborhoods in which we may be situated.

1*st month* 9*th*, 1867.—The meeting was opened by reading a portion of Scripture from the 4th chapter of John, detailing the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria; after which the proceedings of the previous meeting were read, and also that clause of our Discipline under the head of Meetings for Worship.

As the important subject of Divine Worship was one which had claimed the attention of every serious mind, it was thought preferable to hear the remarks which Friends might have to make in relation to it, rather than to read what has been written by our approved authors. Several friends gave their views of what constituted true Spiritual Worship; and while there was a general correspondence of opinion that the form adopted by Friends was the one best calculated to prepare the mind for communion with the Father of Spirits, the fact was adverted to that a considerable number of our meetings were on the decline. It was stated that many of our young people had become indifferent in the regular attendance of them, and this led to an inquiry into the cause, and also whether some means could not be adopted to render them more attractive. In many of these meetings there is no vocal ministry, and there does not appear to be that lively interest maintained by the members which would promote each other's spiritual welfare. The social element, which is so essential to be cultivated in a well-ordered religious community, is too often neglected, the members becoming isolated, and, therefore, selfish and indifferent. To remedy this apparent declension, it was thought that the Society should be doing more to interest the younger members—to bring them together on other occasions than religious meetings—to associate them in works of benevolence and of self-improvement. The education of the young under the guardianship of the Society was adverted to as a means of promoting its continuance and growth, and the great neglect of this important interest one of the chief causes of weakness. The strongest motive, however, for the attendance of our religious meetings must be found in the grateful sense of our obligations to the Giver of every good gift, and a desire to acknowledge this and to realize that communion of Spirit which constitutes true worship. It is believed that many children to whom religious meetings are irksome, by being brought into the habit of attending them, will learn to understand their meaning, and, ultimately, to experience their advantages. This is especially the case if they see in those who are regular in their attendance a corresponding evidence of their love to their fellow-creatures—the badge of true discipleship.

The question how far we may, by an effort of the will, attain to the state of mind in which we can perform true worship, led to some expression. While some regard this solemn act as arising only from a special dispensation of Divine favor, the view was expressed that we should not neglect to cultivate our spiritual capacities in the earnest desire for the attainment of that communion of spirit which is promised to all earnest seekers.

This was the largest meeting of the kind yet held the present season; the discussions were participated in by a considerable number of those assembled, and an earnest feeling pervaded the proceedings.

A FREEDMAN'S SPEECH.

In a letter from Yorktown, Va., dated 12th month 15, 1866, Jacob H. Vining, superintendent of Friends' Freedman's schools, writes.

"I enclose the substance of a speech made by Bayley Wyat, a colored man, living near here. It was delivered at a mass meeting of colored freedman held in our large schoolhouse. The meeting was called at the close of one held the preceding evening by the Freedman's Bureau on the subject of removing the camps. The former meeting was addressed by General Armstrong, Lieutenant Massey and myself, advising them to seek homes in the adjoining counties and elsewhere; the latter meeting was held to consider of and reply to our advice. I was present by special invitation, heard their deliberations, and felt that their arguments were unanswerable. I think I never heard more touching eloquence than that which characterized this simple speech:"

BAYLEY WYAT'S SPEECH.

Taking notice of the address the gemmen gave us last night concerning leavin' the camps in which we are now settled, and thrown back to the adjoinin' counties where we came from, it seems that it had been told the gemmen that if we would go back to the counties we came from, we should be taken care of as well as in the place where we are now located. But we have full satisfaction, if we turns back to them counties or the lands we c me from, under the present situation of the rebels and the unsettled situation of the United States, we shall be forebber made hewers of wood and drawers of water.

But when we looks back and sees our former state, when education was kept from us; and though

we was made like men by God as other men, we was kept in bondage—we made bricks without straw under old Pharo; and you all 'members de home house and de wife house, how de wife house was often eight or ten miles from de home house, and we would go there Saturday night expectin' to see de wife we had left and she would be gone?—sent down South, nebber to come back,,and de little cabin shut up and desolate—den' we would fold our arms and cry, "O Lord, how long?" and dat was all we could say. And we was not able to own even our names, as men among other men. For this cause we now looks on our present situation, and we believes it is by the overrulin' providence of God, and not of men, that we enjoys freedom—that we are placed in this most pleasant situation.

And we first thanks God for this great blessin' we now has; second we thanks our friends from the North for the great sacrifice which dey have made for our benefiction; and we feels so well satisfied that we has God on our side—that we has some friends that, through God's assistance, will intercede for us and assist us, yet wishes to be all the aid we can be to the United States as men.

And as to our dear friends, de Quakers to de North, we does consider dem our best earthly friends, for de great sacrifice dey has made and is making for us; we does tank dem most kindly; and as to de great North, for de sacrifice of treasures, of lives and of blood, we can now consider dem our affectionate friends, and we heartily tank dem.

We now, as a people, desires to be elevated, and we desires to do all we can to be educated, and we hope our friends will aid us all dey can.

As to our going back to the counties we came from and to de rebels again, we knows for de truth, by thousands of witnesses, the sight of the darkies who left the rebels in the time of war is now as a dose of pizen in their eyes, because we left the rebels and went to the Yankees.

We now feels unprotected against the rebels, and we feels unprotected wid dem; and though de rebels have and do scoff us for calling de North our friends, we hope we shall nebber lose our confidence in dem—I mean our friends in the North.

Oh, most respectable Friends of de North, please consider our interests; we feels sometimes as if our welfare in dis life depends on you.

I may state to all our friends, and to all our enemies, that we has a right to the land where we are now located. For why? I tell you. Our wives, our children, our husbands, has been sold over and over again to purchase the lands we now locates upon; for that reason we have a divine right to the land.

Den again, the United States, by deir officers, told us if we would leave the rebs and come to de Yankees and help de Government, we should have de land where dey put us as long as we live; and dey told us dat we should be see'd after and cared for by de Government, and placed in a position to become men among men. And the Government furder promised to protect us from de rebels as long as we lived, and we sacrificed all we had, and left the rebels and came to de Yankees. Some of us had some money to buy our freedom, and some of us had a house, and some of us had cattle with which we hoped sometimes to buy ourselves; but we left all depending on the promises of de Yankees.

Dey told us dese lands was 'fiscated from the rebs, who was fightin' de United States to keep us in slavery and destroy the Government. De Yankee officers say to us: "Now, dear friends, colored men, come and go with us; we will gain de victory, and by the proclamation of the President you have your freedom, and you shall have the "fiscated lands." And now we feels disppointed dat dey has not kept deir promise. O, educated men! men of principle, men of honor, as we once considered you was! Now we don't seem to know what to consider, for de great confidence we had seems to be shaken, for now we has orders to leave these lands by the superintender of the bureau. We was first ordered to pay rent, and we paid the rent; now we has orders to leave or have our log cabins torn down over our heads. Dey say, "De lands has been 'stored to de old owners, and dey must have it." And now where shall we go? Shall we go into the streets, or into the woods, or into the riber? We has nowhere to go! and we now wants to know what we can do.

I is not here to ask de Government to help me nor my family. I has never asked any help from de Government nor from friends, and I never has received any. I has got a living by honest hard work since I came to the Yankees, and I has saved something besides. I owes no man anything; but my people cannot all do this. Dey has been bought and sold like horses; dey has been kept in ignorance; dey has been sold for lands, for horses, for carriages, and for everything their old masters had. I want some gemmen to tell me of one thing that our people hasn't been sold to buy for deir owners.

And den didn't we clear the lands and raise de crops of corn, ob cotton, ob tobacco, ob rice, ob sugar, ob everyting? And den didn't dem large cities in de North grow up on de cotton and de sugars and de rice dat we made? Yes! I appeal to de South and to the North if I hasn't spoken de words of truth.

I say dey has grown rich and my people is poor. We lives in slab cabins, on ground for floor, and many of us has not food, and we goes ragged and most naked.

God heard our groans. He saw our afflictions, and he came down and delivered us; but anudder king is now risen—Andy Johnson! I will not call him king or President; he is not our friend; he has forgotten the afflictions of Joseph, if he ever knowed them, and we are now turned back to the old task-masters. Our cabins are threatened to be torned down over our heads if we do not go, and we must be drove about from place to place, and chased as hounds chase rabbits. And we must go; and I ask again where shall we go, and who shall we trust?

ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Mr. Solly, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Surg. St. Thomas's Hosp, Lond., says, speaking of the education of girls:—"As an old physiologist I wish to give my opinion. I am quite certain that there would be less illness amongst the upper classes if their brains were more regularly and systematically worked." Again, Dr. Aldis, of London, says:—"I am perfectly convinced, as the result of many years' practice, that whatever tends to develop the minds of women will have the best effect on their moral and physical as well as intellectual health." Dr. Hufeland, in a work edited by Dr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., says:—"It was the first and unalterable destiny of man, that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He who eats without labor will never thrive. We shall find that no idler ever attained to a great age; and that those who

have been distinguished for their longevity were all men whose lives had been extremely active and laborious. But mental idleness is hurtful as well as bodily, because it produces languor. What do we remark in a man who is subject to languor? He begins to yawn; this already betrays that the passage of the blood through the lungs is interrupted. The power of the heart and vessels suffers of course, and becomes too torpid. If the evil continues longer, accumulations and stoppages of the blood take place. The organs of digestion acquire a tendency to weakness . . . . all the functions are weakened and deranged. A state which disturbs the most important functions of the body, and which enfeebles the noblest powers, is a shortener of life. But I think I hear one ask, what is the best remedy for languor? It accompanies us to the ball, to the playhouse, the tea table, in our walks, In answer, there is only one, but not a very agreeable remedy for it, and that is, regular occupation." Again, to quote from Dr. Spencer Thompson: "How common is etiolation, or blanching, caused by town life; this, as Dr. James Johnson traces, is indicative, in the higher classes, of no avocation, in the middle and lower, of unhealthy avocation. No avocation and unhealthy avocation! the one with its ennui, its indulgences, and its excitements; the other with its over-work and anxieties, and its excitements." Dr. Leared, M. D., Oxon. and Lond., when speaking of the injury to the digestive organs caused by luxurious habits, writes thus: —"Idleness, and the want of a definite pursuit in life, must rank high in this class of causes." Unfortunately doctors are sometimes too busy, or too inconsiderate, to give the whole of this subject the careful investigation it deserves. They find a child feverish and excitable, and they say, Stop the lessons. But a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and if these doctors knew more, they would find that various causes are capable of producing the same result. The strange and remarkable adventures of "Lydia Languish" may be the cause of a nervous fatigue, commonly supposed to be produced by the intensely exciting nature of French verbs or the history of England. Should the doctor, misled by the accounts given of the number of hours spent in work, prescribe absolute rest, the evil will of course be aggravated, for it is just as impossible for the brain of a child to remain inactive, as it is for any other part of its body. If a child be not occupied in healthy work, it will find some other. Exciting day-dreams and sensational novels will take the place of grammar and history; juvenile balls, of wholesome exercise.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

TRUTH challenges light; it is error that loves darkness and concealment.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

Through all the busy daylight,
Through all the quiet night,—
Whether the stars are in the sky,
Or the sun is shining bright—
In the nursery, in the parlor,
In the street, or on the stair,—
Though I may seem to be alone,
Yet God is always there.
He knows each word I mean to speak
Before the word is spoken;
He knows the thoughts within my heart,
Although I give no token.
Whatever I may do, wherever I may be,
Although I see Him not, yet He sees me.

SNOW BIRDS.

The tanager and oriole
Are birds of finest feather,
And their sweet songs delight the soul
In sunshine summer weather;
But they have flown away with hosts
Of other swift or slow birds,
And hither now from polar coasts
Fly flocks of merry snow birds.

The blackbird and the bobolink,
The pewee and the swallow,
From Winter's withering breath, too, shrink,
And Summer's footsteps follow.
In the crisp meads and bleak, bare trees,
I find but few or no birds
Save those that love the chilly breeze,
The lightsome little snow birds.

The brooding wren her wooden house
Has long ago left lonely;
In many a home on wild-wood boughs
There nestle dry leaves only;
But Winter, who drives birds away,
Would on us fain bestow birds,
To soothe the rigor of his sway,—
So sends the twittering snow birds.

The robin's with us yet, I know,
The chickadee and blue bird,
And so, too, is the sable crow,
Through every change a true bird;
But Winter is no friend of theirs,
No good these rude airs blow birds,
They seem to think; and not one shares
The joyance of the snow birds.

When all the air is dark and drear,
And clouds o'er heaven are flying,
And wailing winds we, shivering, hear
The tempest prophesying;
Like jolly sprites, in garments gray,
Lo! sudden come and go birds;
We look around, and sigh, and say,
"'Twill snow, for there are snow birds!"

'Tis true, they oft are harbingers
Of rough and stormy weather;
But joy, not grief, my spirit stirs,
To see them sport together.
Methinks they're for our solace sent,
And counsel, too, although birds,
For who on dark days teach content
So well as do the snow birds?

The snow, by many signs foretold,
Now fast, at last, is falling;
The lone lost winds, growing bitter cold,
With muffled voices calling.

Oh! how will now those revellers fare?
No ruth the frost imps show birds;
Vain fear! they for no shelter care,
The tiny stoic snow birds.

For they were cradled in the storm;
Their mates were icy breezes;
Their good gray coats will keep them warm,
Whatever round them freezes.

Ah! let us pray that one above,
As we are not below birds,
Will guard us with His heavenly love,
Ev'n as He guards the snow birds!

From the Economist.

SOUTH AMERICAN MEAT.

The question of meat supplies becomes so pressing, and the price of those which are accessible rises so rapidly, that we cannot wonder at the formation of more than one company to utilise the flesh of the South American cattle that have hitherto been slaughtered for their hides alone. A report has been made to the Foreign Office on three methods adopted by as many companies, and we propose to summarise these methods for our readers. Mr. Ford, the writer of the report, says that the superabundance of meat produced in the rich pasture lands watered by the River Plate and its tributaries is such that even now first-rate joints are sold at Buenos Ayres by the piece and not by weight, a leg of mutton costing 10d or 1s, and beef being comparatively cheaper. From the number of hides and the amount of wool exported last year, he calculates that there must be a stock of twenty-two million cattle and thirty-five million sheep in the countries bordering the River Plate, and of this stock about 12 per cent. is slaughtered yearly. If any use has been made of the meat it has been by the conversion of it into jerked beef or "charquè." Much of this is exported to Brazil and Havana, is the staple food of the negroes, and is a great favorite. But whether it was improperly prepared, or naturally distasteful to Europeans, the charquè that was sent to England was ill received, and all attempts to introduce it proved a failure. Mr. Ford understands that if it had been shipped in a wet state and well stowed it would have been perfectly sound on its arrival. He admits, however, that cheap and wholesome as it may be, its mode of preparation deprives it of much nutritive property. The meat is cut into thin slices, immersed in strong brine, and laid down in salt for two days; but one of the results of this is that the brine absorbs much nutriment, and by the time the salt has penetrated to the centre of the slice the outward parts are almost destroyed by excess of salting. The processes which have succeeded to this are those of Mr. John Morgan, Baron Liebig, and Messrs. Paris and Sloper, and each one in its way has proved more or less successful.

Mr. Morgan's process, which has been patented and is worked by a company, is based on forced infiltration and is extremely simple. It acts by the adoption of the circulatory system as a means for introducing brine into the tissues, and in this way it demands little labor and inexpensive machinery. "The animal, if a sheep, is killed by a blow on the head; if an ox, by the insertion of the point of a knife at the back of the head, which severs the spinal cord and causes instantaneous death. The chest is then sawn open, and kept so by a cross-piece of wood, and the heart is exposed. An incision is made in the right ventricle and another in the left, the blood being allowed to escape; when it has ceased flowing, a pipe with a stopcock is introduced into the incision in the left ventricle of the heart, and so into the aorta or great vessel leading through the body, and is there firmly retained. This pipe is connected by a gutta percha flexible tube to a barrel containing the fluid to be injected, which is composed of water and salt (one gallon of brine to the cwt) and a quarter to half a pound of nitre, carefully refined, and fixed at an altitude of from 18 to 20 feet. The briny fluid being let on rushes out at the right side of the heart, after traversing all the circulatory organs, clearing the vessels and capillaries, and preparing the body for the second stage, which is performed by closing the incision in the right side of the heart with a sliding forceps, and thereby rendering the circulatory system perfect, with the vessels free and ready to receive the preservative fluid. A few seconds suffice for the brine to infuse the whole body, when by cutting the ear or hoof of the animal, a stream of clear pure brine, untainted by a single particle of blood, will instantly be seen to flow." An ox can be preserved in ten minutes, and a sheep in less time, while by mixing phosphoric acid in the fluid to be injected, antiscorbutics can be added to the flesh, while the natural juices are retained. Operations were commenced in the month of May last year, and since then 500,000 lbs have been shipped to Liverpool, being sold at 4d a lb, and eagerly purchased. Still it is reckoned that at present this price is barely remunerative, owing to the heavy expenses attendant on the establishment of a new business. A suggestion has, however, been made by the local manager of having vessels fitted up for the express purpose of meat transport, so as to save the barrels which now form the heaviest item. If this is done, and the working placed on a sound basis, it is thought the present price will leave a fair profit.

Baron Liebig's process differs from that of Mr. Morgan, as the meat instead of being preserved whole is reduced to an essence. After the animal has been killed, the flesh is left to cool for twenty-four hours; it is then placed

round iron rollers with points inside, in which are turned by steam, and reduce the meat to a pulp. The pulp is thrown into a large vat of water and steamed for an hour. It is then passed into a trough shaped reservoir with a sieve at the bottom, and the gravy oozes through this into another vat, where the fat is drawn off. Now the pure gravy is put in open vats supplied with steam pipes and with bellows on the surface, which produce a blast so as to assist evaporation and prevent condensation. After six or eight hours of this process the stuff is passed into a filtering vat, out of which it emerges in the form of extract of meat, and is ready to be packed in tins. It partially hardens when cool, but is still in too fluid a state to be used except as stock. But as stock it has peculiar excellence: the bulk is small, which adapts it for military or naval use; and its purity and absence from grease fit it for hospitals or invalids. Its strength may be estimated from the fact that 33 lbs of meat form 1 lb of essence, and 1 lb of essence will make soup for 128 men. Eight small tins hold the concentrated alimentary matter of an entire ox, and will make more than 1,000 basins of good strong soup. A tin containing 1 lb of the essence can be sold for 12s. 6d. in London, and we may add from our own experience is sold for 18s.

The remaining process is that of Messrs. Paris and Sloper, by which the meat is to arrive in England in the exact condition of fresh killed butcher's meat, and at a price which would make an English butcher kill himself. The method adopted is the destruction of oxygen in the vessel where the meat is packed; all bone is extracted from the meat, but the fat is left. "From the tins in which it is placed the air is exhausted by means of water forced in at the bottom, which, when it reaches the top, is allowed to redescend and run off, and the vacuum thus left is filled from above by a certain gas, the composition of which is kept a profound secret. The two holes at top and bottom are carefully soldered down, and the meat is then ready for exportation. The only risk it runs is from leakage, the smallest opening in the tin case proving destructive, by allowing the gas to escape and the air to get in." Samples of beef thus preserved were taken out from England, and on being tasted by members of the Argentine Government were declared quite the same as freshly killed meat. A dinner was also given in London the other day with much the same result. And as this meat too is to be sold at 4d. to 5d. per lb, the effect of throwing open such a market to the English poor will be inappreciable. Each of the processes seem to have its peculiar advantages, each being addressed to one class more than another. Of course Baron Liebig's process has its especial public, while the methods of Mr. Morgan and Messrs. Paris and Sloper are more fit for the general community. But the want of invalids and armies on the march is for something strong and portable, and with the existing scarcity of food it is not easy to provide what is comparatively a luxury, though to those who use it it is a necessity. Meat itself we fear threatens to become a luxury where it has been a necessity, and it will soon be impossible to keep up the proper supply of food for all classes, if even those who are in comfortable circumstances have to expect a deficiency. If the process of Messrs. Paris and Sloper succeeds there can be little doubt that some reduction in price may be forced upon our butchers. It has been shown that their gains must have been enormous ever since the outbreak of the cattle plague; and if wholesome, palatable meat can be brought into competition, they must choose between losing custom and abating their profits. Mr. Morgan's process will be of use to many who now have to forego meat from reluctance or inability to pay the price demanded. But corn beef would not drive butchers' meat out of the field, and while butchers' meat has an undisturbed monopoly we are necessarily in the hands of the butchers. We may look to the South American market as giving us a chance of rescue from our tradesmen, and as opening up a prospect of food for our poorer classes.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

The blast that drove the storm clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

A cloud burst; a rain drop filled the acorn cup.

A robin wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path when all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of graceful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow and uttered its heartstirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said: "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I owe my song to the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not the acorn-cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at

whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making His mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown, and unsuspected channels, and bringing, in due time, by his way, the grateful chant from the angry storm cloud."

From The New York Evening Post.

PNEUMATIC RAILWAYS.

About fifty-four years ago a Mr. Medhurst, of England, proposed that a brick tunnel should be built, and applied to the conveyance of passengers at a speed only dreamed of before. Within the tunnel rails were to be laid, and on these rails a suitable vehicle was to travel. At the rear of the carriage a piston, so to speak, properly framed, would have been affixed. This piston would have nearly filled the tunnel. The carriage and piston thus provided and put in place within the tube, air was to be forced in behind by means of a large pumping apparatus. The pressure of the air, it was thought, would propel the carriage, with its load of passengers, at very high speed. Mr. Medhurst, unfortunately, lived before his time. It is easy to see, however, that his was no ordinary mind.

After Medhurst came Vallaure and Pinkus, who proposed certain alterations, the principal idea being the reduction of the size of the tube, the alteration of its position by placing it between the rails and below the floor, and the exhaustion of the air in front of the piston instead of its compression within the space behind; but this last had already been proposed by Medhurst, who seems to have left scarcely a point overlooked.

In the pneumatic dispatch we find on a small scale all that Medhurst proposed, and there can be no doubt, from the success which has already attended upon the labors of the company known by the same name, that the system can be extended to the conveyance of passengers without any practical difficulty whatever.

Mr. Rammel, the inventor of the pneumatic dispatch scheme, has erected at the London Crystal Palace a model line, the first on which regular passengers have been conveyed. The tube extends from the Sydenham entrance to the armory, near Penzegate, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. It is, in fact, a simple brick tunnel, nine feet high and eight feet wide. A fan, twenty feet in diameter, is used to exhaust and force in the air. Perhaps it would be impossible to devise any other expedient so well calculated to answer the required purpose.

A very small part of the line, if any, is level, but it has a gradiant of one in fifteen—an incline which no engineer would construct on an ordinary railway—and as it is not a level line, so it is not a straight one, for it has curves of eight chains radius, which are shorter than those found in existing railways. The entire distance, six hundred yards, is traversed in about fifty seconds. The motion is easy and pleasant, and the ventilation ample, without being in any way excessive. All the mechanical arrangements are so obvious and so simple, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them.

With a view to relieve Broadway from the excess of travel that encumbers it, Colonel M. O. Davidson, a civil engineer of repute, after visiting and examining the European works, has prepared plans, which have been submitted to the Senate Committee for the relief of Broadway.

In their general scope the plans contemplate the union of the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, by a railway under and across the North and East rivers, in tubes sufficiently large to admit railway carrages of the ordinary size, and to be worked by pneumatic power, generated by stationary engines; erected at suitable points, operating upon the trains to be moved with an air pressure of from three to seven ounces per square inch. The lines uniting the three cities will form a junction near the City Hall, and may be extended northwardly by any convenient route to the Harlem river.

In case the works designed should be constructed, it will have the effect of uniting the whole system of southern and western railway traffic with that of the northern and eastern system, without unlading; it will at the same time provide for milllons of passengers moving longitudinally upon the island.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions..... $305.00
" M. B. Thomas, Downingtown, Pa., a bag of clothing,

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
1st mo. 19, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the test oath cases was announced on the 14th inst. The Court decided the test oath unconstitutional, being in the nature of punishment without trial, and in its character *ex-post facto* and as a bill of attainder. That as the statute imposes a punishment which may not have been imposed at the time the offence was committed, it is in its nature an *ex-post facto* law. The Missouri and Tennessee test oaths, so far as they apply to lawyers and clergymen, are declared inoperative; and the law of Congress applying the test oath to lawyers in the Supreme Court, is set aside.

In order to prevent the sale of freedmen into slavery for crime, as has been practiced in some of the Southern States, Congress has passed an act declaring that any Judge who shall be guilty of the offence, shall be punished to the limit of two years' imprisonment or $1,000 fine.

CONGRESS—Senate.—The resolutions of the Legislature of Kentucky, rejecting the constitutional amendment, were laid before the Senate. The Senate passed the bill to admit Nebraska, as amen-

ed by the House. The bill to admit Colorado was also passed by the Senate as amended by the House. A resolution was adopted, looking to the suppression of the coolie trade.

House.—The legislative appropriation bill was taken up and passed with amendments. A petition was presented asking Congress to prohibit any persons addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors from holding office under the United States. The Committee on Indian Affairs was instructed to inquire promptly into the peonage slave trade in New Mexico and Colorado, and to report an act securing to every person within the nation liberty and equality before the law, without distinction of race or color. The Secretary of the Treasury was directed to furnish copies of the regulations adopted in reference to the export of American manufactures and the allowance of drawbacks thereon. The bill for the admission of Nebraska was passed, but with an amendment making equal rights the condition of admission into the Union. The Colorado bill was passed with the same proviso. A resolution deprecating the coolie trade was passed.

The Freedmen.—Gen. Howard and suite have been visiting the colored people of Columbia, S. C., and examining into their condition. A large assemblage of freedmen met in the African church, where they were addressed by the General. Among other things of which he spoke, in reference to the fact that inducements have been held out to the freedpeople to emigrate to other states, he advised them to remain where they were, and to be industrious and abide by their contracts. He impressed upon them the importance of education, stating that throughout the Southern States there are now over 150,000 colored children being educated.

An officer of the Freedmen's Bureau, who has recently returned from a tour of inspection through Western Virginia, in his report to the Commissioner, speaks in flattering terms of the improved condition of the freedmen in that section, and predicts still greater progress in their development and education. There are fewer cases than formally of proscription, injustice and cruelty, and the natural antipathy to the freed-people on account of their color is fast wearing away.

A Charleston, S. C., dispatch states that Gen. Ralph Ely has sailed from that port for New Smyrna, Florida, with 600 freed people, the first instalment of a colony of upward of 3,000 about to settle on Government lands located for them in that vicinity, under the Homestead Act of 5th mo. 20th, 1862. These people are in every way well prepared for colonization; being an orderly and industrious class, determined to show to the world that they are worthy of the freedom bestowed upon them by their country. Among them every mechanical trade is represented, and the heads of families are possessed of the means necessary to the cultivation of a crop.

Slavery in Brazil.—Some time ago an association was formed, with committees in Paris and London, to promote the universal abolition of slavery. The first care of the committees was to send addresses to the Emperor of Brazil and the Queen of Spain, the sovereigns of the only two countries that still have slaves. That addressed to the former potentate has been answered by his Minister for Foreign Affairs. The reply states that the personal desire of the Emperor and the tendency of public opinion in Brazil are equally in favor of abolition, and says: "The emancipation of the slaves, a necessary consequence of the abolition of the slave-trade, is now only a question of form and of opportunity." The Minister promises that whenever the unhappy circumstances, in which the country now is, shall permit, the Brazilian government will consider as an object of the highest importance "the realization of that which the spirit of Christianity has long demanded from the civilized world."

DR. JAMES TRUMAN, DENTIST, has removed to No. 1221 Spruce Street. 126 tf.

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By Samuel M. Janney.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

The two volumes now proposed to be published contain the history of the Society from the year 1691 to 1828, embracing much original matter that has not appeared in any other history. *Biographical sketches are given of the most prominent members of the Society in Great Britain and America*, with many instructive passages from their writings and interesting anecdotes.

Among the *subjects of deep interest* treated of in these volumes are: *the perils and preservation of Friends during the Irish Rebellion of* 1798; *the course they pursued during the war of American Independence; their efforts to civilize the Indians and preserve peace with them; the rise and progress of their testimony against Slavery; their early labors in the cause of Temperance; the Separation in Ireland at the beginning of this century; and the Separation in America in* 1827-8, *with the causes that led to it, and the results that have followed.*

The cost of paper, printing and binding having greatly increased since the first prospectus was issued, it is found that the work cannot be published, *without considerable loss*, at the price originally intended. The price will be, therefore, $2.00 *per volume*, bound in cloth; and $2.25 per volume, bound in sheep, library style; but those subscribers under the first prospectus who have taken the first two volumes, will be furnished with the third and fourth volumes at $2.00 each, bound in sheep.

The first two volumes can be obtained from the publisher or his agents, at $2.00 each, sheep binding.

Agents are requested to return this prospectus as speedily as possible—as the work is now in press—with full list of names and residences of subscribers, to the author's publisher,

T. Ellwood Zell,
112 tf. Nos. 17 and 19 S. Sixth St., Phila.

WANTED.—A Physician and Surgeon of experience, a Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, wishes to purchase the practice of a Physician, in a Friends' neighborhood. Address
1194 tp. "Doctor," No. 144 N. Seventh St., Philada.

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J. H. Ridgway,
112 I&O. Office, No. 125 Delaware Av. Market, Philada.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND & SON, Produce Commission Merchants, No. 52 Light Street, Baltimore, respectfully solicit consignments of Grain, Flour, Seeds, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Poultry, &c. Constantly in store and for sale, Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass, and other Field Seeds. Also Bone Dust and other Fertilizers. Dried Fruits bought and sold. 721 tfa.fn.

DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.—Always on hand, a large assortment of Domestic Dry Goods; Muslins of all kinds and of the best makes, both Bleached and Unbleached; Flannels of all grades White and Colored, Twilled and Plain; Calicoes, Ginghams, Check, Shirtings and Drillings, Bleached and Brown Table Linens, Towelings by the piece and by the yard. Men's and Boys' wear, a well assorted stock. Ezekiel Tyson,
721 tfaxn. 1638 Market St., Philada.

THOS. M. SEEDS, HATTER, 41 N. 2d St. Always on hand, and made to order, a large assortment of Friends' Hats, as he makes a specialty of that part of the Hatting business.

SPURGEON ON GEORGE FOX.—An address before Friends' Institute, in London, by C. H. Spurgeon. Price ten cents per copy, or $5.00 per 100. Just published and for sale by
12mz tf Henry Longstreth.

APPLE PARERS, Preserving Kettles, Bread Slicers, Clothes Sprinklers, (for ironing,) Patent Flat-Iron Holders, Knife and Scissor Sharpeners, Expansion Brace Bitts, Clutch Braces, (require neither fitting or notching of bitts,) and a general variety of Hardware and Tools. For sale by Truman & Shaw,
929. No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.

The Fifty-Third session of this Institution will commence on the 19th of 11th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address Henry W. Ridgway,
4766 825t 3367 pmnzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N. J.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 739.)

16*th of Eighth month*, 1823.—I resume this little book after a long interval, and one marked, as perhaps no other part of my life has hitherto been.* Oh, mighty is the Lord, and able to sustain;—able also to finish his own glorious work in us, either by allowing us a longer continuance here, or by taking us away to himself. The Lord be praised for all!—even in that dispensation which is still so bitter to nature; but through his own consolation and strength it is wonderfully made tolerable. Yea, life is pleasant; and this world or earth is his foot-stool,—a place He has glorified by his presence from age to age,—a place, where at all times, and in all the parts of it, we may see traces of his goodness to poor man, and tokens of what he will do in a better place for those that love and serve him. Come then, Oh, my soul, take thy blessed privilege on this earth, and serve him with a joyful, cheerful heart; for He reigneth over all, and nothing happens but by his gracious providence. All is limited, even the evil one; and all trials and troubles are restrained by his permission, and converted to the good of his chosen ones, his children. O! He has taken my dear companion into the rest he had prepared for her; I can bless his name, for I believe he will never leave me, until he has consummated his glorious purpose and promise, in my heavenly translation to eternal joy and peace unspeakable. Now know I, that He, the Most High, is able to perfect that which concerneth me,—is able to do all things for me,—able to prepare me for his glory, and to support me in life and in death;—able also soon to cut short my day's work, to give me a release, and to make good a wonderful provision to those that shall come after me; turning *their* mourning into joy, as he has done *my* sorrow for my beloved earthly friend. Thus, and more also, will he do for them, and not forsake them. Though He is invisible, yet He manifests himself through his dear Son, even by the eternal Spirit; He is with his always, even to the end of the world; and his are those that choose him for their portion, falling in with his offers and visitations. Even the wicked he visits by his rebukes and judgments; and when they turn at his rebukes, he heals their backslidings, loving them freely.

I thought I received something like a summons to the eternal city two days ago; when it may be confirmed and accomplished I know not: but a great solemnity, and much sweetness have since prevailed in my mind; insomuch that it seems as if his wonderful power had effected a willingness to go or to stay, as He wills, who is the God of my life, and who can and does make life sweet; and who will also take away the bitterness of death itself, and no doubt will make up all, to those that remain, as

* The death of his wife occurred about this time.

he has done to me. Oh, that all may be faithful to him! He is wonderful in his dealings to the children of men, not only by what are called his providences, but also by his grace.

To E. J.

MARAZION, 15th of Eighth month, 1823.

My dear friend,—As a proof that I think of thee, as of many other beloved Friends, *often*, when it is well with me,—I take my pen at the present season; being reminded of our fellowship in years that are past, and wonderfully encouraged and confirmed as to the ground of it; also fully believing that our progress in the heavenly way, will not be suffered to be much impeded by any of those things which are permitted to try and discourage us. O! the ancient, mighty Hand of goodness is not shortened, is not withheld, in its gracious dealings and dispensations towards us; but is able to lift us above all the obstructions which may dismay,—is able to save to the uttermost,—can give the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise and salvation for the spirit of heaviness, —can do exceeding abundantly above all that the soul is capable of asking or thinking: and he will surely be our guide, even unto the end.

Thy kind letter, dear E., was no intrusion, but a comfort to me in my sore affliction. No one that has not witnessed such a time, can tell how welcome are even a few lines from a dear friend: though they may excite afresh the tear of affectionate sorrow, they serve again and again, to remind one of, and to refer one afresh to, that inexhaustible source of consolation and of joy eternal, which can make up to us, all we can suffer in our passing along through life.

I need not to thee enlarge on the bitterness of this bereaving blow: thou knowest a little of my long and heavy train of trials; how acute was my sense of sympathy for my beloved earthly friend, under every increase and variation of her sufferings. Well!—the great Disposer of all things has dealt very gently with us; he has cut the work short in righteousness and peace, as respects the better part; and has put a period to all sorrow, sickness, and sin as regards herself; giving her abundantly more than this world could afford, even in the utmost prosperity:—He has likewise bestowed on me such resignation and strength and faith in Himself, as I trust will carry me through, and enable me to lay down my head, as my dear G., in peace. Sometimes my assurance seems so strong and so clear that this will be the case, even that "*I shall go to her*," (2 Samuel xii. 20,) that every thing in life is rendered pleasant, and every duty no longer a burden; when I can bear in mind, that every event, every trial, all my occasions of sorrow, are not only "working for me" the "exceeding weight of glory," but also, as it were, bringing me nearer to that blessed period.

When the mind is disposed to commune in this way, a letter seems to afford but little space for it. It is not however best for me to go into any of the circumstances of the closing scene, except to say, that I know not anything that then transpired but what seemed in my view, evidently ordered for good. Oh, I felt that which I never could have supposed myself capable of feeling, or fit to partake of,—so helped outwardly and inwardly, so equal to all emergencies and all duties,—directed in everything, as if no further token of Divine regard could be wanting. And Oh, how peaceful was the close, how clear and sensible was she to the last; though, dear soul, she had not many hours' notice of her release, nor had she anything to spare in the awful time, yet her expressions were all that could be wished.

I am ready to think, that nothing in life could have happened to me so strengthening, so helpful to the *better part*, as her removal; it carries with it an inexpressible weight of inducements, binding me afresh to holiness, and lifting me, as it were, upward towards the better country:—and what mighty evidence it affords, none can tell but those that pass through it;—one's own bosom friend, who has been as one's own soul, so graciously dealt with, so blessed in the passage, and so rewarded, even eternally!—I cannot declare these things, as I feel them; and I fear my broken way of expression is almost unintelligible.

How precious a thing it is, to feel the blessing of Divine regard extended towards us, strengthening to our day's work both of duty and of trial; Oh, I would not give up the sense I sometimes have of this, for any thing on earth; this is that which makes life and all things therein sweet to me, at a time, when otherwise all is indeed but vanity.

1823, *Ninth month* 18*th*.—The sweet incomes of Divine love to me this day were such as made me very contemplative, so as unusually to absorb my mind, especially whilst engaged in working in my garden. I betook myself to a retired walk on the sea-shore, to enjoy the goodness of the Lord more quietly: the outward beauty of the creation, and the calmness and harmony of all things around, seemed in sweet unison with the state of my soul. Oh, how I longed to be fully prepared for, and wholly made partaker of the joys of the blessed, —of them who *live* to the Lord, and *die* in the Lord! I have a hope that I am journeying forward to this state.

1823, *Tenth month* 9*th*.—My poor mind has been much under exercise since I left home, and more particularly on one account; apprehending some pretty strong drawings to stand up in a meeting and express a few words. This was

the case first at Truro, then at Falmouth Monthly Meeting, then in a degree at the Quarterly Meeting. But I trust it was not in disobedience that I forbore; many things seemed to stand in my way. I desire not to be expecting great things, but I long for clearness; and I believe I shall be favored with it. The consideration of many infirmities, and in some sense unfaithfulness, and want of fitness for the work, affects me often; but I long that it may not hinder the setting of my hand to what is laid upon me to do. I believe there is nothing to be done, unless through a simple surrender and submission. I can fully believe, that the Lord may call to some, who may have had no previous expectation of such a call to service; which indeed is by no means my case. One thing is worthy of commemoration,—that whereas I besought the Lord to be assured that such a thing was required at my hands, he gave me evidently some strong signs, in the frequent testimonies of his ministers from meeting to meeting; even very closely urging to faithfulness, so as almost literally to say,—"Thou art the man." But though I could not gainsay, yet I did not feel, as though I had any very strong sense as to that being the right time: for this I am now thankful; for, when the constraint was laid upon me afterwards, not by man nor of man, I knew it to be of God, and beyond any man's appointment, but a great cross to my own nature, and under a sense of the Divine authority and presence. May the Lord God of salvation and of mercy be pleased to show me the path of peace and of joy; and may He lift up His countenance and light upon me, that I may see and do His will!

At several opportunities, in company with two dear Friends in the ministry, who were visiting this meeting, I had a distinct sense of what was to be the service, and what were the wants of the parties visited; especially was this the case in a public meeting held at Redruth. At one family visit in this neighborhood, I was sensible of the evident call and requiring of the Lord to utter a few words, in addition to what dropped from others, to the young people present, on this wise;—and then you will find fulfilled in your own experience this language, as it hath abundantly been in mine:—"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; though I walk in darkness, Thou, O, Lord, will be a light unto me;—though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." The weight and sweetness that dwelt on my mind, after this surrender, cannot be set forth: Oh, how it rested on my spirit all the day, in an unutterable manner; I felt so comfortable, and at ease in my mind; Oh, it was a heavenly feeling, and nothing short of Him who is in heaven could give it! At Wadebridge, in the public meeting, I had to speak to the people, and in a way remarkable to myself, for I felt *at home* in it, if I may so express myself. Self-possession seemed to be granted me, and self abasement; just as though it was not I that had spoken, but my Father, which is in heaven. In this and other service hereafter mentioned, I had, (praise be to the Lord! who turns the hearts, and influences his own simple ones,) the countenance and encouragement of those, who, I believe, know the voice of the true shepherd from that of the stranger. This often humbles me greatly; for next to the answer of peace from God in my own bosom, what I have desired has often been the unity of the church and the love of the brethren.

I went into Devonshire, and on my return home, I had something to say in the next meeting I attended at Marazion: also at one Monthly Meeting held at Falmouth, on the true church: and again, in the chamber of a Friend, who had been long an invalid,—"Behold we count them happy which endure;" take, my sister, the prophets, who have spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and patience: thou hast heard of the patience of Job, and hast seen the end of the Lord, that he is very pitiful, and of tender mercy. Behold, we count them happy which endure. It is a blessed thing indeed, when flesh and heart fail, to know God to be the strength of our heart and our portion for ever. God shall redeem thy soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive thee! Thus my Master, my tender Father and Teacher dealt with me; and now, what should I wait for, but the continuance of his mercy and his light to preserve and sustain me henceforth, even for ever.

I may add, that it was evident to me, that he who in simplicity surrenders any thing to the Lord, which, in any wise seems called for, will not lose his reward; but will find his way open and enlarge, his peace extend, and he will know more and more of the requirings and business of the Lord consigned to him; and the evidence and motions will often increase after the will is resigned. Wonderful is the Lord's goodness to me from time to time, beyond words! He filleth me with the finest of the wheat;" and he revealeth unto me "the abundance of peace and truth." O! how precious a season was our Quarterly Meeting (14th of First month, 1824,) held at Austle. Is there any thing too hard for the Lord? "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.

(To be continued.)

TRUTH MAKING ITS WAY.

"If we do not fret greatly about the slow progress of truth, we may rest assured that it will make its own way in the world. The

agencies are too various and powerful to give us any uneasiness about results. We have but to perform our parts as they come up, to abide in faith and trust, to co-operate actively with our wills and prayers, and what we would heartily see accomplished will be accomplished."

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

No V.

Second month 4th, 1830.

My dear M. A..—It was with feelings of the tenderest interest that I heard, by W. S. B., of thy present debilitated condition with the complaint in thy side.—(Here follows a description of a remedy—not of interest to the general reader. After which she continues as follows :)

If the poor body is low, and the prospect of being raised to actual life discouraging, do not dwell on the distrustful side of things as respects thy family; but with humble confidence commit all that is dear to thee to His almighty protection, who careth for the sparrow, and without whose knowledge not one can fall to the ground. He can restore when human skill fails; and if, in His unsearchable wisdom, He sees fit to receive thee unto Himself and leave thy H. to struggle still longer with the conflicts of life, He can strengthen him to discharge the double duty that will devolve on him with religious care and fidelity to thy wishes for thy precious offspring. And as to thyself, the early dedication thou experienced comforts my mind when thinking that I may never more behold thee. Were I at liberty to get to thee, it would afford me consolation as for a beloved child, for thou hast been dear to me; but, my young friend, submission to the will of our Heavenly Father becomes us in every situation. I shall, when contemplating thee in this state of suffering, strive for it myself; and earnestly desire that thou may, either in life or death, be enabled calmly to say, "Oh, Father, not my will but thine be done." Then all will be well.

Accept this expression of my continued sympathy, and let me only add, while life continues, be faithful.

Thine truly,
LYDIA P. MOTT.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

In our deepest degradation there remains something sacred, undefiled, the pledge and gift of our better nature; a germ of indestructible life, like the grains of wheat among the cerements of a mummy, surviving through three thousand years; which *may* be planted, and live and grow again.

It is this truth of human feeling which makes the Psalms, more than any other portion of the Old Testament, the link of union between distant ages. The historical books need a rich store of knowledge before they can be a modern book of life; but the Psalms are the records of individual experience.

Personal religion is the same in all ages. The deeps of our humanity remain unruffled by the storms of ages which change the surface.—*F. W. Robertson.*

"GEORGE FOX."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Concluded from page 742.)

I am going to conclude, but I desired to say to the Friends assembled here, and to all Friends in this kingdom, Beloved brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus—for that I trust we are—does not the present age greatly require *you?* It wants all Christians, but does it not specially need *you!* If you are or wish to be at all like George Fox, was there ever a period since his day in which the existence of the Quakers was more necessary than now? I think not; and this was why I wanted to have told you some time ago that I thought you stood upon a special vantage ground in the fight with Ritualism—this covert Popery that is coming back amongst us. When an opponent can say to you, "Physician, heal thyself," it weakens your position. But in the matter of Ritualism an opponent cannot say this to you, unless, indeed, as I have heard some wicked people say, you may become as ritualistic in the utter absence of form as others do with the excess of form. I do not know whether that is true or not, but if so, do not let it be the case any longer. As far as I can judge, however, I believe you to be clear of this sin. Well, then, are you not the very persons constantly and vehemently to speak against it? Is there not *need* that you should speak against it? What greater evil can there be than for the powers of darkness to bring back again the idolators of Rome? Is it not a most terrible sign of the times that the public taste is evidently running that way? The taste in dress is florid, the taste in decoration is florid too; and this, perhaps, to some extent, accounts for the craving for a florid religion. But, over and above this, there are the principles of priestcraft which are being intruded upon us. It is not so much the gaudy dresses, the crucifixes, the incense, that we have to complain of, as it is the doctrine that we are to confess our sins to man, and that this man has received by some mystic operation through a long succession of priests, power from God to forgive his fellow creature's sins. Is it not shocking that men should be found in what we call "this enlightened nineteenth century" who really believe priestly absolution, and that this belief is spreading, spreading so fast that whereas if ten years ago one had said that the High Church party would be the most vigorous

portion of the Church of England, people would have said, "It is false, it cannot be, you are a prophetic impostor, you know nothing about it;" yet it has really come to be so. If you read their weekly newspapers, and that which comes streaming from their press in such abundance, you will see that they really have great power, that they are men of energy, force, and skill. Somehow or other Satan does generally get good servants, and God's servants are but sorry ones. Satan's servants serve him well, but the servants of Christ are often half hearted. These men are zealous in their superstitions, and are pushing it right and left and carrying it to extremes. You have it within a door or two of this meeting-house, and you can see it for yourselves, in all its glory and in all its abomination, if you wish. Now, dear friends, should not all Christians bear their testimony against this? "Yes," you will say, "and we do so quietly in our meetings." Just so, dear friends, and may God help you still to bear it in that quiet manner, and to give effect to it by your lives. But is not something more wanted than this quiet mode of protest? Have you no responsibilities as a community? I know you will excuse my speaking so very personally to you. Have you not as a community, though small in numbers, unusual influence? This influence is felt in many ways. Who can deny that upon the political history of our country, Friends have stamped and are stamping their names indelibly? There are names among Friends which we shall always honor, and which are foremost in the page of history, both in relation to political matters and to matters of social and political economy. Some of you are getting famous in antiquarianism, and all sorts of literary fame are open to you. I hope, however, that this will never be your chief glory. I hope it will never be the chief ambition of this Society to be chief and foremost in politics and literature. I hope you will never drivel into mere politicians, for it is drivelling if you cease to make religion your main business; and I equally hope that you will not drivel into mere scholars, or mere antiquarians or meteorologists, for it is a fearful coming down to come to be any of these rather than to be first and foremost a servant of God. I know my friend in the chair* will say "Amen" to this, and that he feels that to serve God is the first and chief thing, and is the highest position of manhood. In addition to all this undoubted influence you have considerable wealth; you have a large amount of plant in the form of chapels—I beg pardon; I should have said "meeting-houses"—(that word "chapel" is a bad word; I wish we could get rid of it!)—you have a large body of highly-disciplined Christian men; your young men, I should think, are, on the whole, better educated than the young men of any other class—and now, I ask you, is all this power, and wealth, and position, and influence, to be unused? It is used, I know, in a thousand excellent ways. Are you not foremost as philanthropists? Will not the negro always remember your names, and the freed man always recollect you in his prayers? But I claim for Christ, I claim for truth, I claim for the Spirit of God, this power which he has given you. Dear friends, you have among you honored men who preach the gospel of Christ, and testify to the truth which they have received, but should not more of you speak for Jesus? Will there not be more publishers of the gospel if the Spirit of God shall visit you with a revival, and come upon you as he did upon those of whom Joel prophesied, "And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Ought we not hopefully to desire this? I came here to ask you to help those of us who are trying to fight against Ritualism and idolatry, with your prayers and your sympathies. I do not ask you to agree with us in a great many things which we as conscientiously believe to be right as you do conscientiously believe them to be wrong. But do recollect us in your prayers, for we are fighting a common battle for spiritual religion. If there be young men here with talents which should be consecrated to God; if there should be Christian brethren here who have been getting money and using it well, but who have not wholly and thoroughly devoted it to the bearing of a testimony for Christ, I do pray you in the name of Him who died upon the cross, by whose blessed Spirit we have been brought to trust in Him, to consecrate yourselves to His service wholly and unreservedly. If this Society could be fully awakened to a consciousness of the position which it occupies, and of the danger of the present times, its smallness would, perhaps, prove to be its excellence, for sometimes a multitude God will not use, but saith, "The people be too many for me." If you be as Gideon's men that lapped you may be the means of defeating Midian's host. And what if this should lead to a discussion of doctrines which I hold dear, but which you reject? Why in this I should rejoice without fear. If my views or any man's views cannot bear the criticism of honest men, and comparison with God's word, let them go to the winds. It is not, however, controversy that I desire but spiritual revival. I only want to see you true to vital points. I do not want to see you in a state of slumber, for, though that may be very pleasant, it is not the position in which you ought to be as followers of George Fox. If Fox were here to-night he might not endorse

* C. Gilpin Esq., M. P.

all I have said; he might not go my lengths on some points, and he would go much further on others, but I am persuaded he would say to you, "Friends, now if ever testify for the Spirit's work! Testify for the spirituality of godliness! Bear witness against idolatry! Cry aloud and spare not! Lift up the standard against the foe whose incoming is like a flood!" If Popery comes back, will you bear the blame of it? But you must, my friends, you must bear a large share of it if you do not now testify openly and loudly. If you do not help those who love spiritual religion you will be highly culpable. There are some of our Christian friends who practise unscriptural ceremonies and therefore cannot speak out, for the reply would be, "you are yourselves in the mire," but we who have repudiated the least idea of sacramental efficacy can speak and must. We must "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen." It would be a great calamity for your Society to cease to be until its great fundamental principle is accepted by the whole church. There are some of your principles to which you need not testify just now, because they are generally received, and your testimony is acknowledged, but this principle of spirituality of worship needs to be testified by us over and over and over again. Luther said that when he preached the doctrine of justification by faith he felt as though he could take the book and knock it against the people's heads to make them see it. It were vain to do that, but this doctrine of the spirituality of worship needs to be iterated and reiterated, to be dinned into people's ears continually; and then unless the Holy Ghost puts it into their hearts they will only hear it with their ears, but not receive it in their souls. Friends, I pray you bear this testimony! I do not know in what way you can do it. It is not for me to prescribe to you, but I did feel it in my heart to say as much to you as I have said. In proclaiming the truth of a spiritual religion may God bless you and multiply you, and make you great upon the face of the earth. We will sympathize with you. Wherein we think you err we will sorrow; wherein we think you right we will rejoice. I heard a remark the other day made by a brother of the Wesleyan denomination, a most eminent minister, which is worthy to be written in letters of gold because of its spirit of love. When speaking of the very slight increase of his denomination, he said, "I have prayed to God often that if he would not be pleased to increase *our* Society because of our sins, or for any other cause, he would not suffer the whole Christian church to lose by it, but would be pleased to bless you Baptists instead, for so long as souls are saved my heart is glad." I said to him, "My dear brother, that is a truly Christian prayer." "Yes," he said, "but we must not be surprised at it; it is what every Christian ought to be prepared to join in." If our own denomination does not increase, let us pray that other denominations may prosper the more abundantly so far as they hold the truth. I am sure, friends, that if God shall multiply you greatly with truly godly converts, there are thousands of the Lord's people who will be thankful for it, and will only feel that such an increase to your numbers will be an indication of the advance throughout England of true spiritual religion.

I thank you, brethren and sisters, for your kind attention. God bless you, according to his mercy in Christ Jesus.

To me the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a conciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate his own mind.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., First month, 1867.

Dear Friends:—I have now taken the *Intelligencer* for about eleven years, and lately I have been strongly impressed with the desire to write a few lines myself for the paper. Near and dear friends from whom I have long been separated have urged me to do so; but as my hand is feeble and my mind weak, my words must be few. Hoping that some word may prove a guide or stepping-stone to some other friend who may, like myself, be passing through life's journey away from the privileges of the assemblies of Friends, I address this letter to the readers of this paper. In a few days fourscore years of life will have passed; and I feel that the evening is drawing near, and whatever is left for me to do must be done quickly.

I removed to the West in 1835. I was a member of Rahway and Plainfield Quarterly and Monthly Meeting, and of the New York Yearly Meeting. After spending fourteen years in the West, without any privilege of meeting with Friends in worship, I returned to the East on a visit of a few months. The Friends seemed surprised that I had lived so long away from our Society, and yet so near to their principles.

But I have found Truth the same everywhere, whether on the lonely prairies of Illinois, or in the beloved assemblies of Friends where I sat long ago. And if we live near the fountain, we may enjoy the fresh, pure water, ever springing up to quench the thirst of the weary traveller.

I found myself still a member of Rahway Meeting, and enjoyed many pleasant reunions with Friends during the few months of my visit. I shall always cherish the memory of that visit as a green spot by the wayside in my journey of life.

In the spring of 1850, my husband was taken from me by death. Since that time I have

lived with my children. I may say that I have been greatly blessed in my family. I have seven children living, thirty-eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. They are like olive branches clustering about me, making my pathway as smooth as may be to the river over which soon I must pass to the shores beyond. I may say with the poet in the child's hymn—

"All without my care or payment,
All my wants are well supplied."

I spent several years with my daughter in Bloomington, Illinois. While there I became acquainted with the Society of Friends in Benjaminville, near Bloomington. The Friends showed me many kind attentions, and I enjoyed several seasons of worship with them while I remained in Bloomington. The war brought changes which caused my daughter to remove to Springfield, Ill., where I am now living. My health is generally good in the summer season, and I am able to journey to St. Louis and to Jacksonville, where I have sons to visit. While travelling I often meet with Friends, and a sweet communion arises between us, which is refreshing to the spirit.

I have great reason to be thankful that my eyesight remains good, and that I can thus enjoy reading the *Intelligencer*, which has been a great comfort to me. I also take the *Children's Friend*, which I love to read to my little grandchildren, as they cluster about me.

A number of years ago, while in St. Louis, I attended a female prayer meeting. Just at the close of the meeting I was requested to lead their supplications, and as I had felt a very solemn covering, I did not refuse. The desire of my prayer was that the cloud of slavery might be removed from that city. I am thankful that God has spared my life to see the day when that cloud is lifted not only from that city, but from all of our beloved country. When the good tidings came, my son wrote to me, saying, "Dear mother, I know thou wilt rejoice with me that our State, like her sister States, has become free." And I did rejoice that my poor prayer had at last been answered, and it is now a daily pleasure to me to see the children of that oppressed people skipping gaily past my window to the free school which the good people of this city have provided for them. And now, having seen this great darkness pass away, I wait with patience till my Heavenly Father shall call me to Himself.

SARAH EDGAR.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find that all humane virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A WORD FROM IOWA.

On the 18th of First month, with the thermometer below zero, two Friends visited the colored school in Mt. Pleasant, composed of fifty scholars, and made up of the children of the freed-people who have found their way into this State. The teacher is the son of the County Superintendent, a young man of talent, and very deeply interested in this class of our people. We were surprised at the astonishing progress of the pupils, and listened to their exercises in orthography, embracing some of the most difficult words in ordinary use. It was a rare thing for any one to misspell a word. Their reading was very fair, but in arithmetic and geography they exceeded our expectations. While great credit is due to the assiduity of the children, very much is also due Pembroke Howe, who, to use his own language, says, "I feel a pride in being able to say my school will compare well with the white schools of the county." Our county supports this school.

On the same day a visit was made to an old freedwoman who is now nearly one hundred years of age. She has been the mother of twenty children, and is a pious Christian. She still retains her faculties remarkably.

A part of the nice flannel sent to S. B. D.'s care from Friends in Philadelphia was given her, which she received with many expressions of gratitude, saying, "Surely de Lord sent it." She lives with her son-in-law David Johnson, known as "Uncle Davy." This poor man is only forty-seven years old, looking as if he might be threescore and ten. His fingers have nearly all been frozen off, and his limbs are distorted by rheumatism. We met him in the street with his horse and saw, returning from work. He had been sold to seven different masters while a slave in Northern Missouri. A number of benevolent persons have aided him in purchasing a little home. He, too, is a religiously-minded man.

The colored people here have all recently been in slavery, and are doing so well as to merit the kind regard even of some who were once prejudiced against them. A more *grateful* people for the favors received it is rare to find. Those who have recently come seem to have more means than such as arrived during the war.

J. A. D.

Prairie Grove, Iowa, 1st mo. 20, 1867.

Let our friendly visits be improved as opportunities of doing good to the souls of our friends. Shall we never learn the art of introducing and keeping up profitable discourse in our conversation with our friends, such as we may bear of with comfort in that day, when by our words we must be justified, and by our words condemned. For, perhaps, even of those whose re-

proach we fear, if we manage it with meekness and humility, we may be had in honor Serious godliness will command respect. Let our friendly visits, therefore, be improved as opportunities of getting good to our own souls. By doing good we do indeed get good; our own lamp will burn the brighter for its lighting others. Think how little good we have done in the visits we have made and received! How few have been the better for us.—*M. Henry.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 2, 1867.

REVIEW OF A REVIEW.—"Avoid foolish questions and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law: for they are unprofitable and vain."

It is not in a controversial spirit that we allude to the Editorial of a recent number of the "British Friend," reviewing a letter which appears to have been written by one of our friends on this side of the Atlantic; but our attention was arrested by the following sentence:—

"Our belief in a *return* on the part of the Hicksites to a harmony with the original faith of the Society of Friends was drawn from their own organ, *The Intelligencer*. On no other ground than such a return would we have entertained the remotest idea of reunion."

We know not from what the Editor has received the impression that there has been at any time a wavering of our faith in the all-sufficiency of divine grace, as it is suffered to operate, to redeem and cleanse the heart from every defilement. We are not aware of any action in our branch of the organization that will substantiate the implied charge of a departure from the Christian principle which characterized the Society in its infancy, or of having left the ground on which our early Friends became incorporated in a religious body.

That which was so strongly urged by them as the fundamental principle, and which brought upon them obloquy and derision, we still recognize, in a measure under the same ban, as the faith in which it is essential that Friends should unite.

With those who are made "*one*" by this spirit, minor differences are comparatively of little moment; but without this bond of union there can be no true fellowship. The Editor further remarks, that the writer of the letter "does not state wherein the Orthodox Society has departed from the primitive faith."

We think this point answered by himself, in the assertion that, "Inestimable as is the gift of Divine Grace in order to salvation, it is not *all* efficacious." "The truth as to the scheme for man's redemption must be received as a perfect whole. That scheme consists of two parts, an *outward* and an *inward* work; but the one must on no account be exalted at the expense of the other."

If, as appears, the "outward work" here alluded to is designed to apply to the crucifixion of the blessed Jesus, we cannot find any such views promulgated by him, who "came to bear witness to the truth."

Had our forefathers thus held up the doctrine of the Atonement, as believed in by the various religious professors, with whom they were brought in contact, why the cry of infidelity and heresy by which these noble advocates of the "internal light" were assailed?

We fully believe that in the language employed by George Fox and his co-temporaries, in reference to "the Saviour," while it is capable of a double interpretation, was used by these *spiritually-minded men* in a spiritual sense, else much that is written is inconsistent with itself. Whatever their sentiments may have been in reference to the outward sacrifice, in giving the spirit the pre-eminence, they were brought into divine harmony, and could rally under the banner unfurled by George Fox, upon which was inscribed, "Mind the Light." In a letter of exhortation to his friends, in the latter part of his life, G. Fox says, "Stir up the gift of God in you, improve it, and do not sit down, Demas-like, and embrace this present world that will have an end, lest you become idolaters. Be valiant for God's truth upon the earth, and spread it abroad in the daylight of Christ. You who have sought the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof, and have received it, and preached it, which stands in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, as able ministers of the Spirit, *sow to the spirit*, that of the *spirit ye may reap life everlasting*." Had G. F. considered that a faith in the "outward blood" as an atoning power was essential, how deficient was this admonition as well as many others of similar import.

We often regret the occasional obscurity of expression in the writings of our early Friends; and a continuance of the practice leads in the present day to a confusion, which we think could be avoided if the matter was regarded with the attention it deserves. Familiarity with certain ambiguous phrases induces the habit of using them; and the mind being left to interpret them, does so in accordance with its own belief. Thus there is kept up an "uncertain sound" which is incompatible with the harmony and simplicity of Truth as professed by Friends.

We are disposed to believe an important point in the mission of Friends at this time is to disrobe the truth of some of the wrappings by which it is encumbered through the intellectuality of man, and present it in freshness and simplicity as it was inculcated by Jesus. Therefore, we would encourage those who speak, and those who write, to follow the example of the great Teacher in using language that all can understand. What can be more comprehensive and yet simple, than the truths as enunciated by him from the Mount! And what clearer than the declaration, that "whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock, &c."

DIED, on the 11th of First month, 1867, at his daughter's residence, Middletown, Delaware county, JOSEPH WEBSTER, Sr., in the 86th year of his age; a member of London Grove Monthly Meeting.

He was a person of unostentatious piety, and endeavored, throughout a long and checkered life, to follow the golden rule, of doing unto others as he would wish they should do to him. He was careful to avoid giving offence, and possessed a meek and quiet spirit, and would rather suffer an injury than resent a wrong. The loss of sight, incident to old age, he bore with Christian resignation. He passed quietly away, after a short illness, and we doubt not his spirit is at rest in the mansions of the just made perfect. G.

——, First month 14th, 1867, EZRA EVES, in the 79th year of his age; a member of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, held at Millville, Columbia Co., Pa.

——, First month 16th, at Chadd's Ford, Delaware county, Pa., JULIANA, widow of David Hoopes, in her 83d year.

——, First month 25th, HANNAH, widow of Charles Tyson, in her 83d year; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, Suddenly, on the morning of the 25th inst., at Germantown, HENRY P. ATHERTON, in his 49th year; a member of Frankford Preparative and Green Street Monthly Meetings.

Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor meets this (Seventh-day) evening, 2d mo. 2d, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-house.

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, Clerk.

The Association of Friends for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet at Race Street Meeting House, on Fourth-day evening, Second month 7th, at 7½ o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

WANTED,

By the Association of Friends of New York for Relief of Freedmen, a teacher for a school in Maryland. Address, JACOB CAPRON,

1172 Broadway, New York.

1st mo. 12, 1867—tf.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

An extemporaneous Lecture on Digestion was delivered by ANN PRESTON, M. D., on 1st mo. 15th.

Her remarks were prefaced by allusions to the great importance of the simple and frequent act of taking our daily food. Most of our great efforts have an ultimate tendency to the providing of ourselves and families with that which will nourish and support our physical being; and so strongly are we inclined in that direction, that those struggling for political preferment are sometimes called, familiarly, "The bread and butter brigade."

It has been said,—and not altogether inappropriately,—"All the ships of all the seas sail towards the human stomach."

It may be somewhat humiliating to confess, but it is nevertheless true, that all the great activity of body and mind is dependent, in a measure, upon the food we eat, since from this source is derived the material to repair the waste of the muscles, the brain and the entire human system; and it is divinely ordained that the taking of food, as well as all other actions essential to life, should be so pleasant to us that there can rarely be a disregard of those demands. The difference in eating was alluded to: those denominated "*good feeders*" have a large vitality, and a broad base for the development of vigorous life, while persons whose manner of eating is more restricted and irregular, have generally a more feeble organism, and a smaller amount of animal and mental power. Preceding man were the lower forms of vegetables, appropriating and building up from inorganic matter substances and compounds to support *animal* life. Physiologists divide the articles of human food into *organic* and *inorganic* substances, which are called "proximate principles." These are the building materials of the body. Water, salt, chloride of potassium, phosphate and carbonate of lime, phosphate and carbonate of soda, phosphate of potassa, iron, &c., are among them.

No living body is found without having in its composition these substances. Water forms three-fourths of the entire bulk, the other elements entering into its composition in a greater or less degree.

Organic substances are divided into two classes—nitrogenized and non-nitrogenized. The non nitrogenized substances, found in vegetables, are starch, sugar, fats and gums, all formed of oxygen, carbon and hydrogen, only. Albumen, of which we have a familiar example in the white of an egg, the gluten of wheat, the casein of milk, by the action of the stomach, are all reduced into the same substance,—*Albuminese*,—which enters largely into the composition of the blood. Three-fourths to four-fifths of the food taken is absorbed and passed into the blood.

The saliva, of which there are about 56 ounces secreted in twenty-four hours, is an active agent in the conversion of starch into sugar from its properties as a solvent. With the aid of mastication, it places the food in a condition for the action of the stomach.

The stomach contains an acid fluid known as the gastric juice, which contains muriatic acid, formed by the decomposition of chloride of sodium, and from other sources. There are about fourteen pounds of gastric juice secreted in twenty-four hours.

The work of digestion is quite rapid. In five minutes after eating, the contents of the stomach are sensibly diminished, and in four or five hours, in a healthy condition of the system, the contents are absorbed. The liver secretes the bile, which is poured into the alimentary canal, as is also the pancreatic fluid, which acts upon the starch, &c.

Persons having a great amount of mental labor to perform have, as a rule, less digestive power than those whose labors are merely mechanical; which is owing to the fact that in the former class the blood and nervous influence are distributed largely to the brain at the expense of the stomach.

The great variety of constitutions makes it impossible to establish any definite rule as to the amount or time of eating; animal instinct in this particular should be regarded. Regularity in eating is of great importance, and a disregard of this essential is very apt to produce indigestion.

The habit of taking the largest meal in the business portion of the day is not best for men of active and engrossing pursuits. After eating freely, mental and physical rest are very important as aids to digestion; as is also a cheerful disposition. Anything unpleasant or very exciting should be avoided at table, and if possible, pleasant, lively conversation might be engaged in profitably.

It has been a prevailing idea that eating before going to bed is unwholesome, and, as a general rule, it may be so; but there are times when it may be indulged in properly. After being engaged in conversation, or in study late in the evening, we often feel too hungry to sleep; at such times light food in moderation would be useful.

The lecturer stated as her belief that the cause of much domestic unhappiness might be found in poor cooking, and expressed great sympathy for both man and wife in the troubles growing out of ignorance of this indispensable art, believing that the remedy for much of this trouble might be found in a system of education in scientific cooking. Prof. Blot's lectures on this subject were alluded to favorably, expressing, however, a fear that they were scarcely adapted to the wants and means of the general public. The application of scientific discoveries to the various domestic duties has done much for the happiness of the human family. Not least among the agencies which the mind of man has made subservient to his wants is fire, by means of which he may live in any or all climates, laying all nature under contribution for his support, &c.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

NO. IV.

In the following summary of incidentals the compiler has not made an especial point of stating the precise condition of the *schools* under the care of Friends, but has aimed to show the practical workings of *all* our efforts for "the aid and elevation of the Freedmen."

CORNELIA HANCOCK, at Mt. Pleasant, S. C., remarks, "My scholars are at an interesting age; and looking back, and considering they have been in school only one year, their progress seems remarkable,—*only six being then able to read*, and the rest very imperfect spellers, and none of them able to tell how many 6 and 2 would make. *Now*, the first class can perform, mentally, examples as 12x15 and 27x5. Lower classes perform equally well in porportion." (In this statement it will be seen the teacher claims no allowance for the disadvantage of the long summer vacation.) Changing the subject, she continues, "We were enabled by the generosity of a friend to bring Christmas to about two hundred little children. We had a large tree, reaching from floor to ceiling, loaded with gifts of every description. The children all assembled in one room around the tree and sang several pretty pieces, after which the work of distributing commenced, which to us *was* work, and to them was joy unspeakable."

CAROLINE TAYLOR, at the same place, gives a good account of her school; *all her scholars* not only read, but are in arithmetic, while their progress in other branches is entirely satisfactory.

MARY A. TAYLOR, at the same place, writes that she has 45 scholars, all of whom are between 6 and 16 years of age, and yet *they all read and write*. She, however, adds, "The at-

tendance has not been as good this month, on account of the cold weather; many of my pupils come from the country, *and have no shoes to wear!*"

MARY MCBRIDE, at Vienna, states that quite a number of her scholars walk several miles to school, and four of them *five miles.* She distributed the juvenile books sent out, awarding them for good conduct during the term. One of the colored men supplied her with a tree, which she trimmed with toys, &c. She further says, "I added another pound of candy, made 40 or 50 little bags, and filled them; I also had three cakes given me. The children were all invited to be present in the school room at half-past eleven on Christmas day, and they each had a piece of cake and a bag of candy handed them from a waiter, also some taken from the tree. They sung a Christmas carol, I made a short speech, and altogether we had quite a happy time."

SARAH A. STEER, at Waterford, Va., writes, "I gave them holiday on Christmas day, and asked them how many would attend during the week, as I expected to have school. I was agreeably surprised to find every hand raised, and am glad to say they all came and that my school was larger than usual." She adds, "My school is more interesting now than at any time since I have been teaching;" and in reference to her colored assistant, says, I am more and more pleased with her, and think she will make a good teacher. I am doing all I can for her, and sometimes *give the first class into her hands.*"

"The *Circular letter* was received with real gratitude, many of them shedding tears while I read it—all sending love to the kind friends who are doing so much for them. I appointed the next First-day afternoon after I received it to read it to them. My school-room would not hold half who came to hear it, and I opened the door, so that those outside might hear. But this did not satisfy them, and they requested me to dismiss those *inside*, and let those *outside* come in and read it again. I did so, and even then some of the old women smuggled themselves in the second time to hear "*the beautiful words*" once more. I have read it a good many times since to some who cannot come to my home to hear it. The box of clothing is doing much good. I find a place for every thing sent.

MARY K. BROSIUS, (at Vienna.) in alluding to the little boy of five years of age, before reported as having learned his letters so rapidly, states, "He can now write very well on the slate, and can make all the figures and letters without a copy. This prodigy of a boy is always at the head of his class, above others who are much older than he, and who have been going to school longer than he has. Some of the articles I have reserved for Christmas. I expect to have a tree in the parlor of the house where I board, and one of the neighbors who formerly despised "*nigger teachers*" (as she used to call us) has offered to bake me a cake. I also expect some from our superintendant, &c. I think if we were to stay here long enough, the people would all associate with us if we would with them. They appear afraid to have us for associates in their sensitiveness of what *others* will say. The "Circular letter" was received with many thanks to those who thus remembered them.

FRANCES E. GAUZE has again resumed her duties at Herndon Station, in the new house, replacing the one burned. She says, "I am so glad to get back to the the school-room again that I feel willing to put up with some inconveniences. It is built of green pine logs lined inside with boards, is 18 feet long and 15 wide." After some further description of the house, she continues: "The ground it stands upon was given to the Freedmen by one of our good Union men. His name is John Webster, formerly from New York State."

"The Freedmen were highly pleased with the 'Circular letter.' One old woman remarked, 'She knew the people of the North were blessed good people.' The clothing sent has been distributed among thirteen families. One family was entirely destitute. I visited them in their home, which was a miserable hut, and seemed to be destitute of all the comforts of life; the children, five in number, were almost naked, a few old rags being all they had on them. I never beheld such poverty before, and I gave them each a new suit of clothes, for which they were very grateful indeed. They are coming to school now, since they have sufficient clothing to cover them."

MARTHA WRIGHT, at Lewansville, says, "I have two pupils whom I think would make good teachers in a few months. I think it would have done your hearts good, could you have seen the radiant faces of my pupils when they stepped forward and took from my hands the proffered Christmas presents. Many thanks for the clothing."

The reports from HANNAH SHORTLIDGE, CATHARINE E. HALL and ELIZA E. WAY, all show a continuation of their earnest effort in the good work.

From some cause not known to us, *three* of our schools have not been reported; but the *thirteen* we have heard from report an aggregate of 474 pupils, 410 of whom are between 6 and 16 years of age, and yet the astonishing fact is presented, that of the entire number *only eight* are in the alphabet, while eight of the schools have not a single pupil learning letters.

J. M. WOOD, (it is believed formerly of

Iowa,) now sojourning at *Woodlawn*, Va., writes us in the fulness of his heart, and he too speaks of our "Circular letter," having been present when it was read to a large meeting of "*Intelligent Freedmen.*" He gives some interesting details of the impressions made, and remarks, "It would gladden the heart of every donor to see the earnestness manifested by this disenthralled people in availing themselves of the privileges thus secured them." Then follows a description of the scene at the distribution of the presents to the children, stating, "The gratitude beaming from their eyes spoke more to me than their tongues." He also speaks in high terms of our school (taught by *Sarah E. Lloyd*) and of the faithfulness as well as the "creditable effort in the mechanical line" of the Freedmen in the erection of their building, most of the work having been done by themselves.

SUSAN H. CLARK, who has for several years been a faithful laborer in the good cause at Fortress Monroe, in a recent letter depicting the suffering among the Freedmen in that vicinity, states that the snow and rain that had prevailed there, combined with the want of shoes and sufficient clothing, had prevented them from procuring their former supply of faggots from the woods, and that some were absolutely compelled to remain in bed to keep warm.

Having no money, in consequence of the impossibility to procure work, she queries, "What are they to do?" and continues: "A young lady and myself visited a few families the first morning of the snow, and found *six families* who had no wood nor a morsel of meat in the house. In one was an old woman and her grandchild; in another, an old man 104 years of age, with his wife and daughter. We returned home and purchased a small load of wood for one dollar, and I went around with the cart, and dropped one stick here, two at another place, three or four at a third, according to their need, until I had supplied *ten*. I also bought a dollar's worth of meal (35 pounds) and distributed it to *six* families: and so it is—if I should start out this morning, I should find many who had had no breakfast.

"Feeling that the *people* needed more personal attention, I made arrangements to be released from a portion of my school duties, and have been visiting them in their homes. Last week I paid *forty five* visits. What I mean by visits, is not to go into a cabin, ask a few questions and then pass on to the next, but to sit down with them and advise them how to get along, to read the Bible to them, to beseech them to turn from sin, &c. I never leave a house under ten minutes, and sometimes remain half an hour. I feel that much good is being done in this way by us all, for my companions also go as frequently as they can. We have every encouragement to labor among them, for they receive us so thankfully, I feel as if I could spend my life among them, and that I am just where the Lord desired I should labor."

Her letter contains much more of interest, but want of space forbids the introduction of any thing more, as I fear I have already prolonged these sketches to an almost unwarrantable length. One more quotation, however. After some details as to their schools, she remarks, "I looked around the other night upon our school, and I thought what a glorious sight this is! Oh! that others could thus behold it."

Although not in our employ, she has been our almoner on other occasions, and the reading of her letter (which had only been addressed to a relative) before the association awakened such a lively interest that an appropriation of both money and clothing was promptly made for her distribution. Generous responses from individuals have also been received, all of which either have been or will be promptly forwarded.

Philad'a, 1st mo. 21, 1867. J. M. E.

From the Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

POOR.

What! poor you say; why, save you, friend,
I've more than half the world can show;
Such wealth as mine you cannot boast,
Such bliss as mine you cannot know.
I've more than keenest head can sum,
Could ever dream of night or day;
I've treasures hid from sordid hearts,
No cunning thief can take away.

My riches never bring distrust
Between me and my fellow-men;
No evil passion stirs my breast,
To yield me hate for hate again;
But pleasure, peace and joy they bring;
They soothe my cares, they make me glad,
They give delights I cannot name,
And buy me comfort when I'm sad.

Come here and open wide your eyes;
You see earth's glory at my feet,
You see the sky above my head,
The sunshine on my garden seat;
You see the love that lights my home,
The children round my cottage door—
The birds, the bees, the grass and flowers,
And you have dared to call me poor.

Come here and open wide your ears,
And hark the music morning makes,
When from the hills and from the woods
Her high and holy anthem breaks.
Come here and catch the grand old songs,
That nature sings me evermore—
The whisperings of a thousand things,
And tell me, tell me, am I poor?

Not rich is he, though wider far
His acres stretch than eye can roll,
Who has no sunshine in his mind,
No wealth of beauty in his soul.
Not poor is he, though never known
His name in hall or city mart,
Who smiles content beneath his load,
With God and Nature in his heart.

—*Matthias Barr.*

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who, far from crowded cities,
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

"It is hard to believe the sin we do our own. One lays the blame on circumstances; another, on those who tempted; a third, on Adam, Satan, or his own nature, as if it were not himself. The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge! Perilous to refer the evil in us to any source out of and beyond ourselves. In this way penitence becomes impossible—petitious."

For the Children.

HOW MAN IS SUPERIOR TO ANIMALS.

BY WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

You see, by what I have told you, that man can do with his hands a great variety of things that animals cannot do. It has been said, therefore, by some that the hand is the great thing that makes man superior to animals. But this is not true. Of what use would the hand be, if there was not a mind in the head, that knew how to use it? Suppose that your cat had a hand instead of a paw, could she write with it? No; the mind in her brain does not know enough for this. And so there are a great many other things that we do with our hands, which the cat would not know enough to do with hands, if she had them.

So, then, it is not the hand merely that makes you superior to a cat, but it is the mind, that uses the hand. Your mind knows more than her mind does, and wants to do more things than her mind ever dreams of. Your mind therefore needs such an instrument as the hand, to do these things with, while a paw answers very well for a cat.

God gives to every animal just such machinery as its mind can use. If it knows a good deal, that is, if it has a good deal of mind, he gives it a good deal of machinery; but, if it has but little mind, he gives it but little machinery; for if he gave it much, it would not know how to work it. An oyster, as I have told you, knows but little as it lies covered up in its shell. It knows how to do only a few things, and so it has but little machinery. A dog or a cat knows a great deal more than an oyster, and therefore it has paws, claws, teeth, &c., as machinery for its mind to use. And as your mind knows so much more than that of a dog or a cat, it has that wonderful machine, the hand, to do what it knows how to do.

The mind of man knows so much that it will contrive, when there are no hands, to use other things in place of them. I once saw a man who had no hands write and do various other things very well with his toes. You know we generally use the right hand most, making the left hand rather the helpmate of the right. But, when the right hand is lost in any way, the mind sets the left hand to work, to learn to do as the lost one did. I once had to cut off the right arm of a very bright little girl. But her busy mind did not stop working because it had lost the best part of its machinery. In less than a fortnight, I saw her sewing with the left hand, fastening her work with a pin, instead of holding it as she used to do.

There is some other machinery, besides the hands, that you have, which animals have not. It is the machinery that is in the face. A dog, when he is pleased, looks up at you and wags his tail; but he cannot laugh or even smile, neither can he frown. Why? Because there is none of the smiling, and laughing, and frowning machinery there. And so it is with other animals.

The variety of work that this machinery of expression does in the face of man is very great, as you can see, if you watch the varied expressions of countenance in persons engaged in animated conversation. But there is very little variety of expression in the face of an animal. Now why is it that they have not the same muscles of expression that we have? It is for the same reason that they have not hands. The mind of man has a great many more thoughts and feelings than the mind of an animal has. It needs, therefore, more machinery to express these thoughts and feelings. The wagging of a dog's tail answers very well to express his simple feeling of pleasure; but you

have so many different pleasant thoughts and feelings that you need the varied play of the muscles of the face to express them.

But some animals have certain muscles of expression in the face that we have not. They are the snarling muscles, as they are called. They draw up the upper lip on each side of the mouth in such a way as to show the long tearing teeth. Now the reason we have no such muscles is, that we ought never to have snarling feelings. I have seen both men and children look very badly when they were angry; but they would have looked a great deal worse, if they had snarling machinery in their faces, as wolves, and cats and dogs have in theirs.

There is some machinery that animals have, just as we do, which they cannot use to do as many things as we can, because they do not know how. I will give you an example, and then you will see what I mean. Did you ever think why it is that animals cannot talk? It is not because they have not the machinery for talking. Many of them have tongues, teeth, lips, &c. These are the things that we use to talk with, and yet, though they have them, and have a voice that comes out from their throats as ours does, they cannot talk. Why is this? It is because they do not know how to use these parts in talking, though they do know how to use them in other things, as eating. The cow knows how to use her teeth, and lips, and tongue in eating; but if she had a mind like yours, she would use them in talking, and would not merely low.

The parrot, you know, does know how to talk after a fashion. This particular faculty is given to it, though it is rather a stupid bird about other things. And after all, its talking is a very awkward imitation of the speech of man; it only says what it hears people say, and that in a very bungling manner.

Though man has more machinery and can do more things than any other animal, there are some things that some animals can do better than he can. Man can climb, but he cannot do it as well as a cat or a monkey. He can swim, but not as well as a fish. The frog and the grasshoppers are better jumpers. The horse and the dog can run faster than he can. He cannot see as far as some birds. He has but two eyes, but the fly has thousands of eyes, so that it can see in all directions at once. He cannot smell as well as the dog, who can follow the track of his master, by the scent left in his footsteps. He can mimic different sounds, but the mocking bird can beat him at this.

But, besides all this, there are some things done by some animals that man cannot do at all. He cannot fly like the birds and insects. He cannot go to roost like the birds. He cannot walk along on the wall over his head, as the fly does, with the suckers on its feet.

Each animal is fitted to do just those things that it needs to do. For example, the monkey needs to climb to get his living, and the Creator has therefore made him so that he can climb very easily. For this purpose, instead of having two hands and two feet, as we have, he has four things, shaped somewhat like hands, with which he can grasp the limbs of trees. I might give you other examples, but you can find many in the chapters on "what animals use for hands,"—"the tools of animals," and their instruments of defense and attack.

ASSURANCE.—"Knowing in yourselves," saith the Apostle, "that ye have in heaven a better and more enduring substance." So our translation renders it; but in the original it is "Know that in yourselves you have a better and a more enduring substance in heaven;" those that are assured of the truth of their own graces have a heaven in themselves; a better and more enduring substance in themselves; such discoveries of God and sweet peace and tranquility of soul; such overflowing joys of the Holy Ghost that heaven itself is never able to bestow other kind of happiness than this is, though there they shall have it in further degree and measure.

SHETLAND STOCKINGS AND THEIR KNITTERS.

There is perhaps no community that gives such indications of industry among the female population as Shetland. The knitting-needles and the worsted are continually in their hands, and seem to form part and parcel of the woman herself. If you take a walk towards Tingwall, you will meet or pass dozens of women going for or returning with peats from the hill, all busy knitting—one a stocking, another a stout shawl or cravat. The finer articles—scarfs, veils, and lace shawls, which are often exquisitely fine—cannot be worked in this off-hand way, and are reserved for leisure hours at home. The "keyshie"—a straw basket, like a large inverted beehive—may be full or empty, but you never fail to find the busy fingers. This carrying of peats is an almost daily task, and you sometimes see a woman with strongly-marked features and large frame, who, from constant exposure to sunshine and shower, and rendered gaunt and wiery by hard work, recalls Sir Walter Scott's description of "Norna of Fitful Head." The poorer classes generally wear no shoes, but "rivlins," a kind of sandal made of untanned cowhide, or sometimes seal-skin, with the hair outside, and lashed to the foot with thongs. All the wool of the pure Shetland sheep is fine, but the finest grows under the neck, and is never shorn off, but "rooed"—that is, gently pulled. It is said that an ounce of wool can by skill be spun into upwards of 1,000 yards of three-ply thread. Stockings can be knitted of

such fineness as to be easily drawn through a finger-ring. The annual proceeds of the industry are said to be not less than £10,000. It is quite common for a servant, when making an engagement, to stipulate that she shall "have her hands to herself," meaning that all she can make by knitting is to go into her own pocket. The industry of the women is to be accounted for by the fact that by their knitting they supply themselves with dress, but especially with tea, of which they are intemperately fond. It is a perfectly ascertained fact, that the value of tea annually consumed in Shetland far exceeds the whole land rental—about £30,000. Very large quantities of eggs are sent south, bringing in, it is said, some thousands of pounds annually, a great portion of which finds its way into the teapot.—*Good Words.*

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report :—

From City Contributions	$19.00
" Estate of Frederick Springs, per Jacob T. Williams	82.20
" Friends of Falls Monthly Meeting	18.00
" " Upper Greenwich.	11.00
" Samuel Marshall, Milwaukie	25.00
	$155.20

Also Donations of Goods, Clothing and Books from A. Campbell & Co., Rachel W. Moore, Louisa J. Roberts, Mary Ann Evans, D. Ferris, Wilmington, Del., Friends of Upper Greenwich, N. J., Friends' Sewing Circle, Wrightstown, Pa., John H. Dudley, Mt. Laurel, N. J.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
1st mo. 26, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

(N. Y. Correspondence of the Louisville Courier.)

HOW THE ATLANTIC CABLE IS WORKED.

The other day a telegrapher, who had looked into the matter, told me, in a few words, how the Atlantic cable is worked. I had read column after column in the papers in a vain effort to understand how it was done; and was astonished enough, I assure you, to see how simple a thing was the instrument which talks across the sea. Imagine a small needle—it weighs only three-seventeenths of a grain—set so that either end points to a powerful fixed magnet. Over this needle is a board in which is a small hole, above and behind which is a black board. One end of the needle, or rather magnet, is the positive, and the other a negative one.

The battery is taken off at one side of the ocean by the action of the magnets themselves when the operator at the other side is writing. The battery used at either end contains only three cups—a wonderfully small number when you know that it takes a thousand or more to work the various wires leading out of No. 145 Broadway, the head office here. The application of a current from the battery to the positive magnet at Valentia induces an attraction of the needle by the negative magnet at Heart's Content, or *vice versa*. The movement of the needle, however, is so very small that it could not be detected by the naked eye. A powerful magnifier, however, carries the reflection of the motion of the needle through the hole in the board above, and transfers it in an enlarged, and with the aid of light, an enlightened form, to the blackboard. The alphabet is similar to, though not exactly like, the "Morse," and a motion of the needle one way implies a dash, or the other way a dot; of course as many of each can be made use of as is desirable. The magnets being equally attractive, hold the needle stationary when no other influence is applied. And now for the reason why a small battery works the best. It is not that a large battery, as has been popularly supposed, would eat up the conducting wire, but that it would make the motion of the delicate needle too violent—to use a vulgar phrase, it would be perpetually "wabbling about." The small current used has no such effect.—*The Press.*

ITEMS.

The Emperor Napoleon has issued an important order. It directs that the address of the Chambers, in reply to the speech from the Throne, shall be discontinued; grants to the Legislative Body the right, of questioning the Government; proposes that offences of the press be tried in the Correctional Courts; that the stamp duties be reduced, and that the right of the people to meet in public be limited only by those regulations necessary for the public safety. The decree concludes by declaring that these reforms will now crown the edifice of a State founded upon the national will.

The London *Times* states that the net earnings of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company have thus far exceeded the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum, and that a dividend of ten per cent. "on account" will soon be paid out of the proceeds of the first six months business.

The Supreme Court of Alabama has decided the act of Congress, requiring a stamp upon State legal processes, to be unconstitutional. Chief-Justice Walker also decides that Alabama being *de facto* a government under the Confederacy, its personal representatives are protected from all loss on Confederate investment under an act of the Legislature. The Court was unanimous.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, among other bills and resolutions, the following were passed or referred :—A bill supplementary to the act to prevent smuggling was introduced and referred to the Committee on Commerce. A bill amendatory of the homestead act was introduced and referred to the Committee on Public Lands. A bill amendatory of the postal laws was referred to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. The Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of aboli hing in whole or in part the tonnage tax, and of adopting a system of differential duties favoring American ships, in order that they may have a share of the importation of foreign merchandise. A resolution was adopted ordering an inquiry into the facts attending the Fort Phil Kearney massacre. The

Tariff bill was several times under discussion. The House bill amending the habeas corpus act and regulating judicial proceedings in certain cases, was passed, and goes to the President. A communication was received from the Governor of West Virginia announcing that that State had ratified the constitutional amendment.

HOUSE.—A bill supplementary to the act to prevent and punish smuggling was passed. A resolution suspending the cancellation or retirement of legal-tender notes for two years was referred. A bill was introduced defining the powers of the Supreme Court, which provides that when that court is called upon to decide as to the validity of any law of the United States or the construction of a clause in the Constitution, the hearing must be had before a full bench of the court, and the decision of the court must be unanimous. A bill to regulate the sale of surplus gold in the Treasury was passed. A resolution was introduced to extend the provisions of the agricultural college act to Tennessee, which gave rise to some discussion. An amendment was agreed to providing that no one should hold the position of professor or teacher in the institution who held military or civil office under the rebel government or under the State governments, and in this shape the bill was passed. A bill was passed, appropriating $9,500 as compensation for a building destroyed at Anansdale, Va., for military purposes. This is the first bill of the kind that has yet been passed.

THE FREEDMEN.—Communications from Texas represent that in the north-eastern counties of the State the freedmen are more oppressed and brutally treated than in the days of slavery. Says the report: "The lash is more cruelly administered than ever before;" the freedmen who have cultivated land and raised crops have been robbed of all the fruits of their toil. A member of the grand jury of Red River County was heard to say that they dared not indict these criminals known to them to be guilty. Outrages, from cold-blooded murders down, have occurred, and there is no one to whom the blacks can appeal for redress. A recent letter from Austin gives an account of the murder of two freedmen—one near Austin, and the other at Home Bend. The murderers were white men. A case is reported where a freedman at Prairie Lea was cruelly whipped for addressing a young man as "Tom," instead of "Master Thomas." Another was shot for refusing to lend his bottle of whiskey to two white men. The civil authorities will not take any steps to bring the offenders to justice. In Panola County there exists a gang of five or six white men who live by robbing the freedmen. The citizens themselves are afraid of them, and the civil authorities powerless, because witnesses dare not testify against them. The military commandant at Victoria having refused to assist the Freedmen's Bureau officers, General Griffin, the military commander of the State, has issued an order to the effect that all military officers must assist the Bureau in the contingencies provided for in the Bureau and Civil Rights acts. The only cheering news from the State relates to labor. Gen. Kiddoo, in a recent tour of observation, found the negroes actively making contracts for the ensuing crop. In spite of immigration, there is still a paucity of laborers.—*The Nation.*

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

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The cost of paper, printing and binding having greatly increased since the first prospectus was issued, it is found that the work cannot be published, *without considerable loss*, at the price originally intended. The price will be, therefore, $2.00 *per volume*, bound in cloth; and $2 25 per volume, bound in sheep, library style; but those subscribers under the first prospectus who have taken the first two volumes, will be furnished with the third and fourth volumes at $2.00 each, bound in sheep.

The first two volumes can be obtained from the publisher or his agents, at $2.00 each, sheep binding.

Agents are requested to return this prospectus as speedily as possible—as the work is now in press—with full list of names and residences of subscribers, to the author's publisher. Agents will be allowed one copy for every six copies sold by them, and they can be furnished with lists of their subscribers upon application to the Publisher,

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DR. JAMES TRUMAN, DENTIST, has removed to No. 1221 Spruce Street. 126 tf.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 755.)

To ———.

MARAZION, 11th of Second month, 1824.

Dear ———, I have heard scarce a word respecting thee for a long time, but nevertheless I hold thee very preciously before my view; and thy humble waiting and walking is often encouraging. I should be much pleased wast thou inclined, in the freedom of old friendship, to salute me by letter at any time; thou knowest not of what service it might prove to me, and be made instrumental to build me up in the most holy faith, as heretofore used to be the case, when we were nearer in the outward one to another, and at times, blessed in each other's society. I have a full persuasion, however varied our habits and however distance as to space may have operated, together with other circumstances, that we are under the special keeping of the heavenly Shepherd; who can feed, and lead, and cause to lie down, and will permit nothing to make afraid, or to scatter from his pasture of life and fold of eternal rest. "My Father is greater than all," and none shall pluck out of his hand those who keep near Him, and lean alone upon Him. For he restoreth the soul, and leadeth in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. So that though we may have to walk through the valley of the shadow of death we need fear no evil,—He is with us, his rod and staff they comfort us. And when he is pleased to anoint the head as with oil, does not our cup flow over; and are we not ready to cry out,—"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in thy house forever?" This is, I believe, at times thy experience, as it is my own. Then for us the feeble ones, who may, under discouraging apprehensions of our own state, be walking fearfully along, as with our heads often hanging down very low, and who may be said, in some sense, to have answered the call of the Lord, (as in Joel,) "Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning,"—even to such the language will go forth,—"be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things,"—"for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, the fig tree and the vine do yield their strength:—and ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dwelt wondrously with you: and my people shall never be ashamed."

Truly in respect to these things that have happened unto me, they have turned to the furtherance of the work of His glory and grace, who doeth all things well; and up to this day, through heights and depths, my experience is consistent with the language, "The right hand of the Lord is exalted,—the right hand of the Lord doth valiantly;" for though he cause grief, yet hath he compassion, such as will carry through all. The manifestations of Divine

goodness and wisdom, are indeed very great to the willing and attentive soul; and whilst there are seasons when we are not so sensible of them, others are vouchsafed, in which we *cannot* doubt or fear but that as we continue the diligent and patient followers of our crucified Master, we shall reign with him in a glorious eternity of peace and joy. My mind has been of late more or less, since the decease or release of my beloved G., set on its treasures in the heavens, which will never pass away; and I have been assured, that if I continue in faith to the end of my day, a place will be prepared for me; it seemed almost as if permitted by foretaste, to lay hold of eternal life. Such views are very awful, yet very sweet to me; so that whether they are premonitory, or only admonitory, they have the effect of quickening me in the duties of life, and of increasing my true enjoyment therein.—"Work whilst it is day;" for "this is not your rest."

Believe me, with warmth of affection,

Thy friend, J. B.

1824, *Third month 22d.*—I desire when the hour of my departure draws nigh, to be clothed with faith towards God, and with resignation to commit my dear and only little one into his hands, who gave him to me:—leave thy fatherless children unto me;"—"let their widows also trust in me," "the Father of the fatherless."

1824, *Fourth month 2d.*—I was this day inclined to believe, as I have been often of late, that the bereavement I have sustained in the loss of my tender partner, was intended in a peculiar manner for my good. I have been led to think, that as my dear wife was given to me at a time when I greatly wanted a help-meet; and as she was one of a noble and capacious mind, inured to trouble and difficulty, able to counsel and to assist me; so when the time for her was come, to show me how to pass through the dark valley, she fulfilled the Divine will in a wonderful degree, as I believe, by setting me an excellent example through Him who strengthened her, and who bore up her afflicted spirit through all that were permitted to assail. O! it is often wonderful to me, to think how suddenly at the last, she was summoned to take her leave of all that was near and dear in this life, and how this was accomplished; so that there seemed no agitation or disquietude, but a holy magnanimity, a deep and solemn reflecting on her condition, and a reverting to her only hope of glory. And now I am left, with the image of a dear devoted child of God, my soul's fellow, often brought before me; to show me how to lay down these shackles, how to put off this outward man, and to yield up my spirit to my God and her God!—How strongly has the uncertainty of my continuance in life been before me; and strong have been my hope and humble assurance, that mercy will compass me about, and that the rest and portion of the righteous will be mine. I am ready to say, that those that come after me, will be helped, as I have been; at least in proportion as they follow the Lord's leadings: for this has truly been my inexpressible desire and comfort; and such will never be forsaken.

London, 1824, *Fifth month 11th.*—I have had many bright seasons, much assurance and earnest of a better state, as I have walked by the way, and as I have been on my bed. "In all their affiictions," it is said, "he was afflicted; and the angel of his presence saved them." This language has been fulfilled towards me, and towards my dear deceased partner; and those that come after me will find, to their unspeakable support and consolation, that the same Divine Being is rich toward all that call upon him: if faithful, "this God will be their God for ever and ever; he will be their guide even unto death,"

To———.

Russell Square, 21*st of Sixth month*, 1824.

My Dear Friend,—It is pleasant to salute thee thus, and to remember thee from time to time, as a brother and companion in the heavenly way and warfare, striving together with me for an increase of strength and wisdom, to enable us to stand steadfast, immovable, and abounding in the work appointed us. I trust, that as the circumstance of trial and distress, which were on this very day last year consummated in the release of my dear wife, and of which my mind feels often keenly sensible, were all turned to an unspeakable account and benefit, especially with regard to myself; so the precarious delicate state of my own health for some time past, has operated and does continue to operate advantageously on the better part; and although in this visit to London, I may have been deprived of many seasons and showers of Divine good, there has been no want of the care and safe guidance of that invisible hand of Him, whose visitations uphold or preserve the spirit, and whose comforts delight the soul.

1824, *Seventh month 16th*—So far recovered (from illness in London) as to go to C———. The Lord Almighty was eminently near me, by support and help in the needful hour, and through days and nights of tedious ailing and irritation; my situation often caused many tears in my retirement, but the Lord was near and comforted me, and helped me to gratitude as well as acquiescence: my tears were often turned into tears of joy. Much have I thought in my distresses of that sweet answer of my dear partner, which she quickly and smilingly gave me, when in great depression, observing a sparrow on the house top, opposite to her window, I said, "Like a sparrow alone on the house-top;" she replied,—"Not one of them forgotten before God:" O! I find it so to my un-

unspeakable consolation in low seasons. And I think, since my trials and bereavement, that more of the consolations of Christ are poured into my soul, than used to be the case. Many have been the blessings shed on me abundantly in this tedious, though short confinement. May the Lord have the honor and praise, not only now, but for evermore!

——— 17*th.*—Went out to ride with ———; a sweet day! What a change from my sick room and sofa and the smoky city, to the extensive prospects on the Downs, and richness of nature's verdure. Was engaged in conversation with ———: I feel an interest in young invalids. O! that the ends of Providence may be answered in them, and in me also; then all will be well. O! these light afflictions;—what a moment do they last, when compared with the rich eternal recompense, reserved for those that commit the keeping of their souls in patient well doing unto a faithful Creator.

——— 18*th.*—First day; at Croydon meetings.—I had a sweet night of pouring forth of the heart unto the Most High. "I will cry unto God Most High, unto God that performeth all things for me!" Floods of tears,—tears of joy,—because the Lord God sees me, and hath mercy on me. I had reference to my forlorn state, and to the circumstance of my late afflictive bereavement; and I had a wonderful evidence that the Lord would be all in all to me, as he had been to my beloved partner.

1824, *Seventh month* 25*th.*—First day. Went to Gracechurch Street meeting, and had my mouth opened by the Lord. O! the peace—the rich flow of it in my bosom, at dear P. B.'s, after dinner; the Lord was with me: melting sweetness came over me in again giving up to express these and other words, "This God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death."

(To be continued.)

God can, indeed, supply the place of *means*, and, in particular cases, He *does* so; acts independent of them, to teach us to trust in Him, in the dearth of them. But, ordinarily, it is otherwise. If the Ethiopian eunuch is to be instructed in the gospel, Philip must be miraculously directed to him, to open to him its glad tidings. If Cornelius is to receive the same blessings, an angel shall instruct him *where to find* a teacher: but not a ray of light does he receive, except through God's appointed ordinance,—the foolishness of *human* preaching, saving them that believe. Look to it, then, that you undervalue not these outward ministrations; but look to it, also, that you do not trust in them. As surely as you do, G d will dry them up to you, and make you feel what wretched vanities are the best ministrations of man, without His Spirit accompanying them. Learn to live above the creature.—*Goode.*

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

No VI.

Skneateles, Fourth month 27th, 1833.

To M. A. F.—Thy short letter, my dear M. A., was cordial to my feelings. It was an indisputable evidence that the affection I cherish for thee was—yes, is—reciprocated; and may we neither of us suffer any thing past, present, or yet to come, to interrupt the precious sense of it, though long silence intervene from causes over which we have no control. That which we suffer to enter our thoughts may dispossess us of friendship, while externals never can; for if misrepresented to each other, so long as we repel the charge on the faith of our own constancy, the breath of envy or calumny assails in vain.

I feel so well assured that we love each other disinterestedly, that though I regret we can have so little intercourse, no fear or distrust mingles with the regret. The foundation of our friendship was deeper, I trust, than to be affected by the casualties of life. It partook of that against which evil cannot prevail; for pure love ever did and ever will resist evil, and cannot be lost or broken without our voluntary consent. This is a consolation. Had thy H. located himself in some place just on our ordinary track to and from the South Meeting-house, it is probable I should have tarried many a night under your snug roof, and enjoyed that free, social intercourse which is one of the solaces of human life; not but what I should willingly turn aside to where you now reside, did it depend solely on my choice, but in the manner in which we frequently come and go others must decide. However, I keep hoping on that it may be different, and that more frequent opportunities for visiting each other may occur; for as Seneca justly observes, we receive comfort even at a distance from those we love; but then it is light and faint, whereas presence and conversation touches us to the quick; but then we are not to number our friends by the visits that are made us, nor to confound the decencies of ceremony with the offices of united affections. He says also, somewhere else, "Of all felicities the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all difficulties." This is the permanent bond between thee and thy H., and knowing this, has an insensible effect, I doubt not, to check that exertion which I should probably make to overcome obstacles which prevent my seeing thee. Did I not believe this to be the case,—that is, did I imagine thee lonely or unfriended, I should feel bound to press through difficulties I now yield to. Another more powerful consideration has been my firm belief that thou enjoyest communion pure with Him whom thou sought to know and serve when our friendship

commenced, leaving my mind free from solicitude on this great point, the surest and only immutable source of true happiness. Ah! my dear M., continue to resign thyself to His all-wise disposal, and He will be mouth and wisdom in all cases, even in the minutest,—in the government of thy children and houshold as well as in rarer or greater occurrences,—being strength in weakness and ever a present helper. What an unspeakable mercy, leading us to exclaim with David, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him!" All that is wanting on our part is a listening, watchful frame of mind, to hearken and hear, for the word remains nigh in the heart and in the mouth, now as much as at any distant period of time, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. I perceive Friends are passing to meeting, so must close. Remember me affectionately to H., and often send a line to thy old friend,

L. P. M.

May we continually pray for an understanding heart,—a heart renewed in divine knowledge by the Spirit of God,—that we may discern between the polar truths of the gospel, and the doubtful inductions of unassisted human reason upon them.

ELIJAH.

BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

"But he himself went on a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper-tree, and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."
—1 KINGS xix. 4.

It has been observed of the holy men of Scripture, that their most signal failures took place in those points of character for which they were remarkable in excellence. . . . On the reception of Jezebel's message, Elijah flies for his life; toils on the whole day; sits down under a juniper tree, faint, hungry and travel-worn, the gale of an oriental evening, damp and heavy with languid sweetness, breathing on his face. The prophet and the man give way. He longs to die; you cannot mistake the presence of causes in part purely physical. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. Of that constitution, which, in our ignorance, we call union of soul and body, we know little respecting what is cause and what effect. We would fain believe that the mind has power over the body; but it is just as true that the body rules the mind.

Causes apparently the most trivial—a heated room, want of exercise, a sunless day, a northern aspect—will make all the difference between happiness and unhappiness, between faith and doubt, between courage and indecision. To our fancy there is something humiliating in being thus at the mercy of our animal organism. We would fain find nobler causes for our emotions. We talk of the hiding of God's countenance, and the fiery darts of Satan. But the picture given here is true. The body is the channel of our noblest emotions, as well as our sublimest sorrows. Two practical results follow: First, instead of vilifying the body, complaining that our nobler part is chained down to a base partner, it is worth recollecting that the body, too, is the gift of God in its way Divine—"the temple of the Holy Ghost;" and that to keep the body in temperance, soberness and chastity, to guard it from pernicious influence, and to obey the laws of health, are just as much religious as they are moral duties; just as much obligatory on the Christian as they are on a member of a Sanitary Committee. Next, there are persons melancholy by constitution, in whom the tendency is incurable; you cannot exorcise the phantom of despondency. But it is something to know that it is a phantom, and not to treat it as a reality—something taught by Elijah's history, if we only learn from it to be patient, and wait humbly the time and good pleasure of God.

2. Want of sympathy. "I, even I, only am left."

Lay the stress on *only*. The loneliness of his position was shocking to Elijah. Surprising this; for Elijah wanted no sympathy in a far harder trial on Mount Carmel. It was in a tone of triumph that he proclaimed that he was the single, solitary prophet of the Lord, while Baal's prophets were four hundred and fifty men. Observe, however, the difference. There was in that case an opposition which could be grappled with; here, nothing against which mere manhood was availing. The excitement was passed—the chivalrous look of the thing gone. To die as a martyr—yes, that were easy, in grand failure; but to die as a felon—to be hunted, caught, taken back to an ignominious death—flesh and blood recoiled from that. And Elijah began to feel that popularity is not love. The world will support you when you have constrained its votes by a manifestation of power, and shrink from you when power and greatness are no longer on your side.

"I, even I, only am left." This trial is most distinctly realized by men of Elijah's stamp, and placed under Elijah's circumstances. It is the penalty paid by superior mental and moral qualities that such men must make up their minds to live without sympathy. Their feelings will be misunderstood, and their projects uncomprehended. They must be content to live alone.

What greater minds like Elijah's have felt intensely all we have felt in our own degree. Not one of us but what has felt his heart aching for want of sympathy. We have had our lonely hours, our days of disappointment, and our moments of hopelessness—times when our

highest feelings have been misunderstood, and our purest met with ridicule.

Days when our heavy secret was lying unshared, like ice upon the heart. And then the spirit gives way; we have wished that all were over, and that we could lie down tired, and rest, like the children, from life; that the hour was come when we could put down the extinguisher on the lamp, and feel the last grand rush of darkness on the spirit.

Now, the final cause of this capacity for depression, the reasons for which it is granted us, is that it may make God necessary. In such moments it is felt that sympathy beyond human is needful. Alone, the world against him, Elijah turns to God. "It is enough; now, *O Lord.*"

3. Want of occupation.

As long as Elijah had a prophet's work to do, severe as that work was, all went on healthily; but his occupation was gone. To-morrow and the day after, what has he left on earth to do? The misery of having nothing to do proceeds from causes voluntary or involuntary in their nature. Multitudes of our race, by circumstances over which they have no control, in single life or widowhood—in straitened circumstances—are compelled to endure lonely days, and still more lonely nights and evenings. They, who have felt the hours hang so heavy, can comprehend part of Elijah's sadness.

This misery, however, is sometimes voluntarily incurred. In artificial civilization certain persons exempt themselves from the necessity of work. They eat the bread which has been procured by the sweat of the brow of others; they skim the surface of the thought which has been ploughed by the sweat of the brain of others. They are reckoned the favored ones of fortune, and envied. Are they blessed? The law of life is, In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread. No man can evade that law with impunity. Like all God's laws, it is its own executioner. It has strange penalties annexed to it. Would you know them? Go to the park, or the esplanade, or the solitude, after the night of dissipation, and read the penalties of being useless in the sad, jaded, listless countenances,—nay in the very trifles which must be contrived to create excitement artificially. Yet these very eyes could, dull as they are, beam with intelligence; on many of those brows is stamped the mark of possible nobility. The fact is, that the capacity of *ennui* is one of the signatures of man's immortality. It is his very greatness which makes inaction misery.

If God had made us only to be insects, with no nobler care incumbent on us than the preservation of our lives, or the pursuit of happiness, we might be content to flutter from sweetness to sweetness, and from bud to flower. But if men with souls live only to eat and drink, and be amused, is it any wonder if life be darkened with despondency?

4. Disappointment in the expectation of success.

On Carmel, the great object for which Elijah had lived, seemed on the point of being realized. Baal's prophets were slain; Jehovah acknowledged with one voice; false worship put down. Elijah's life-aim, the transformation of Israel into a kingdom of God, was all but accomplished. In a single day all this bright picture was annihilated.

Man is to desire success, but success rarely comes.

The wisest has written upon life its sad epitaph—"All is vanity," that is, nothingness.

The tradesman sees the noble fortune for which he lived, every coin of which is the representative of so much time and labor spent, squandered by a spendthrift son. The purest statesmen find themselves at last neglected and rewarded by defeat. Almost never can a man look back on life and say that its anticipations have been realized. For the most part life is disappointment, and the moments in which this is keenly realized are moments like this of Elijah's.

II. God's treatment of it.

1. First, he recruited his servant's exhausted strength. Read the history. Miraculous meals are given,—then Elijah sleeps, wakes and eats; on the strength of that, goes forty days' journey. In other words, like a wise physician, God administers food, rest and exercise; and then, and not till then, proceeds to expostulate, for, before, Elijah's mind was unfit for reasoning. . . .

2. Next, Jehovah calmed his stormy mind by the healing influences of Nature. He commanded the hurricane to sweep the sky, and the earthquake to shake the ground. He lighted up the heavens till they were one mass of fire. All this expressed and reflected Elijah's feelings. The mode in which nature soothes us is by finding meeter and nobler utterance for our feelings than we can find in words—by expressing and exalting them. In expression there is relief. Elijah's spirit rose with the spirit of the storm. Stern, wild defiance, strange joy, all, by turns, were imaged there. Observe, "God was not in the wind," nor in the fire, nor in the earthquake. It was Elijah's stormy self reflected in the moods of the tempest, and giving them their character.

Then came a calmer hour. Elijah rose in reverence, felt tenderer sensations in his bosom. He opened his heart to gentler influences, till, at last, out of the manifold voices of Nature, there seemed to speak, not the stormy passions of the man, but the "still small voice" of the harmony and the peace of God.

There are some spirits which must go through a discipline analogous to that sustained by

Elijah. The storm-struggle must precede the still small voice. There are minds which must be convulsed with doubt before they can repose in faith. There are hearts which must be broken with disappointment before they can rise into hope. There are dispositions, which, like Job, must have all things taken from them before they can find all things again in God.

Blessed is the man who, when the tempest has spent its fury, recognizes his Father's voice in its undertone, and bares his head and bows his knee, as Elijah did. To such spirits, generally those of a stern, rugged cast, it seems as if God had said: "In the still sunshine and ordinary ways of life you cannot meet Me; but, like Job, in the desolation of the tempest you shall see My Form, and hear My Voice, and know that your Redeemer liveth."

3. Besides, God made him feel the earnestness of life.

What doest thou here, Elijah? Life is for doing: a prophet's life for nobler doing,—and the prophet was not doing, but moaning.

Such a voice repeats itself to all of us, rousing us from our lethargy, or our despondency, or our protracted liesure, "What doest thou here?"—here in this short life. There is work to be done; evil put down—God's church purified—good men encouraged—doubting men directed—a country saved—time going—life a dream—eternity long—one chance, and but one forever. What doest thou here?

Then he went on further, "Arise, go on thy way." That speaks to us: on thy way. Be up and doing—fill up every hour, leaving no crevice, nor craving for a remorse or a repentance to creep through afterwards. Let not the mind brood on self; save it from speculation, from those stagnant moments in which the awful teachings of the spirit grope into the unfathomable unknown, and the heart torments itself with questions which are insoluble, except to an active life. For the awful future becomes intelligible only in the light of a felt and active present. Go, return on thy way if thou art desponding,—*on thy way*, health of spirit will return.

4. He completed the cure by the assurance of victory. "Yet have I left me seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal." So, then, Elijah's life had been no failure after all. Seven thousand at least in Israel had been braced and encouraged by his example, and silently blessed him, perhaps, for the courage which they felt. In God's world, for those that are in earnest there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made, was ever made in vain. Never did the cup of cold water given for Christ's sake lose its reward. . . . . .

Distinguish, therefore, between the Real and the Apparent. Elijah's apparent was in the shouts of Mount Carmel: his real success was in the unostentatious, unsurmised obedience of the seven thousand who had taken his God for their God.

A lesson for all. For teachers who lay their heads down at night sickening over their thankless task. Remember the power of indirect influences; those which distil from a life, not from a sudden, brilliant effort. The former never fail; the latter, often.

There is good done of which we can never predicate the when or where. Not in the flushing of a pupil's cheek, or the glistening of an attentive eye; not in the shining results of an examination does your real success lie. It lies in that invisible influence on character which He alone can read who counted the seven thousand nameless ones in Israel.

One who had experienced a change of fortune said: "When I was rich, I possessed God in all things; and now I possess all things in God." Contentment depends more on the disposition of the mind than on the circumstances of our life.

Extracts from the Minutes of the Meetings for Reading and Conversation, held at Race St. Meeting house, Philadelphia.

First mo. 23d, 1867.—The minutes of the preceding meeting having been read, a chapter from a work entitled, "The Testimonies of Truth on the Subject of Worship," and the following extract from the writings of Isaac Penington upon the same subject, were read:—

"For the Lord requireth of his people not only to worship him apart, but to meet together to worship him, in the seasons, and according to the drawings of his spirit; and they that are taught of him, dare not forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is; but watch against the temptations and snares, which the enemy lays to deceive them therefrom, and to disturb their sense by, that they might not feel the drawings of the Father thereunto.

"And this is the manner of their worship. They are to wait upon the Lord, to meet in the silence of flesh, and to watch for the stirrings of his life, and the breakings forth of his power amongst them. And in the breakings forth of that power, they may pray, speak, exhort, rebuke, sing or mourn, &c., according as the Spirit teaches, requires, and gives utterance. But if the Spirit do not require to speak, and give to utter, then every one is to sit still in his place, (in his heavenly place, I mean,) feeling his own measure, feeding thereupon, receiving therefrom (into his spirit) what the Lord giveth. Now in this is edifying, pure edifying, precious edifying; his soul who thus waits is hereby particularly edified by the spirit of the Lord at every meeting. And then, also, there is the life of the whole felt in every vessel that is turned to its measure; inasmuch as the warmth of life in each vessel doth not only warm the particular, but they are like a heap of fresh and living coals, warming one another, insomuch as a great strength, freshness and vigor of life flows into all. And if any be burthened, tempted, buffeted by

Satan, bowed down, overborne, languishing, afflicted, distressed, &c., the estate of such is felt in spirit, and secret cries, or open (as the Lord pleaseth) ascend up to the Lord for them; and they many times find ease and relief, in a few words spoken, or without words, if it be the season of their help and relief with the Lord. For absolutely silent meetings (wherein there is a resolution not to speak) we know not; but we wait on the Lord, either to feel him in words, or in silence of spirit without words, as he pleaseth. And that which we aim at, and are instructed to by the Spirit of the Lord as to silent meetings, is that the flesh in every one be kept silent, and that there be no building up, but in the spirit and power of the Lord.

"Now there are several states of people: some feel little of the Lord's presence, but feel temptations and thoughts, with many wanderings and rovings of mind. These are not yet acquainted with the power, or at least know not its dominion, but rather feel dominion of the evil over the good in them. And this is a sore travailing and mournful state, and meetings to such as these (many times) may seem to themselves rather for the worse than for the better. Yet even these, turning, as much as may be, from such things, and cleaving (or at least in truth of heart-desiring to cleave) to that which disliketh or witnesseth against them, have acceptance with the Lord herein; and continuing to wait in this trouble and distress, (keeping close to meetings in fear and subjection to the Lord who requireth it, though with little appearing benefit,) do reap an hidden benefit at present, and shall reap a more clear and manifest benefit afterwards, as the Lord wasteth and weareth out that in them, wherein the darkness hath its strength. Now to evidence that the Lord doth require these silent meetings, or meetings after this manner silent, it may thus appear.

"God is to be worshipped in spirit, in his own power and life, and this is at his own disposal. His church is a gathering in the Spirit. If any man speak there, he must speak as the oracle of God, as the vessel out of which God speaks; as the trumpet out of which he gives the sound. Therefore there is to be a waiting in silence, till the Spirit of the Lord move to speak, and also give words to speak. For a man is not to speak his own words, or in his own wisdom or time; but the Spirit's words, in the Spirit's wisdom and time, which is when he moves and gives to speak. And seeing the Spirit inwardly nourisheth, when he giveth not to speak words, the inward sense and nourishment is to be waited for, and received as it was given when there are no words. Yea, the ministry of the Spirit and life is more close and immediate when without words, than when with words, as has been often felt, and is faithfully testified to by many witnesses. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, how and what things God reveals to his children by his Spirit, when they wait upon him in his pure fear, and worship and converse with him in Spirit; for then the fountain of the great deep is unsealed, and the everlasting springs surely give up the pure and living water."

The practice of early Friends, of occasionally singing hymns in their meetings for worship, as alluded to in the above extract was commented upon by a Friend, who informed us that it was not in concert, but as an individual act, which becoming distasteful to some Friends, led to difficulties in one of the meetings in the north of England.

The ground of objection to the singing of hymns in concert was stated as being founded in the varying state of the minds of those participating: whilst some could truly utter the sentiments contained in them, others must compromise truth, by professions which are not altered in character, by the fact of their being clothed in sweet sounds.

A Friend adverted to the decadence in the Society in many neighborhoods, and to the fact that it does not increase in numbers, as other sects increase, as a proof that it needs some measures by which greater interest and zeal can be infused into the organization, and the young, especially, brought forward to participate in its concerns.

The following measures were proposed as likely to tend to this end:—1st, the addition to the usual First-day Meetings, of a second meeting occurring at the close of the regular Meeting for worship, with a short recess intervening. This second meeting to be devoted to suitable reading and conversation upon Moral and Religious subjects, conducted under the care of judicious Friends, but without excluding any of the members from participation.

2d.—The holding of Monthly Meetings on First-day as second meetings instead of in the middle of the week.

3d.—The introduction of libraries in connection with all the Friends' Meetings, which shall be open for the distribution of books at the time of the second meetings.

4th.—The establishment of First-day schools, on every First-day afternoon, for the inculcation of moral and religious truth unconnected with sectarian theology—this measure to be studied and systematized to meet the wants of the society, especially in the country, reference being had to the good of the teachers and pupils.

5th.—The abolition of the present separation of the sexes in meetings for worship, that all of one family might sit together and be influenced by the immediate company and sympathy of each other.

The consideration of these propositions occupied much of the remaining portion of the meeting. With most of them unity was expressed, and many views were presented calculated to encourage such an effort to awaken renewed interest among those portions of our Society which seem to be on the decline. It was acknowledged that such measures could not be adopted without much examination, throughout the whole Society; and could only be made practicable by being first tried in single instances where Friends were favorably disposed toward them and favorably situated for the experiment.

The subject of instituting a correspondence with Friends of other places, engaged in similar meetings with those we are now holding, being introduced, was deferred for further consideration at an adjourned meeting to be held

next Fourth-day evening, at which time the general subjects which had engaged the attention of this meeting will be resumed.

1st mo. 31st, 1867.—An adjourned meeting, which was opened by reading the minutes of the last meeting, introducing the several propositions made at that time with reference to increasing the interest in our Society among its younger members.

Practical objections to the propositions to hold Monthly Meetings on First-day, at the close of meetings for worship, were presented by several Friends. It was said that in this city the domestic arrangements of many families would be interfered with by the delay which would be occasioned by a long sitting in the middle of the day, whilst in the country, the fact that most Monthly Meetings are composed of several preparative meetings, would quite forbid connecting them with any one meeting for worship held at the same time as the other. The small attendance of our own Monthly Meetings was remarked upon as occasioned in some degree by the unavoidable engagements of members whose time is not at their own disposal, but partly by the lukewarmness of members who allow comparatively trivial concerns to take the place of this imperative duty. Such were encouraged to more faithfulness, and assured that they would find the concerns of Society claiming the attention of these Executive meetings full of interest and instruction.

The idea of a second meeting following the meetings for worship on First-day morning, was further considered, and whatever may be the action of monthly meetings in establishing these, it was thought a benefit would arise from encouraging a social feeling which would lead those assembled to cordial greetings and expressions of interest in each other before parting. A suggestion of this kind in our own meeting had already been publicly made and had led to happy effects.

There was a general concurrence of view in relation to libraries being established in all our meetings, and opened for the delivery of books on First-day mornings; this measure would not only prove of advantage, by diffusing knowledge and literary taste in Friends' neighborhoods, but it is believed, would increase the attendance of meetings, and lead to a higher appreciation of the advantages of our organization.

Encouraging views were held out in regard to the wide diffusion of those principles which, in past time, especially distinguished the Society of Friends. The acknowledgment of the Great Central Doctrine of the Divine light in the soul as the source of spiritual knowledge and growth by the leading minds in nearly all sects of Christians is cause of encouragement to hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering.

An epistle prepared by a Friend, designed to be forwarded to the several meetings being held for like objects with these, was read, and upon consideration referred to the committee for revision, to be forwarded as way opens. Then adjourned.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 9, 1867.

Life's Voyage.—Above the disturbed elements we hear the encouraging voice, "Peace, be still." As we have looked, we have perceived the Master was in the ship, and through divine agency, as in days of yore, the winds and the waves are calmed. We, therefore, ask that our faith may be perfect, in order that we may be prepared at the word of command to steer our course in the direction assigned by the great Pilot.

Thus will the polar star be kept in view. If darkness crosses our pathway, we shall cast anchor and await the lifting of the clouds, the dawning of the day-star. This is the blessed privilege of the Christian mariner;—he is not sent out without rudder or compass; and an unerring helmsman is furnished every craft that sails upon Time's tempestuous sea.

Shall we, then, unmindful of this inestimable favor, suffer our faith to fail amid the tempest? Though the winds blow and the surges roar, let us keep the ear open to hear what the Protector of our bark shall say unto us; and if each one be found at his post with a ready hand and willing heart, the haven of Desire will be reached. Whether our voyage is marked with prosperity or adversity, it will be unto us "according to our faith."

Janney's History of Friends.—We have been requested to announce to those acting or desiring to act as Agents for S. M. Janney's History of Friends, that they will be allowed the same commission on the forthcoming volumes of the History (3 and 4) as well as upon *additional* orders for the first two volumes, as was previously allowed,—viz., one volume for each six volumes sold. Former agents can be supplied with list of names of their subscribers upon application to the Publisher.

Died, on the 22d of First month, 1867, in Philadelphia, Pa., Theodore Myers, son of Job and Caroline Kirby, aged 6 years.

DIED, near Westfield, on the 31st of Twelfth mo., 1866, after a short and severe illness, WILLIE S., son of Wm. and Abigail Evans, aged nearly 14 years. Being sensible he could not recover, he bade his parents, brothers and sisters farewell, taking each by the hand; and to the doctor said, "Thee has done all thee can. I would love to live longer; but if my time has come, I am willing to go. I hope we shall all meet again;" expressing, several times, "Heavenly Father take me."

——, of consumption, on the 29th of Twelfth month, 1866, at the residence of his mother, in Henry Co., Iowa, OLIVER T. VANSYOC, in the 21st year of his age; a member of Prairie Grove Mo. Meeting. He bore his severe illness with patience and humility, and expressed a strong desire to be prepared for an entrance into the holy kingdom.

——, on the 25th of First month, 1867, near Swedesboro, N. J., ANNA O., wife of John Atkinson; a member of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, N. J.

——, on the 27th of First month, 1867, HETTIE ANN B., wife of George Watson, in the 38th year of her age; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, suddenly, of apoplexy, on the evening of 1st month 31, 1867, JULIA, wife of Joseph S. Longshore, M. D., of Philadelphia.

——, on the 31st of First month, 1867, at Bristol, Pa., ROBERT C. BEATTY, in the 67th year of his age.

——, on Second-day morning, the 28th ult., REBECCA KNIGHT, in the 78th year of her age; a member of Spruce Street Monthly Meeting.

On First day evening she retired to bed as usual, and soon after the dawn of another day her ransomed spirit left its earthly tabernacle. Her faithful attendant, before leaving her for the night, inquired if she wanted anything. She replied, "I feel very comfortable. I wish every one in the world was as comfortable as I am. I fear that we are not sufficiently thankful for our blessings."

Her departure has created a void not only in her own family circle, but among her friends. To the poor and offcast her thoughtfulness and kindness were manifested by numerous acts of charity.

At meeting her feeble voice was occasionally heard in commemorating the goodness and mercy of her Heavenly Father. Her spirit on these and other occasions seemed clothed with humility and love.

A Stated Meeting of the Committee of Management of the Library Association of Friends will be held in the Library Room on Fourth-day evening next, the 13th inst., at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

WANTED,

By the Association of Friends of New York for Relief of Freedmen, a teacher for a school in Maryland. Address,

JACOB CAPRON,
1172 Broadway, New York.

1st mo. 12, 1867—tf.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM IN NEW ORLEANS.

In response to the Appeal published in the *Intelligencer* and *Review* for an Orphan Asylum near New Orleans, La., the sum of $230, from donors residing in sixteen different States, has been received.

Louisa De Mortin, Superintendent of the Asylum, is now at the North soliciting donations. Seventy-seven orphans are already under her care, quartered temporarily in the Military Hospital, New Orleans.

The time has been extended to Third month 1st to secure the $10,000 alluded to in the appeal, which, with a donation of $10,000 from Freedmen's Bureau, through Gen. Howard, and $1000 collected by L. De Mortin from colored soldiers, making the sum of $21,000, is now on deposit in bank in New Orleans. Three thousand dollars additional have been raised, leaving a balance of $6000 required to complete the amount,—viz., $30,000.

Contributions will be received as heretofore by

CHARLES T. BUNTING,
116 E. Twelfth St., N. Y.

EXTRACT.

BY CHANNING.

I fear the spirit of science, at the present day, is too often a degradation rather than the true culture of the soul. It is the bowing down of the heaven-born spirit before unthinking mechanism. It seeks knowledge rather for animal, transitory purposes, than for the nutriment of the imperishable, inward life; and yet the worshippers of science pity or contemn the poor, because denied this means of cultivation. Unhappy poor! shut out from libraries, laboratories and learned institutes! In view of this world's wisdom, it avails you nothing that your own nature, manifested in your own and other souls, that God's word and works, that the ocean, earth and sky are laid open to you; that you may acquaint yourselves with the divine perfections, with the character of Christ, with the duties of life, with the virtues, the generous sacrifices, and the beautiful and holy emotions, which are a revelation and pledge of heaven. All these are nothing, do not lift you to the rank of cultivated men, because the mysteries of the telescope and microscope, of the air-pump and crucible, are not revealed to you! I would they were revealed to you. I believe the time is coming when Christian benevolence will delight in spreading all truth and all refinements through all ranks of society. But meanwhile be not discouraged. One ray of moral and religious truth is worth all the wisdom of the schools. One lesson from Christ will carry you higher than years of study under those who are too enlightened to follow this celestial guide.

"Christ sometimes comes to the redeemed soul as rain upon the fleece, in calm and sweet serenity. Their hearts are too full for analyzing their feelings; but there is a sense of silent unutterable happiness—an absorbing overflow of tranquil joy, which disdains the feeble expression of the tongue. There hope seems to seize upon His strengthening hand, and faith to gaze upon His inspiring eye, and love to bury its face in His bosom, and humble sorrow to sit at His feet and weep. True, the vision soon dies away, and leaves us to the dreadier duties of the day, its burden and heat; but the dew of the morning will lie upon that Christian's soul, long after the bright cloud that dropped it hath faded away."

For the Children.

THE CLAM'S FOOT.

What a droll idea, a clam has a foot! Yes, it is strange to one who has never closely observed these shell-fish; and they have hearts, lungs, liver, mouth, and many other parts needful to all animal life. We will take a look at the oyster first, and perhaps will find many curious things about him we have little thought of. We will notice in the oyster, clam, muscle and scallop a fringe on the outer edge resembling lips. Between these lips are the gills or lungs, for oysters have blood, though it is not red, and of course they must breathe air like we do in order to purify their blood. These lungs are made up of innumerable delicate vessels, that, like the human lungs, expose a very extensive surface to the influence of the air. You know the water contains air enough in it for all cold-blooded animals, but not enough for whales and porpoises. They have to come to the surface for a supply. We find little blood-vessels running through these gills, or lungs, and they unite into two arteries, and pour the purified blood into the heart. The heart is near the strong muscle that holds the shells together, is of a dark purple color, and has two apartments by which the blood is received and expelled through the body. We see a dark mass in the centre very finely grained and compact; that is the liver. Sometimes it is of a chocolate color in the clam; muscle and scallop is nearly black; and the bile is poured into the stomach for the necessary preparation of the food to sustain life. But we will want to know how this fish, imbedded in its hard shell, can eat. What does it live on? There are myriads of insects, or forms of life, much too small for us to perceive without the aid of the microscope, floating and enjoying life in the waters of the sea. These are the oyster's and clam's food. In the fringes or mouths, are placed little hair-like fingers, that are continually moving in such a manner that these minute animals are thrown into his mouth.

But now we turn to our subject—the clam's foot. The oyster does not require a foot, but the clam, razor and some other kinds do. They do not walk, it is true, but they dig, and sometimes pretty fast. It is said the razor will sink into the sand faster than any one can follow; and we believe it, for we have chased several without success. But where is the foot? It is that part which you think too tough to eat, and often throw away. The clam opens its shell, and if placed on the side, extends its spade, as we might call it, and works away backward and forward, scooping a hole for itself, until it gradually slips down with the back upwards, and thus continues until it covers itself as deeply as it wishes. The soft clam buries itself much deeper, and probably the shell helps it in digging, too. The muscle uses its foot to weave those strong fibres by which it clings so firmly to the rocks and to one another.

Some kinds of shell-fish bore holes in the solid rock with their foot, which is harder than the clam's, and covered with a scale. Some of the cockle tribe use the foot to jump with, by bending it over underneath, then by a sudden spring it jumps quite easily along on the bottom of the sea. If clams and other shell-fish had not some provision of this kind they would be carried far away from their proper home by the currents; and when young, if they could not hide in the sand or mud, the fishes would soon eat them up. As it is, the drum-fish and sheepshead often root over the bars and flats for them like hogs turning up a pasture, and grind them up in their powerful mills. Some young person, perhaps, wants to know if these creatures have eyes and ears. There is something in the scallop resembling eyes, those round highly-colored spots on the edge of the mantle that shine so prettily in the dark. As they move about a little eyesight may be useful, but clams and oysters do not require any. They have a sense of feeling, a low order of nerves, which you will perceive transparent and like a worm, by which some of them, especially the soft clam and the razor, can detect when any one approaches, and withdraw into their holes for safety. Their mantle or lip deposits a little carbonate of lime and cement around the edge of the shell whenever they want a larger building, and after it hardens they add another layer, which makes the ridges and markings we see in shells. The soft clam has a long, flexible neck, which they can extend to one or more inches in length; this neck has two passages acting like siphons. Inside these tubes are the same hair-like threads that are continually in motion, drawing the water down to the mouth, and after the nutriment is extracted and passed to the stomach, it, together with the waste matter of the body, is forced up the other tube. The water is continually changing, giving a supply of fresh air and fresh food.

We would recommend those among the young who love to see the wondrous beauty of the least of nature's forms, to examine the hinge of these shells. See how that dark substance is placed like an elastic band at the hinge, which, when the animal dies, throws open the shell. While living, the great muscle counteracts its expansive force, and only allows it to spring open when necessary. We advise that before you eat another oyster or clam you should look at its construction, and see for yourselves.

Hempstead, L. I. I. HICKS.

"LET US PRAY."

When dark the road, and sore the foot,
And desolate the way,
We have a Light, a Strength, a Guide,—
Oremus, "Let us pray."

Prayer is a culture of the soul
That turns to wheat our tares;
Prayer is a begging angel whom
We shelter unawares.

Prayer is a wisdom which the wise
To babes have oft resign'd;
But He who bade us seek, be sure
He meant that we should find.

A small hand feeling in the night,
A natural gasp for air,
A half-articulate aim at speech—
To want to pray is Prayer.

What though our language halts? The halt
Have also walk'd with God:
They lean upon his arm, and find
A staff even in his rod.

The song of Moses is a song
That long through Heaven has rung,
And yet the prayer of Moses came
From one of stammering tongue.

"Unask'd He gives," dost thou object?
Yet ask Him not the less,
For even a blessing blessing needs
To make it blessedness.

"Unask'd He gives;" 'tis very true,
His bounty is so great;
Yet no man ever got from God,
But he had more to get.

"But what if we should ask amiss,
As one who knew has taught?"
There's no man asks so much amiss
As he that asks for naught.

He gives or He withholds in love,—
In this one truth we rest:
God does the best; 'tis only man
That does it *for* the best.

"What will be, will be:" yea, but that
Is not a theme for thee;
The one important point is this,—
What willest thou to be?

Wilt thou be made? was never asked
Of any living soul;
The only question put to man
Is, Wilt thou be made whole?

"But how is it so great a boon
Through simple prayer we meet?"
We know not how, we only know
That this is His receipt.

Sufficient that He tells us so,
Whose word we cannot doubt;
Sufficient surely that we see
It somehow brought about.

"He knows thy wants without thine aid,
He sees the thing thou art:"
He does, and knows our greatest want
Is an obeying heart.

He could have made the marriage wine
At Cana with a word;
The water that the guests brought in
Was nothing to the Lord.

But what He needs not, He requires,
And should the guests decline,
He leaves them with their emptiness,
And makes no water wine.

Then, when He bids thee fill the pots,
Go fill them to the brim,—
Not fearing lest ye ask too much,
Exhaust, or weary Him.

J. B. M.

—*People's Magazine.*

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE AMAZON.

The opening of the Amazon, the San Francisco, and the Tocantines, the most eastern affluents of the Amazon, to the flags of all nations, by a decree of the Brazilian government, is a very important event. Do our readers comprehend what is meant by the opening of the Amazon? Some may have a vague idea of an immense inland water system, having its source in the loftiest mountains of South America, and flowing through the largest valley of our globe down to that ocean which laves our own shores and the maritime countries of Europe. But no definite idea is thus obtained of the real grandeur of the area, or wealth of the resources, of the region now first thrown open to the commerce of all the world.

It is by comparison alone that we can appreciate the valley of the Amazon. The area of the valley of the Mississippi is 1,200,000 square miles, while that of the Amazon is more than 2,500,000 square miles. The valley of the Amazon is equal to the whole area of the United States, except the States of California and Oregon, and Washington territory. Some of our readers may better comprehend the vastness of this fertile tropical region if we say that, subtracting Russia, all Europe has but 1,687,626 square miles.

The importance of the opening of such a fluvial system as that of the Amazon and its tributaries does not concern Brazil alone. We have spoken of the valley of the Amazon in its entirety, but no less than four of the largest of the South American states are to a great extent watered by navigable tributaries of the Amazon. Venezuela is connected with the Amazonian waters by the canal of the Cassiquari, which is the link between the Orinoco and the Rio Negro, and many of the products of this South American republic are shipped in the port of Manaos, or the Barra of the Rio Negro. One half of the states of Colombia are drained by the Ica, or Putamayo, the Japura, and the western branches of the Rio Negro. More than three-fourths of Ecuador belongs to the Amazon slopes; two thirds of Peru is irrigated by large rivers, many of them navigable, which are the most important western tributaries of the Amazon; while one-half of Bolivia, so rich in gold and silver, has no other convenient route to the

outside world than through the Maderia—an affluent of the Amazon, which in its whole length is 2,200 miles long. Add one half of Brazil and the borders of the Guianas, and we have the wide region whose natural wealth will find a market and reach the civilized world by way of the Amazon and its branches.

The vegetable and mineral resources of this vast region include those of every clime from Greenland to India—from the glaciers and the wheat growing regions of the Andes, to the palm groves and sugar plantations of the lower Amazon; and they are far greater than the world has guessed. All that tropical forests produce, and all that tropical cultivation can produce, is found here. But these resources are undeveloped. In the Brazilian part of the valley there are but two hundred thousand inhabitants—counting in the Indians. It is as though a smaller population than that of Brooklyn were scattered over the whole area of the United States between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic. The jealousy of the old Portuguese has kept the Amazon Valley an almost unbroken forest for two centuries. The spirit of Portugal governed, until recently, the policy of Brazil. Our protectionist friends would have found their paradise in Brazil while the sceptre of Portugal governed there. A new spirit, however, has stirred young Brazil. Common sense and enlightened statesmanship have begun to remove the burdens that have weighed down the young empire. The first great drawback was slavery; but its strength was broken in 1850 by the abolition of the slave trade; the next was the monopolistic tendency, taxing foreign imports so heavily that the people were deprived of many articles necessary to their advancement in comfort and wealth. The third hindrance was a seacoast greater than that of the United States, with so small a Brazilian mercantile marine that the exchange of the products of Northern and Southern Brazil, absolutely necessary to the welfare of the nation, was virtually prohibited by the fewness of vessels, the dearness of freights, and the prohibition to foreign vessels of the coastwise trade.

Young Brazil, headed by the progressive Emperor Don Pedro II., who is a most worthy leader, last year abrogated this monopoly, and now American, English, Dutch and other vessels may take their cargoes of flour or manufactures to a northern port of Brazil, thence carry a Brazilian freight to Rio de Janeiro, and there take on a cargo of coffee for home, thus making three carrying profits in a single voyage, to the great advantage of the Brazilian people.

The last great barrier to the material development of Brazil has been removed by the recent opening to all nations of the greatest inland navigation in the world. The results may not be great for a few years, for it will require time to thoroughly open to commerce a region so long sealed against it; but here is a beginning on a right principle. Brazil is now contending on the La Plata for the free navigation of the great southern fluvial system of South America, guarantied in solemn treaties by the father of the present Dictator of Paraguay, but rudely closed by the present ruler, Lopez. This is the real cause of the Paraguayan war—a war which has been more misrepresented than any struggle of modern times except our own.

That there will be an immediate rush of steamers and emigrants to the Amazon we do not anticipate. Indeed, it is not desirable to be in a hurry. The only line of steamboats, while not a monopoly, is heavily subsidized by the Brazilian government. The land has not yet been surveyed, and Brazil does not know squatter sovereignty. It is to be hoped, however, that the government will immediately put into market the rich sugar, coffee, tobacco, rice and cacao (chocolate) producing lands of the lower Amazon, which have been so happily described by Professor Agassiz.

The river San Francisco is an immense stream, running through a most fertile cotton and coffee-growing valley, down to the ocean, about midway between the northern and southern bounds of the empire; but with the exception of the first fifty miles from the ocean it is not navigable for four hundred miles on account of the rapids and waterfalls. In this region is the cataract of Paulo Affonso, the Niagara of Brazil. Above these falls there is steamboat navigation for nearly eight hundred miles. The recent decree opens the river only as far as Penedo, fifty miles from the Atlantic.

Our government has long taken an intelligent interest in the region now thrown open to commerce. It sent Lieutenant Herndon and Gibbon to explore the Amazon and its tributaries, from Peru and Bolivia to the Atlantic. Their exploration, before its results were published, drew forth the famous "Atlantic Slopes and Water Sheds of the Amazon," by Lieutenant Maury, which did more than anything else to make Brazilians suspect and fear the United States—because force and filibusterism were openly threatened against Brazil if she did not open the Amazon, a river over which she has as complete control as the English have of the St Lawrence. Furthermore, we can, upon good authority, state a fact not generally known, that both Lieutenant Maury and Henry A. Wise contemplated the colonizing of slaves in the valley of the Amazon. This fact was known at Rio de Janeiro, and a respectable American merchant of that city, when on a visit to the United States, in 1851, was consulted by them. He warned them against any such attempt, as the Brazilian government had resolved that not another slave should touch the soil of Brazil,

and that Brazilian slavery should gradually be destroyed. There is now no longer any fear of us in Brazil, and this recent act of the Emperor is one which will be the beginning of the introduction of a freer and more enlightened labor system, which in another century will transform the great valley into a beautiful region of cultivation and civilization.

THE LUCIFER MATCH.

About twenty years ago chemistry abolished the tinder-box, and the burnt rag that made the tinder went to make paper. Slowly did the invention spread. The use of the match is now so established that machines are invented to prepare the splints. In New York, one match manufactory annually cuts up a large raft of timber for matches. The English matches are generally square, and thus thirty thousand splints are cut in a minute. The American matches are round, and the process of shaping being more elaborate, four thousand five hundred splints are cut in a minute. We will follow a bundle of eighteen hundred of thin splints, each four inches long, through its conversion into three thousand six hundred matches.

Without being separated, each end of the bundle is first dipped into sulphur. When dry, the splints, adhering to each other by means of the sulphur, must be parted by what is called dusting. A boy, sitting on the floor with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a kind of mallet on the dipped ends till they become thoroughly loosened. They have now to be plunged into a preparation of phosphorus or chlorate of potash, according to the quality of the match. The phosphorus produces the pale, noiseless fire, the chlorate of potash the sharp, crackling illumination. After this application of the more inflammable substance, the matches are separated, and dried in racks. Thoroughly dried, they are gathered up again into bundles of the same quantity, and are taken to the boys who cut them, for the reader will have observed that the bundles have been dipped at each end. There are few things more remarkable in manufactures than the extraordinary rapidity of this cutting process and that which is connected with it. The boy stands before a bench, the bundle on his right hand, a pile of empty boxes on his left. The matches are to be cut, and the empty boxes filled by this boy. A bundle is opened; he seizes a portion, knowing by long habit the required number with sufficient exactness; puts them rapidly into a sort of frame, knocks the ends evenly together, confines them with a strap which he tightens with his foot and cuts them in two parts with a knife on a hinge, which he brings down with a strong leverage. The halves lie projecting over each end of the frame; he grasps the left portion and thrusts it into a half open box, which slides into an outer case, and he repeats the process with the matches on his right hand. This series of movements is performed with a rapidity almost unexampled; for in this way, two hundred thousand matches are cut, and two thousand boxes filled in a day by one boy.—*Press*

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

The mighty steam engine—whether we view it in its individual grandeur or in its universal dominion over all inferior machinery—must ever be the great autocrat of the mechanical world. How wide are its provinces—how extensive its fields of enterprise—how numerous its subjects, and how diversified their aims! Over the ocean and the estuary, across the inland sea and the mountain lake, along the sinuous river and the placid stream, it passes in majestic sweep like the vapor-tailed comet athwart the planetary domains, dispensing blessings in its course, and gifts yet unrecognized by the recipients of its bounty. The merchant and the traveller, the merchant and the voluntary exile, the philanthropist and the ambassador of Heaven, are borne with speed and safety to the scene of their respective labors. Man meets man, interchanging the works of their hands or the produce of the soil. Antipodes, who have hitherto been planted with foot opposite to foot, now stand in parallel intercourse and craniological proximity. The white man and the black, the serf and the freeman, the liberated slave and his repentant master, commune on each other's sufferings and aspirations, and prepare for that reign of peace which is gradually evolving from the mysterious cloud that now overhangs the nations. Nor are its labors less marvellous and less benevolent within the more limited range of our daily interests and observation. Here it stands at the mine head, disemboweling the earth of its treasures—there delivering it from its superfluous waters, or depriving it of its deleterious or explosive atmosphere. Here it has fixed its abode in the factory, giving life and motion to the various combinations of art which prepare for our use the necessaries and luxuries of life—there it takes its locomotive flight along our pathways of iron, shortening time and space, and uniting in one brotherhood the most distant and dissevered members of the commonwealth. Wherever, indeed, its throne is reared, it exercises a beneficial sovereignty, feeding and clothing man, subjugating the material world to his use, and summoning all his intellectual powers to make new demands upon his liberality, and draw new prizes from its treasure-house.—*Smiles.*

WATER THAT WILL NOT DROWN.

All travellers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of the Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the mind of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head, and my feet crossed, I floated on the surface of the lake with at least one-third of my body above the water. Upon a warm summer day there would not be the slightest difficulty in going to sleep upon the lake and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; only one would need an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun.

It has been stated that three buckets of this water will yield one bucket of solid salt, but inasmuch as water will not hold above twenty-five per cent. of saline matter in solution, and if more be added it is instantly deposited upon the bottom; this estimate is, of course, too large. On inquiring of the Mormons engaged in procuring salt, they unanimously stated that for every five buckets of water they obtained one bucket of salt, which gives the proportion as no less than twenty per cent. No visitor to the lake should omit the bath; the sensation in the water is most luxurious, and leads one to think himself floating in the air. On the way back to the city it will be as well for the bather to stop at the superb sulphur baths just outside the town, and remove the incrustations which will have formed upon him, by a plunge into the fine swimming bath, whose only objections are its peculiar odor and its great heat, which requires a large admixture of cold water.—*Methodist.*

SPURGEON'S LECTURE ON "CANDLES."

A Liverpool paper says: As a very great amount of curiosity is manifested with respect to the lecture which the most celebrated preacher of the age will deliver to morrow in the Philharmonic Hall, it may be interesting to lay before our readers a complete synopsis of that remarkable address, which has attracted so much attention in London and other parts.

The importance of the candle as an illustration is proved by many references to holy Scripture. This being done, the lecturer proceeds to show of what things the candle may be said to be emblematical.

1. Seven candles of different lengths illustrate the seven stages of human life, teach our mortality and bid us "work while it is called to day."

2. Candle-box full of candles represents many churches which are of no service to the age. As the candles are of no practical use till lighted, so churches are useless till heavenly fire lights them.

3. A number of fine wax candles not lighted, looking down with disdain upon a poor rush-light which is lighted, and thereby doing more than all its fine neighbors.

4. An unlit candle, which, placed in candlesticks of all sorts, yet gives no light in any one of them, shows how men may lay the blame of their uselessness upon the position of life in which they are placed.

5. Trying to light a candle with an extinguisher upon it, well sets forth the ill effects of prejudice in preventing the reception of the truth.

6. A dark lantern represents those who do not benefit others, because they keep their light to themselves.

7. A candle protected by the wind in a lantern clear and bright, pictures the watchful providence of God over his creatures.

8. Represents a lantern with a pane out, showing thereby that men who trust to their own strength have an opening through which the wind of temptation can blow and extinguish their light.

9. A dirty, battered lantern, its filthiness rendered conspicuous by the light within, is an emblem of professed Christians, whose faults are noticed the more because of their profession.

10. Is a lantern with cracks in it, through which the light gleams brightly, illustrating the fact that very great gifts are often given to those who have very weak, frail bodies.

11. Candle under a bushel.

12. Candle under a bandbox through which the flame burns its way, an emblem of the Christian's grace coming forth stronger in times of persecution.

13. One candle lighting another illustrates God's method of instrumentality.

14. A small taper lighting a great candle shows how humble individuals are able often to influence greater, as John Owen blessed by an unknown country preacher.

15. A candle blown out while an attempt is being made to light another shows how acts of indiscreet zeal are often checked.

16. The night light, which portrays those kind and generous women who do good to the sick and visit the homes of the poor.

17. A noble wax candle, over which a sheet of tin is held and made black by smoke, but being held by the side, acts as a reflector to increase its brightness, shows that we should not be constantly striving to pry out our neighbors' faults, but rather acting as reflectors to increase their splendor.

18. A candle of great thickness with a small wick is an emblem of a man with great talents and little zeal.

19. A thief in a candle is like a besetting sin.

20. A sputtering candle is like a sour-tempered, crotchety man.

21. A candle in a common guard illustrates the need of watchfulness.

22. Snuffers—speak of the need to take away our "superfluity of naughtiness."

23. Small piece of candle on the "save-all" shows how we should use all our talent for God.

24. Burning the candle at both ends sets forth the profligate's folly.

25. Steel filings dropped upon the flame of a candle produce sparklets; so afflictions are often made the means of a grander display of grace.

26. Two candles of different heights; the shorter one behind the longer casts a shadow; by putting the shorter candle in front you get the light of both. This shows they of high degree should recognize the aid of the most lowly.

27. Light inside a lantern inscribed with the words "Take a light," illustrates that those who have knowledge ought to communicate it.

28. A chandelier holding a variety of lights of various colors and sizes, illustrates the unity of the church in the midst of diversity.

These are the principal points on which the reverend gentlemen founds his very brilliant and powerful lecture. Such a variety of topics will form a subject of great interest.—*Exchange.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

FIRST MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	3 days.	1 day.
Rain all or nearly all day,	0 "	0 "
Snow, including very slight falls	8 "	15 "
Cloudy, without storms,	8 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12 "	10 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 1st month per Penna. Hospital,	39.31 deg	25.89 deg.
Highest do. during month	53.00 "	40.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	9.50 "	9.00 "
Rain during the month,	3.14 in.	1.70 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1055	1228
Average of the mean temperature of 1st month for the past *seventy-eight* years		31.17 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1790		44.00 "
Lowest do. do. do 1857		22.37 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
First month	3.14 inch	1.70 inch.

In reference to the temperature of the month just closed, it will be seen that it was more than five degrees lower than the average for the past 78 years, which, while it constituted a very cold month, did not equal in severity that of 1857. Snow has abounded very plentifully in almost every section of the United States, and ice dealers have certainly reaped a very plentiful harvest. In reply to a query as to the recent prevalence of *west* and *northwest* winds, Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, has kindly furnished us the following information, viz:

Eighty-three observations of winds have given:

57 . . . . west winds.
21 . . . . east winds.
5 . . . . north winds.

It has been some years since we have had the opportunity of making a record like the following, clipped from one of our periodicals of yesterday:

"The Delaware.—The river in front of the city is pretty well choked up with ice. A channel is kept open between here and Camdem, and the ferry boats make their trips with great difficulty. Above Vine street the river is completely closed, and during several days past trips have been made in sleds to the Jersey shore. Below the Navy-yard there is a long stretch of solid ice, and people are engaged in sliding, skating and sleighing. The City Ice Boat is hard at work daily, and manages to keep a passage way open for steamers."

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$500.00
" Stephen Moscher, West Liberty, Iowa	5.00
" Friends of Horsham Prep. Meeting	50.00
" Freedmen's Aid Society of Yardleyville, Pa	33.46
	$588.46

Also Donations of Clothing from Friends of Wrightstown, Pa., Wrightstown Sewing Circle, Mullica Hill Aid Association, N. J.

Henry M. Laing, *Treasurer*,
2d mo. 2, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

The Supreme Court of Alabama, in a recent act, declares the acts done under the authority of the State during the rebellion to be valid.

Gov. Wells, of Louisiana, in the forthcoming message to the Legislature, recommends the ratification of the amendment to the Constitution.

The Legislature of Nevada ratified the amendment to the Constitution on the 22d ult.

Congress.—In the Senate, the bill to abolish peonage in the Territories was reported from the Military Committee. The bill to compel publishers or authors to send a copy of every copyrighted work to the Congressional Library was passed. The bill to punish counterfeiting or tampering with the Government currency and bonds was passed. The tariff bill was passed. A message was received from the President, vetoing the Colorado bill. The Secretary of the Interior was requested to furnish information upon the condition of the Indians in Dakota Territory, at the time of the outbreak of 1862, and whether they have since had supplies issued to them. The resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury as to the expediency of a reciprocated treaty with the Sandwich Islands was adopted. The Judiciary Committee reported the bill establishing a bureau of edu-

cation, for the purpose of collecting such statistics as will show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories. The vetoes of the Nebraska and of the Colorado bills were read and ordered to be printed. The bill to punish certain crimes against the currency was considered and amended, and then sent back to the House. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for copies of any correspondence that may have taken place between the Department of State and foreign ministers upon the policy of the Administration.

HOUSE.—Various bills were presented, which were read by title and referred to appropriate committees. Among them was one to amend the District suffrage bill by abolishing all disqualifications from voting on account of sex, and another directing all legal processes from United States courts to be issued in the name of the people of the United States; another to repeal the section of the act authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to retire four million dollars of legal-tender notes per month. Another was presented of similar import, making it unlawful for the Secretary of the Treasury to withdraw or cancel any legal-tender currency except mutilated notes. The bill to reorganize the Indian Department, which transfers its control to the War Department, was passed. The Secretary of the Interior was requested to furnish information relative to the late massacre of United States troops at Fort Phil Kearney, and the causes that produced the same, and what has led to the present condition of our relations with the Indian tribes. Communications were received from the Secretary of the State in reference to the attempted compromise of certain law suits instituted against the agents of the rebel government at Liverpool, England, and another saying that no official information had been received in regard to the action of the Papal Government prohibiting the meeting of Protestants for religious purposes in Rome. A resolution was adopted, as a question of privilege, setting forth that the bill to deprive the President of his amnesty powers, and that to regulate the elective franchise in the Territories, had been passed and sent to the President; that he had not signed them nor returned them with his objections; that under the Constitution they had become laws; and calling on the Secretary of State for information why they had not been published as laws.

The Legislature of Maryland passed an act abolishing that article in the code which permitted the sale of negroes into slavery for crime. Hereafter no distinction will be made between white and black criminals.

An official letter from Florida says the Indians of the Everglades are determined to keep the negroes in their tribe as slaves, denying that white men's laws are applicable to them on the subject of slavery. The negroes claim their liberty, and have appealed to the military for assistance. It is feared there will be trouble regarding the matter.

THE FREEDMEN.—J. W. Alvord, the general superintendent of schools for the Bureau, in a recent report, gives some items of interest concerning the number of schools, teachers, and pupils. There are 998 day and 358 Sabbath-schools officially reported, and 140 day and 96 Sabbath schools not regularly reported. The number of teachers is 1,868, of whom 981 are colored; of pupils who attend only one school, viz., either day or Sabbath, 94,121. 302 schools are sustained wholly by freed people, and 244 in part 260 school buildings are also owned by them. 10,419 pupils paid $10,109 30 for tuition during the month, out of $36,638 10, the total expense of the schools during the month.

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

The two volumes now proposed to be published contain the history of the Society from the year 1691 to 1828, embracing much original matter that has not appeared in any other history. *Biographical sketches are given of the most prominent members of the Society in Great Britain and America*, with many instructive passages from their writings and interesting anecdotes.

Among the *subjects of deep interest* treated of in these volumes are: *the perils and preservation of Friends during the Irish Rebellion of* 1798; *the course they pursued during the war of American Independence; their efforts to civilize the Indians and preserve peace with them; the rise and progress of their testimony against Slavery; their early labors in the cause of Temperance; the Separation in Ireland at the beginning of this century*; *and the Separation in America in* 1827-8, *with the causes that led to it, and the results that have followed.*

The cost of paper, printing and binding having greatly increased since the first prospectus was issued, it is found that the work cannot be published, *without considerable loss*, at the price originally intended. The price will be, therefore, $2.00 *per volume*, bound in cloth; and $2.25 per volume, bound in sheep, library style; but those subscribers under the first prospectus who have taken the first two volumes, will be furnished with the third and fourth volumes at $2.00 each, bound in sheep.

The first two volumes can be obtained from the publisher or his agents, at $2.00 each, sheep binding.

Agents are requested to return this prospectus as speedily as possible—as the work is now in press—with full list of names and residences of subscribers, to the author's publisher. Agents will be allowed one copy for every six copies sold by them, and they can be furnished with lists of their subscribers upon application to the Publisher,

T. ELLWOOD ZELL,
112 tf amsu. Nos. 17 and 19 S Sixth St., Phila.

BOOKS for sale at Office of Friends' Intelligencer, 144 N. 7th St. Journal of John Comly, *at Office*. $2 00; *by mail*, $2 40. Journal of John Woolman, $1 00 *a* $1 20. Journal of Hugh Judge, $1 00 *a* $1 20. Janney's Life of Wm. Penn, 2d ed. oct., $2 50 *a* $2 75. Janney's Life of Geo. Fox, $2 25 *a* $2 50. Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 75c. *a* 90. Friends' Miscellany, 11 vols., $8 00 *a* $ 975. Isaac Penington, $5 00 *a* 6 00. Thos. Story, $1 00 *a* 1 20. History of Delaware County, $3 00 *a* 3 60. Priscilla Cadwallader, 50c *a* 60. Meditations on Life and Death, $1 75 *a* 2 00 "Studies." by John A. Dorgan, $2 00 *a* 2 25. Emily Mayland, $1 00 *a* 1 20. History of the United States, 60c *a* 70. Likeness of Wm. Penn, *Steel engraving*, 50c *a* 56. Engraved Forms MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, $4 50 *a* 5 00. Winnowed Wheat, $1 00 *a* 1 25. Friends' Almanac for 1867, 10 cts. Devotional Poetry, Testimonies of Truth, Treasury of Facts, &c.

Subscriptions received for "The Children's Friend." Nos. for sale. Subscriptions received for "Janney's History of Friends."
2d mo., 1867. EMMOR COMLY.

WILLIAM G. FOULKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER, No. 221 South Fifth St., Philada. 294 t3tp.

DR. JAMES TRUMAN, DENTIST, has removed to No. 1221 Spruce Street. 126 tf.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, situated on the Crosswicks Road, three miles from Bordentown, N. J.

The Fifty-Third session of this Institution will commence on the 19th of 11th mo., 1866, and continue twenty weeks. Terms, $85. For further particulars address HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
4766 825t 3367 pmuzz pa in. Crosswicks P.O., Burlington Co., N. J.

WANTED.—A Physician and Surgeon of experience, a Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, wishes to purchase the practice of a Physician, in a Friends' neighborhood. Address
1194 tp. "DOCTOR," No. 144 N. Seventh St., Philada.

CLOTHES WRINGERS, Carpet Sweepers, Britannia and Plated Castors, Britannia Tea Sets, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Plated Forks, Spoons, &c. Chamber Sets of three pieces, (Slop Jar, Foot Tub and Water Bath.) sold in sets or singly. Fine Trays and Waiters, and a variety of House Furnishing articles.
22 I&otf. B. A. WILDMAN & BRO., 1011 Spring Garden St.

APPLE PARERS, Preserving Kettles, Bread Slicers, Clothes Sprinklers, (for ironing,) Patent Flat-Iron Holders, Knife and Scissor Sharpeners, Expansion Brace Bitts, Clutch Brace-, (require neither fitting or notching of bitts,) and a general variety of Hardware and Tools. For sale by TRUMAN & SHAW,
929. No. 835 (Eight Thirty Five) Market St., below Ninth.

THOS. M. SEEDS, HATTER, 41 N. 2d St. Always on hand, and made to order, a large assortment of Friends' Hats, as he makes a specialty of that part of the Hatting business.

PRINTED BY MERRIHEW & SON,
BOOK, PAMPHLET AND GENERAL JOB PRINTERS, 243 Arch St.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 771.)

[In the autumn of this year, 1824, he visited Malvern for the benefit of his health.]

1824, *Ninth month 9th.*—At Worcester Meeting. The Lord gave me some service in a private way these two days, though at L—— I was much shut up. There is cause to remember, how my mind was opened and enlivened at this time, in a feeling of the good Hand that had been over me, in days that were long passed; and how I was enabled to recount to others the mercies that had been granted, and many deliverances which the right hand of the Most High had wrought for me. Surely He is ever worthy to be honored and served!

In meeting this day, my poor soul was constrained, in the powerful feeling of gospel love, to manifest, by a public exhortation and testimony, my allegiance to my God: it was not in very few words. The peace that flowed was very precious; my soul would have been content to praise Him the Giver in secret, had this been all that was required. But no,—I must bow down before the Lord, which I was enabled to do in much resignedness, and holy fear; craving earnestly the continued favor and preservation of the Almighty, on behalf of the visited ones;—with much which I now forget; though the savour of the precious life vouchsafed remains freshly with me. Thus did my visit close in this part of the heritage, to my humble admiration at the goodness of the Lord.

1824, *Twelfth month 20th*—This day, as during many others of late, the gospel light has risen in me with much and indescribable strength; so that my poor vessel has seemed too full to contain, and I have been ready to pray, that the oil might be stayed. I have thought much of the language uttered by a worthy ancient,—'The Spirit that now rules in me, shall yet break forth in thousands.' I have fully seen and been assured, that the gospel day shall rise higher and higher upon the faithful; and with regard to my poor soul, that the Lord, whom I am concerned to serve and trust in, will carry me through, even to the end. The Lord be magnified, and He only,—whether by life or death.

To J. F. M.

MARAZION, 24th of First month, 1825.

My beloved friend.—The hearing of your late bereavement has affected my heart, but to hear that you are, or have been, supported in calmness, is no surprise. Nor do I think to add anything to this gift and qualification,—a resignedness to do and suffer whatever is, in the ordering of the Divine will, meted out as your lot in life. But as we may be animated and comforted by the mutual faith one of another, it seemed as though it would be so to me, to address thee at this time, even in the love of our common Father; who brought us acquainted with each other, and who knit us together in

His blessed fellowship, and hath preserved us in the Truth to this day, so that we are members one of another. I am persuaded, that nothing shall be permitted to shake our faith, or separate us from his love, as we continue to be concerned to cleave to it, in the heights as in the depths; but that in the end we shall be more than conquerors through Him, who gave himself for us, and is very tender of us. And though we are appointed unto such afflictions, there is a time when the eye of the soul can see in these, far more of the compassions that fail not, and of the gentle leadings of the Shepherd of Israel, than in seasons of prosperity and ease. It is in these afflictions, that we see how in love and in pity He redeems, bearing the lambs as ever in His bosom; so that under a sense of these things, we are constrained, like the prophet, to "make mention of the loving-kindnesses of the Lord and His praises, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and His great goodness." (Isaiah lxii. 7.) Dearly beloved, what a fine thing it is to be able to look beyond all outward things, and to feel that our rest is not in this frail passing scene, but that we are bound for a glorious state, and are continually wrestling for an advancement in the way which leads to it: none of the tribulations we meet with, can then move us away from the joyful hope set before us, nor deprive us of that, upon which alone we can place our hearts. This is the language and experience of the faithful in all ages, and what is taught the least scholar in the school of Christ. And though there may be many, many seasons, when we cannot sensibly get at this measure of experience; yet the lowest, smallest grain of true faith, that was ever yet permitted or dispensed to the upright, brings with it a *sufficient* "evidence of things not seen," to support and preserve from condemnation and despair.

Many, no doubt, continue to be thy discouragements, independent of this late source of trial; O! dear brother, be animated,—put on strength in the name of the Most High God; who is surely with thee, and will help thee in every hour of need, and enable thee to rise over all that would keep thee down,—over all that would oppress his own precious life in thee. There is work for such as thou art, up and down in the earth, and in this part, too, where there is much seed sown, and in ground prepared for its reception. I hope you and others often strengthen one another's hands in the Lord, and in his work and service; for the time is but short, at the longest; and it is good to work while the day lasts, and to glorify the great Name in the way of his own leadings; on which his blessing abundantly rests as ever! Ah! what can we render unto, or do for Him, who hath done so much for us! With my dear love, from thy old and true friend, J. B.

To ———.

MARAZION, 8th of Second month, 1825.

Dear tried souls,—Cast down, but yet not forsaken, nor forgotten, but rather highly favored, and under the peculiar care and preservation of the Shepherd of the flock,—my soul salutes you. O! think you in any hour of deep plunging, that a hair of your head, (figuratively speaking,) shall be singed in the fiery furnace,—or that they are not all numbered,—or that your tears are not treasured up in His bottle—put into His book,—that they do not come up continually before Him as a memorial! Surely His wonderful, unsearchable purposes and wisdom, shall be all duly accomplished; and his dealings will be found to have been in loving-kindness, in tenderest mercy. Be then animated afresh to commit all into his hands, to resign yourselves again and again most unreservedly; retaining nothing but the desire to do and to be what He would have you, and to suffer all that He has or may permit, or purpose for you to pass through. O! then, with what invincible meekness and patience and long-suffering will you be endued; then nothing will be impossible to you, all things will be made sweet; your goings forth be even *prepared* like the morning, and all the way cast up clear before you; and abundance of peace will be your crown and portion forever. But do I only say this; do you not know it at times; and are not his promises steadfast, and his covenant sure? Will he forsake those that seek to serve and to please him, or forget the cry of the afflicted and the bowed down soul?—"I am the Lord; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Whatever may be the turnings or overturnings of His holy hand, may He have all the glory of your entire dedication; and then no heights nor depths will be able to separate you, or to shake your faith; nor will you in any hour rest unduly by the way in any attainments, but aspire after the further manifestations of His holy will and power: that so you may prove a blessing to many upon His earth, while ripening and brightening for a better world. I know not whether we may meet, yea or nay, in this state of being; if not, be it so: but let us struggle on, let us be willing to endure all things. Be valiant in suffering; it is far beyond all service, to be made willing to partake of deaths oft, as a great Apostle; and to be conformed to the image of the dear Son—the Lamb that was slain, to suffer with him, that we may be clothed and crowned with his glory.

J. B.

To E. H.

TRURO, 25th of Second month, 1825.

Dearly beloved friend.—Thou hast named several precious instruments and vessels, that seem about to be made use of up and down, and

the mention of their names and prospects did me good; who am, through wonderful dealing, more and more knit and tied to the good cause, and united to those who are endeavoring to walk with their Master, and to serve him. It will then be no surprisal to thee to hear, that (as I have apprehended) a weighty matter, in the shape of a gospel errand, has beens pread before me, and now seems fast ripening. O! the sweetness and even the blessedness, which have from time to time attended my poor mind, as there has been an endeavor after pure passiveness under this prospect: so that indeed I am ready to say, let come what will, should it please Infinite Wisdom to take me into his rest, or his work into his own hands, so as altogether to release me from his requiring, I have no will in it. I know it has been abundantly good for me to yield to these impressions, and to have been exercised and proved this way hitherto; and as to the future, I am wholly at his disposal, to be, to do, or to suffer, whatever may be prepared for me. In conversing with my dear sister one day on the subject, I was induced to say, that if a small part of this engagement, namely, to visit the meetings of this county, might be taken first, and way should open for me therein, it would be a great comfort to me: and in allusion to my present situation, as not being acknowledged a minister, I said, we must not look for signs and wonders, it is at least a weakness to do so; yet, that if anything might turn out like encouragement to me at our ensuing Monthly Meeting it would be a favor. "Show me a token for good, and let thy work appear unto thy servant,"—was my secret breathing at the first meeting; and after that was concluded, the women Friends being desired to stay, dear A. T. was led to lay before Friends her desire to sit with the several meetings of this Quarterly Meeting: and when I was looking for something further, she said, that if any Friend in the station of minister or elder should feel his mind drawn to accompany her, it would be quite satisfactory to her. Thus I was induced to expose myself by saying, that though not standing in the acknowledged or appointed stations alluded to, this thing had been before me, &c.; leaving it wholly to Friends to do what they thought best about it. So here I am on my way to the Eastern Monthly Meeting, hitherto helped, and henceforth longing to trust more and more my Master. Truly I cannot tell whether my life may be spared to accomplish what is before me, or whether the concern may not be wholly removed from me. In health, I am just *above water;* exceedingly delicate, but ailing little, liable any day to have my health utterly broken up. But I am not anxious, longing only to be prepared and ready to give in my account with joy, whenever called upon. It is often a glorious time with me, dear E——, and if it were not for this prospect of a little labor of love, I should be ready to take what I have received, as an earnest of an early departure for a better country; and it may be so notwithstanding. Well, whatever may be in store for us, O! let us give up fully to honor and magnify the adorable Name, by life or by death, by suffering or rejoicing; for we know it to be as ointment poured forth, and we have been anointed with it, and it teacheth us of all things,—even the everlasting Truth.

In the love of it, I dearly bid you farewell.

J. B.

[It was in the Fourth month of this year 1825, that he was acknowledged a Minister by the Monthly Meeting of the West Division of Cornwall, and obtained a certificate for visiting the Eastern counties.]

(To be continued.)

"It is one sign of the tendency of human, nature to goodness, that it grows good under a thousand bad influences."

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

No. VII.

LEDYARD, Third month 19, 1837.

My dear M. A.—It remains to be a truth that Divine Love speaks the same language in every quickened soul, and its uniting tendency is unchangeable. It was a portion of this precious feeling which gave the enjoyment to our late visit the animating tendency, which was mutual, I fully believe.

Such visits, divested of all ceremony and formality, are truly as brooks by the way, and it is our privilege as Christians to seek and to enjoy them whenever the duties of our individual states allow us sufficient leisure. From various causes, the number that I have shared of latter time has been few, yet it is cause for thankfulness that the capacity for their enjoyment has not been diminished by the privation; but I still feel my heart to glow with tenderness when permitted to be a partaker.

The only criterion which our pure and holy Head ever gave us to estimate each other by was Love. "By this, shall all men know (without distinction of Jew or gentile,) that ye are my disciples if ye have love one unto another; and whenever we feel it to predominate in us we are witnesses of its infallibility. Oh, how it avoids all unkind decisions in the conduct of others, and palliates, as far as truth will allow, all the faults and failings of those we have intercourse with. It is truly the balm of life. Continue, my beloved young friend, as I believe thou hast for many years endeavored to do, to square thy conduct by its pure and gentle dictates; so shalt thou continue to possess the friendship and goodwill of those connected with thee, and the

rich inheritance of heavenly peace of mind superadded.

We do certainly view party spirit alike: it is more and more odious to me every year of my life, and never worse than in the language or conduct of religious professors; and most sorrowful and disgraceful is the record of abomination on both sides of our mutilated Society. The idea is cheering that it is wearing off, and a better spirit gradually spreading. In this, as in everything else, individual example must be the medium, and each one must take care of one. When the language of the heart is, "What shall this man do?" the secret answer will ever be understood, "What is that to thee? follow thou me," if we attend to the monitions of Truth. Yet, how often we catch ourselves judging what others ought to do or leave undone. Well, wherein we have done wrong, let us do so no more, but leaving what is past press forward to greater degrees of goodness, keeping the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in view through all the vicissitudes and trials that may be our portion.

With continued affection I will say,

Farewell for this time. L. P. M.

AN EXPERIENCE.

In the forty-fifth year of his age John Churchman was drawn to visit Friends in Great Britain, Ireland and Holland, a visit which occupied him for four and a half years. He thus speaks of the preparation for this service. "I felt such an inward silence for about two or three weeks, that I thought I had done with the world, and also any further services in the church, and the preparing hint was brought to my mind, with thankfulness that I had endeavored in a good degree to practice it; and one day walking alone, I felt myself so inwardly weak and feeble, that I stood still, and by the reverence that covered my mind, I knew that the hand of the Lord was on me, and his presence round about; the earth was silent, and all flesh brought into stillness, and light went forth with brightness and shone on Great Britain, Ireland and Holland, and my mind felt the drawing cords of that love which is stronger than death, which made me say Lord! go before and strengthen me, and I will follow withersoever thou leads. I had seen this journey near fifteen years in a very plain manner, and at times, for ten years, thought the concern so strong upon me that I must lay it before my friends for their advice; but was secretly restrained, being made to believe that an exercise of that sort would ripen best to be kept quiet in my own heart, to know the right time, by no means desiring to run without being sent. To see a thing is not a commission to do that thing; the time when, and the judgment to know the acceptable time, are the gifts of God."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

One of the most solemn injunctions of Christ, given forth with peculiar emphasis, and requiring obedience as a proof of love, was that addressed to Peter, whom He had just fed, miraculously, with his own hand, "Feed my lambs." "Feed my sheep." "Feed my sheep." The intense earnestness of his desire that all who know his grace, whether in large measure or small, should be fed with the bread of life, was so touchingly signified that that servant, at least, was not likely to forget the exhortation. But how has it been with us? Have we not forgotten the lambs? Have we not left them to come to the trough with the sheep and get what they could? perhaps furnishing them with only hard, dry corn, which their tender teeth and stomachs were not able to dispose of, or with old mouldy hay, which their delicate senses loathed? and if their dams gave no milk, have left them to perish, or seek their own way to nature's fountain?

The inquiry properly arises, who are the lambs of Christ, and in what way ought we to feed them? He probably did not mean all children, but all who are born into his heavenly kingdom, at whatever age. But although many are converted after maturity, it seems more natural and practicable for the germ of the new life to be implanted in childhood; as young trees are more easy to engraft than old ones. Therefore, in a healthful condition of the Church, it might be expected that most of Christ's lambs would be found among the children of his people. In what way, then, ought these to be fed and cared for? It is evidently left to our rational discretion, under the necessary guidance of divine wisdom, to determine this question, adapting means to the end as experience proves best. That we are to be bound by tradition or precedent in such matters, is no more reasonable than that we should not eat with forks because our ancestors had none, and should not print books because the ancients wrote them.

If every Christian family were what it should be, a constant school of morals and religion, there would be no need of any other, except the common mingling of society. This seems to be the natural order, and schoolmasters, like the law and priesthood, are designed to make up for the defects of society and families. The same is true of secular education. With society as it should be, the one great business of heads of families would be to educate their offspring, and by so doing advance and confirm their own attainments. But because of ignorance, infirmity and the excesses of a disordered state, it is found expedient to provide public means for education, and nearly all avail themselves of the advantages thus offered; and can any one

doubt that in a community where common schools are maintained, education is far in advance of that where it is entrusted to parents or occasional friendly aid?

Now in what respects will the analogy fail between a right secular and a right religious education? Is it that, in the latter, having to do with spirit and character, there cannot be the same uniformity and certainty, while all efforts must prove useless unless prompted by the Divine Spirit' and that as "the wind bloweth where it listeth," the action of those governed by the Spirit may not be sufficiently regular to maintain the order requisite for a school of instruction? But is not this either to impeach the spirit of order, or else to confess ourselves unable to walk by our own rule so as to accomplish a much needed object? If we are unable by the principle of immediate revelation properly to educate children unto the Lord, we may do worse, by idly maintaining an impracticable standard, than do those who set about the work with inferior claims. But such is not the Spirit of the loving God, who, having created all things, adapts himself to the wants of all, not requiring children to be fed with wine and strong meat, and laying a foundation of knowledge and bringing forth certain degrees of attainment before He establishes lights in the firmament to rule over the day and over the night. That word which is "sharper than a two edged sword (cutting not one way but both ways) piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow," is capable of distinguishing between the foundation and roof of the temple, and also where one principle joins with another principle in such manner as to bend to the requirements of the entire united system. Moreover it distinguishes between a mere rule, which is nothing but a bone and the vital inward substance which preserves it, and which it is to preserve. And as God, although a pure Spirit, accommodated Himself, through many ages, to the wants of our rude and childish race, it is not likely that He now leads his servants to neglect the orderly training of the young, and filling their minds with knowledge necessary for the Spirit to operate upon to bring forth its own likeness. That which embarrasses is not the Spirit of wisdom, but the want of it in its fulness. It is the want of that breadth and true Christian philosophy which enabled Paul with a pure conscience to become "all things to all men, if by any means he might save some." There is in him none of that narrowness which will let men and children drown for fear of soiling our ecclesiastical garments. To the true follower of Him who did not consider it breaking the law to save life, neither meat nor raiment appears of little value except when weighed against souls, and then they are vanity. But true wisdom is equal to all the manifold necessities of our being.

Therefore if experience prove that religion is more likely to take root and flourish in minds early and habitually directed toward it, and educated to a knowledge of its general truths, precepts and requirements, it must be a very grave error to omit such training and instruction. And if it further prove that, like secular education, this work is generally neglected if left to home efforts, and that it can be greatly forwarded and extended by collecting children together under the care of spiritually minded teachers, then such method should be adopted, and whatever rule or tradition stands opposed should be modified or cast away. The Society of Friends has adopted a regular order of proceedings for their meetings of business, and repeats various "queries" and "advices" with the same regularity that a churchman reads his "service," adopted, as they suppose, under the impulse of the living Spirit. Why could they not organize religious schools for children under a proper system, and exercise sufficient liberty to teach them the great truths of the gospel, with lessons and reading from the Scriptures, interesting them with questions and explanations, and stories of pious persons and children, and, as they are enabled by Divine grace, inspiring them with religious convictions and feeling, ministering love with knowledge, and so gather in and feed the tender lambs over which the good Shepherd is daily watching? Is there anything impracticable or unspiritual in such a work? So far from this, it is a crying necessity of the church and of many members who feel anxious to attest their love to the Lord by such a congenial work, while they are not yet qualified for feeding his sheep. Many, through such preparatory discipline, might in due course be called to a higher office, and so the church would receive accessions of wisdom and strength by the experience and exercise of its members, and grow healthy in the right work of bearing children to the Lord. His love would then be increased toward her, his visits become more frequent, and, instead of lamentation and mourning, "the time of the singing of birds would come, and the voice of the turtle be heard in our land;" "the fig tree would again put forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

Another important consideration urging the establishment of religious schools is the bringing in of children of irreligious parents. No other method seems so feasible for reaching this unfortunate class, who are the proper objects of the church's pity and care. "I was hungry and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, a stranger and ye took me in." How can we better manifest our love to Christ than by descend-

ing as He did from our seats of enjoyment and praise to mingle with the poor and destitute, and teach them the way of eternal life? The highways and hedges still overflow with their unhappy tenants, some of whom, if rightly constrained, might come in to fill the seats left vacant by those who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. But perseverance is necessary to accomplish such a work, and some degree of regularity and system seems to be required to train thought and preserve attention. When a field is to be ploughed, we do not strike in here and there, but proceed in order, turning furrow after furrow; and likewise, in planting, some kinds of seed may be sown broadcast, but others require to be planted systematically and cultivated with diligence, and then, after a season, they become strong enough to flourish without the plow and hoe.

There seems to be imminent danger that the Society of Friends will prove inefficient in "doing the work of an evangelist," through want of freedom and adaptability to the requirement of the work. Having adopted the elevated rule that a Christian, in laboring for the Lord, should always be clothed in the pure robes of the Spirit, and having perhaps too narrowly defined the manner of the garments which the Spirit imposes, instead of leaving that for the Lord himself to prescribe, who has adorned nature with every beautiful variety, they seem rather too much confined in their movements to do the rude work of the pioneer and farmer. They choose rather to be tradesmen, improving on that which others have produced, or, as is too often the case, they come to be capitalists, whose main business is to keep what their fathers earned. But such was not He who called his disciples to be fishers of men and laborers in his vineyard, and shepherds, whose duty it is to feed both sheep and lambs, and to search through the highways and by-ways of the world to save that which is lost. His walk was among the ignorant and poor, and he ate with publicans, and healed the sick, the lame and the blind. He also took children in his arms and blessed them, and said, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The Spirit of the Lord is the Spirit of unbounded love and goodness, of wisdom and sound understanding; and when a man is impelled and guided by these Divine principles he is moved by the Spirit of the Lord, which, in the more perfect day of grace, is not as a pillar of cloud or of fire, to lead us as by the hand, but having removed within the veil, it shines inwardly, warming the heart with love, and illuminating the understanding to see what is requisite for the building and adorning of the Lord's house.

"Children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward." What shall we say, then, when any branch of the church ceases to rear children? Is it not that she does not feed and care for them as the Lord requires? She may hedge them from the world with evergreens or with thorns, but unless she give them milk or water to drink, and bread that is pleasant to eat, as often as their delicate and active appetites crave nourishment and joy, they will soon be all missing from the fold.

First mo., 1867. EDWARD RYDER.

A GOOD TEST.

Let us never delude ourselves with the idea that any amount of talk about religion, or, as the phrase is, "making a great work" about even its doctrines or practices—or making great sacrifices of time, labor, or money for some "religious causes"—or having a name for being "very strict," or "very particular," or "very conscientious"—*necessarily* proves that we have any real religion. There may be fasting without repentance: the words of prayer without its spirit;—much given, and much done, for our sect, party, or church, yet nothing done for God; proselytism and bringing persons to ourselves, yet no bringing of them to God; the idolatry of a religious system with practical atheism. Christ tells us what true religion is. "This *is* eternal life, to know thee the only true and living God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Hear what the Apostle Paul says:—"Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Let this be the test of the reality of religion in ourselves and others,—love with its fruits. There are many means, many instrumentalities, to impart religion to the soul, but there is only one religion. There are things innumerable which help us to it, but this is the thing itself.

On the other hand, let us beware of calling men Pharisees, who are strict in the performances of what are styled religious duties. Very likely the world would now call such a man as the Apostle Paul a Pharisee, mearly because he was separated from the world, and condemned the world while he wept over the world; because he was one with Christ in holiness and love.—*Norman Mc Leod.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TRIBES OF THE FAR WEST.

The warlike feuds between the Indians and the settlers in the Far West, will probably lead to the extermination of the aborigines who now, in part, occupy one-third of the Union, unless some humane and peaceful means are devised to prevent it. The motives that impel these pioneers to occupy the lands of the natives, are as aggressive and cruel as were those of the Spaniards, which led to the conquest of large and populous states, and the ultimate extinction of entire tribes. It was a lust for gold then, and is lust for it now, that then and now excites the committing of some of the most horrid acts of history. But it is so common for selfish men to justify their own acts, however cruel, that it is not a matter of surprise that the pioneers appeal to government for cruel and decisive measures; though it is probable more Indians have been already slain in the contest than whites. Criminations have been more than balanced by recriminations. But, as the red men have no rights which their enemies consider they are bound to respect, an Indian homicide is justified, while the murder of a white man by an Indian, under the influence of revenge and foreboding fear, is commented on as an awful atrocity.

The Society of Friends, and many other humane people, believe that the rights of the Indians are as inalienable, and sacred, and dear to them, as those of other persons. They once had a possessionary claim to all America; and if men can have natural and inalienable rights under their Creator, the Indians had, and still have, to all lands here which they have not sold or relinquished. Their title is as just as ours. If we deny and deride their claim, the time may come when ours may in like manner be denied and derided; for justice is strictly retributive, and the measures we mete to others will in return be meted to us.

The city of Washington, though not the local may be regarded as the vital centre of the Union. If with radii of 100, 200, 500 and 1000 miles, arcs of circles be drawn from that centre, they will pass through so many zones of civilization which are in some degree distinct from each other, and made so by climate, outward pursuits and education. Here, upon this more remote arc, the whites frequently meet with Indians. Here, also, we more frequently meet with white men from the remote West, who, so far as I have heard, join in the war cry of removal or extermination of all the red race.

Can nothing be done to prevent it? Does not an appeal come to us as a Christian people for the red man's deliverance? They are a peculiar people. They do not beg for mercy; nevertheless they will be grateful in the future for our regard. Their only apparent safety is in their removal to some territory made inviolably their own by the Government. The Indian, almost untamably wild, can only be brought into the status of civilization by the force of necessity. Though more attached to their plan of subsistence, there are superior men among them who can influence them for good as well as evil.

The rapid formation of new States and Territories precludes the future prospect of any unoccupied domains; hence, aid to them cannot long be delayed. Deliberation is slow. Mercy may be swift. One of those tribes, the Nez Perces, is said to be unoffending and peaceful. Not all of the others are warlike or predatory. It is estimated that, out of the Indian Territory, there are from forty to fifty thousand Indians within the Union and west of the Mississippi.

The Indian removal policy of the government, adopted many years ago for the tribes east of the great river, has actually proved to be a measure of good for them, as the territory which they now exclusively own, govern and occupy, will show.

The following statement with reference to their condition is compiled from "Historical Collections of the Great West."

The Choctaws, residing in the southern part of the territory, number about 20,000, including 600 blacks and 200 whites. They have fine farms, well stocked and improved. They have mills, cotton-gins, looms, &c. They have a written constitution and an annual assembly.

The Chickasaws, in compact with the Choctaws, number 5500, and are wealthy. They apply $10,000 annually for education.

The Cherokees number 22,000, including 900 blacks; their mode of life and improvement is similar to the Choctaws. They have a school fund of $200,000.

The Creek's have 22,500, including 1,600 Seminoles and 400 blacks, in a condition similar to the others.

The Senecas and Shawnees number about 500; they are in a good degree civilized, living in comfortable houses, and speaking the English language.

There are a dozen other emigrated tribes, severally few in number, who are partially enlightened, and receive annuities from the Government. Besides these there are about 22,000 who are natives of the territory, and still in a degraded condition. These statistics show, by example, that the plan of collecting widely scattered tribes into compact communities, and making it necessary for them to adopt modes of life that lead to, and require education, is a good one, and the only feasible mode yet pursued.

It seems to be providential, that among the white people there have always been true advocates for the best interests of the Indian; among these some Friends have been prominent; and it will be strange that if in this trying hour no means are used to avert a conquest as cruel as that of the Spaniards in Peru. Though the evil portent will at first be seen on the outer circles of civilization, the strong and deeper pulses of humanity will be felt nearer the centre of vitality.

There it must be, or a near wave of time will engulph "a whole peculiar people."

Prophetstown, Ill., 1867. S. A.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 16, 1867.

Regulations for Pardons.—We have read with much interest the resolutions of our new Governor in relation to Pardons. They will be found in another column of this paper.

It is a fact well known to every one familiar with the subject of criminal jurisprudence, that the pardoning power vested in the Executive of the State is liable to great abuse. Many persons who conscientiously and earnestly desire the proper administration of justice have felt that the judges and jurors, with all the paraphernalia of a court, were in some instances a mere mockery, and did not subserve the ends for which they were wisely designed. The object of penal justice in the State of Pennsylvania is defined to be, first, the protection of society, and secondly, the reformation of the individual. Neither of these purposes can be fulfilled if the intercession of friends, and often gross misrepresentations of existing circumstances, should so influence the Governor's benevolent feelings, or bias his judgment, as to induce him by his official act to annul the verdict of an impartial jury and the decision of an enlightened judge. In some European countries, violaters of law may become the victims of an unfounded prejudice of an autocrat, but in our more favored land of republican principles and Christian philanthrophy, an alleged crime is submitted to a jury of twelve men, chosen from among the people, who hear all the evidence adduced, and on their *affidavit* render a verdict in accordance with the facts. The Judge's course is then clearly defined by law, and a maximum or mininum sentence is pronounced, according to the greater or less turpitude of the offence.

In view of these considerations, we cordially endorse the regulations set forth by Governor Geary; and feel a confidence that they will tend to the prevention of crime by the certainty of adequate penalty. We are told by persons who have been long familiar with penal establishments, that a prisoner seldom comes within the walls who does not confidently expect his time to be abridged by a pardon, which his friends, and often his attorney, promise to procure for him. By this means his mind during most of the time of his incarceration is kept in a tumult of excitement in the prospect of a release from captivity.

This state of mental inquietude is very unfavorable to moral or religious impressions; and the efforts of those who visit him with sincere desires for his best welfare are rendered futile, and he is thrown again upon society unannealed and unconverted.

We would remind our friends that we approach the termination of the current volume of the Intelligencer. The commencement of a new year will be a favorable time for those who are disposed to promote the circulation of the paper, to send us additional names as subscribers.

Married, on the 10th of First mo., 1867, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, at the residence of the bride's father, Joseph A. Robins to Margaretta C. Ballinger, both members of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, N. J.

Died, on the 25th of Twelfth month, 1866, in Hoosick, N. Y., Elizabeth, wife of Caleb Nichols, aged nearly 78 years; a member and elder of Troy Monthly Meeting.

She was deprived of the use of her limbs for nearly two years, which affliction she bore with much patience and resignation, saying, "Will not the judge of all the earth do right?" She manifested a continued concern that the little meeting, which she had attended for about 60 years, might be kept up.

——, in Baltimore, on the 29th of Eleventh month 1866, Deborah, widow of the late Wm. Robinson, in the 64th year of her age; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 15th of 1st month, 1867, near Easton, Md., Hannah, wife of Joseph T. Bartlett, and daughter of the late Wm. E. Bartlett, of Baltimore, in the 31st year of her age; a member of Third Haven Monthly Meeting.

——, near Troy, New York, on the 29th of Eleventh month, 1866, Gitty, wife of Theodorus Dusinbury, in the 74th year of her age; a member of Troy Monthly Meeting.

Seldom has it been our lot to record the death of one more truly beloved by all. The poor of all

classes found a sympathizing and never-failing friend, and one ever ready to minister to their necessities, and we doubt not the blessing of them that were ready to perish has come upon her. Her death, though unexpected to her family, appeared not to be to her, and she passed calmly and quietly away, as the setting of a summer sun. To her death had no terrors.

DIED, on the 2d of Eleventh month, 1866, at the residence of Samuel P. Thomas, Sandy Spring, Md., MARY BROOKE, in the 92d year of her age.

She was a consistent member of our Society. She was eminently useful, both in the religious and social walks of life, and an excellent neighbor. In her younger days, when able to look after the temporal wants of those around her, none appealed to her in vain for any assistance in her power to give. She had many trials, all of which she bore with true Christian meekness and fortitude, and each seemed to purify her spirit more. She lost, by death, her husband and all her children, save one, and about eleven months before her close, she was called upon to bear the trial of parting with a loved sister, with whom she had lived for twelve years. After the death of this sister, she longed to follow her, and was in a constant state of waiting for the summons, to rest. Often, when retiring for the night, she would say, "If it was her good Father's will, she would like the summons to come before morning." During the night of the 19th of Sixth month, she was attacked with paralysis, from which she never recovered, though lingering nearly five months, and often suffering much. May her sufferings be sanctified to the good of many.

——, in Bertie, Welland Co., Canada West, on Second-day, the 21st of First month, 1867, CATHARINE, wife of Henry Zavitz, aged nearly 73 years; a member of Black Creek Preparative Meeting, and an elder of Pelham Monthly Meeting for many years.

——, on the 28th of First month, 1867, at the residence of John Cooper, Camden, N. J., ANN FREEMAN, in her 70th year; a member of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 8th of Second month, 1867, at Germantown, FREDERICK E., infant son of Edwin T. and Margaret L. Schoenberger, aged 17 months.

——, in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 8th of Second month, 1867, ELLWOOD W., eldest son of Jonathan and Mary Ann Thomas, of Torresdale, Pa., in his 19th year; a member of Byberry Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, suddenly, on the 9th inst., SAMUEL KIRK, a member of Byberry Monthly Meeting.

Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor meets this (Seventh-day) evening, 2d mo. 16th, at 8 o'clock.

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, Clerk.

The Association of Friends for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet at Race Street Meeting-House, on Fourth-day evening, Second month 20th, at 7½ o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

TWO GOOD QUALITIES.—Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins covetousness; the last without the first begins prodigality. Both make an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found.—*William Penn.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

At a regular meeting of Friends' Social Lyceum, held, pursuant to adjournment, 1st mo. 22d, 1867.

In the absence of the President, Charles A. Dixon was called to the chair, and directed the reading of the minutes of last meeting, which were unanimously adopted.

Jos. Wharton, the lecturer of the evening, was then introduced, who delivered an instructive lecture on "Mines and Mining," describing the character and formation of mineral deposits, and the various methods used to bring their products from the secret recesses of the earth, and make them available for the use of mankind.

The mineral wealth is deposited chiefly in the fissures of rocks lying deep in the earth; these fissures are mainly, or approximately, vertical in their position. The deposits having been in most instances apparently injected from below. It not unfrequently happens that the ores are found in what are technically termed "*pockets*," the main characteristics of which are their irregularities of size and shape.

The minerals taken from these deposits are salts of metals, and also sulphides, formerly called sulphurets, which are converted, near the surface, into silicates, carbonates, &c.

In the simpler forms of mining, having found the "deposit," a shaft is sunk, similar in size and appearance to an ordinary well; the ore, or coal, as the case may be, is passed to the surface by means of windlass and buckets.

In mines of a more extensive character the shaft is sunk directly into the "*vein*," following closely its "dip," or inclination, taking care to have the "level" so arranged as to allow the removal of the products with the most ease. In mines of any considerable magnitude the accumulation of water is an evil that must be guarded against.

Drainage is accomplished in part by means of an "*aduit*," but to rid a deep mine of water, effectually, it is necessary to resort to pumping.

There is more trouble experienced from the accumulation of water in limestone countries than in any others, owing to the frequent presence of large cavities in that particular formation.

The mammoth cave of Kentucky is a familiar though greatly exaggerated example of the holes or cavities found in limestone rocks.

It is sometimes necessary to exhaust an entire valley of several miles in area before the work of mining can progress satisfactorily. All the water not carried off by drainage must be exhausted by the pump. The introduction of steam, as the motive power of pumps, first applied by Newcomen, opened a new era in the history of mining in England; previous to that

time many mines had been abandoned in consequence of the inability of hand pumps to keep the supply of water sufficiently exhausted to allow the work of extracting the mineral deposits to go on. The different kinds of engines were described at some length, and illustrations given of the power of different engines in the various services.

The entrances to the mines are sometimes of great length, one which he had visited being nearly two miles long, which is about the length of an entrance to a mine now being worked near Mauch Chunk.

The work necessary to the proper opening of a mine, such as sinking the shaft, and indeed all the labor required to reach the deposit, is called "*dead work.*"

In large mines ventilation becomes a matter of the greatest importance, and many ingenious contrivances have been devised to render it certain. The bad air found in these subterranean chambers is of two kinds; the most common is carbonic acid gas, which is of frequent occurrence in limestone regions, and from its weight being greater than that of the atmosphere, is always found in the bottom of the shafts. "*Fire-damp,*" which is found in coal mines, is produced by a slow distillation, forming hydro-carbons, which, upon being mixed with the atmosphere and ignited, form a compound which is violently explosive.

The combustion of these gases is prevented by the use of the "*safety lamp.*" By means of a fine wire gauze surrounding the blaze of the lamp, the outside air is kept from contact with the flame, and workmen may labor in the "fire-damp" with comparative safety. Ventilation is secured by having an "air shaft" which is divided into two parts, vertically called the "*up-cast*" and the "*down-cast.*" The motion of the air not being naturally induced, it is assisted in its ascent and descent by various appliances.

Frequently a chimney is erected over the "*up-cast,*" and by means of the draft thus induced the heated and vitiated air is caused to pass upwards, while pure air is forced downwards by means of large fans. A steam jet is sometimes introduced into the up-cast to facilitate the upward passage of foul air.

The means of entrance to and exit from the mines was described at some length.

Formerly the miners climbed to and from their work on ladders descending in sections of from 30 to 60 feet; but besides consuming so much time, this practice was found to be so wearisome to the men as to have been generally discontinued. Another contrivance was called the "cage;" it consisted of a platform suspended by iron bars, and let down by means of the winding engine.

The loss of life and injury to tools and materials, resulting from the breaking of these bars, has been so great as to warrant the disuse of this method.

The descent into mines is now accomplished by means of what is called a "man engine," which the lecturer explained and illustrated by means of various diagrams on the blackboard.

Some account was given of the different means of loosening the ore or coal.

When it is necessary to use gunpowder as an agent for breaking the rocks containing the deposits, the "blasts" are put in with special reference to the courses of the mineral veins, so as to detach the largest quantity of material. In Norway and Sweden fire has been much used for loosening the ores, as by the expansion induced by heat great fragments of rock are separated from the main line of deposit. Some account of the crushing and preparing of ores and coal for transportation and market was then given, but as the machinery used was explained largely by figures on the blackboard, it is impossible to give any accurate report of it.

After a few minutes of social intercourse, the Secretary read an essay entitled, "Misunderstanding," which was contributed by one of the members appointed for the purpose at a previous meeting.

An interesting communication was then read from the "*Tredyffrin Literary Society,*" giving some account of their proceedings, and expressing a wish that the correspondence between us might be renewed.

On motion of Edward Parrish, it was resolved that the Secretary's report of the lectures delivered before the Lyceum be furnished for publication in "Friends' Intelligencer."

Extracted from the minutes of Friends' Lyceum, 1st mo. 22d, 1867.

NATH. E. JANNEY, *Secretary.*

For the Children.

GOD BLESS YOU, MY LITTLE FELLOW.

A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and, pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." A lady leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow; God will bless you for that." As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look, of the lady's smile, and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly

Father whispering. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little "*boy with the straw hat.*"

From The Press.

REGULATIONS FOR PARDONS.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 1.—The following regulations concerning the issue of pardons have just been issued by Governor Geary:

First. No pardon will be granted until notice of the application therefor shall have been given by publication once a week for two consecutive weeks in a newspaper printed in the county in which the conviction was had.

Second. No pardon will be granted unless notice of application shall have been given to the judge who tried the cause, to the district attorney, or to the attorney who prosecuted; proof of which notice shall be furnished this department.

Third. All applications for pardon must have with them the following papers written in a clear and distinct hand:

1. A certified copy of the whole record, including docket entries, minutes of court, copy of indictment, pleas, and all other papers on file in the court relating to the case.

2. A full statement of the reasons upon which the application is based, setting forth all the facts; the notes of evidence taken on trial; letters from responsible persons in the community were the crime was committed; a recommendation from the jurors who sat on the trial, and if any of them refuse to recommend a pardon, reasons given for such refusal; letter from the district attorney or counsel who tried the case, and a letter from the judge setting forth his views upon the subject of the application.

Fourth. Recommendations for pardon for unexpired terms of sentence must have a copy of the whole record as before required. Also copy of commitment; petition from prisoner setting forth reasons, and statement from warden and inspectors of prison.

Fifth. No personal application will be permitted.

Sixth. All of the above papers, when submitted, must be accompanied by a printed copy of same in pamphlet from, twelve copies of which at least must be sent to this department. If the parties are too poor the paper book need not be printed.

Seventh. As these rules are intended to subserve the administration of justice, they will be strictly enforced, and relaxed only when good reasons shall be furnished for so doing.

JOHN W. GEARY.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, HARRISBURG, Jan. 31, 1867.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you."

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow;
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then, never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb:
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And the Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

MY FIELD.

I will not wrong thee, O To-day,
With idle longing for To-morrow;
But patient plough my field, and sow
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the loving light
That melts the clouds' repellent edges;
The still unfolding, bud by bud,
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.

I breathe His breath; my life is His;
The hand he nerves knows no defrauding,—
The Lord will make this joyless waste
Wave with the wheat of His rewarding.

Of His rewarding! Yes; and yet
Not mine a single blade or kernel;
The seed is His; the quickening His;
The care, unchanging and eternal.

His, too, the harvest song shall be,
When He who blest the barren furrow
Shall thrust His shining sickle in,
And reap my little field To-morrow.

—*Harriet McEwen.*

INTENSITY OF THE COAL TAR COLORS.

The intensity of the color of the new dyes produced from coal tar is very remarkable. In the late London Exhibition, Perkin, the inventor of the aniline purple, displayed a cylinder of mauvè paste, so small as to be easily carried under his arm which was estimated as sufficient to color 100 miles of calico. The tar required for its production was derived from 2,000 tons of coal.

A grain of one of the salts of magenta will give a pure red color to a million grains of water; and a rose pink hue to ten million grains, and even when dissolved in fifty million times its weight of water a white screen behind a vessel containing a part of it will render its presence

perceptible. One grain of this dye will thus impart a distinct shade to 800 gallons of water!

F. Field, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution in England, related a striking incident showing this wonderful coloring power as to have occurred a few years ago, on one of the passages of the Great Eastern from Liverpool to New York, when a hurricane swept over the Atlantic, rendering the mighty vessel powerless amid the mightier sea. After one terrific night it was observed that far around the vessel the waves seemed tinged as though with blood, faint and diluted in the distance, but deep and crimson in the immediate vicinity, while after every roll of the giant ship gushed forth anew a deep ensanguined flood. When the storm had somewhat subsided, and search was made for the origin of this startling phenomenon, it was discovered that a tremendous billow had stayed in part of the hold, and at the same time shattered some vessels containing magenta in a most concentrated form, which sweeping over hatches and through port holes, had thus crimsoned the invading waves.

From the People's Magazine.

NATURAL SOUNDS.

We sometimes speak of "perfect silence," "profound silence," and we liken the sudden cessation of noise and clamor to the "stillness of death"—without reflecting on what these terms signify, or whether the thing, or the *no*-thing they represent be at all known to us, familiarly as we use such expressions. In truth, silence utter and complete is a very rare thing indeed, and it is difficult to say where it is found, unless it be in the brain of the deaf mute who has his world outside of the "realm of sound." We do not get silence in the deep gloom of the forest, though there may be the repose of utter solitude; that is rather a change from one region of sound to another; in summer the leaves lift up their voices, the insect millions fill the air with a chorus so faint during the livelong day, as to be hardly recognizable save by its absence when the night comes—to say nothing of the songs of birds which from time to time burst on the stillness; and in winter, even though "horror wide extends her desolate domain," it is not a horror of utter silence—the dead leaves are heard to rustle, the bare branches to moan and gnash their teeth, while ten thousand minute crepitations tell of the changes going on upon the surfaces of things around through the contraction of bark and fibre in consequence of the cold. We do not get it out in the midnight solitudes of heath or prairie, or in the lonely churchyard. The poet's idea, "Stars silent above us—graves silent beneath," may apply to the stars and the graves, but not to the pool that reflects the stars or the grass that fringes the lips of the grave, both of which will respond to the whisper of the night-wind in whispers of their own—"making night vocal to an ear attuned." For our own part we are free to confess, that notwithstanding some attempts in that direction, we have never been able to get into the actual presence of silence perfect and absolute.

Seeing that such is the case, what a wonderfully kind and beneficent arrangement of Providence it is that the sounds we hear are what they are, so bountifully fitted to our perceptions as to impart satisfaction and pleasure to us, and that of an enduring kind which for the most part never palls upon the senses. This provision is one of the wonders of creation. All the sounds of Nature are sounds, so to speak, that *wear well*. When the winds lift up their voices, do they not strike upon the ear like the greetings of old friends, and is not every note they breathe full of the associations of things foregone and past which it is worth while to have thus recalled? Think of the voice of waters, the leaping of the ocean waves when "the floods clap their hands"—the seaward swirl of the running river as it sings along between the green banks—the glad ripple of wind-ruffled lake or mountain tarn—the shout of the torrent as it leaps along among the lichen-clad boulders—the grand roar of the cataract as it thunders from the steep. How thoroughly do all these sounds tell each its peculiar tale! how freshly do they appeal to the senses every time we hear them, with feelings and suggestions that are ever new and refuse to grow old! Who would wish to change them for sounds, however exquisite, produced by art or man's device? For, please to note, no sounds of voice or instrument, artificially produced, will wear half as well, or a hundredth part as well as do the accompaniments to which Nature has set her own melodies. The poet tells us of the brook "which all night long singeth a quiet tune," and the figure is pretty and touching enough. But how happy for us that it is only a figure! Just imagine it to be a fact! Suppose yourself living in a cottage on the banks of a brook that all night long was singing, for instance, "We're all a-noddin"; that's a quiet tune—or "The Last Rose of Summer;" that's more quiet still. How long do you think you could stand it? You know very well that you could not sit out a twelve hours' concert at St. James's Hall, even were all the talent of Europe assembled to charm you; what would you do with a single tune grinding eternally in your ears? Of a truth, whatever the tune might be, you would come to the conclusion, ere long, that it was the identical one the cow died of, and that it would kill you too unless you got out of hearing; and away you would run accordingly.

No; with all due regard to poets and musicians, Nature never plays tunes; if she did she

would only worry and weary us, whereas her gentle design is to soothe us to rest or io invigorate us for work. As already stated, her sounds are everywhere; everything animate or inanimate has a voice, and things we call dead speak to one another. "The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;" the sedges in the pool talk and gossip together in the quiet evening hours; deep calleth unto deep, and amid the mad and yeasty waves "we hear old Triton wind his wreathed horn." Her gamut extends through a tremendous scale, from the topmost treble of the shrilly gnat to the deep diapason of the bellowing thunder; and she has the wonderful knack of making sweet harmonies out of the sourest materials, softening them by distance or modifying them by artful combinations. Then she arranges her concerts with the kindliest regard for her auditors, putting the rougher performers in the background, and the sweetest and best in the front. Thus the boom of the bittern, the plaint of the stork, the hoarse cry of the carrion crow, and the caw of the rook, reach us from afar, shorn by distance of their harshness; while the thrush and the blackbird pipe joyously in our orchards, the linnet and goldfinch build in our gardens, the nightingale sends his song into our open windows as we lie and listen to him by starlight, and the merry cricket chirps in our chimney-corners till the whole house rings with his jollity.

It is no great cause for wonder that all the sounds of Nature have not yet been traced to their source. If any one by way of experiment will betake himself to some lonely spot far from any human dwelling—say in the afternoon of a summer's day—and try to account for all the sounds he hears, even in a spot where he can hear the fewest, he may chance to find himself puzzled beyond his utmost skill. Travellers have been thus puzzled in a most inexplicable manner, and have tried in vain, with all their science and all their knowledge of natural phenomena, to solve the difficulty the strange sounds presented. There is a sound familiar to dwellers on the sea coast, which is occasionally heard towards nightfall and for an hour after sunset, and which fishermen call the "sough." It is neither the noise of the wind, nor of the waves, nor of the breakers on the shore—at least it seems conclusively not to be either of these, because all three of these can be heard and distinctly recognized simultaneously with the moaning of the "sough." We have ourselves heard it several times on certain parts of the coast, and have also listened for it at the same season of the year on other parts, and failed to detect it. Seafaring men seem to care nothing about it, and it is vain to ask them for any explanation. It does not seem to come from the offing, but rather from the windings of the shore, and from the quarter from which the wind is blowing. What can it be? Perhaps the following story, upon which we chanced the other day in a volume of extracts, may throw some light on the subject. One fine Sunday morning an American clipper was making all sail for port, running with a side wind on a track parallel with a part of the coast then a hundred miles distant. The men were assembled on deck enjoying the beautiful weather, when suddenly they all started and looked at each other with amazement as the sound of church-going bells burst upon the ear. For several minutes the familiar peal continued, louder or fainter as the vessel rose or fell on the bounding billows, while the crew stood motionless as if spell-bound. The skipper, a thoughtful man, after listening for a time with the rest, went to the helm and slowly altered the vessel's course. As she rounded a little seaward, the sweet sounds stopped as suddenly as they had come: he then put her back on the old tack, when the bells began to peal again, he repeating the experiment several times to satisfy himself of the facts of the case. The reader has probably guessed what the facts were. Although the village where the bells were ringing was a hundred miles off, and under ordinary circumstances such sounds would never travel so great a distance, yet under the circumstances then existing the fact was clear enough that they did so travel. The wind which bore the sounds blew in a stiff breeze off the land; the large concavity of the broad bellying mainsail caught the musical vibrations, and, by reflecting them back as it were in a focus upon the deck, rendered them audible. This was the skipper's explanation of the phenomenon, the truth of which he had tested by altering the vessel's course. Now here, it appears to us, is a key to the mysterious sounds of the "sough" as it moans along the autumnal shore at nightfall. We have only to imagine, in place of the village church bells, a storm or gale of wind raging at the distance of some hundred or more miles, much too far off to be heard under ordinary circumstances, and, in place of the bellying mainsail, such a conformation of the coast and circling cliffs as shall serve the same purpose, by catching and concentrating the exhausted undulations of sound, and thus rendering them audible. We believe that this may be the right solution of the mystery; at any rate it points to a reason why the "sough" is frequently heard on some parts of our coast and never on other parts.

Concerning the strange and inexplicable sounds heard by travellers in various parts of the world, there have been from time to time many interesting reports. Amongst the most curious of these are perhaps the accounts met with in the narrative of Australian explorers

Mr. Wood is not the only witness. Stuart mentions that one morning, when in the interior, among the red sandhills of the inhospitable desert, he was startled by hearing a loud, clear, reverberating explosion, like the booming of artillery. These noises, which have been frequently observed in sandy districts, seem to come with an explosive echo from the sandhills, and reverberate for a considerable time amongst the surrounding mountains. Sounds of a like kind have alarmed most of the Australian explorers. Captain Stuart, who followed the course of the Darling River in 1828, describes an extraordinary sound which about three in the afternoon, on a day in the month of February of that year, astonished himself and party. "The day," he says, "had been remarkably fine, not a cloud was there in the heavens, nor a breath of air to be felt. On a sudden we heard what seemed to be the report of a gun fired at the distance of between five and six miles. It was not the hollow sound of an earthy explosion, or the sharp, cracking noise of falling timber, but in every way resembled a discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance. On this all the men agreed, but no one was certain whence the sound proceeded. Both Mr. Hume and myself, however, thought it came from the north-west. I immediately sent one of the men up a tree, but he could observe nothing unusual. The country around him appeared to be equally flat on all sides, and to be thickly wooded. Whatever occasioned the report, it made a strong impression on all of us, and to this day the singularity of such a sound in such a situation is a matter of mystery to me."

If travellers are alarmed abroad by sounds they cannot explain, dwellers at home are no less alarmed at times by sounds perfectly natural in themselves, but which are often made formidable by fear and superstitious dread. We have known a series of grueful groans which made a whole family miserable for a month to proceed from the vibration of a strip of leather and baize nailed on a door to keep the draught away. Wailing and sobbing noises are often heard in old houses from defects which a few nails and a glue-pot would remedy. New houses, fresh from the hands of the builder, will indulge in the strangest noises for months together; and if they happen to be full of new furniture there is no telling when one could reckon on domestic quiet. As you lie in bed you hear a crack here, a bang there, creaking above, and a groaning below; and if you choose you may shiver with apprehension at each fresh demonstration; but you may be wiser if you call to mind that all woodwork when new is liable to shrink, and that the shrinking will often announce itself by a detonating noise. You don't hear such noises in the day because they are stilled by other noises, but the silence of night gives them a startling effect. It is far otherwise with sounds to which we are accustomed, but of these we do not here speak.

The little spark of joy that shines in the Christian's cup, is an earnest of those everlasting delights which shall be theirs when all sorrow shall flee away: and those sips of comfort are but the foretastes of that river of everlasting pleasures at God's right hand.

Association of Friends of Philadelphia and its Vicinity for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen. Forwarding Committee's Report for First Month, 1867:—

No. 90, 1 bbl., Mary K. Brosius, Vienna, Va., containing 50 new garments, books, &c.
91, 1 box, Sarah M. Ely, Beaufort, S. C., containing 300 part-worn garments.
92, 1 box, containing sundries.
93 and 94, 2 bbls., containing bread for sick.
95, 1 bbl., Eliza Heacock, Washington, D. C., containing 75 part-worn garments.
96, 1 bbl., General John Ely, Louisville, Ky., containing 71 new garments.
97, 1 bale, H. Leonard, Maryland, containing 26 part-worn garments.
98, 1 box, Cornelia Hancock, Mt. Pleasant, S. C., containg books, seeds, trimmings, &c.
99, 1 box, Deborah K. Smith, Green Springs, Va., containing books, slates, &c.
100, 1 bbl., " 71 new garments, shoes, &c.
101, 1 box, Susan H. Clark, Fortress Monroe, Va., containing 125 new garments.
102, 1 bbl., containing 120 part-worn garments, shoes, &c.

Total, 13 packages, containing about 1000 garments, seeds, books, shoes, trimmings, &c.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
No. 30 N. Third St.

Phila., Second month 2d, 1867.

Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Northern Association of the City and County of Philadelphia for the Relief and Employment of Poor Women.

Feeling it due to those who have so generously aided us in behalf of the suffering poor, that they should know what disposition has been made of the means entrusted to our care; and under a belief that our labors have been blessed, and many a heart has been gladdened by the employment we have given, when other means of support have failed them, we again present our Annual Report.

Quilting, Wrappers, Plain Sewing of every description, Carpet Rags, &c., have been promptly attended to under the superintendence of efficient Matrons.

We have given employment to thirty eight

women at the Institution, and furnished seven (some of whom were colored) with work, who were unable to leave their homes.

Since last report there have been

Garments made,	789
Skirts Quilted,	30
Bedquilts "	64
Comfortables Quilted	69
Crib Quilts	3
Sofa "	5
Garments Repaired,	41
Wool and Cotton Carded,	31 lbs.
Carpet rags cut and sewed,	104 "

86 Garments were distributed to the women during the winter.

We have to mourn the death of our esteemed friend Joseph D. Brown, who in his lifetime had always contributed liberally to the funds of the Association, and whose large means and kind sympathies had been devoted to the relief of the suffering poor of all classes, and who particulary remembered the destitute and unfortunate amongst our colored population.

From him we gratefully acknowledge a bequest of two thousand dollars, which has been duly paid by his executors to our Treasurer.

We tender our sincere thanks to our friends who have so freely responded to our previous appeals, and hope that they will continue with willing hearts and helping hands to aid us in our benevolent work. We believe that to encourage honest industry by furnishing it with suitable occupation is one of the best means of relieving the necessities of the poor.

It is with sincere sorrow that we record the death of our esteemed friend Hettie W. Chapman, who for a long time filled the situation of Secretary of the Acting Committee, and was one of our most interested and efficient members. She died 3d mo. 31st, 1866.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

THE NORTHERN ASSOCIATION, &c., in account with ELIZABETH E. ALLEN, Treasurer, from 4th mo. 1st, 1865, to 4th mo. 1st, 1866.

DR.

To Cash Paid the Women,	$1475.19
" Matrons,	624.00
" Dry Goods, Trimmings, &c.,	558.80
" Investment in State Loan,	2000.00
" Repairs,	24.79
" State Tax,	5.04
" Insurance on Goods,	9 00
" Balance,	48.88
	$4745.70

CR.

Subscriptions and Donations,	$ 515.48
Sales and Customer Work,	1653.24
Joseph D. Brown's Estate,	2000.00
Interest,	575.40
Fines,	1.50
	$4745.70

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report :—

From City Contributions	$203.00
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.	10.00
" Pilesgrove Preparative Meeting	50.00
" Martha L. Jones	7.00
" O. Fawcett, Goshen, Ohio	5.00
" Friends of Mount Holly, N. J.	6.00
	$281.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
2d mo. 9, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

George W. Peabody, impressed with the importance of the educational needs of the population of the South and Southwestern States, has donated one million of dollars in cash and about one million one hundred thousand dollars in bonds of the State of Mississippi, to be appropriated to that purpose. He directs that it "shall be distributed among the entire population without other distinction than their need and the opportunities of usefulness to them."

CONGRESS.—In the Senate the Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to report the tariff bill as amended by the Senate, so as to exhibit the rates of the tariff of 1861 with those proposed by the amended House bill. The correspondence of the State Department with Brazil, in reference to the death of President Lincoln, was presented. A despatch was read announcing the passage by the House of Representatives of Tennessee of the bill for negro suffrage in that State. The House amendments to the act for the prevention of smuggling were agreed to. The House joint resolution forbidding the infliction of corporeal punishment in the late rebel States was reported with an amendment making it the duty of officers of the army, the navy, and the Freedmen's Bureau to see that the act is carried out. A bill was introduced for the encouragement of trade by direct importations. It provides that goods may be imported, and the duties paid at the place of destination instead of the port of arrival. The legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill was called up, and some discussion arose upon the paragraph appropriating fifty thousand dollars for temporary clerks in the Treasury Department. It was finally adopted. The bill for the admission of Nebraska was taken up and passed over the President's veto —yeas 31, nays 9.

HOUSE.—The resolution adopted in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, in favor of full and complete protection by the Government, and of equal political rights to all loyal persons, was presented, and referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. The Indian appropriation bill came up, and was, after debate, recommitted to the Committee on Appropriations, with certain restrictions. A message from the President was presented, transmitting a report from the Secretary of State as to the States now represented in Congress which have ratified the constitutional amendment. The bill providing for the appointment of additional commissioners to the Paris Exposition, providing regulations for the board of commissioners, and making additional appropriations for the expenses, was reported with an amendment from the Committee on Foreign Relations. A joint resolution was passed extending for two years longer the use of Government vessels for quarantine purposes in New York harbor. The bill for the more efficient government of the insurrectionary States was then taken up, which provoked a long and angry

discussion. A bill was introduced to prohibit the transportation from foreign countries to the United States of prisoners convicted or charged with crime, and prescribing punishment therefor. The bill for the admission of Nebraska was passed over the veto by a vote of 120 yeas to 44 nays, and Nebraska thus becomes a State of the Union.

The State Legislature of Mississippi has unanimously rejected the Constitutional Amendment.

The House of Representatives of Alabama has passed a bill to establish a system of public schools for blacks and whites alike, except that the schools for each shall be separate in each school district.

The lower branch of the Kansas Legislature has passed a joint resolution to amend the State Constitution by striking out the word "white."

THE FREEDMEN.—The assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau at Raleigh, N. C., states that the more than ordinary severity of the cold season, together with the dimished call for labor, has caused much destitution among the freed-people of that state. This scarc ity of employment and prevailing destitution has led many of them to embrace opportunities to contract with responsible parties to go to Texas, Mlssissippi, Arkansas and Tennessee; and some time ago orders came to break up the settlements along the coast as rapidly as possible, without injury to the freedmen located there. The population of Roanoke Island has been reduced one-half since Ninth month last, 150 persons having left in the Twelfth month, and more will follow as soon as transportation can be obtained.

The assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Mississippi reports that the demand for labor is so great that freedmen are being brought from other States to Mississippi, where they contract for from $10 to $15 a month, with rations, quarters, and medical attendance. The freedmen show no spirit of idleness, and the planters are anxious to secure laborers. School matters are progressing finely, and a growing interest in education is manifested. The laws against their carrying firearms and owning real estate are, however, fruitful sources of dissatisfaction among them.

KENNETT SQUARE ACADEMY, for young men and boys, and *Kennett Square Female Seminary*. Two separate Boarding Schools, under the same management; have had during the winter 154 pupils. The Seminary's next session of sixteen weeks will open Third month 5th, 1867. Whole expense, including Academy Lectures, Languages and Drawing, $64. This is a rare opportunity for teachers The Principal's Normal Class at present includes one-third of the school. For circulars apply to S. C. Shortlidge, Sidney Pusey, or Emma Bowman.

The Academy begins a session of thirteen weeks Third month 20th. Terms, $4.75 per week. Particular attention to Reading, Penmanship and Spelling. Prof. J. G. Moon, of Philadelphia, will continue his Lectures on Chemistry and Astronomy before the School. No extra for Latin, Greek, French, or Drawing, Book-keeping, and Spencerian Penmanship, by a Commercial College graduate

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THOMAS MATHER, Treasurer.
T. ELLWOOD CHAPMAN, Secretary. 216 i and o, tf

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

The two volumes now proposed to be published contain the history of the Society from the year 1691 to 1828, embracing much original matter that has not appeared in any other history. *Biographical sketches are given of the most prominent members of the Society in Great Britain and America*, with many instructive passages from their writings and interesting anecdotes.

Among the *subjects of deep interest* treated of in these volumes are: *the perils and preservation of Friends during the Irish Rebellion of* 1798; *the course they pursued during the war of American Independence; their efforts to civilize the Indians and preserve peace with them; the rise and progress of their testimony against Slavery; their early labors in the cause of Temperance; the Separation in Ireland at the beginning of this century; and the Separation in America in* 1827–8, *with the causes that led to it, and the results that have followed.*

The cost of paper, printing and binding having greatly increased since the first prospectus was issued, it is found that the work cannot be published, *without considerable loss*, at the price originally intended. The price will be, therefore, $2.00 *per volume*, bound in cloth; and $2.25 per volume, bound in sheep, library style; but those subscribers under the first prospectus who have taken the first two volumes, will be furnished with the third and fourth volumes at $2.00 each, bound in sheep.

The first two volumes can be obtained from the publisher or his agents, at $2.00 each, sheep binding.

Agents are requested to return this prospectus as speedily as possible—as the work is now in press—with full list of names and residences of subscribers, to the author's publisher. Agents will be allowed one copy for every six copies sold by them, and they can be furnished with lists of their subscribers upon application to the Publisher,

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BOOKS for sale at Office of Friends' Intelligencer, No. 144 North Seventh Street.—A *very few copies* Job Scott's works, $6.00. Journal of John Comly, *at Office*. $2 00; *by mail*, $2 40. Journal of John Woolman, $1 00 *a* $1 20. Journal of Hugh Judge, $1 00 *a* $1 20. Janney's Life of Wm. Penn, 2d ed. oct., $2 50 *a* $2 75. Janney's Life of Geo. Fox, $2 25 *a* $2 50. Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 75c. *a* 90. Friends' Miscellany, 11 vols., $8 00 *a* $ 975. Isaac Penington, $5 00 *a* 6 00. Thos. Story, $1 00 *a* 1 20. History of Delaware County, $3 00 *a* 3 60. Priscilla Cadwallader, 50c *a* 60. Meditations on Life and Death, $1 75 *a* 2 00 "Studies." by John A. Dorgan, $2 00 *a* 2 25. Emily Mayland, $1 00 *a* 1 20. History of the United States, 60c *a* 70. Likeness of Wm. Penn, *Steel engraving*, 50c *a* 56. Engraved Forms MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, $4 50 *a* 5 00. Winnowed Wheat, $1 00 *a* 1 25. Friends' Almanac for 1867, 10 cts. Devotional Poetry, Testimonies of Truth, Treasury of Facts, &c.

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2d mo., 1867. EMMOR COMLY.

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"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 787.)

To L. A. B.

BRADPOLE, 29th of Fourth month, 1825.

My dear Lydia,—When we think what unworthy creatures we are, even at the best, and how goodness and mercy follow us, sustaining us under our trials, and turning them all to our good, we have surely great occasion to lay hold of hope, to take fresh courage, to put on strength, and be armed with patience, cheerful submission, and full assurance of faith for the time to come. My mind seems equal to very little beyond my more immediate calling, and when not so engaged, it feels as poor, weak, and empty, as ever I have known to be the case. O! what a comfort from time to time to feel the Lord with me, strengthening me, and prospering his work in my hands, again and again, to my humbling admiration at the power of his might, the excellency of his loving-kindness and his grace. It has more than once struck me forcibly, that if this work be of the Lord, and I be engaged in it according to his will, some that have been concerned to strengthen my weak hands, will participate in the division of the spoil, that is, in the earnest of the reward of the faithful. These who have given the cup of cold water, have done what they could; and what they have done in simplicity, on behalf of the poor servant, it is esteemed as done to the Master himself; though they may be ready to say, "When saw we thee in prison?" &c.

To L. A. B.

Second of Fifth month, 1825.—Having been helped to get over another mountain in the attendance of this meeting yesterday, and having been favored to wrestle and struggle with the powers of darkness, and to suffer with a suffering seed in this desolate region, my heart feels comparatively light, hoping that I stand acquitted of the blood of some, and that through deep suffering,—yea, wading of spirit, the good cause has been espoused in some sort, however feebly, and the way of life set forth; in abundant condescension, I was favored to get along safely, without, I trust, stumbling; though truly it was hard work. O! the lethargy, the lifeless, lukewarm condition of many: no hunger or thirst, no sense of eternal things, no relish for heavenly goodness; and such as are otherwise, sunk into a low, discouraged, dying state. Yet even here, the spark of Divine love is not wholly extinct and taken away; but the Lord is waiting to be gracious, his repentings kindled together, and his pleading voice to be heard, "Why will ye die?" I conclude, if it be his good pleasure, that this place be favored with those professing the pure spiritual way of Truth, there will yet be preserved a hidden remnant, who will not be utterly given over, nor give over the pure Truth to utter reproach; but in their measure, or according to the light

received, will glorify, however imperfectly the great Name!

Thou wilt feel tenderly for me; but I have been helped, so that I can say, the Lord has been sufficient for me in this great time of need and stress upon my mind and feelings. I know not, in the retrospect and amidst all the reflections that have been brought before me, that there has been any other than a peaceful satisfaction respecting the past, mixed with much occasion for gratitude, in considering how bountifully and wonderfully I have been dealt with, led about and instructed, kept from utterly perishing, amply provided for and sustained hitherto; favored also with ability at times to trust that all will be well with me and mine, so long as we continue to seek and serve so good a Master, who will never try us above our strength, nor afflict us willingly. At ———, I called on a Friend, and had a refreshing little opportunity of handing encouragement to himself and wife; heavenly goodness seemed near us. O! the work is very weighty, and the trials thereof are many; but the Lord is sufficient, as he is trusted in. I have not an anxious thought about you at home; I know who will watch over you, and help you every way: only let not the *tempter* discourage you; for it is the *Master* that says, "Fear not little flock;" —"Be of good cheer;"—"Be strong," yea, be strong.

Thy very affectionate brother,

J. B.

To P. H. Gurney.

Sixth month, 1825.—After a considerable space of intervening time, I take my pen to salute thee, though scarce knowing in what circumstances this may find thee. If the best of us are but in the land of the living, partakers of life invisible and divine, how much have we to be thankful for,—how much to answer for! Whenever I address thee, my dear cousin, in this way, the slender tenure we each have of all things here below, seems to recur to my thoughts; with earnest desires that my own state of mind and conduct, may increasingly be moulded to the image of the heavenly Pattern, and so be prepared to meet Him at His coming: who cometh in one sense as a thief in the night. But seldom have I known the evidences of Divine peace and favor so veiled from me, I think, as at times since publicly engaged in this awful line of the ministry. To thee, I need not expand my views by much expression hereon; no doubt, thou hast known for many years, the dealings of inscrutable Wisdom, and in the discipline of heavenly love and mercy, in strippings, in tossings, in wadings of the poor spirit; nor will it surprise thee, should I say, that sometimes it is so with me, that I seem pressed out of measure, so as to despair of even the outward life, as well as that which is described as being "hid with Christ in God." Marvellous goodness however hath provided all things well for me outwardly and inwardly, especially during my deeply proving prospects and journey; I have, as I suppose thou hast heard, taken meetings in Devon, Dorset, and Hants, on my way to the Yearly Meeting, and being likely to take the remaining ones in those counties with one or two in Surrey, as I return, after attending the six London Monthly Meetings. This last is to me in prospect crucifying, beyond what I can express, especially as I have believed it best to go single handed.

Tenth of Sixth month, 1825.—At night under great anguish of spirit, I wrote as follows, my heart being turned towards the Lord:

O! God, most holy, and almighty, all wise and gracious,—regard me with thy pitying eye; spare me, help me, save in this depth of need, which thou only knowest, is beyond words. O! deliver and preserve me to the end, through all that which may in thy wisdom be permitted. Haste thee to help me, O! my God—my all! O! let not my cruel enemy devour me; let not thy Truth be dishonored by me; O! conduct me safely, and if it be best, speedily to my everlasting rest with thee and with thy Son. Amen! Amen!

To L. A. B..

15*th of Sixth month*, 1825.—On the 7th, I attended Devonshire House Monthly Meeting, and on the 8th that of Gracechurch Street; in both which I had to declare the excellency of that spiritual dispensation committed to us. O! what arduous work it is to minister, where the attention and desire of those present is very outward after words. The extent of my wadings and exercises no one knows but the great Master; they have been various and abundant indeed, since the Yearly Meeting; the discouragements of the day I have never seen so deeply before, though I am not blind to the encouraging features: O! how short are we of what the Lord would do for us as a people, were we only simple, sincere, plain, humble enough! If we go on *but as we do*, I fear, notwithstanding all that is stirring, we shall as a Society be weaker than we now are.

On First-day evening, after due deliberation, (which indeed had been going on in my mind many days, being much exhausted in powers, both of body and mind,) I concluded it best to suspend all further proceeding, with regard to visiting meetings in this city. As my mind settled under this act of resignation, I was confirmed in its being of the Lord's ordering, and of his abundant mercy; who trieth not any beyond what he sees good, and whose service is a reasonable service. I wish greatly to be preserved on all hands, and in all things from hurt-

ing the good cause, which is dearer to me than my life. I am very feeble, and obliged to use the sofa very much, taking frequent nourishment, &c. I propose going with my brother to Bognor, in the hope of being better able (after ten days there) to undertake the journey home. I desire for thee as for myself, that endeavoring to live in Christian faith and simplicity, we may have our minds deeply centered and set upon nothing short of the unerring and Divine will in all things; then nothing that can happen to us will any way move us, but all will work together for our good, and for the honor of the great name. Thou must be sensible that this turn in my course, though by no means one previously calculated upon, was no great surprise to me; the wonder was, that I should be enabled to go through any part of the prospect set before me on quitting home, indeed that I was strengthened to entertain it at all, considering my weakly condition.—Give my love to Friends.—I am a poor creature, but I trust not out of the reach of the infinite compassion of the Shepherd of Israel. Farewell!

Carshalton, 20th of Sixth month, 1825.

My dear ———, I may state to thee, that on Sixth day and Seventh day week, my powers of body and mind were so exhausted and enfeebled, as clearly to excuse me, in my judgment, from any further proceedings in my engagement for the present. I saw I had no hard master, nor unreasonable service,—that He knew what had been given up and undergone for his pure name's sake; and, were it called for, that I was ready to give up my natural life, rather than shrink from suffering or from shame. Deep indeed have been the conflicts and the baptisms, —crucifying, yea, mortifying have been the often silent labors of my soul before Him, on account and on behalf of this people, and especially in this great city, since coming to it:—whether I may ever complete what was presented to my mind, as a religious obligation, I know not; but I am very comfortable in the entire relinquishment of that part which respects London.

(To be continued.)

"Oh, it is sad," says a holy man, "to think how many precious opportunities I have lost, how many sweet motions and admonitions of the Spirit I have passed over unfruitfully, and made the Lord to speak in vain. In the secret influences of His Spirit, the Lord hath called upon me, but my worldly thoughts did still lodge within me, and there was no place within my heart for such calls of God." Surely there is a way of enjoying God even in our worldly employments. God would never have put them upon us to our loss. Enoch walked with God, but did not retire and separate himself from the things of this life. We need not lose our vision by our employments, if the fault were not our own.—*Flavel.*

EXTRACT.

Nothing can be more false than the popular theory that ameliorated outward condition is the panacea for the evils of society. The gospel principle begins from within and works outwards. The world's principle begins with the outward condition, and expects to influence inwardly. To expect that by changing the world without, in order to suit the world within, by taking away all difficulties, and removing all temptations, instead of hardening the man within against the force of outward temptation,—to adapt the lot to the man, instead of moulding the spirit to the lot—is to reverse the gospel method of procedure. Nevertheless, even that favorite speculation of theorists, that perfect circumstances will produce perfect character, contains a truth. Circumstances of outward condition are not the sole efficients in the production of character, but they are efficients which must not be ignored.

Favorable condition will not produce excellence, but the want of it often hinders excellence. It is true that vice leads to poverty,—all the moralizers tell us that,—but it is also true that poverty leads to vice.—*Robertson.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Mullica Hill, First month 19th, 1867.

Our Friends, Elizabeth T. Andrews and Mary Atkinson, have been very acceptably engaged visiting the families of Friends and others composing Woolwich Preparative Meeting. They have had fifty-eight family sittings, beside making several other calls, all during very inclement and tempestuous weather, yet the Master's presence and providence were preeminently known and felt to go with and preserve them, ofttimes spreading its benign influence over the minds of those who accompanied them, as well as those who were visited, producing many opportunities, we trust, not soon to be forgotten.

Though favored to get through amid storms and snow banks, yet when the labor was accomplished, the roads were so blocked that they were delayed from returning to their homes and families until labor and perseverance opened the way.

This is written for the encouragement of others who may have a like concern or intimation of duty, that they may be stimulated to faithfulness, and the reward will be sure and the pay ample.

"One great principle, which we should lay down as immovably true, is that if a good work cannot be carried on by the calm, self-controlled benevolent spirit of Christianity, then the time for doing it has not come. God asks not the aid of our vices. He can overrule them for good, but they are not the chosen instruments of human happiness."

LETTER FROM LYDIA P. MOTT.

No. VIII.

My dear M. A. has, I fear, by this time, come to the conclusion that her last letter forwarded to Ohio has been quite neglected, and was written in vain; but so far from such a decision being correct, I can assure her the very circumstance of its remaining unanswered, for so many months has caused it to be more frequently remembered than if it had been acknowledged immediately. Many times have its feeling contents been remembered, and the silent language of the heart they touched has been with corresponding affection and sympathy with the unavailing wish that it could reach thine ear. After letting the first opportunity pass unimproved, no other has presented. In this, as in many other instances, I am frequently reminded of one of Lady Guion's spiritual remarks, "that we have a divine moment for every right purpose, if we will but seek for it and occupy it; but when this is unimproved it never can be recalled. We may substitute another, perhaps, and make it do at some rate." How often, in the experience of thy poor old friend, has this divine moment been suffered to escape irretrievably? Gone forever, and the work of that precious moment left undone forever! Sighs nor tears avail when the opportunity is lost. The rising wish is as I write, O that my beloved M. A. may never know sighs or tears so heavy as some such are.

Why have my thoughts thus strayed? When I took the pen I only felt as though I must tell thee that I continued to remember thee amid all my journeyings, whether in Ohio, over the Alleghanies, by the majestic Delaware, or meandering Schuylkill, through the gloomy tunnels of Pennsylvania, or in her whirring cars, my heart, untramelled, often turns to thee.

Various scenes have been worthy of description for their novelty to me, or their sublimity. Those on the narrows of the Juniata river are of the latter kind, where stupendous mountains of granite rise on the one hand hundreds of feet above one's head; while within a few feet on the other the majestic stream rolls its confined waters, threatening the traveller, should his horse or wheels deviate from the solitary path, which, for miles together, is uninhabited. The pulpit rocks, too, are lofty natural monuments, rising in huge masses, which seem, some of them, ready to totter over from their slender bases, and crush the passer by. Their forms are grotesque and heights surprising, bespeaking some convulsion which has separated them from their original mass. When I came on, all nature was as it were awakening from the death-like sleep of winter, and the progressive opening beauties of spring revived me from day to day. My strength increased, and I found myself able to attend the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia very comfortably. It proved interesting and encouraging. The barrier of prejudice gave way, and the obnoxious subject of slavery was spoken on without rebuke, and a joint committee of men and women Friends appointed to take measures for the more general education of the blacks, and the moral elevation of the free people of color. There was what I have labored for many years to promote, a more general expression of sentiments from members of different ages when subjects of interest were before the meeting, and evidently a disposition manifested by the mothers in society to permit the free expression of views, which led to progressive results. This I rejoiced in both here and in the Yearly Meeting of New York, though in the latter there was a strong current against measures calculated to lead to abolition principles; so much so that what was done was done out of meeting, by forming an association of men and women Friends to consider the great question of the rights of the colored race, and devise ways and means for their moral improvement, and for the manufacture of free cotton goods to a far greater extent than has heretofore been accomplished.

Inspire thy rising progeny, my dear friend, with an abhorrence of slavery, and with the tenderest feelings for the poor slave, on the pure principle of immutable justice, and the corresponding injunction of the Holy Jesus, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you," &c. Ah, my precious, this is one of the many themes to dwell on with thy children. Ever remember that oral instruction, especially that of an affectionate mother, makes the most enduring impressions on the plastic mind of an intelligent child. Use, then, or rather I would say continue to use, this powerful engine for good; seek opportunities to converse with them freely, giving them an evidence thou wishes them to fully express their little thoughts without embarrassment. By questions now and then start an enquiry what they think about some simple subject, and thus accustom them to find pleasure in conversing gradually on themes which but for this method would lie dormant. The twilight was wont to be a favorite hour with my dear ones for this exercise; and for family retirement and silent waiting, it is generally favorable, the bustle of the day being over.

To have had thee to share my enjoyments would have added much to them, for intellectual pleasures are doubled by being participated in by kindred spirits, and thine, my beloved M. A., has long been such to thy unchanged, though far separated friend, L. P. M.

Wesley says, "we are every moment *pleasing* or *displeasing* to God."

PUBLIC GAMBLING.

The above title is given to a discourse delivered before the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Society, on the 27th of last month, by the Pastor, B. H. Nadal, and reported in the *Evening Telegraph* of the following day. The just rebuke given to the late Crosby Opera House Lottery and all other species of gambling is presented in so forcible a manner that we are glad to furnish our readers with large extracts from it:

What is Gambling? It is playing for money, or other stake, whether the game be one of skill or purely of chance. Is such playing honest or dishonest? There are several ways of parting with property recognized among men as honest, namely, by gift, by sale or exchange, and by bequest. A gift or bequest may be procured through fraud or deceit, and dishonesty may be practised in buying or selling. But, in themselves considered, giving and buying and selling are fair and proper transactions. Gambling is something entirely different from both giving and buying and selling. It is not giving; so far is the loser in the game from a benevolent intention towards the winner, that he regards him as his antagonist, and engages in the game for the avowed purpose of stripping the said antagonist and enriching himself. It is not a matter of purchase and sale, for the winner gives nothing, and proposes to give nothing, in exchange for the stake he carries off. A *gift* blesses both him that gives and him that takes. . . . . But in the acquisition of money by gambling the case is quite different. The winner cannot say, "I bought it," or "I earned it," or "It was given to me;" he says, "*I won it.*" And that means that he gave no equivalent for it; that he from whom he took it parted with it most unwillingly, and so far from giving it, characterized it as "lost."

But the question is whether or not gambling is honest. We do not deny that a bet may be fairly made and fairly carried out, nor that a game of cards may be fairly played, even where a regular gambler is one of the players. That is, there may be no fraud used by either party in the bet or game; but is there not a question lying back of the mere manner in which gambling may be done? The real question is, Whether gambling is not dishonest, even when fairly done? We think it is. The most that can be said for the right of the winner to keep the money won, is that the loser went into the game fully aware of the chances, and would himself have kept the stakes had he been successful. But this is only saying that the two parties in the game agreed beforehand to the chances of the game; and that the loss of the loser was, in a sense, voluntary. Mere agreement, however, cannot make wrong right. Two men agree to fight a duel, and one is killed; will we say it is all right because the seconds examined the weapons, and regulated the whole affair according to the rules of honor? Do the rules of honor, however punctiliously guarded and observed, take from the soul of the survivor the guilt of murder, or from the soul of the dead man the guilt of suicide? Is not the guilt enhanced by the very fact of the cool, deliberate agreement of the parties to "set their lives upon a throw?" All Christian civilization answers, "Certainly." . . . . . .

Now will not this logic apply equally well to gambling? Why not? Have we any more right to injure a man with his consent in his property than in his person? It is clear that however the parties gambling may consent to the rules of the game, the gambler's gains are dishonestly gotten They are neither earned, nor secured by other equivalent; they are not *given* to him, and the fact that by the rules of the game it was agreed that either should take the other's money if he could, only makes the wrong the greater by providing that it was deliberate.

We may be told that the equivalent rendered by the successful gambler to his victim is the *chance* to become winner. But whatever else this may be, it is certainly not an equivalent. An equivalent is that which a man *receives* for his money, and the loser receives nothing for his. By the very terms of the game, the loser agrees to part with his money without an equivalent, and the winner to take it without making a return. That is the meaning of having a chance. It is to agree to be injured ourselves, or to injure another. Indeed, each one, knowing that he may be either winner or loser, consents both to injure and to be injured. The *chance*, therefore, so far from being the loser's equivalent, is a direct violation of the law which demands an equivalent. Indeed, it is only *chance*, so far as the two players are concerned: as it respects the law which requires us not to injure our neighbor, it is no chance at all. Whichever wins, justice is violated and robbery is committed. . . . . .

But we come to-night to inquire whether there are not other forms of gambling rife among us which we vainly labor to whitewash into respectability. If wealthy and respectable people breed fine horses and cultivate their speed with more care than they train their children, and then match them against other horses on the race-course for large sums of money, are they not gambling?

Are they not doing boldly, in the face of the world, what others of less note are doing in concealment? When we have "gift concerts," at which hundreds of people are gathered together under the thin disguise of some trifling performance, for the purpose of participating in a lottery, are we not gambling just as really as if we sat down at cards and played for large heaps of currency? To such questions there

can be but one honest answer, and that is, that the lottery, the gift enterprise, the horse-race, the raffle, are all forms of gambling, all games of chance, in which money or property is risked. So numerous are the gift enterprises becoming, and so do they threaten to damage public morals, that even the secular press, slow as it usually is to attack fashionable vice, is beginning to resist.

But perhaps we had better select as an illustration the most recent and notable instances of this form of gambling—we refer, of course, to the great Crosby Opera House Lottery. For lottery it was, nothing more nor less. The tickets and prizes were drawn in the usual way, and the drawing was as much a game of chance as if cards or dice had been used. The case of this famous lottery seems to be this:—A certain Mr. Crosby, heretofore unknown, but famous now for the rest of the century, had run himself hopelessly in debt in building an opera house in the city of Chicago. Some of his ingenious friends suggested the formation of an art association, which shall add some three hundred pictures to the luckless opera house, and establish a lottery, of which the house and pictures shall be the prizes. The scheme was that there should be 210,000 tickets at $5 apiece, and 302 prizes. The opera house they valued at $600,000, and the pictures were supposed to be worth $100,000, making $700,000, nominally, to be contested for by 210,000 ticket-holders, bringing the lottery men, if all sold, $1,050,000. But 25,000 tickets remained unsold.

According to members of the press with whom I have talked, the account stands about thus, namely:—The Opera House is worth about $300,000, instead of twice that; the pictures, $100,000; the expense of advertising, etc., amounts to about $200,000, making the outlay by the projector of the lottery, $600,000. The amount of money received, if the tickets had all been sold, would have been $1,050,000; which would have left in the purse of Mr. Crosby $450,000. But 25,000 of the tickets remained unsold, and therefore were so many chances for Mr. Crosby to draw from his own lottery. The whole receipts from the lottery therefore, instead of $1,050,000, would be only $925,000, from which deducting the six hundred thousand for Opera House, pictures and expenses, of advertising, we have a clear profit from the affair, for the projector, of $325,000. But still further, each ticket-holder has only one chance in every 666 to draw a prize, while Mr. Crosby with 25,000 tickets left on his hands, had about one chance in every nine, and actually did draw about $40,000 worth of the prizes. Philadelphia bought over 27,000 tickets, expending for them well on to $140,000. She drew 16 prizes, losing at the estimated value of the pictures drawn, about a $100,000, a sum half sufficient for the endowment of a respectable college, quite enough to erect 50 neat residences for the poor; enough to furnish for the destitute 16,660 tons of coal; or to build at least ten missionary chapels and Sunday Schools.

We need hardly call attention to the *folly* of such unequal gaming. And it is altogether astounding that any sane person would be willing to play at such a game, a game in which only one ticket in every six hundred and sixty-six could win, in which there could only be three hundred winners in a population of 210,000 ticket holders; a population about equal to that of Boston or Chicago. Why the chance was poorer in Mr. Crosby's lottery than it would be at Morrisey's faro bank, perhaps worse than it would be in any den in this city. In the light of cool, quiet after-thought, and the results of the drawing, it looks as though no one would have given such a wild scheme a moment's consideration. And yet the whole country was tossed into a tempest of excitement about it. The people saw it in every paper, and talked themselves out of their reason respecting it; and to such a pitch did the *furor* rise that this city, the "Quaker City," proverbial for steadiness, sent at least one reporter all the way to Chicago to report the drawing as it proceeded.

And such was the excitement among our ticket holders that when the magic messages, reporting the names of the fortunate persons, began to arrive, the newspaper office to which they were sent was thronged to excess, and the street in front was literally crowded, so that there was no getting out or in.

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We do not forget that the great lottery in question had the sanction of respectable names in all the great cities. These, no doubt, insured fairness in the drawing; and it is to be feared that they also communicated to the affair a gloss of gentility that served to blind many a thoughtless person to the wrong involved. But we must not forget that sin has frequently been respectable. There were respectable people connected with the legalized lotteries of fifty years ago. Lotteries have been organized for the building of churches. Washington's Monument in Baltimore was built by means of a lottery authorized by a legislature. But no amount of respectable patronage or favor, and no amount of human legislation, can convert sin into virtue, or make of a lottery anything better than gambling.

This very respectability is an additional objection to such schemes as Crosby's lottery. When respectable men so far forget themselves as to give their influence to a system of gambling which sweeps over the breadth of the whole country, it shows that the bonds of pub

lic opinion on moral questions are in danger of being loosened. The respectable men who give their public sanction to lotteries have either lost all sense of their wrong, or they think the public conscience is weakened on the subject and that they are in no danger of being called to account.

And this latter, we fear is the true state of the case. The spirit of gambling seems to have taken possession of the public mind as with the power and rage of madness. It careers over the country and the world like a destructive tornado. It looks as though it would tear up the even foundations of right and wrong, and obliterate, or at least cover up with flying rubbish, the very sense of honesty between man and man. Why, if it comes to be settled that a gambling operation is a legitimate method of alienating property, then why not, in time, any other method of robbery? Look abroad! See the gambling in the so called highest circles both here and in Europe. Think of Baden-Baden, with its gambling princes and millionaires, where dice and cards rest not, day nor night!

Remember Saratoga, formerly a happy and innocent resort for the sick and weary, now a place at which gambling holds perpetual carnival, where even women play deep and bet with all the boldness of men, shaming husbands and brothers, and converting themselves from ladies into disgusting, swaggering Amazons. Here, too, within two or three years, has come the horse-race, bringing its exciting blight of betting and bluster and bravado in the place of the general quiet which was formerly so noteworthy a feature of the place. Of all the forms of gambling, horse-racing seems most nearly allied to coarseness and vulgarity. The race implies the jockey, and at the mention of that word the refined intellect begins to shrink.

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One of the great evils likely to result from this vast flood-tide of gambling is the repeal of the laws by which most of the States had suppressed lotteries. Indeed, this Crosby scheme has already shown that our lottery laws are a dead letter on our statute books. The law of Pennsylvania, as we understand it, forbids lotteries in the State, and makes it a punishable offense to offer a ticket for sale, or to advertise a lottery in the newspapers And yet, how many papers here have been filled with advertisements of this great "gift enterprise." The authorities knew that a change of name did not alter the thing one iota.

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If this rush of the world towards gambling is not soon checked, there is no telling where it will end. Let all, and especially the young, according to the proverb, "beware of beginnings." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." No one suddenly becomes totally corrupt. Dallying with vice, mitigating it, apologizing for it, always precede the embrace of it, and the little vices, so called, are embraced first. No one suddenly becomes what is called a blackleg. The beginning of such a character lies far back, perhaps in the boy's winning of toys, or, if in mature life, perhaps in Church fairs, in social card parties, or, "art gift enterprises." First the hook with a bait, and the bait gilded and scented with the tinsel and cologne of respectability and fashion, and then the naked hook in due time becomes itself a charm.

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We do not pretend to judge them any Christians in and out of the ministry, who may have had tickets in the late lottery; we deal with principles and actions; God is the judge of all the earth. But against the wrong we must cry out all the more earnestly, the more numerously and respectably it is patronized. Again we say, avoid beginnings! Refuse to do even a doubtful thing. Always give virtue the benefit of your doubts. Surely there are safe ways enough open, both of pleasure and business, in which we may go. Let us be resolved that, instead of being mere drift on the tide of gambling now rolling through the land, we will do our best to stem it and throw it back.

In fine, let the authorities of this country, let the rulers of this State and city, consider calmly and afresh, to what they are pledged by *their solemn oath of office!* Let them put a stop to gaming, whether by the churches, by art associations, or in the city "hells," whether veiled or naked. Let the Church wash her hands of all participation in any and every form of gambling, under whatever pretense and for whatever purpose.

And, Christian brother, when tempted to take a near cut to riches, remember the hill to which Bunyan's pilgrim came when he had crossed "the plain of ease." It was the "hill lucre," a filthy hill, with a silver mine in it, into which many fell and perished. One Demas, "who loved this present world," stood on the hill and called to Christian to turn aside. Let Christian's answer be yours. "No," said the honest pilgrim, "I know you, Gehazi was your greatgrandfather and Judas your father; and you have trod in their steps; it is but a devilish prank that thou usest. Thy father was hanged for a traitor, and thou deservest no better reward."

Let us live in the constant contemplation of the glory of Christ, and virtue will proceed from Him to repair all our decays, to renew a right spirit within us, and to cause us to abound in all duties of obedience. This way of producing these effects, flesh and blood will not reveal; it looks like washing in Jordan to cure a leprosy;

but the life of faith is a mystery known only unto them in whom it is.—*Owen.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 23, 1867.

We would remind our friends that we approach the termination of the current volume of the Intelligencer. The commencement of a new year will be a favorable time for those who are disposed to promote the circulation of the paper, to send us additional names as subscribers.

CAR-TRAVEL—INTEMPERANCE.—We notice with satisfaction the action of the Senate of the State of Pennsylvania in reference to the discrimination of color by railroad corporations, and trust that the prohibition which has for a long time been persisted in by the different railroad companies of this city will very soon cease to exist, and that to the colored man will be awarded the same privileges enjoyed by his white neighbor. Too long has the unwarrantable prejudice against color been indulged, and we hail with pleasure the dawning of a brighter day for this injured class of our fellow citizens.

The subject of the city passenger cars running on the first day of the week also claims our interest. There has been so much said in favor of it in public and private, that it seems scarcely worth while for us to reiterate the advantages which we believe might be derived therefrom in both a religious and moral point of view. We hope the efforts to remove all legal obstructions to this laudable movement will be successful, and that the liberty of conscience recognized by the constitution of the State of Pennsylvania will be respected.

We are unable to see the consistency of a determined opposition to this measure on the ground of a "desecration of the Sabbath" by those who are not, apparently, making a correspondent effort to suppress the gross evils which meet the eye at every turn, under the cover of the licensed grog-shop. The alarming increase of intemperance in our midst demands the serious consideration of the philanthropic portion of the community—to see what means can be devised by which the unrighteous traffic of spirituous liquors can be checked, and the offenders be brought to realize the enormity of the evil of selling to their fellow men that which they know has the effect to cloud the noble gift of reason, and thereby subject them to the probable commission of crimes, the extent of which will be proportioned by the passions which are thus unduly excited. The crowded condition of both the State and County prisons, renders it impossible to carry out the system of separate confinement, and a very sad part of this state of things is, that by far the greater portion of the inmates are young men. We are credibly informed that, since the commencement of the war, more than two thirds, probably three-fourths, of the commitments have been of young men under twenty-five years of age. The agent for the county prison, in his report recently published, says truly, that the terrible evils of intemperance are only partially seen in the statistics of our prisons and almshouses and in the records of the press. We make the following extract from this report:—

"Could even a faint conception of the miseries intemperance has entailed be impressed upon the mind of the community, the horror awakened by the disclosure would lead to measures for its overthrow in some degree commensurate with its magnitude. In the city of Philadelphia alone, no fewer than forty four thousand one hundred and sixty-nine arrests were made by the police force during the past year, and the records show that of these arrests, three-fourths were cases of disorder arising solely from the use of intoxicating liquors. To estimate merely the *pecuniary* cost of intemperance to our city, we must add to the sums paid annually for the support of courts, and officers of justice, and of our prisons and almshouses, the untold sums which have been lost to the pursuits of business, by the crimes, disease and death of the thousands who have been withdrawn from their proper avocations, and have become a prey to strong drink. The most alarming feature of the evil seems to be in its power of propagation. The number of rum shops which have sprung into existence during the past twelve months is incredible. It has been estimated by those amply competent to know that there are as many tippling houses in Philadelphia at this time as there are public lamp-posts in the streets. In a single district in this city the number of Inspectors appointed by Government, at a salary in each case of five dollars per day, for the supervision of the manufacture of whiskey alone, is more than four hundred; and even that number has been found insufficient to keep pace with the amount produced of this single stimulant.

There was paid into the State Treasury las

year for the licenses of rum shops by Philadelphia, one hundred and sixty-six thousand three hundred and eighty four dollars. This sum, for the privilege of establishing so many pest-houses, to fix, like moral plague spots and festering sores, upon the surface of our otherwise beautiful city."

We think that this report speaks for itself, and should awaken earnest thought as to what can be done to arrest the enormous evils of which it treats.

MARRIED, on the 31st of First month, 1867, in accordance with the order of the religious Society of Friends, with the approbation of Solebury Monthly Meeting, E. WATSON FELL, son of Joseph and Harriet Fell, and LIZZIE, daughter of John E. and Martha Kenderdine, all of Bucks Co., Pa.

——, on Fourth-day evening, Tenth mo. 10th, 1866, according to the order of the Society of Friends, and at the residence of the bride's father, Wm. Lloyd, JOSEPH SLACK to ESTHER LLOYD, both of Lower Makefield, Pa.

——, at the same place, on the 30th of First mo., 1867, according to the order of the Society of Friends, FURMAN L. MULFORD, of Millville, N. J., to ANNA LLOYD, of Lower Makefield, Pa.

——, on the 7th inst., according to the order of Friends, at the residence of the bride's grand-parents, Thomas and Ann J. PAXSON, ROBERT HOWELL BROWN, of Burlington Co., N. J., son of John Brown, to MARY B. PAXSON, daughter of Albert S. Paxson, of Buckingham, Bucks Co., Pa.

DIED, suddenly, on Fourth-day morning, 13th inst., at the residence of his brother, in Philadelphia, JOHN R. LIVEZEY, an estimable young man, in the 25th year of his age, son of Thomas and Rachel R. Livezey; all members of Plymouth Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on the 5th of Second month, 1867, CHAS. F. JENKINS, of Gwynedd, Montgomery Co., Pa., in his 74th year.

——, in Baltimore, on the 11th of Second month, 1867, JAMES DIXON, Jr., aged 28 years, son of James and Mary Ann B. Dixon, of Talbot Co., Md.

——, on the 15th of Second month, 1867, HOWARD, son of Thomas H. and Sallie G. Saunders, aged 7 months; members of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

——, near Waynesville, Warren county, Ohio, on the 1st of Twelfth month, 1866, MARY GAUSE, widow of the late Samuel Gause, aged nearly 86 years; an esteemed member and for many years an elder of Miami Monthly Meeting.

She moved from Redstone, Penna., in 1814, and settled near Waynesville, Ohio.

——, at his residence, in Elk township, Chester county, Pa., on the 29th of Tenth month, 1866, RICHARD SIDWELL, an elder and member of Little Elk Meeting, in the 77th year of his age.

In the departure of this beloved Friend, the community in which he lived has lost one of its most esteemed members, his family a fond and indulgent parent, and society one of its faithful standard bearers. Quiet and unobtrusive in his demeanor, he pursued the even tenor of his way, practically carrying out in all his movements the precepts of the devoted Christian. He was ever diligent in the attendance of meetings, when health permitted, and for months has been known to attend his own little meeting, in the middle of the week, *alone*. The travelling friend ever met a cordial welcome at his hospitable home, and many there are who will remember the precious seasons enjoyed under his roof. A few days before his decease two ministering Friends lodged at his residence, and in their parting interview expressed their belief that his day's work was nearly done, and the feeling was that his sun was about to set in the western horizon, without a cloud to obscure its brightness.

That sorrow for sin which keeps the soul from looking toward the mercy seat, and which keeps Christ and the soul asunder, is a sinful sorrow.

Extracts from the minutes of the Meetings for Reading and Conversation, held at Race St. Meeting-house, Philadelphia.

(Continued from page 776.)

2*d mo.* 13*th*, 1867.—A large number of Friends were in attendance, and after the reading of the minutes of last meeting, an essay was presented by one of our members, entitled "Conversational meetings—their original design, and present aspect contrasted." The views held forth in this essay were such as tend to discourage the discussion of proposed reforms and changes in the practice or discipline of our Society, or the expression of views not in accordance with the general tenor of the teachings of Friends. The author considers the tendency of our Conversational Meetings as unfavorable to the best interests of the Society, and is especially opposed to some of the measures which have been suggested. In reply to his strictures, several Friends remarked that freedom of expression was necessary to bring out the views of our younger and least experienced members, and to open the way for correcting errors of judgment arising from want of information or from one sided and partial thinking.

The subject selected for this evening being "Moderation and Temperance," the ancient and modern rules of discipline bearing on the subject were read, showing the gradual growth of this testimony from the year 1706 to 1841. While at one time it was the practice of Friends to aid each other in procuring whiskey or rum to promote the gathering of the harvest, the evils of the practice became so apparent that the use of distilled spirits was first advised against—then discouraged—and finally the habitual use was made an offence against the Discipline.

In 1841, our Yearly Meeting directed that Friends should be tenderly advised to abstain from renting their property, or furnishing any materials, whereby our testimony against spirituous liquors as a drink will be violated. Notwithstanding the gradual growth of this concern in the Society, it must be admitted there is still great need for renewed attention to it, not only as individuals, but as a body—not only to keep *ourselves* from the defilement of strong

drink, but to strengthen the good resolves of *others*. The alarming spread of taverns, drinking-saloons and restaurants, where temptations to indulgence in this vice are held out, should, it was urged, be checked by legislation, and the influence of our Society should be exerted with law makers to impose restrictions upon this destructive branch of business. The view was also held up that the *sources* of intemperance are not in the licensing of taverns, so much as in the neglect of those safeguards in the individual which are calculated to restrain undue desires, and to persevere in the path of temperance and of virtue. As parents, friends, or neighbors, whatever sphere of life we may move in, we should take care that our example and precept tend to strengthen the good resolves of those with whom we come in contact.

We should inculcate the virtue of total abstinence. Intemperance is generally the result of small beginnings; it grows insidiously, undermining the physical and moral health, till it blights the happiness of home, and brings ruin and degradation in its train. The practice of handing wine as an act of hospitality, or at public entertainments, was strongly condemned, as leading many to the first acts of imprudent indulgence, and calculated to remove the wholesome dread of the intoxicating draught in which our children are or ought to be educated. The demoralizing influence of the late war is seen in an increase of intemperance, and Friends were urged to be vigilant and active in sustaining and advancing the temperance cause in which many of our ancestors were pioneers.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The want of an organization amongst Friends, for the publication of books, calculated to promote a knowledge of our principles and testimonies, and to furnish suitable reading matter for our children, has been felt by many Friends, and has been the subject from time to time of several articles in the *Intelligencer*.

Believing the time to have arrived when some effort might be made to form such an association, a number of Friends met together at Race Street Monthly Meeting room, on Sixth-day afternoon, the 15th inst., to consider the subject.

After a free interchange of sentiment, it was the united judgment of those present that an association should be formed. The meeting adjourned to Sixth-day afternoon next, Third month 1st, at 3 o'clock, at the same place.

Friends interested in this concern are invited to attend.

Joy and comfort are those dainties that God doth not every day feast his people with, every day is not a harvest day nor a summer's day.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF WISE LIBERALITY.

The following letter, which explains itself, breathes such a spirit of generous philanthropy that we think it worthy of preservation in the Intelligencer. It is addressed to fifteen prominent citizens of the Northern and Southern States, who are selected as the trustees to carry out the well-conceived designs of the donor, and who have already met and accepted the responsible position assigned them. We would that all those intrusted by Providence with riches far beyond their needs could feel themselves stewards, bound to use them wisely for the benefit of others, and to promote the great civilizing and Christianizing agencies, which are needing pecuniary aid.

GENTLEMEN: I beg to address you on a subject which occupied my mind long before I left England, and in regard to one at least of you—the Hon. Mr. Winthrop, the distinguished and valued friend to whom I am so much indebted for cordial sympathy, careful consideration, and wise counsel in this matter—will remember that I consulted him immediately upon my arrival in May last. I refer to the educational needs of those portions of our beloved country which have suffered from the destructive ravages and the not less disasterous consequences of civil war. With my advancing years my attachment to my native land has but become more devoted. My hope and faith in its successful and glorious future have grown brighter and stronger, and now, looking forward beyond my stay on earth, as may be permitted to one who has passed the limit of three score and ten years, I see our country, united and prosperous, emerging from the clouds which still surround her, taking a higher rank among the nations, and becoming richer and more powerful than ever before.

But to make her prosperity more than superficial, her moral and intellectual development should keep pace with her material growth, and in those portions of our nation to which I have referred the urgent and pressing physical needs of an almost impoverished people must for some years preclude them from making, by unaided effort, such advances in education and such progress in the diffusion of knowledge among all classes as every lover of his country must earnestly desire.

I feel most deeply, therefore, that it is the duty and privilege of the more favored and wealthy portions of our nation to assist those who are less fortunate; and with the wish to discharge, as far as I may be able, my own responsibility in this matter, as well as to gratify my desire to aid those by whom I am bound by so many ties of attachment and regard, I give to you, gentlemen, most of whom have been my

personal and especial friends, the sum of $1,000,000, to be by you, and your successors, held in trust, and the income thereof used and applied in your discretion, for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral and industrial education among the young of the more destitute portions of the Southern and Southwestern States of our Union—my purpose being that the benefit intended shall be distributed among the entire population, without other distinction than their need and the opportunities of usefulness to them.

Besides the income thus devised, I give to you permission to use from the principal sum, within the next two years, an amount not exceeding forty per cent.

In addition to this gift, I place in your hands bonds of the State of Mississippi, issued to the Planter's Bank, and commonly known as "Planter's Bank Bonds," amounting, with the interest, to about $1,100,000, the amount realized by you, from which is to be added to and used for the purposes of this trust.

These bonds were originally issued in payment for stock in that bank, held by the State, and amounting in all to over $2,000,000. For many years the State received large dividends from that bank, over and above the interest on these bonds. The State paid the interest without interruption until 1840, since which no interest has been paid, except a payment of about $100,000, which was found in the treasury applicable to the payment of the coupons, and paid by a mandamus of the Supreme Court. The validity of these bonds has never been questioned, and they must not be confounded with another issue of bonds made by the State to the Union Bank, the recognition of which has been a subject of controversy with a portion of the population of Mississippi.

Various acts of the Legislature, viz., of February 28, 1842; February 23, 1844; February 16, 1846; February 28, 1846; March 4, 1848; and the highest judicial tribunal of the State has confirmed their validity, and I have no doubt that at an early day such legislation will be had as to make these bonds available in increasing the usefulness of the present trust. Mississippi, though now depressed, is rich in agricultural resources, and cannot long disregard the moral obligation resting upon her to make provision for their payment.

In confirmation of what I have said, in regard to the legislative and judicial action concerning the State bonds issued to the Planter's Bank, I herewith place in your hands the document marked A. The details and organization of the trust I leave with you, only requesting that Mr. Winthrop may be chairman, and Governor Fish and Bishop McIlvaine, vice chairmen of your body; and I give to you power to make all necessary by-laws and regulations; to obtain an act of incorporation if any shall be found expedient, to provide for the expenses of the trustees, or of any agents appointed by them, and generally to do all such acts as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of the trust.

All vacancies arising in number by death, resignation or otherwise shall be filled by your election so soon as conveniently may be, and having in view an equality of representation so far as regards the Northern and Southern States. I furthermore give to you this power, in case two thirds of the trustees shall, at any time after the lapse of thirty years, deem it expedient to close this trust, and of the funds which at that time shall be in the hands of yourselves and your successors, to distribute not less than two-thirds among such educational purposes as they may determine in the States for whose benefit the income is now appointed to be used.

The remainder may be distributed by the trustees for education or literary purposes wherever they may deem it expedient.

In making this gift, I am aware that the fund derived from it can but aid the States which I wish to benefit in their own exertions to diffuse the blessings of education and morality; but if this endowment shall encourage those now anxious for the light of knowledge, and stimulate to new efforts the many good and noble men who cherish the high purpose of placing our great country foremost, not only in power, but in the intelligence and virtue of her citizens, it will have accomplished all that I desire.

With reverent recognition of the need of the blessing of Almighty God upon this gift, and with the fervent prayer that under his guidance your counsels may be directed for the highest good of present and future generations in our beloved country, I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE PEABODY.

LITTLE LUCY.

A sweet little child, about two years old,
Was sitting by "Aunty" counting her gold.
Counting her treasures so slow and true,
"Two, free, teven tugar-plums—red, white, and blue."

One went to her mouth—such a satisfied look
Beamed now from her face as another she took.
"Please give it to aunty, she'll sing Happy Land;'"
And the sugar-plum dropped from her little fat hand.

"Please give aunty more?" Another one fell,
And so on; and yet baby thought it was well,
Until only two of all she possessed
Remained in her hand, and now for the test.

"Give aunty another?" She held it up high,
As much as to say, "'Tis hard, but I'll try;"
And the little plum dropt 'mong a handful more
Of as priceless jewels as ever queen wore.

One only remained. All trembling we stood—
Would our darling do more than we ever could?

"Give aunty another?" came tender and low,
For aunty's eyes dimmed, tears blinded them so.

The little one gazed on the treasure so dear
With a sad, longing look, a sob, and a tear;
'Twas but for a moment—a smile and a kiss
Never sealed costly offering more precious than this.

J. E. K.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SHADOWS.

Suggested by the exhortation of a Friend not to abide among the shadows.

Oh! the joyous golden sunshine,
How it brightens every scene,
Beautifies the lordly mansion
And the cottage on the green.

How the wavelets gleam and sparkle,
As they catch the sun's bright ray;
How the forests bring their offerings
To the glorious King of Day.

But where brightest beams the sunlight,
There the shadows deepest lie—
Who would not their presence welcome
When the Summer sun is high.

Lo! the desert dry and barren
Shows no peaceful mossy glade,
Save where gush the cooling fountains
'Neath the palm-tree's grateful shade.

Only where the shadows linger
Do the freshest mosses spring—
As if hiding desolation,
To the time-worn towers cling.

Where the shadows longest linger
Tempering the sun's fierce glare,
There the grass is greenest, softest—
Fairest flowers blossom there.

So upon the heart the shadows,
Like a benediction fall—
Humbling, purifying, fitting
Us to rise at Sorrow's call.

In the dewy nooks abiding
We our strength shall soon renew,
For the Right again to battle,
And the Cross to bear anew.

Of the many priceless blessings
Coming from the Father's hand,
None more precious than the shadows
In a "dry and weary land."

1st mo., 1867. A. R. P.

The last number of the Christian Examiner, under the head of "The Atlantic Telegraph," contains some remarks on the reception given to Cyrus W. Field by the New York Journal of Commerce, from which the following is extracted:

In all ages, the *multitudes* have been objects of peculiar and mysterious interest to men, and strictly so in proportion to the capacity and insight of those who have contemplated them. But this interest has been of very different and widely contrasted kinds. Always intense, it has commonly been painful and alarming. For ages, men in general were regarded hardly as more than finer animals, capable of a superior mischief; creatures that were either to be intimidated or tamed, as their rulers chanced to be better supplied with force or with guile. The only expedient of governors was to turn the passions of one multitude against the passions of another, or one passion of the same multitude against another passion of its own. Thus natural ferocity was converted into the art of war; jealousy and envy, into pride of country and hatred of rival powers; sloth and apathy, to the account of those willing to substitute their own thinking and their own energy for that of the masses, and make them the tools of their ambition.

Thus multitudes have awed, crushed, and restrained each other, for the benefit of the few, who made themselves exceptional to the mass. Any self-directing power, any intelligent sense of community, any essential worth and goodness in men as men, any right of the race as a race to possess, enjoy and govern the world, did not enter into the head of antiquity, if we except a few theoretical philosophers. Accordingly, the very name of the people was a reproach and an alarm. Οἱ πόλλοι, the many, was a monster,—either a stupid and loathsome, or a ferocious and fearful one, as climate and age affected him. Our most opprobrious appellation— the *mob*— is altogether too dignified a word for the ideas associated with the mass of human creatures before our Saviour's day; and, indeed, out of the narrow circle of his true disciples long after. *Hordes*, *hives*, *herds*, the spawn of the teeming swamps, the litter of the rank fens,—these terms expressed the prevailing sense of the commoness, the miserable origin, the hopeless character, the alarming increase, of their own kind. "Mob" is a word of much less contemptible import. It suggests the existence of some slight concert and design, hides a struggling sense of political aspirations, and hints the possibility of good neighborhood and peaceful relations between an existing civil order and itself. From "scum" and "herd" and "horde" to "mob," from "mob" to "mass," from "the masses" to "the people," from "the people" to "the race," from "race" to "brotherhood," we have a regular ascending series of terms, recording the historic progress of the multitudes as plainly as the geological strata do the history of the earth's advance to a habitable condition. And it is easy to gauge the social and Christian status of any community, by observing the ordinary and spontaneous use of the terms in which the multitude is spoken of, and in which it speaks of itself.

The great peculiarity of ante Christian days was this: the multitudes were despaired of, and therefore both feared and despised. They were, it is true, courted by the ambitious, flattered by the cunning, but still feared and despised at

once by the upper classes. All that we recognize in these days as philanthropy,—a feeling and principle based upon a conviction that the condition of the massess is the fruit of unhappy and discouraging circumstances, which may be removed or relieved, with a certainty of improving their condition and character,—this was unknown. It was not that the intelligent and superior classes in those days were less well-disposed, more selfish or cruel, than we are. But the *relative proportion* of the civilized and the uncivilized, the educated and the uneducated, the rich and the poor, was so much less favorable to hope, that the problems then offered to the wise and good were totally different from ours, and utterly appalling. It was inconceivable then that men everywhere could become educated, civilized, and sensible of the advantages of morality. The very fact of the unknown geography, the imperfect navigation, the slow and difficult intercourse, of ancient times, fostered continual fears of possible eruptions of barbarians,—first realized, indeed, in the destruction of the Roman empire, but always operating to prevent any generous hope of the common elevation of the race. The absence of any general commerce, with a total ignorance of the very name of political economy, rendered precarious supplies of food a proper ground of jealousy and dread,—a fear which is one of the most active and steady causes of hostility and division among men. Nations could not afford to be at peace with their rivals in the corn markets; it was a matter of life and death who had possession of the fertile fields: and so war, jealousy and hatred seemed a necessary, and even a justifiable and statesmanlike policy in the conduct of public affairs, and the relation of states with each other.

When our Saviour appeared, his most affecting and characteristic quality was the new feeling with which he regarded the *multitude*. Objects of lively interest were the multitude, indeed, to the princes and rulers of those days. Herod did not dare, until lust and wine had driven him beyond reason, to behead John; for he feared the people. The chief priests and scribes did not dare to lay hands on Jesus till they were backed by the Roman governor, for the same reason, that they *feared* the people, who had instinctivly felt that they had found a friend in our Saviour. But it was not FEAR, but *compassion*, an entirely different kind of interest, that Christ was to manifest towards them. For, in the language of St Matthew, "when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd"

The grounds of our Saviour's compassion are, it is worthy of notice, the very grounds of the fear entertained towards the people by his predecessors and contemporaries. Because they *fainted* with hunger, were maddened with unsatisfied appetite, and driven to reckless and ferocious ways,—this, which moved the dread of them, and an ever-watchful and armed resistance to their gatherings and their demands, was the first spring of our Saviour's compassion for them. True, he who could multiply the loaves and fishes miraculously for its relief had less to fear from the rage of hunger than the commissaries of mere human princes But Christ distinctly recognized *want* as the first cause of compassion for the people. This was their first, great misfortune, overshadowing all others, causing their degradation, and making them dangerous to themselves and others. He had to feed even before he could instruct them; to become the maker of their bread before he could be the Saviour of their souls. A solemn and most tardily recognized truth was here divinely affirmed. The physical and material degradation of the world has been the first and chief cause of its moral and spiritual destitution. The science of supporting great bodies of people upon this planet in any other than a predatory, uncertain, and clashing way, has been one of very slow and difficult progress. But distinctly to recognize *destitution*, not as the curse of God upon those on whom it fell, but as the providential stimulus to effort, and the divine incentive to compassion; to regard it as a problem capable of solution, or worth the profoundest intellectual and moral sacrifices to fathom it,—was left to our Saviour. It was the mightiest step in human progress when the *faintness* of the people gained the compassion, in place of the dread and fear, of the great leader of the civilization of Christendom. To see and allow that men were made wicked, dangerous, and hopeless mainly by their *wants;* that thus they were shut up to criminality, kept base and fierce by the necessity of their condition; to pity them for this calamity; still more, to look upon it as one which it was the duty and privilege of the fortunate, the instructed, and the rich to relieve or remove,—this was the longest stride on, the highest step up, which the gospel made, politically considered.

(To be continued.)

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

Oh! if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring when they live in dense and squalid masses, where social decency is lost, or never found; if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in by-ways where only poverty may walk—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime, and horrible disease,

to mock them by its contrast. In hollow voices from workhouse, hospital and gaol, this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar—no mere question of the people's health and comforts, that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home, the love of country has its rise; and who are the truer patriots or the better in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce? or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?—*Charles Dickens.*

FOR THE CHILDREN.

SQUIRRELS.

North Hempstead, L. I., 1st mo. 14th, 1867.

We confess to a great partiality for the squirrels. They are not plenty on Long Island, therefore we can charge no account of mischief against them, but enjoy their gambols and watch their sprightly movements with pleasure. Who does not love to see the pretty striped ground squirrel racing along the fences, now stopping at a corner to take a peep at us, and again skipping along the fence rails towards his cosy home. "Look there! see! see him!" cry the children as they first spy the little fellow; and "Oh! look! there is a grey squirrel, too, running across the road just ahead of us; and see how easily he climbs up that tree, and now he is looking down at us. Oh, how I wish I had him nice and tame at home!" They are often tamed, and make very interesting pets for the boys.

A neighbor of ours had a nice tame one that would mount on his lap when at table and patiently wait there for his breakfast. He would also perch on his shoulder while milking the cows, and received, when this was done, a dish of warm milk, of which squirrel was very fond. If we examine the squirrel we will find they have long fingers like toes, armed with sharp claws, in order to maintain their hold on the branches. Their bones are light, and resemble the bones of birds, which, we know, are many of them hollow, so as to combine strength with very little weight. We recollect, when young, peeping into a hole in a tree in the woods, and seeing a dozen large soft black eyes looking up at us so innocently, and almost beseeching us to be let alone. Stepping back a few steps to motion for one of our companions to come, out came a party of flying squirrels and scampered up the tree, and away they flew to other trees, which they ran up and sailed away to others until lost to view. We were bewildered at the sight, for we had heard of flying squirrels before, but had no idea what nimble fellows they were.

Some kinds of squirrels are said to trespass on the crops of corn, and steal large quantities for winter's use; but we have never heard of those just mentioned doing any damage. The skin of the flying squirrel is continued out between the front and hind legs to their toes. It is very thin, and when they wish to go to another tree they climb nearly to the top and make a spring, aiming at a tree within the right distance: spreading out their legs, the skin acts like a parachute, and assists in holding them up, until they strike low down on the tree. It is a pretty sight to see them sailing down to one tree, and then running up another. They are found in India, Siberia and America. Who has not seen and admired the little ground squirrel, which the boys like to call "Chipmuck." And who could be so cruel as to kill the innocent sprightly fellow? We will tell you what the naturalist Audubon found in their burrows on opening them in January, when the ground was covered with snow five inches deep. He found the entrance nicely stopped from the inside, so as to keep out the cold. It was a long winding gallery, descending at first almost perpendicularly three feet. It then continued winding once or twice, rising a little nearer the surface until it had advanced about eight feet, when he came to a large nest made of oak leaves and dried grass. There lay snugly covered three chip squirrels. They appeared benumbed and sluggish, but were ready to bite when taken in the hand. But what do you think he found a little further on, nicely stowed away in their galleries? About two quarts of buckwheat, and wheat, a quart of hazel nuts, nearly a peck of acorns, a little Indian corn, and a few grass seeds. I hope no one will change their opinion of the harmlessness of the chipmuck, if they did have a little grain stored away, for probably they found it out in the fields where it had been carelessly scattered. We don't believe they are thieves by any means. Have you ever seen them carry away to their homes the nuts under the hickory trees? You should watch them. They have very large cheeks, and always take four nuts into their mouths if they can get them. But the hickory nut has a little point standing out at the blossom end. Chip knows these ends will not be comfortable in his cheek-pouches, so he nips them off ere he stows them away with his fore-paws.

Once the black squirrels were numerous, but the grey squirrel being stronger drives him out, and no doubt, in time, like our Indian tribes, they will be numbered no more in our forests.

Its skin is valuable, and is made into ornamental furs. Neither it nor the red squirrel are natives here. They are pretty chatty little fellows, but farmers say they are too helpful in assisting them in gathering their corn crops, often to such an extent that, with dog and gun,

hey have to make war on them in self-defence. To watch a little party of squirrels, unless they are made familiar, like those in the Boston Common, or the pets of W. C. Bryant's, is amusing, but not very easily accomplished. They whisk about so adroitly, never missing their hold on the limbs, appearing to use their long, fan-like tails like Blondin uses his balancing pole, to keep the equilibrium. Especially is it interesting to see them in autumn lay in their winter supply. The tree squirrel hides its nuts and grain away in all sorts of curious sly places. Sometimes it scratches away the leaves and deposits the treasures in a hole in the ground; and it is said their memory is so good they can go in the winter, when the ground is covered with its snowy mantle, and find the exact spot where the nuts were placed. Squirrels know better than to carry to their granary any defective articles. A worm-eaten nut, or an empty shell, is not found among their stores.

I. H.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$100.00
" M. E. Cooper, Cincinnati, Ohio,	25.00
" T. H. B.,	20.00
" S. F. C.,	5.00
" Mrs. J. P. Crozer, Delaware Co., Pa.,	25.00
" Emma Crozer, " " "	25.00
" Redwood F. Warner,	25.00
	$225.00

Also a valuable donation of a barrel of seeds from Shakers of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Clothing from R. W. Moore, a "Friend," and a large box of clothing from Friends of Sadsbury, Pa.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
2d mo. 16, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

SYNOPSIS OF A

LECTURE ON LIGHT,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

BETHANY MISSION FOR COLORED CHILDREN

To be delivered at the Alexander Presbyterian Church, N. E. corner of Nineteenth and Green Streets, 2d Month 25th, 1867, (Monday evening, February 25th), at 8 o'clock,

BY PROF. ALBERT R. LEEDS, A.M.

THE NATURE OF LIGHT.

Analogy between Light and Sound. *Experiments:* Stationary Wave. Vibrating line.

SOURCES OF LIGHT.

Experiments: Burning of Magnesium, etc. The three cones of the candle flame cast their own image upon a screen. Intense heat made to produce Light. The Lime Light. Shadow of a Flame. Translucent Gold.

REFLECTION AND REFRACTION OF LIGHT.

Optical Illusions. Correction of Lenses. Spherical Aberration. These principles applied to the construction of the Magic Lantern. *Experiments:* The cut and displaced grating. The lantern employed with the Lime Light to project a series of beautiful Photagraphs, etc., upon the screen.

Admission, 50 cents. *To Scholars, 25 cents.*

Tickets can be obtained at Hufnal's Drug Store, S. W. corner of 19th and Green Streets; Cooper's Dry Good Store, 1901 Market Street, Friends' Book Store, 109 North Tenth Street; Shackhouse's Drug Store, S. E. corner of 8th and Green Streets; T. B. Pugh's Book Store, 607 Chestnut Street; and at Edward Parrish's Drug Store, 800 Arch Street.

ITEMS.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate official information was given of the ratification of the constitutional amendment by the Ohio and New York Legislatures. The bill amendatory of the postal laws was recalled from the House, amended and passed. The passage by the House of the bill for the establishment of civil government in Louisiana, and the passage by the House of the bill to provide for the more efficient government of rebel States, were announced, but went over. A bill to punish the larceny of any articles of Government property by a fine of $5.000, or imprisonment of not less than one year, or more than ten years, or both, was passed. A resolution was offered instructing the Judiciary Committe to inquire into the expediency of amending the Constitution so as to limit the service as President to one term, to abolish the office of Vice President, and to provide for the election of President by popular vote. The bankrupt bill, which had been previously rejected, was called up, amended and passed; also, the joint resolution permitting the withdrawal of alcohol from bond for scientific purposes without payment of tax; the bill for the funding of the compound interest notes; and the bill to authorize the acceptance of League Island as a naval depot. From the Judiciary Committee was reported the bill providing that persons held upon mesne process or execution issued from United States courts shall be entitled to discharge in the same way as if arrested upon similar process of the State courts in the same district. The Reconstruction bill, for the more efficient government of the rebel States, was passed after considerable discussion. The House amendments to the act to prevent smuggling were concurred in. A committee of conference was appointed on the bankrupt bill. A joint resolution was introduced for the payment of claims of loyal Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians who had been driven from their homes by the rebels.

HOUSE.—Under the usual call a large number of bills and resolutions were introduced, passed to a second reading, and referred. Among them was one to promote the interests of American commerce and ship-building; another declaring that the Government of the United States in the prosecution of the Alabama claims should use the same dispatch and emphasis which characterized the demand of the British Government in the Mason and Slidell affair; a bill for the removal of the Indian tribes from the State of Wisconsin. A bill to amend the internal revenue laws was presented. It practically exempts incomes to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars from taxation; over that amount a uniform rate of five per cent. is to be charged. The committee appointed to investigate the New Orleans riots, presented the report of the majority, and a minority report. Accompanying the report of a majority is a bill for the re-establishment of civil government in the State of Louisiana. The bill finally passed. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee of Ways and Means, in view of the existing depression of the interests of the commercial marine of the United States, to inquire into the expediency of amending the tariff act by a provision to the effect that all goods imported on American vessels shall be allowed a rebate of ten per cent. on the duties im-

posed by said act. The bill reported from the Reconstruction Committee, for the establishment of a military government in the South, was, after much discussion, passed. The Senate amendments to the bankrupt bill were then taken up and non-concurred in. The Secretary of State was directed to inform the House what States now represented in Congress have ratified the constitutional amendment. The Secretary of the Senate announced the passage by that body of the act for the more efficient government of the rebel States. The bill was debated, but the vote had not been taken when our paper went to press.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.—The Legislature of Wisconsin has ratified the Constitutional Amendment. It has also been ratified by the upper branch of the Rhode Island Legislature. The lower branches of the Legislatures of Delaware and Louisiana have rejected it.

Thus far the Amendment has been ratified by nineteen states, as follows: Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, West Virginia and Wisconsin. It has been rejected by thirteen states, as follows: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia.

In the Delaware Legislature, a bill allowing negroes to testify, and making their punishment for crime the same as that for whites, has been defeated by a strict party vote.

THE FREEDMEN.—The City Council of Baltimore has appropriated $20,000 to the colored schools of that city.

Both Houses of the Tennessee Legislature have passed a bill giving suffrage to the negroes.

Both Houses of the Missouri Legislature are agreed in proposing such an amendment of the State constitution as shall do away with distinctions of color.

The bestowal of suffrage on the colored citizens of the District, and the evident determination of Congress to secure them in the exercise of the right, have wrought some marvellous changes in Georgetown and Washington. Officials who recently were conspicuous in devising means to evade the several acts of Congress compelling education to be provided for blacks as for whites, since both were taxed for school purposes, now calculate nervously their chances at the next election, and reveal an admirable solicitude for the intelligence of their constituents.

KENNETT SQUARE ACADEMY, for young men and boys, and *Kennett Square Female Seminary*. Two separate Boarding Schools, under the same management; have had during the winter 154 pupils. The Seminary's next session of sixteen weeks will open Third month 5th, 1867. Whole expense, including Academy Lectures, Languages and Drawing, $64. This is a rare opportunity for teachers The Principal's Normal Class at present includes one-third of the school. For circulars apply to S. C. Shortlidge, Sidney Pusey, or Emma Bowman.

The Academy begins a session of thirteen weeks Third month 20th. Terms, $4.75 per week. Particular attention to Reading, Penmanship and Spelling. Prof. J. G. Moore, of Philadelphia, will continue his Lectures on Chemistry and Astronomy before the School. No extra for Latin, Greek French, or Drawing, Book-keeping, and Spencerian Penmanship, by a Commercial College graduate

Kennett borough has two daily trains to Philadelphia, stage line to Wilmington, Del., express and telegraph office, &c., &c., affording to students the conveniences of larger towns, without their objectionable features.

Apply to Swithin C. Shortlidge, A. B. (Harvard University), Principal, Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa. 216 tfawfn.

WANTED.—A Boy in a Store; one having some knowledge of the House-Furnishing business preferred. Address 'Friend, at this office, with reference. 1tp.

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. Volumes III and IV. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

The third and fourth volumes of this work have been unavoidably delayed by causes connected with the late civil war. During the five years that have elapsed since the second volume was published, so many changes have taken place that it is deemed expedient to issue a new Prospectus.

The two volumes now proposed to be published contain the history of the Society from the year 1691 to 1828, embracing much original matter that has not appeared in any other history. *Biographical sketches are given of the most prominent members of the Society in Great Britain and America*, with many instructive passages from their writings and interesting anecdotes.

Among the *subjects of deep interest* treated of in these volumes are: *the perils and preservation of Friends during the Irish Rebellion of* 1798; *the course they pursued during the war of American Independence; their efforts to civilize the Indians and preserve peace with them; the rise and progress of their testimony against Slavery; their early labors in the cause of Temperance; the Separation in Ireland at the beginning of this century; and the Separation in America in* 1827-8, *with the causes that led to it, and the results that have followed.*

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 803.)

To L. A. B.

Bognor, 24th of Sixth month, 1825.

I am favored indeed in being able to say, how greatly the change of air, and the suspension of mental exercises have revived me. Truly, I felt both in mind and body, failing beyond the usual vicissitudes or ups and downs that attend. It was a great convulsion to my faith, though relieving to my poor frame, to have to resign what had been received as clear duty; and I trust, that if in any wise there was occasion for me at that crisis to remember Jonah's case, when he was angry, because his Master's will declared through him was reversed, the feeling was nothing worse than a jealousy for the honor of the great name, and the high vocation professed by me, lest the Truth should suffer, or any cause of offence be given. I am altogether in the hands of One, who can see if I have gone down to Joppa, and paid the fare to Tarshish. It is an awful thing in this day, as ever it was in any other, to take the name of the Most High into our lips, and to declare his commands; but if so, how awful is the situation of those who reject these messages,—who do not, like "that great city" of old, "cry mightily," and turn from their evil ways. O! the longer I was in that great city, the more was I baptized, (as I thought,) into a sense of that which is wanting, in an especial manner in our favored Society; until the burden became more than I could sustain: and yet for a time I could not see any way rightly to get from under it. When we consider what must be, and ever is, the condition of those who follow not the Lamb in the leadings of his pure light, and that it is said of them that love the world, and the things of it, that the love of the Father *is not in them*,—that the friendship of the world is enmity against Him,—with many other such truths;—what shall we think the fair profession of many is worth, in the sight of the Searcher of hearts. How glorious a thing, to be daily growing in grace, daily receiving heavenly bread, daily partaking of the Divine blessing, and in *that*, moving and acting towards others in our several duties. It is wonderful to me, how my constitution seems in so short a time to have rallied.

To a Friend.

Bognor, Sussex, 30th Sixth Month, 1825.

My beloved Friend.—What a wonderful course have believers to tread in;—how led about, and in all things instructed,—how wonderfully and wisely dealt with! What a process it takes to purify us from self, and completely to redeem. Nothing less than an infinite Hand can do it for us,—both as to mercy, wisdom and power, and that continually exerted on our behalf. O! I feel these things more than ever I did, and feel that I am yet but a child in the experience of them; because that which is attained, is as nothing compared with the fullness that is set before us. I trust we are companions in this

path, wherein we are through many tribulations and chastenings, and even apparent desertion and death, taught that we are poor creatures, able of ourselves to do nothing, neither to keep ourselves alive in a spiritual sense. O! it is hard work to endure patiently all that is needful for this purpose, and to accept all the painful operations of the Holy and High One for our good: yet there is no safety for us, but in submitting thus to what may be called the death of the cross; and "if we be dead with *Him*, we believe that we shall also live with him; if we suffer we shall reign with him." I continue to feel peace of mind in the step taken or concluded on, when under thy roof. What a shelter, dear friends, it felt to me to be with you; I wish often to be with you in spirit, and to partake of that which refreshes you, and which animates to hold on to steadfastness. My situation since I left you, has been one calculated to discourage; but I trust the Lord is my stay, though little evidence seems extended of that sensible support which poor nature looks for. It has been a sifting, searching time with me; the being thus suspended, shall I say thrown on my back, and my purposes turned aside, causes much scrutiny; but I cannot find that I have missed the way,—nay, the language presents, "It was well it was in thy heart;" yet as regards the future, I am earnest for clearness, though remembering that we are to "be careful for nothing." Alton Quarterly and Monthly Meetings are to be on the Fifth and Sixth days next week; in being at these, I may see further what is best. My health is certainly better for being here, the bracing sea air has been very beneficial; but while this is the case, every day shows me proofs of my exceeding delicate state. A religious meeting costs me much travail, much wrestling of spirit; so does going about among Friends occasion much suffering and watching, though often with a cheerful countenance. If we are but kept simple, humble, patient, resigned to do or suffer, nothing can harm us, nor will a hair of our heads be singed or fall to the ground; all that can happen to us will only turn to our benefit, and not one of our sacrifices but will accomplish that for which it is designed by Him, who worketh in us and for us.

1825, *Ninth Month* 15*th*.—I got well home, with a peaceful mind, empty and low enough, though not so as to be insensible of the powerful hand that had been over me for good, and over all things else, to make them good to me. In the midst of much bitter conflict, which has since been in wisdom dispensed, it is a favor to have nothing to look back upon greatly to grieve or condemn the poor tried spirit, ready as it has been to halt, and to drink in discouragement; and in the feeling of it, one is ready to exclaim, how wonderful is the preservation and condescension handed to the poor instrument, when it has thus given up all for the name of the Lord!—and yet, on the other hand, what weakness in any of the Lord's people can be greater than that which such feel; so that every day and every way they would err and fall, and do evil, were it not that an omnipotent power was ever near, to uphold, to prevent and to restore!

The Monthly Meeting soon occurring, I returned my certificate to my own satisfaction, and I believe that of my Friends.

1825, *Tenth Month*.—Low times often: but out of the depths did I cry, and He made these "depths of the sea a way;"—He led me through them as on dry ground, and shewed me His wonders in them: so that I have been enabled to pass on, leaving them behind, yea, leaving every thing past and to come in his hands, who can do all things for me.

New duties, new and arduous paths not cast up, no mark, no trace, no footing, but just in His footsteps, who putteth forth and goeth before. O! for a free, simple, entire throwing myself into His care and keeping and disposal in all things, now and evermore! for no one else can deliver or preserve, or carry through, or enable to glorify Him, or bring about things, that so they shall all redound to His praise.

[In the Third Month, 1826, he quitted his residence at Marazion, and in the Fifth Month following, he again entered into the married state, and settled at Alton, in Hampshire.]

1826, *Sixth Month* 22*nd*.—I have at times been almost ready to conclude it a vain thing, to attempt in this way to commemorate the innumerable blessings and mercies from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, which have been heaped upon me; and yet pure desires, I trust are at times known to arise, that others may be induced to come, taste and see, how good the Lord is,—how wonderful are his dealings to the poorest, most unworthy of His creatures. Words cannot set forth what He is, and will ever remain to be, towards those that trust in Him, and hope in His mercy; and who still endeavor, through all that may happen to them,—through all weaknesses, repulses, temptations, and exercises, to strive with a true heart to serve the God of their lives. O! what hath he wrought for me, more than in past times,—if possible, more than in years that have long passed over! My removal out of Cornwall, my settlement in this allotment (Alton,) my many, many comforts, a beloved and loving partner given me in the place of her, that has been safely landed from this sea of troubles! how shall my soul ever repeat all that God hath wrought for me in these matters? Yea, how hath he preserved my goings out and my comings in, my up-rising and my down-sitting; so that notwithstanding the many haltings, stumblings, slippery and exceedingly difficult places,

the Lord, hath in good measure been my confidence, and kept my foot from being taken, and my life from being smitten to the ground by the enemy. O! he hath made for me a way, where I could see none; He hath made that to be possible,—yea, brought it to pass, which seemed impossible,—yea, brought me safely through; so that I can indeed yet praise him for his goodness.

To E. S.

ALTON, Fifth Month, 1826.

My Dear Friend.—To say that my soul doth tenderly and deeply sympathize with thee under thy sore bereavement, is saying little at such a time as this; and yet well knowing how wonderfully the Divine compassions are extended in such an hour, I cannot be anxious that my pen should be made helpful to thee. It is indeed a season when "the powers of the world to come" and the "heavenly gift" are to be tasted and deeply drunk of; for whatever be the nature of man's extremity, it is then the Lord is most inclined to draw near, and manifest the excellency of his never-failing arm; inviting, nay, urging the sons of men to take refuge under his healing wing. My belief is firm, that it is not only possible but easy, through submission to this inward operation and aid, for the soul to be raised above the outward, and settled in a holy calm, where it can bless, and praise, and magnify through all, the name of Him, who doeth all things well, and nothing in vain. It will no doubt be thy concern, as it is our duty, to dwell on the various blessings connected with this painful dispensation; that thy dear wife should have reached her home, is one that strikes me forcibly. But there is much of tenderness and gentleness in the Lord's severest dealings, and in those which seem darkest or bitterest. We know not the end or meaning of many designs, but they are developed by and by, even to our own astonishment and satisfaction. Yet in respect to these, and all other indirect alleviations or abatements to the acuteness of feeling, it may be said, at least for a time, in the language of Jeremiah, "When I would (thus) comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me."

Thy dear little eldest child will often, I trust, beguile away a heavy hour of musings and of mourning, and take thee from too selfish an indulgence in what has been termed, 'the luxury of grief,'—help thee also to cast an eye on the *future*, rather than to dwell too much or unduly on the past,—and lift thy tried spirit out of the unprofitable depths of sorrow; and her little prattle may sound like a call—'lead me to follow her thou mournest.'

O! what a spur to dilligence, to increased care in all the allotment of duty, does such a loss as thou hast sustained, if rightly borne, bring with it. If thus I have been favored to see "the end of the Lord,—that he is very pitiful and of tender mercy," and that "blessed are the dead who die in him,"—what shall I render, and how shall I live, and what shall I not endure for the sake of "so great salvation," so excellent a Saviour. Truly, dear E., I look for something out of all this; for the Lord hath done great things for thee, as for *her*, thy precious partner; and I cannot but think, thou mayst lift up thy head in hope, and go on in the strength of the Lord. For though many be and must be our remaining tribulations, before it be said to us, "Thy warfare is accomplished;" yet while our dependence and surrender of soul is maintained in even a small degree of simplicity, He whom we serve will never leave nor forsake us, nor fail to make good all that He hath promised.

May the consolation of God be abundant with thee; and may nothing of this transitory world, whether heights or depths, come between him and thee, to deprive thee of the richness and fulness of his blessing, yet poured on them that mourn.

My dear love attends thee. May we abound in grace, and every good fruit, even by abiding in the vine, being often purged as fruit bearing branches, and chastened as dear children.

Farewell. I remain thy affectionate friend,

J. B.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT.

It is common to speak of the house of public worship as a holy place; but it has no exclusive sanctity. The holiest spot on earth is that where the soul breathes its purest vows, and forms or executes its noblest purposes; and on this ground, were I to seek the holiest spot in your city, I should not go to your splendid sanctuaries, but to closets of private prayer. Perhaps the "Holy of Holies" among you is some dark, narrow room, from which most of us would shrink, as unfit for human habitation; but, God dwells there. He hears there music more grateful than the swell of all your organs; sees there a beauty, such as nature, in her robes of Spring, does not unfold; for there He meets, and sees, and hears the humblest, most thankful, most trustful worshipper; sees the sorest trials serenely borne, the deepest injuries forgiven; sees toils and sacrifices cheerfully sustained, and death approached, through a lonely illness, with a triumphant faith. The consecration, which such virtues shed over the obscurest spot, is not and cannot be communicated by any of those outward rites by which our splendid structures are dedicated to God.—*Channing.*

"Since the religious faculties of the poor and half educated cannot investigate historical and literary questions, *therefore* these questions cannot constitute an essential part of religion."

The following address to the Members of Concord Quarterly Meeting, by John Jackson, is deemed worthy to be reprinted; it has been sent to us for that purpose.

ADDRESS.

When we contemplate the goodness and mercy of the Most High, and our own dependant condition, we are led to believe that Divine worship is a duty we owe to Him, as the obligation of a rational creature to an All-wise Creator. And although a variety of forms have been adopted by the religious world, none perhaps is better adapted to the performance thereof, than our practice of waiting upon God in silence; and none perhaps more in accordance with the testimony of Jesus, that "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

However simple this kind of worship may be in itself, it is to be feared, it is too little understood by a large portion of the professors of religion. This *silence* is not merely a cessation from words, it is an inward watchfulness, wherein the thoughts, feelings, and affections of the soul become so centered within itself, as to leave it free from the influence of external excitement, and brought into a condition to commune with its divine Original. Here is ample room for the exercise of every spiritual faculty; the soul is brought to a clear sense of its condition, desires are raised after heavenly good, and as a living fountain, continually aspires to the attainment of an endless life. Here we can understand a testimony delivered by the lip of truth, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him, a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

If in our religious meetings we are engaged to promote this kind of silence, a preparation would be experienced, to worship God in "newness of life." We should feel the quickening virtue of the life of Christ rising into dominion in our souls—that spiritual food which is prepared for its sustenance in this probationary state. And, however this may be overlooked or neglected, it remains to be the transcendant glory of the Gospel dispensation—this we should desire to attain unto in all our approaches to God, whether it be in retirement, or in an assembly met for public worship. As we are engaged to come to Christ, the "true anointing," access will be opened unto him through the power of an operative faith, bringing the mind under the holy influences of Divine love; and by this medium we become initiated into membership with the true church, answerably to the Apostolic testimony, "By one spirit all are baptized into one body."

When our faithful predecessors were called out of the powerless forms and ceremonies of their time, they were drawn together in the bonds of Gospel fellowship, where they were often livingly baptized under the influence of the holy spirit, bringing them into the silence of all flesh. Hence arose our peculiar form of worship, in the practice of which they encountered many severe persecutions, oftimes being dragged from their places of worship—torn from their families—cast into prison, and exposed to the cruelty of wicked men. But neither ridicule, persecution, the deprivation of the comforts of life, nor all the cruelty inflicted by a spirit of intolerance, could lessen their adherence to the principles they had espoused—weaken their confidence in an arm of power that was underneath to support them, or abate their zeal in the performance of what they not only considered, a reasonable service, but because they believed it to be a practice authorized by Christ and his immediate followers.

Here they enjoyed the consolations of the gospel in Christian communion, and being brought into the power and life of Christ, could realize the truth of his declaration, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Let us contrast our present situation with theirs, and properly estimate those privileges, which through their faithfulness, *we* are now permitted to enjoy without molestation or disturbance.

When we look around us, we cannot number the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which have been bestowed upon us. And do not these things call for renewed exertions on our part, and for greater degrees of dedication in the cause of truth?

Why should any of us, amidst the accumulated favors of a bountiful Creator, relinquish the practice of assembling ourselves together, that we may bear a public testimony of our love to Him, by waiting upon Him in solemn, reverential silence? Shall the prosperous condition of our temporal callings, prevent us from the performance of this great duty? Would it not be more consistent with the favors we enjoy, as well as with the religious principles we profess, to manifest our gratitude, by devoting a portion of our time in so reasonable a manner?

If, as we believe, our religious testimonies are founded in the truth, as it is in Jesus, and if practically adhered to, would promote the harmony of mankind, and augment the sum of human happiness, does it not become a matter of importance to us, that we labor for the promotion of this great end; and that we do not weaken our hands or lessen our ability to do good to our fellow men, by our unfaithfulness in the discharge of our duty to our heavenly father. The good seed has been sown, and let us not suffer the "cares of this world or the deceitfulness of riches" to retard its precious

growth ; rather let it be cultivated, that it may bring forth much fruit, to the praise of the great and good husbandman.

May we then, dear friends, continue faithful in the attendance of all our religious meetings, both for worship and discipline, and when there assembled, seek for the life of Christ, as it is manifested in the secret of the heart; and as we keep on the ground of watchfulness and humility, we shall be qualified to support this testimony for the truth in uprightness, and thus be able to hold out this language to others: Come and have fellowship with us, because our fellowship is with the Father, and the Son, and one with another in him. Then there would be a godly concern with parents to encourage their tender offspring in the performance of this duty, to instruct their infant minds in the precepts of the gospel, and in the language of their lives, hold out the invitation to follow them, as they follow Christ.

And may you, my young friends, be concerned to keep upon the watch, and guard against every thing that would in any wise draw your minds from the path of self-denial and the cross. Exposed as you are to the snares and temptations of a world that lieth in vanity, in danger of being led astray by its deceitful flatteries, my mind has been impressed with a fervent desire for your establishment upon the true foundation. When we look back upon the past, and contemplate the removal of many who have stood as bright and shining lights in our religious society, now removed from their labors in the militant church to be united with the church triumphant in Heaven, are we not led to reflect upon the query, "Your fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live forever? The youth of our society hold a responsible station —on them will devolve the support of our righteous testimonies.

How important then that they should be faithful to the dignified trust committed to their charge ; that they may become the instruments through which our principles and the simple habits of our fathers may spread and increase, and be conveyed to succeeding generations.

Do not plead for this selfish indulgence or that carnal gratification, as seeing no harm in it; abstractly considered they may be indifferent, but alas! they often become the snares in which the feet of the unguarded are entangled, and drawn down to the chambers of death. The enemy of our peace begins with plausible temptations, in things which to the inexperienced mind appear of small concern—little by little we yield ourselves to the delusive persuasions of the vain world, till at last we are betrayed into a false shame of godly conversation and a breach of those simple habits, into which the truth leads its faithful followers, and has placed as an exterior hedge of preservation about them.

As we yield to small temptations, we find less ability to resist greater when they are presented, and thus we are drawn off from the simplicity of our profession, to amalgamate with the world, in language, in dress, and in its corrupt customs and associations. The natural tendency of which will be to darken and entangle the mind, by alienating it from the life of God—betraying it into a disobedience of the inward law, in which too many have thrown off the salutary restraints of religious discipline, and unhappily have trampled under foot by example, the guardian care and precepts of pious parents, and by a mistaken indulgence in the gratifications of the carnal mind, have multiplied their sorrows, instead of becoming the support and consolation of their declining years.

O how important that we should attend to an injunction given by the apostle, "Abstain from all appearance of evil;" let us not be ashamed of the cross of Christ, but be willing to choose the independent ground taken by one formerly, let others do as they will, "but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord." Such a course would enable us to escape the snares of the world, and as we become daily concerned to live in obedience to the "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," we should be set free from the "law of sin and death," and thus be qualified to answer the end of our being, by shewing forth the praises of Him, who hath called us out of darkness to be made living witnesses of his "marvellous light."

Finally, dear friends, may we be engaged in the faithful support of all our religious testimonies, that the work of our day may be advanced in proportion to the light we have received, and the ability which is furnished us. Then, may we not confidently hope, that Zion will shake herself from the dust of the earth, and in her and with her will arise, "Judges as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning."

JOHN JACKSON.

Darby, 2d mo., 1837.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD EXEMPLIFIED.

It was a cold and bleak evening ; the snow, driven by the furious north wind, was piled into broad and deep banks along the street. Few dared or were willing to venture out. It was a night the poor will not soon forget. In a miserable and shattered tenment, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there resided an aged widow, all alone, *and yet not alone*. During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed, and none heeded her destitution. She sat at evening by her small fire, half famished with hunger, from exhaustion unable to sleep, preparing to meet that dreadful fate from which she

knew not how she should be spared. She had prayed that morning in full faith, "Give me this day my daily bread;" but the shadows of evening had descended upon her, and her faithful prayer had not been answered. While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open, and as suddenly shut again, and found deposited in her entry by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with those articles of comfortable food, which had all the sweetness of manna to her. What were her feelings that night, God only knows; but they were such as arise up to Him, the Great Deliverer and Provider, from ten thousand hearts every day. Many days elapsed before the widow learned through what messenger God had sent to her that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who, on that dismal night seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish, that the poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could have some of her numerous comforts and good cheer. The parents followed out the benevolent suggestion, and a servant was soon dispatched to her mean abode with a plentiful supply. What a beautiful glimpse of a chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God. An angel, with noiseless wing came down, and stirred the peaceful breast of a pure-hearted child, and with no pomp or circumstance of outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered.—*Sudbury Leaflets.*

"The Church of God is that living body of men who are called by Him out of the world, not to be inventors of a new social system, but to exhibit in the world, by word and life,—chiefly by life—what humanity is, was, and will be, in the idea of God."

TRUE ECONOMY.

Among the golden maxims of Edmund Burke is the following: "*Parsimony is not economy.* Expense and great expense may be an essential part in true economy, which is a distributive virture, and consists not in saying, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, sagacious mind."

As avarice is the meanest and most belittleing passion which can rule the mind, so it is ever inflicting discomfort, and loss, and penury upon its victims. How little has that man got who has money only! How utterly bereft is his beggarly life of all that renders life precious and noble! He who thinks only of getting and saving, and forms no plans to use well what he has gotten, is truly an object of pity. Too sordid for joy, and too covetous for contentment, he becomes miserable just in proportion as he grows parsimonious.

A prudent economy, on the other hand, saves to spend. It hoards to distribute. It denies an ear to the clamor of small and selfish desires only that it may listen to the calls of reason and duty. It considers the useful, the necessary and the good, and provides as best it may for them all.

There is, however, a parsimony which is seen in connection with the utmost extravagance. They who spend money on themselves only, and who rarely think even of any claims outside the sphere of thei rpersonal indulgences, become parsimonious the moment economy solicits them to share in promoting the common good of society. They cannot "afford" to part with money for such purposes, "Their expenses areso heavy," "The calls are so many," "They cannot be all the while giving," "They will think of it," and so they became rigid misers while engaged in the practice of the greatest extravagance in dress, living, amusements, and all the fancies and follies of the fashionable world. Parsimony, then, is of two kinds, but either kind is sure and positive loss to its devotee.

In this connection the question arises whether there can be any such thing as a true economy which does not involve to some extent the notion of self denial? Men who never part with their money for good objects until they have more than they know what to do with, can practice no economy in the act of giving.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

REFLECTIONS.

There comes a time when we can no longer stand in the same relations that we have stood in. Youth fades; the eye grows dim; the ear waxes dull; the foot becomes slower, and the hand less nimble. As when they take down a tent, one cords lacks after another, and one peg after another is drawn out of the ground, and all are but premonitory symptoms of its collapse and fall; so one and another sign of age, as they come upon us, are but so many testimonies that this material tabernacle is being taken down. If we have gained honors, the time is coming speedily when we must lay them aside; for honors never go to funerals with the men who wore them. If we have pleasures, the time will come when they will run thinner and slower and will be less remunerative; and they will stop just at the period when most we need them. When age begins to dawn, and our companions have passed away, and we are left solitary and alone; when our health breaks down, and our buoyancy of spirit ceases; when our faces are set toward the grave, and we are marching thither, what can riches do for us? what can all the acclamation of the world do for the man that is dying?

There is many a man that has worked all his life to heap up pleasures, and that stands shivering, and shuddering, and saying, "I can not bear to die and leave them all." But die and leave them all you will. No man that has undertaken to make himself happy by seeking anything in this world has succeeded. No such man can be happy. But he that has lived for love, purity, duty, heaven, and immortality will be happy under all circumstances. When sickness comes to him, Christ the Comforter comes with it. When sorrows come, then the bow of promise comes. And when death itself comes, what is it but the hand of God sent to take him home? Dying is vacation and joy and happiness. He only is happy, who knows how to be one with Christ, to suffer with him, and to live with him here for that joy and peace that he gives As the body decays, as its powers fade away, as our earthly honors recede, our heavenly treasures should appear.

"When we think that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society."

CARE OF THE POOR.

Christianity is most humanizing in its influence. It teaches the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and enforces by the most sacred sanctions the duty of loving our neighbor. Whenever it wins the mastery of the soul, it stirs the benevolent impulses into activity. It is by the humanities which the Christian religion develops that our civilization contrasts so favorably, in its social aspects, with barbarism.

In one of his discourses Robert Hall makes eloquent allusion to the fact that the boasted civilizations of the classic world made no provision for the relief of the suffering poor. In cultured Athens and in Imperial Rome asylums for the destitute and hospitals for the sick did not exist. It is only where Christianity exerts its beneficent sway that vasts sums of money are expended to protect and nurture and save the children who suffer from orphanage and crime, to shelter and comfort those whom age has rendered helpless, to mitigate the sufferings of the diseased and to heal their maladies. It is a significant fact, too, and one which does great honor to Christianity, that the humanitarian enterprises of the age derive their inspiration and support mainly from the Church.

The greatest benefactor of humanity the world has ever seen was Jesus. In him philanthropy found its truest and highest embodiment. Though lofty and pure in his nature, he descended to the lowest walks of poverty, that he might thereby kindle hope in the heart of the forsaken, soothe the anguish of the sick and dying, console the sorrowing, and relieve the hungry. He so thoroughly identified himself with the poor of this world as to leave them as a charge to his followers with the assurance that their helpful ministries to the suffering would be accepted and rewarded as though done to himself. With the example of such a leader ever before them, and with his precepts as their guide, it is not strange that Christians are compassionate to the poor. In comformity to this example and to these precepts lies indeed one of the great tests of Christian character. "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The blasts of winter are greatly heightened in severity by unwarmed apartments and insufficient clothing and food. In every city, and in most of our smaller towns, little ones, who are innocent of the guilt of a father's idleness and intemperance, will cry from cold and hunger while the winter's storms are abroad. Though this is a land of abundance, there are multitudes who suffer for lack of bread. In the South the destitution threatens to be fearful. The unrepaired wastes of the war, and the great destruction caused by the army worm to this year's cotton crop, will subject both whites and blacks to serious suffering. In this direction there will be abundant opportunity during the winter to fulfil the divine injunction, "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink."

In most of our town and city churches there are Christian widows, who, bereft of their earthly protectors, battle in silence with adversity. Others, because of broken health or advanced age, are exposed to the severities of the winter. How would a kind visit, accompanied with becoming tokens of friendly sympathy from the more prosperous, relieve the dreariness of their lot!

What an opportunity for those to whom God has given means, to gather a rich harvest of heart happiness, for truly "it is more blessed to give than to receive!"

Christians should not wait for the Church in its organized benevolence to distribute to the necessities of the poor, but should employ their personal ministries in relieving the wretchedness around them. They will secure thereby more fully to themselves the rewards of their beneficence, while they will do a greater good to those to whom they minister. They will also conform more perfectly to the Divine Exemplar who "went about doing good." Like him they should scatter blessings upon all the needy, "upon the evil as well as the good."

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but

to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—*Ruskin.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 2, 1867.

We would remind our friends that we approach the termination of the current volume of the Intelligencer. The commencement of a new year will be a favorable time for those who are disposed to promote the circulation of the paper, to send us additional names as subscribers.

THE COLORED CHILDREN OF OUR CITY.—It has been our practice for some time to notice the movements of Friends travelling in the ministry, as such information is furnished us, and we believe this course has given satisfaction to Friends in different neighborhoods. Our prefix points to a service out of our own Church, which is being prosecuted by our Friend Deborah F. Wharton, with the concurrence of Spruce Street Monthly Meeting. We were glad to hear of this concern. Several interesting opportunities have been had in the different schools and meeting-houses, belonging to the colored people, and also in the Refuge for Colored Children. A satisfactory meeting was held at the latter place on last First-day afternoon. The children, of whom there were about 225, were remarkably quiet and attentive, and appeared to understand what was said to them. The gratification they manifested at being kindly noticed, gave evidence of good feeling, and we trust that their present *refuge* may prove an asylum in which there may be found an influence that will counteract the evil effects of their former habits. Many of them have been taken from homes degraded by drunken parents; others have been rescued from the street, as wanderers on the public highway, with no friendly hand to lead them onward.

Two little boys, one nine and the other eleven years old, received recently, were taken up for stealing a watch. Their mother, they said, had taught them to steal, and in that way they had mainly maintained her. We would encourage Friends who feel an interest in this class of the community to visit them in this comfortable home. It would, no doubt, be an encouragement, not only to the children, but to those who have them in charge, and who need a friendly word to cheer them in their arduous labor.

"*Select Historical Memoirs of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, being a succinct account of their character and course during the 17th and 18th centuries.* By WILLIAM HODGSON. Second edition, 12mo. pp. 431.

We have received from J. B. Lippincott and Co. a copy of this work. Many of our readers will remember that in the first edition, published in 1844, there was a chapter in which the religious reputation of a large body of Friends was assailed. This circumstance, of course, prevented what was otherwise a valuable compilation from circulating to any extent among the members of our branch of the Soc ety. In the present edition, the author has wisely, as we think, omitted that chapter. At the close of the volume, he informs that he leaves to the "pen of future history the delineation of the important events connected with the two great manifestations of defection from the faith of our forefathers, which have occurred in our own day."

After these remarks, we can say that we have read the 45 chapters of the book with interest. The author has drawn his material from many sources, some of which are not easily accessible. He has given us a faithful portrait of many of the ancient worthies, with collateral circumstances, which make the work a valuable addition to a Friend's library.

We are not prepared to adopt all his literal statement of doctrinal views contained in the third chapter, but, *as a whole,* we can recommend the work as a useful and well-timed addition to our religious literature.

We would call attention to the advertisement on our last page, of the prospectus of "The Friends' Examiner," the first number of which has just been issued in London. When we receive a copy from the publisher, we shall probably give it a more extended notice.

MARRIED, on Fourth-day, the 10th of First month, 1867, at Falls Meeting, Bucks Co., Pa., BENJAMIN HAMTON BURGESS to MARY P. CORNELL BOOTH, of Lower Makefield Township.

DIED, on the 27th of Eleventh month, 1866, in London Grove, ANNIE S., wife of Elias Hicks, in the 44th year of her age.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." That this was the happy experience of our dear friend there is no room to doubt. Through the months of extreme physical suffering which preceded her death, words of counsel and encouragement flowed almost as a perpetual stream to those who were privileged to be with her; while for herself she gave the comforting assurance there was nothing in her way, and was favored to speak of her approaching dissolution with perfect calmness—yes, even joy; saying she felt there was no darkness in the "valley of the shadow of death."

——, on the 26th of First month, 1867, in Prophetstown, Ill., of typhoid fever, ESTHER ANN BROWN, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth T. Brown, of West Liberty, Iowa, in the 19th year of her age.

——, on the 24th of First month, 1867, at her residence in Juliustown, Burlington Co., N. J., HANNAH COX, widow of the late Joseph Cox, in the 77th year of her age; a minister belonging to Upper Springfield Monthly Meeting. She met the stern messenger with trimmed lamp and entire resignation. Her mild, cheerful disposition enabled her to dispel clouds and tinge the surroundings with sunshine.

——, on the 5th of First month, 1867, in Moreland Township, Philadelphia Co., UREE BONNER, in the 84th year of her age; a useful member of Byberry Monthly Meeting, Pa.

——, on the 4th of Second month, 1867, at his residence in Springboro', Ohio, JONAH D. THOMAS, in the 78th year of his age.

——, on the morning of Second month 12th, at his residence near Mt. Holly, N. J., SAMUEL BULLOCK, in the 62d year of his age.

——, on the 22d of Second month, MARY S., wife of Arthur Miller, and daughter of Sarah P. and the late Silas D. Edson, in her 27th year.

——, on the 24th of Second month, of scarlet fever, LAURA, daughter of Chas. S. and Mary J. Ridgway, of West Philadelphia, aged 10 years.

NOTICE.

All persons having friends or relatives interred in the graveyard belonging to the Society of Friends at Concord, Delaware Co., Pa., are notified that they will have until the 1st of Fifth month next to mark the places of said interment in accordance with the Discipline of said Society, as after that time the yard will be levelled and graded.

By order of the Meeting.

JOHN D. PEIRCE,
2d mo. 18, 1867. *Committee.*

TEACHER WANTED.

A female teacher wanted, to take charge of a Friends' School at Waynesville, Ohio. A Friend that can come well recommended will apply through Post-Office, Box No. 43.

Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor will meet this (Seventh-day) evening, at 8 o'clock, at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet at Race St. Meeting-House on Fourth-day evening, Third month 6th, at 7½ o'clock.

J. M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } *Clerks.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

NO. V.

Encouraging letters and reports from our teachers continue to be received, from which the following summary has been compiled:

SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA.

SARAH A. STEER, at Waterford, writes: "My room is so small I had to send *ten* of my little ones home yesterday. The box and barrel of clothing will supply the most needy. I received the package of *circular letters*, and have distributed some of them. *They are highly prized by all.* I am quite proud of my classes in grammar and philosophy, and think they understand these branches right well, as far as they have gone. I have one afternoon in the week devoted to *sewing*, and notice considerable improvement from time to time in this useful branch of learning."

CATHARINE E. HALL, at Andrew's Chapel, has a school of 25 pupils, and although she says, "My school is doing very well," in view of the small number, she adds, "Some nights I retire feeling much discouraged, desiring a larger field of labor; but I sleep it off, and return to my duties in the morning with renewed interest."

SARAH E. LLOYD, at Woodlawn. This school increased last month from *fifty* to *eighty* pupils, and though with the first named number in the Twelfth month she had four in the alphabet, she now has none, with this increase of *thirty*. She also informs that some Friends have opened an evening school for the purpose of teaching penmanship, in which the pupils are making rapid improvement. She forwarded an admirable specimen from one of her own pupils, written after only eleven days instruction.

MARTHA WRIGHT, at Lewansville, says: "I have one little boy, not seven years old, who can read well in the *third* reader. I have an interesting school now, and am glad I did not leave the field of labor, as I at first decided after the school house was broken open. Although I have 38 pupils, my school would be much larger, if I had some clothing for little boys."

MARY MCBRIDE, at Fairfax Court House, reports "two pupils removed by death. The attendance has been lessened by sickness. At the time of writing very many were ill. Every pupil has been sick, though, of course, not all at any one time." With all these disadvantages she reports 54 pupils, *all of whom* can spell, 36 can read, 29 write, and none in the alphabet.

HANNAH SHORTLIDGE, at Big Falls, after an absence of some time, writes: "I had 23 sable faces ready to welcome me the first morning

after my return. I wish thee could see my school. My pupils all study hard, and are getting along so nicely. I have five married men, all of whom have large families. Great anxiety is manifested to have the school kept up. There are but few colored families in this immediate neighborhood, but all their children are in attendance. Several boys who live at a distance have been trying to get board with some of the farmers until spring, so they, also, can attend.

CAROLINE THOMAS, at Leesburg, reports her school having increased last month, and that the conduct and progress of the pupils is *very good*. She has now 57 names on the roll, of whom 39 can read and 40 write.

FRANCES E. GAUZE, at Herndon Station, speaks very cheerfully of having resumed her duties in the new school-house, (replacing the one burned.) adding: "We have raised sufficient money amongst the Freedmen to defray all expenses, and feel as though we had struggled for independence; and now stand victorious in the contest." As evidence of the unusual severity of the weather, she also mentions there having been good sleighing for the entire month.

MARY K. BROSIUS, at Vienna, is much encouraged with her school, although she says: "The house is so small I have almost to *stack* them, not having the heart to turn them away. I have hopes, however, of having a larger one in a month or two. When I came here in the Third month last, but few of my pupils knew even their letters; now they are good spellers and readers, and there are not more than one or two of those who commenced then but what I believe to be able to go through the entire spelling book, and not miss more than half a dozen words of the spelling."

In addition to the bright little boy spoken of in a previous number, she mentions a little girl not yet five years old, who, though it was very hard for her to learn the alphabet, is now spelling in three syllables, and can spell every word correctly, as far as she has gone; while her aptness in writing is still more remarkable, as "she writes down on her slate all her spelling lessons. The weather has been excessively cold—in one instance the mercury descending *three degrees below zero!*"

ELIZA E. WAY, at Falls' Church, has a school of 73 pupils, with *only one* in the alphabet. She has also experienced the disadvantages of the recent very cold weather, being obliged to close her school during a large portion of the month, stating, "It was impossible to keep warm in the school room."

DEBORAH K. SMITH, at Gum Springs. This is a new location for a school, opened about the first of Second month with every prospect of success, and will number the eleventh school under our care in Fairfax and Loudon Counties, Va.

SOUTH CAROLINA SCHOOLS.

MARY A. TAYLOR, at Mount Pleasant, writes: "My little ones are getting along so nicely I think I shall not style my school the *primary department* much longer. I shall soon have been with them a year, (less our long vacation,) and in that time twelve have advanced from the alphabet to the second reader; a number are reading in the first, and I have a nice class in definitions. They also promise to be good spellers—many of them will spell out long words without the book. It is amusing to see how they will copy every thing put upon the blackboard. Two little boys cried the other day when school was over, because they wanted to stay and make writing and sums.

CORNELIA HANCOCK, at the same place, commenced at the same time, and states that her school "is essentially the same as when she began. Nothing but absolute necessity will tempt them to leave their school, and some that are hired out are now making a bargain that they shall have time to attend, and they seem to get along very well with both occupations. The neighborhood is much more healthy than it was this time last year."

CAROLINE TAYLOR, also located at the same place, has 32 pupils, all of whom read and write. Her school has decreased some, "in consequence of the removal of several families contracting on plantations too remote for the children to continue attending school." She is, however, in no wise discouraged, but works hopefully into the future.

PHILENA HEALD and SARAH M. ELY, at St. Helena, S. C., have flourishing schools, the combined number being 88, of whom 75 can read, while of the whole number only two are in the alphabet. One of these teachers thus speaks of the pupils: "They come to school since the holidays renewed and refreshed for the work; some of them have cotton to gin, but they say, if possible, they will not miss one day of school. They work late and early, and a number of them come several miles." She also adds: "We have had very cold weather here, colder than I had ever dreamed of its being in the Sunny South."

The aggregate condition of the fifteen schools noted above may be summed up as follows, viz:—

Ten schools in Virginia—No. of Males, 257; No. of Females, 238. Total, 495. No. Reading, 394; No. Writing, 396; No. in Alphabet, 19. Between six and sixteen years of age, 330.

Five schools in South Carolina—No. of Males, 87; No. of Females, 115. Total, 202. No. Reading, 189; No. Writing, 190; No. in Alphabet, 2. Between six and sixteen years of age, 165.

The attention of the reader is called to the large number of children in proportion to the whole, and to the small number in the alphabet.

The Association itself has not been idle during the past few weeks. It has forwarded thirteen packages to various places, containing about one thousand garments, shoes, boots, &c., these packages being either barrels or good sized boxes. It has contributed fifty dollars towards finishing a school-house nearly completed; *twenty dollars* in addition to a large quantity of clothing sent to Fortress Monroe; *two hundred and fifty* in aid of "The Orphan's Home of New Orleans," besides smaller donations of books, &c. It has also memorialized our State Legislature on the subject of the exclusion of people of color from our public conveyances, &c. It also directed the Secretary to appeal to one or more of the Shaker settlements for seeds for distribution amongst the Freedmen. That at Mount Lebanon, in New York State, was addressed, which met with a prompt and cheerful response in the shape of a valuable donation of *twenty-one hundred packages* of assorted garden seeds, well adapted to small patches of ground, in the distribution of which no time has been lost.

These meetings are full of interest; in fact, *increasingly* so; and it is often matter of regret that more of our Friends do not meet with us to share the "good things" that are so frequently in store for those who *do* assemble. In one of these it was suggested that the following minute, recently adopted as embodying the *then* existing feeling, should also be published, viz: "Letters and reports from a number of our teachers were read, showing a considerable increase in the number of pupils since the commencement of the year. Some of these letters detailed remarkable instances of progress, and a portion of them were accompanied with specimens of penmanship, which claimed the attention, and elicited the admiration of the meeting.

"In the free expression of the hopes and fears, the partial discouragements, and the bright anticipations which mark these letters, we have abundant evidence that these, our faithful missionaries, are fully alive to the importance of the cause they have espoused, and are earnestly striving to fulfil their respective duties. The meeting was unusally large, and from the lively interest taken in its proceedings, it is believed Friends separated, strengthened and encouraged to renewed perseverance in their labors."

Philadelphia, 2d month, 1867. J. M. E.

He who adopts a just thought, participates in the merit that originated it.

FRIEND JOSEPH.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The Society of Friends, called Quakers, are so much separated from the world in general by the peculiarity of some of their customs, that few are aware how largely the world has been indebted to them for its moral progress. The Puritans are mentioned a hundred times where the Quakers are mentioned once as pioneer martyrs in the cause of human freedom. Doubtless we owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Puritans, those valiant soldiers of the Lord; but the Quakers have always been more interesting to me, on account of their superior reliance on purely moral influence. When William Penn was threatened with imprisonment if he continued to carry his principles into practice, he replied, "Well, friend, thy *strength* shall never equal my *patience*;" and these words concisely express the difference between the two classes of heroes. The Puritan hewed his way to freedom with the battle axe; the Quaker quietly took his stand, and said, "This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I." To my thinking, that moral heroism is superior to battle axe courage. Government found it the most unmanageable thing they ever had to deal with. One of these moral heroes remained in prison fourteen years rather than pay sixpence; simply because the payment of the sixpence involved a violation of his principles. Of course, nothing could be done with such men, except to modify the laws to suit their consciences; and after many ineffectual efforts to coerce them, this was finally done. The mace and the sword were lowered in their presence, and they were allowed to go straight forward on their peaceful mission, without let or hindrance.

The Puritans contended mainly for theological opinions and forms of church government. Bravely they encountered suffering and death to maintain freedom of opinion; and for this we owe them reverence and gratitude, as pioneers and benefactors of the human race. But the early Quakers manifested so little interest in theological doctrines that it has been a subject of much controversy whether George Fox and William Penn did or did not believe in the Trinity, and other commonly received doctrines. Their mission was to maintain the superiority of moral principles over legal forms and established customs. They refused to fight, or to pay military taxes, because they believed it was at variance with the precepts of the gospel. More than half a century before any temperance societies were formed, they allowed no person to be a member of their Society who either distilled intoxicating liquors or sold them. Many years before abolition societies were formed, they established a rule that none of their members should sell a human

being, or hold one in bondage. The equality of the sexes was practically maintained by them long before the question of woman's rights excited any public interest. Women are always accepted as preachers among them, and the business of the Society, in its various departments, has always been transacted by committees consisting of an equal number of men and women. In their communications with all men they said thee and thou, as a testimony in favor of human equality; for in the languages of Europe it was formerly the custom, still retained in several of them, to say you to a superior in rank, and thou to an inferior.

The world owes much to the Quakers. The good seed they scattered with such patient perseverance has since been sown and resown, and has waved in many a precious harvest for the nourishment and growth of souls. As a sect, they have followed the universal law of development and decay. They were humble and faithful in the days of persecution, as were Christians in the first centuries; and like them, when they became rich and respectable, they gradually conformed more and more to the ways of the world. Those who attain to truth through the experience of their own souls receive it as a living principle; those who inherit it as a tradition from their fathers become formalists.

The Quakers, like all old sects, abound with whited sepulchers; but here and there are individuals in whom their early principles are alive and fruitful. Among these is Friend Joseph, in whose family I resided for a long time. I carry ever in my memory a pleasant picture of his sunny farm: its vegetable garden, bordered with flowers, sloping down into luxuriant grain fields; the clean lawn around the house, where a golden shower of dandelions made an "Eldorado in the grass;" the old-fashioned well, with its sweep high up in the air, and a fairy world of mosses and ferns down in its cool depths; and the old piazza, or, "Dutch stoop," in front of the kitchen, where cat and kittens nestled amicably with the old dog, and where I have seen many a dark pilgrim resting himself on his weary way from the house of bondage. It was not merely as a Quaker that my host was called Friend Joseph. All the neighbors, all the poor wanderers, and all the animals knew him as a friend. When heavy rains loosened the clayey structures that swallows had built under the eaves of his barn, Friend Joseph sympathized with their troubles, and climbed a ladder to place pentroofs over their nests. I used to think the birds knew nobody would shoot them there; for they hopped about under one's feet, and built their nests undisguisedly in all sorts of places. The horses looked so sleek and contented that a stranger, meeting them on the road, would have known they belonged to a kind man. So much sympathy was established between him and them that they had acquired many of his orderly habits. The Friends meeting-house was about two miles from his farm, and thither all the neighbors wended their way twice a week, in the forenoon of Sundays and Thursdays, called by them First Day and Fifth Day. It was a very rare thing for Joseph to be absent from these gatherings; but if sickness or any other cause rendered it necessary, the horses, unless tied, would walk off to meeting when they saw the neighboring horses go, and stand quietly in the shed provided for them until the other horses started for home, when they would demurely walk back to the farm again.

Friend Joseph's house was smaller than many in the neighborhood, but there was always more room in it for the houseless and homeless. It would be difficult to count the number of fugitive slaves who have rested there for a longer or a shorter time, and then set out comforted and helped on their way to Canada. And, to the credit of these numerous fugitives be it recorded, that, destitute as they were, and brought up under the system of slavery, which is founded on robbery and inevitably induces habits of theft, not one of them ever stole anything from the man who treated them so kindly.

(To be continued.)

THE SIGHT OF THE BLIND.

"I always see in dreams," she said,
"Nor then believe that I am blind."
That simple thought a shadowy pleasure shed
Within my mind.

In a like doom, the nights afford
A like display of mercy done.
How oft I've dreamed of sight as full restored!
Not once as gone.

Restored as with a flash! I gaze
On open books with letters plain;
And scenes and faces of the dearer days
Are bright again.

O sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we;
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see.

O Providence! when all is dark
Around our steps and o'er thy will,
The mercy-seat that hides the covenant-ark
Has angels still.

Thou who art light! illume the page
Within; renew these respites sweet,
And show beyond the films and wear of age
Both walk and seat.

—N. L. F. in *The Christian Register.*

THE VOICELESS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast,
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?

A few may touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them!
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story,
Weep for the Voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow;
But where the glistening night-dews weep
O'er nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

Oh! hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses,
If singing breath or echoing cord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

From the Christian Examiner.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(Continued from page 813.)

. . . . . The greatest misfortune the human race can experience grows out of, and is connected with, its greatest necessity and blessing. It cannot obey the first condition of its perpetuity,—Increase and multiply, and possess the earth,—without *general dispersion:* it cannot have general dispersion without driving far the largest portions of the race outside the spheres of social culture and civil polity. The world, if the Scriptures are credible, did not commence in savagery or barbarism, but upon true civilized principles, in family life, and with rules of social subordination and order. But it necessarily fell, as a whole, into barbarism, through the inevitable disproportion which the rapid growth of its population bore to the slow increase in its machinery of intercourse and commerce. The people multiplied and dispersed faster, vastly faster, than law and order, traditionary truth and wisdom, could follow them. Civilization, young and delicate, was compelled to shelter itself within the most circumscribed limits; and, beyond its self-protecting walls, the masses of humanity were scattered abroad, without the means and materials of self-elevation. For many generations, the disproportion between the civilized and the savage world must have been constantly increasing in favor of barbarism. Indeed, the ratio must have continued to become ever more and more frightful, as the geometrical increase of the earth's population faster and faster outstripped the arithmetical increase of its socialized and civil portions. In the absolute ignorance of the physical geography of the world,—which was not then even called a *globe*,—no bounds could be placed to the probable growth of this despairing disproportion of the savage to the civilized, of the predatory and outcast to the orderly and moralized, portion of the human race. So long as the earth held out, there was room for a boundless increase in the ratio of ignorance, brute force, and animal necessity to cultivated and socialized humanity; and, had the world been a limitless plain, as it was deemed, there was even greater reason than was duly recognized, to fear the absolute extinction of civilization beneath the inroads of a myriad-mouthed barbarism. The South-African natives, living far in the interior of their continent, when the great missionary of modern times, Dr. Livingstone, brought them to the coast at Loanda (the place where the wretched cargo of the "Echo," captured by one of our national vessels, was basely gathered), and they beheld, for the first time, the ocean, in describing to him afterwards their feelings, said: "We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true,—that the world *had no end;* but all at once the world said to us, '*I am finished: there is no more of me.*'" If the circumambient ocean had not thus *finished* the world; if it had not been, in short, a moderate-sized globe, with an easily exhaustible area; if the extension of its population had not been thus positively limited (particularly as to its power to support, by spontaneous fertility, a population) to a number which was happily attained before the disproportion of the civilized to the uncivilized became so great as to be hopeless, there is no rashness in saying, that utter deterioration and absolute brutality must have been the final fate of our race. Doubtless, by the original plan of the Almighty, the limit of population was reached before this ratio was totally desperate; for the size of the globe may be considered as having been accurately adapted to the fortunes of the race for whom it was made. The moment the ratio became fixed, not increasing, there was hope; but a long pause was made on that line. The instant it began to diminish was the signal of Christ's coming, and the birth-hour of human redemption had arrived. The preponderance—not in numbers, but in power, courage, confidence—of the social and civil forces of society over the instincts and appetites of the uncivilized and barbarous masses of the race, is the only adequate cause, under God (who has had his own now obvious and glorious plan in human history), of the progress of humanity as a whole, or of the safety of society. When, therefore, our Saviour compassionated the multitude, because they were scattered abroad, he bestowed on them the pity they most needed. Next to absolute hunger, exclusion from social and civil privileges, by a wandering, dispersed, and uncalculated life, is man's greatest misfortune, and the chief source of his moral and spiritual degradation. We may talk of spontaneous genius, of self-correcting powers and attributes in humanity, of necessary, self-evolved improvement as the true hope for the masses; we may

reason about the natural and inevitable tendencies of man to civilization and progress: if we leave out of this calculation the providence of God,—which has chosen centres of light and life, kindled altars of piety, written tables of law, and erected models and standards of domestic, social, and civil life, which are the primal and chief means for the education and rescue of the race at large,—we shall lose the only key to the history of the world, and the only clue to the substantial progress of the race. Probably there is *no* tendency in savage or barbarous tribes and races to self-elevation,—only a capacity for improvement, under the guidance and inspiration of higher branches of the one great family, specially prepared by God for this work. Specially, God has committed to modern civilization, which is the child of Christianity, the salvation of the world. Civilization has, by approximate steps, reached the conviction, that there is no way of civilizing but by intercourse; and that intercourse is worth little or nothing except it be easy, constant, and general. It has perceived that the "scattering abroad"—Christ's own ground of compassion—was still the great obstacle to progress; and, therefore, the grand instinct of modern efforts at improvement has been road-making,—the construction of the highways of civilization,—ways on land, ways over water, ways through air, ways under ocean; ways between civilized and civilized, the more to strengthen each other by exchange of wisdom, experience, and products; ways between civilized and *un*-civilized, to extend knowledge and commerce and industrial arts; ways into Africa and New Holland; ways to the neighborhoods of the Northern and Southern Poles; ways to the Pacific and across the Atlantic; ways for the products of subdued fields, conquered streams, and powers of nature enslaved to man's will; for the products of the loom, the forge, and the plough; ways for the traveller, be he the missionary of commerce, of science, or of religion—each equally valuable and all co-operative; ways for thought, the greatest of all products, the most urgent and enterprising of all travellers, the grandest of missionaries To throw the net of roads,—its woof of iron and stones, its warp of wire and water,—that great net, of which every track that civilized man pursues, whether with his foot, his beast, his wheel, his sail, his iron-rail, his electric flash, is a mesh that catches and holds in some estray and outcast interest, some scattered and otherwise lost member of humanity,—this is the providential passion and sacred instinct of modern civilization. It is the perpetuity of Christ's compassion that inspires and vivifies this grand movement. That the multitudes may not *faint*, may not be scattered *abroad*, Christian civilization must seek them, must hem them in, bind them to its girdle, make swift ways to the scenes of their ignorance and their despair, pierce their rivers and jungles, cross their deserts with the rail, abolish oceans and seas, and declare every part and portion of the earth explored, open, safe, related, in connection with all other parts, and so united to the race, to Christ, and to God.

To be concluded.

LONGITUDE BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A writer to the Boston *Traveller* furnishes the following information:—

"The difference of longitude between England and America has hitherto rested upon the chronometric expeditions instituted by the Coast Survey during the years 1849–51 and 1855. Fifty chronometers were transported between Liverpool, England, and Cambridge Massachusetts, three times in each direction across the Atlantic. The probable error of the results of these expeditions was nineteen-hundredths of a second.

"The value thus obtained, though for all practical purposes sufficiently precise, is not so for the necessities of astronomical science in its present refined state. When, therefore, the success of the cable provided telegraphic transatlantic connection with England, parties of the Coast Survey were formed under the direction of Dr. B. A. Gould, to take advantage of this means of obtaining a value more precise than that furnished by the chronometric expeditions, allusions to which have been made.

"The peculiarities in the methods and apparatus employed in working the cable, render the process of determining longitude by its means different in many respects from that by the land telegraph lines New obstacles, which made *success* exceedingly doubtful, were to be surmounted, and new sources of error eliminated.

"But, thanks to the genius, experience and perseverance of Dr. Gould, these have been overcome, and results of remarkable precision elicited. The probable error of the resulting longitude is about one-hundredths of a second. Perhaps it will give the reader a clearer idea of the nicety implied in this, by stating that a distance of about nineteen hundred miles has been measured, and that the measure is not probably more than forty feet from the truth

"The time required for a signal to pass through the cable has been discovered, with still greater precision, to be thirty-one hundredths of a second, which is probably not in error by one hundredth of a second.

"This is equivalent to a velocity of six thousand and twenty miles a second, and is notably less than the velocity of the electric fluid upon land lines, which numerous observations have shown to average sixteen thousand miles in a second.

"It should be a matter of national pride that Americans have obtained the precedence in a

work of such importance. This importance will, perhaps, be more popularly appreciated from the fact that this longitude determination was fully determined upon, and partially prepared for by the English, and seriously contemplated by the French, when Americans, with characteristic vivacity, stepped in and bore away the prize."

THE ADVANTAGES OF BORAX.

The women of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, one large handful to about ten gallons of boiling water—thus saving in soap nearly half. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen, merely softening the hardest water. To the taste it is rather sweet; it is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice and in hot countries is employed in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; but all water may be made soft by adding a teasoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

Do the consolations of God seem small to you? Is it a small matter to have thy weak understanding assisted, thy endangered soul guarded, thy sincerity cleared, thy communion with God sweetened, thy sails filled in prayer?—*Flavel.*

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From City Contributions	$221.00
" Friends of Birmingham, additional	18.90
	$293.90

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer*,
2d mo. 23, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

CONGRESS.—The President, in replying to the Senate resolution asking if any violations of the law had come to his knowledge, and what he had done to enforce it, informs Congress that the Secretary of the Navy had no violations to report, the Secretary of the Interior had none, the Secretary of State had none, the Postmaster-General had none, the Secretary of the Treasury had none, but the Secretary of War, he says, has reported three cases, and the Attorney-General reports, that a case had been submitted to him by the Secretary of War, and that he had written to the United States Attorney for Georgia, requesting full particulars. Also, certain military reports of generals in command of United States forces in the South had been sent to the Attorney-General by Secretary Stanton. It was announced that Rhode Island and Wisconsin had ratified the constitutional amendment. The joint resolution authorizing the employment of a United States vessel for the transportation of food and clothing for the destitute people of the South was passed. The resolution granting Tennessee the benefits of the agricultural college act was passed. It provides that no person who ever held an office under the rebel government shall hold a professorship in the college. The Indian appropriation bill, with the amendment transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department, was brought up and discussed at length. Finally, the amendment was defeated. The supplementary joint resolution, providing for the proper representation of the United States at the Paris exposition, was taken up and passed.

HOUSE.—A resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy to assign a national vessel to convey food and clothing to Southern ports for distribution to sufferers in the Southern States was adopted. The bill for the erection of a submerged tubular bridge across the Mississippi river, at St. Louis, was passed. A bill was reported providing ways and means for the redemption of $140,000,000 compound-interest notes falling due within the present year. It allows the banks and parties holding them to deposit them with the Treasurer as a special loan, at three and sixty-five hundredths per cent. interest. An amendment was offered, which was adopted under the previous question, to authorize the issue of one hundred million dollars of legal-tender notes, without interest, for the payment of the compound-interest notes and accrued interest. The bill finally passed. An act providing for the safety of passengers on steam vessels was passed. The bill providing more efficient governments for the rebel States was taken up. The motion to recede from the disagreement to the Senate amendment was withdrawn, and an amendment was adopted, as a new section, distinctly declaring that until the said rebel States are admitted to representation all government in them shall be strictly provisional and subject to the paramount authority of the United States. The motion to concur in the Senate amendment as amended was then passed.

In the Kansas legislature the Senate has adopted the House joint resolution to amend the constitution by striking out the words "white" and "male," with an amendment making intelligence the basis of suffrage.

The lower branch of the Minnesota legislature has unanimously adopted an amendment to the state constitution striking out the word "white."

CONSUMPTION OF POSTAGE STAMPS.—Twenty tons, or, by superficial measurement, forty-eight and a half square acres of postage stamps have been used during the year, enough to roof a large township, with all its houses, churches, barns, gardens, forests, and farms; or, if you choose to make a ribbon of them, enough to reach nearly from the equator to either pole, or twice the length of the Mississippi River. So that if every body would be obliging enough to use the Government stamp on the envelope itself, the mere omission of these little extra bits of paper would lighten the mail-bags by more than forty thousand pounds, and save in paper fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. The Postmaster-General does not impart this information in so many words, but he assures us that nearly three hundred and fifty millions of stamps have been sold in the year past, besides nearly forty millions of stamped envelopes; and a simple calculation reduces the story to the more tangible form we have given it.—*Scientific American.*

THE FREEDMEN.—The Assistant Commissioner of

the Freedmen's Bureau for the District of Florida says in his report for the 1st month, the condition of this State is generally quiet and prosperous. It has been my endeavor to keep all questions relating to freedmen out of courts of law, and I have resorted to arbitration with success. When freedmen have been arrested by municipal law, they have been punished severely by fines and imprisonment.

Time and prosperity will, however, regulate these evils, and communities, families, and individuals feel the necessity of the colored man; prejudice will subside and old associations will be renewed. Kindly relations must prevail without the feelings of servitude, and mutual responsibilities will insure justice in the courts of law, and legislators will realize the necessity of enacting judicious and liberal laws to insure the prosperity of the State."

THE FRIENDS' EXAMINER; a Religious, Social, and miscellaneous Review. Conducted by members of the Society of Friends. The object of this serial volume will be, not to subserve any private interests or sectional opinions, but to promote the well-being of the religious Society of Friends, the advancement of its Christian doctrines, and its religious, social, and national influence.

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2d. The literary contributions to be all voluntary; and, in order to increase their interest and lessen editorial responsibility, it is proposed that they should bear the signature of the writers. They may embrace various subjects, *e. g.*:—

(A) Concerning our position as a Church, and the promulgation of true Gospel principles; (B) Upon the various philanthropic Societies in which Friends are engaged; (C) Upon the social and domestic life arising out of our Christian tenets; (D) On the duties of Christian citizenship; (E) Information from places in England, also in Ireland and America, detailing the modes in which Friends are engaged for the benefit of others; such as Schools, Bible Readings, Workmen's Clubs, District Visiting and Tract Societies, Clothing Clubs, Mothers' Meetings, &c., &c.; (F) Information concerning other religious communities at home and abroad; (G) Memoirs of Friends, particularly of those engaged in worldly pursuits, whose lives have been brightened by Christian faith and Christian labors; (H) Lectures or unpublished Essays delivered at Friends' Institutes, or elsewhere; (J) Critical reviews of books,—also of men and political affairs, with their special bearings on the teachings of Quakerism; (K) Articles upon History and General Literature.

3d. Communications to be addressed to the Honorary Editor, W. C. WESTLAKE, Southampton; and orders for Advertisements, &c., to the Publisher, A. W. BENNETT, No. 5, Bishopsgate Street, London.

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